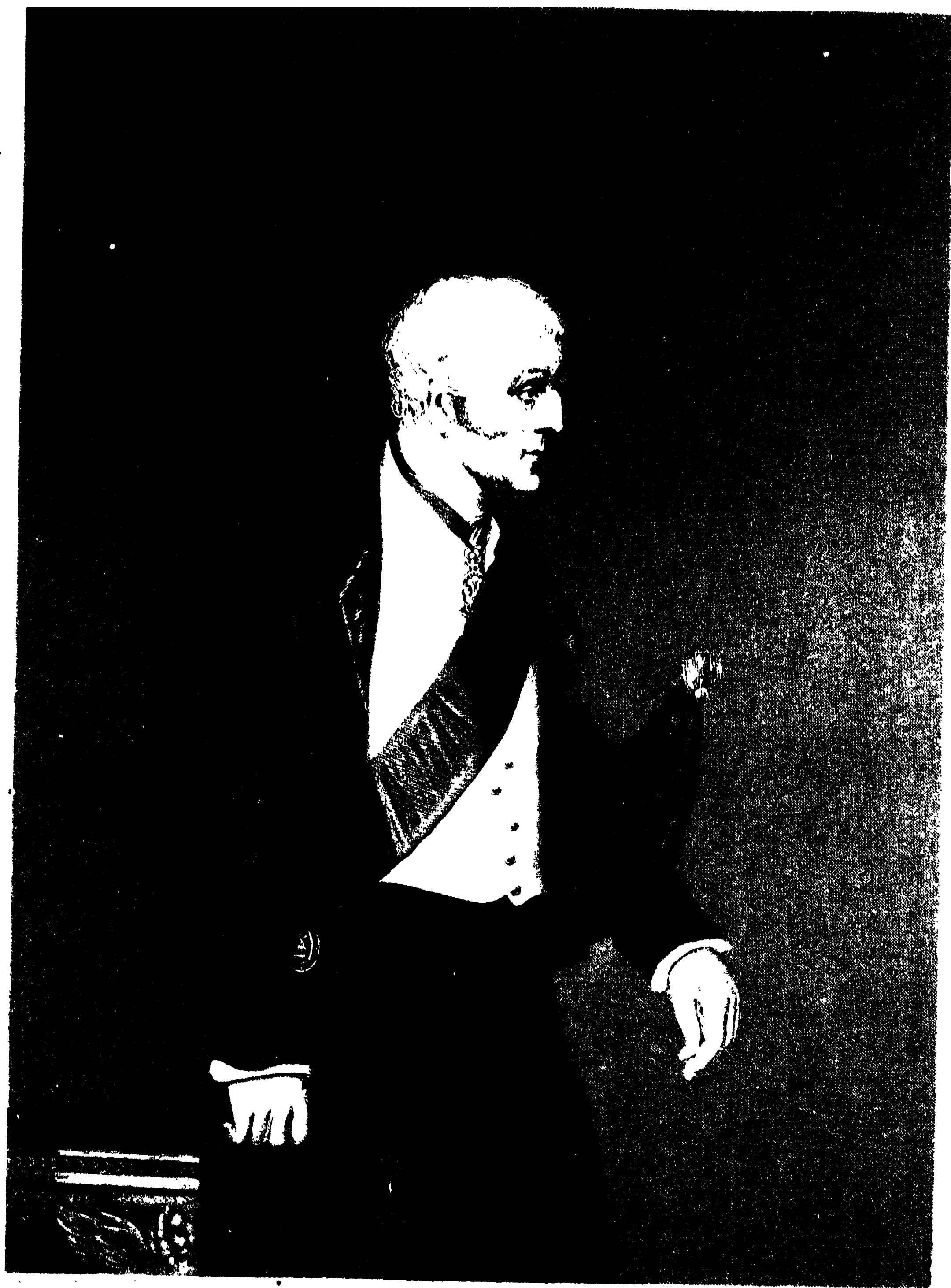
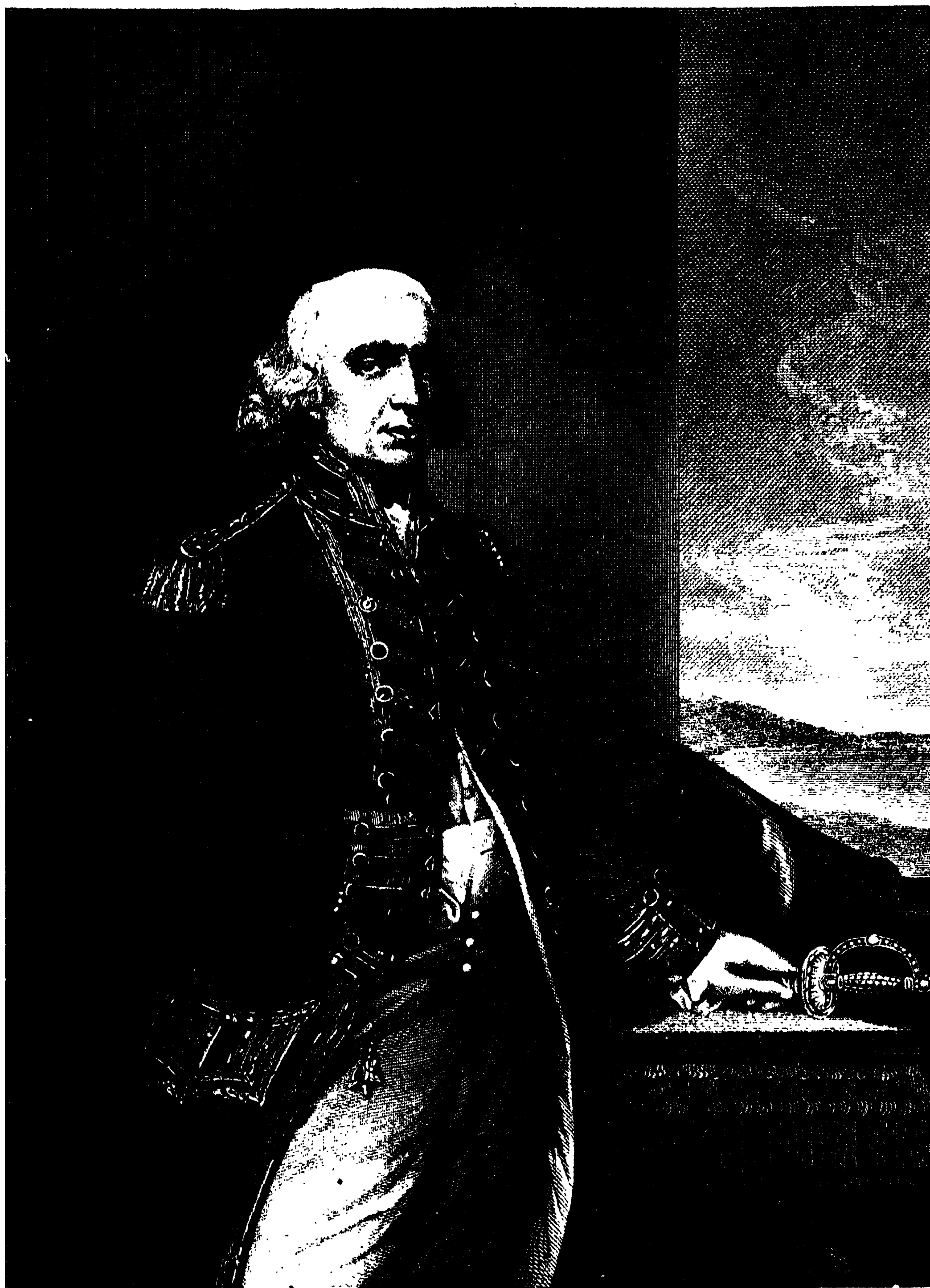
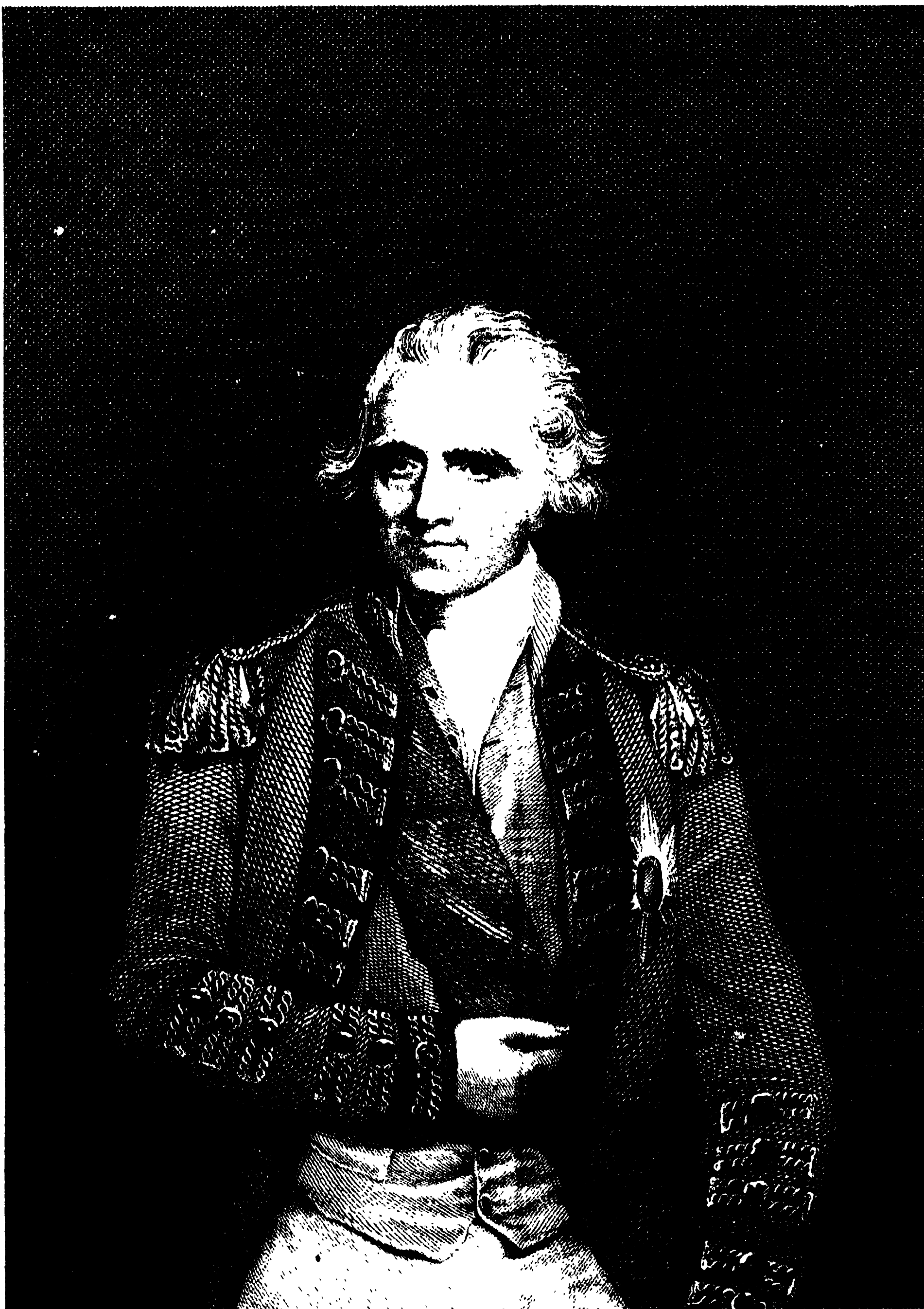














BRITISH BATTLES PLATE 14

FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK, 17[illegible]


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THE DEFENCE OF HOUGOMONT (*see page* 524).

BRITISH BATTLES

ON LAND AND SEA.

BY

JAMES GRANT,

Author of "The Romance of War," &c.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO.:

LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.

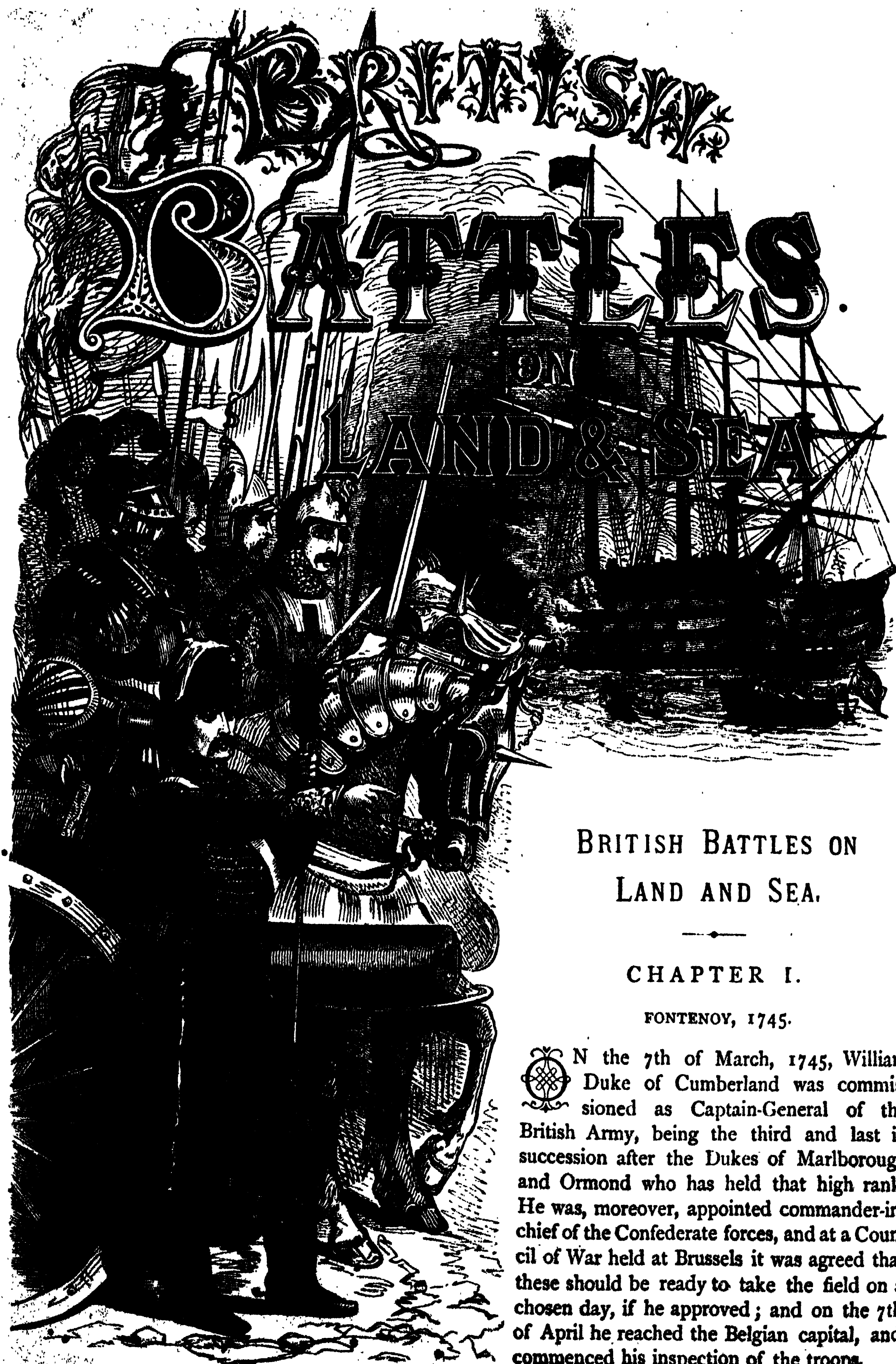
1865

W. Deakey

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.



BRITISH BATTLES ON LAND AND SEA.

CHAPTER I.

FONTENOY, 1745.

ON the 7th of March, 1745, William Duke of Cumberland was commissioned as Captain-General of the British Army, being the third and last in succession after the Dukes of Marlborough and Ormond who has held that high rank. He was, moreover, appointed commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces, and at a Council of War held at Brussels it was agreed that these should be ready to take the field on a chosen day, if he approved; and on the 7th of April he reached the Belgian capital, and commenced his inspection of the troops.

To garrison the towns sufficiently it was computed that 18,000 men would be required; hence, from this cause and other detachments, the army did not muster more than 43,450 men.

Maurice Count Saxe, who commanded the French, had obtained great celebrity by the skilful manner in which he had managed his retreats in Germany. Not only had he shown great military talents, and coolness and intrepidity, but he also evinced the knowledge of a skilful commander. According to Voltaire, he brought into the field 35,000 more men than the Confederates; his strength being 106 battalions and 172 squadrons, while they had but 46 battalions and 90 squadrons.

The campaign opened with the investment of Tournay. The Duke of Cumberland and the Austrian general, Marshal Count Konigseck, marched for Halle, and on the 22nd of April were at Soignies.

Louis XV., accompanied by the dauphin, reached the camp before Tournay, when Marshal Saxe told the former that "he expected the Confederates were bold enough to give battle; therefore, as he was conscious that the French troops were unable to stand before the British forces fairly in the field, he was determined to depend upon stratagem rather than open strength, and accordingly made the best preparations for a brave defence against a noble attack" ("Cumberland's Memoirs").

The disposition of his troops was most advantageous.

To block up Tournay he left 18,000 men; the defence of the bridges of the Scheldt, and to keep the communications open, he assigned to 6,000 more. The siege of Tournay had been pressed vigorously when the Duke of Cumberland advanced to its relief unwisely, as he had only 53,000 men with which to make the attempt. The Dutch, who proved worse than useless in the campaign, were led by the Prince of Waldeck, a leader possessed of as little skill and experience as the former, who though Captain-General of the British Army, and so obese and unwieldy in figure as to be scarcely able to ride his horse, was only in his twenty-fourth year. Konigseck, who commanded our Austrian allies, was aged, and long past the time for campaigning; and thus led, the Allies advanced to engage one of the finest armies in Europe, led by the first general and strategist of the age, Count Saxe, Marshal-General of France and Duke Elect of Courland and Semigallia, an officer so esteemed in Europe that the Marshal Duke de Noailles was content to serve under him as his first aide-de-camp.

His army was led by five princes of the blood, and sixty-seven general officers, all of noble families; but at this time Saxe was so ill as to be unable to sit on horseback or wear uniform; thus he accompanied the troops in a litter.

He took up a position at Fontenoy, a small village which is situated on rising ground four miles east of Tournay, and on the left bank of the Scheldt. Along the summit of the eminence which there slopes upward from the plain, he formed his line of infantry. The village of St. Antoine, near the river, covered his right flank, and the defence of it was entrusted to the Regiments of Piedmont and Biron respectively, under the Counts De la Marche and De Lorges.

The wood of Barri covered his left; it was full of troops and guns. They had a battery at St. Antoine; another in their centre, at Fontenoy, intrenched and fortified; another at the wood; and, according to "Cumberland's Memoirs," they had also batteries in rear of their wings, "which were to open at a proper time, and make way for the horrible destruction expected from them by cartridge shot. They had cannon planted, almost invisible, on their intrenchments, pointed breast-high, and loaded so as to do dreadful execution; while their own forces were almost secure from danger, by being intrenched up to their necks." There were also abattis of felled trees, fascines of baskets, and walls of turf.

The lines at Fontenoy were defended altogether by 260 heavy cannon and field-pieces. The village he committed to the Count de la Vauguyon, with the Regiment du Dauphine. On his left were the brave corps of the Irish Brigade, under the gallant Lord Clare. On their left were the French Marines, under the Count de Guerchi; and in their rear was the Regiment of Angoumois, in the castle of Bourquembrai, on which a white banner with three fleurs-de lis was flying.

It was impossible to turn the flanks of the French, and to assail in front their superior force thus posted evinced either the extremity of rashness or of ignorance. Moreover, the reconnaisance made by Cumberland was most imperfect; yet he ordered his army, consisting, as we have said, of only 46 battalions and 90 squadrons, to advance at once to the attack. He had ninety [illegible] of ordnance; eight of these were mortars, [illegible] many were only three-pounder falconets. The [illegible] position of Saxe rose with a gentle ascent from [illegible] fertile plain, where the young grass was [illegible] in the fields; and this he could sweep by [illegible] concentrated fire of 260 pieces of ordnance.

The night of the 30th of [illegible] was chilly, dark, and moonless, and mist was [illegible] g the banks of the Scheldt, the wood of Barri, [illegible] Fontenoy, when, at two o'clock on the morning of

the first of May, the Allies began to advance over the open plain. The atmosphere was so still that they could hear the village clocks striking, as in the dark the columns of attack were formed.

The right wing was composed of British and Hanoverians, who, under General Zastrow, formed a portion of the centre, and were formed in four lines before a village named Veson. The left wing, composed of Dutch and Austrians, reached to the wood of Peronne. In front of Veson was a redoubt mounted with cannon, and manned by 600 Frenchmen; and this point Brigadier Ingoldsby had special orders to storm at the head of four battalions, while the Prince of Waldeck was to assail Fontenoy at the head of the Dutch. And with these orders to fulfil, the troops, encumbered by their knapsacks, blankets, kettles, and great-coats, stumbled forward in the dark, over hedges, through water-cuts and the growing grain, till they formed open column of regiments at quarter-distance columns of companies, and there deployed into line three ranks deep.

With the British army in the field there now appeared a regiment of Highlanders for the first time—the famous Black Watch, now numbered as the 42nd. They were in the division of Ingoldsby. Their dress, being so well known, requires no description, save their bonnets, which were flat and blue and bordered then, as now, by the fess-cheque of the House of Stuart, with a tuft of black feathers. Their arms were a musket, bayonet, and large basket-hilted broadsword; these were furnished by Government and such men as chose were permitted to carry a dirk, a pair of pistols, and a round shield, after the fashion of their country. Their sword-belts were black.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Robert Munro was their leader on this day.

The Brigade of Guards was led by Sir John Ligonier, son of Colonel Francis Ligonier, a French Protestant refugee.

At a quarter to four a.m. the cannonade commenced, as the mist cleared away, and the earliest beams of day began to lighten the flat horizon, and it continued without intermission.

Sir John Ligonier was ordered to advance with the Brigade of Guards and seven guns, to check a destructive fire from the enemy's field artillery, and the moment they were silenced the whole line was to advance upon the French position.

The seven guns were grape-shotted, and the brigade advanced with bayonets fixed at a rapid pace. Several officers fell; two lieutenant-colonels, Douglas (son of Lord Morton) and Carpenter, of the Scots Guards, were unhorsed and killed at the same moment: but speedily the Guardsmen were among the French field-pieces, bayonetting and cutting down the gunners before they could limber up and retire. "The Guards and Highlanders," says the "History of the War," "began the battle, and attacked a body of French near Veson, where the Dauphin was posted. Though the enemy were intrenched breast-high, the Guards with their bayonets, and the Highlanders with sword, pistol, and dirk, forced them out, killing a considerable number." The Guards and Black Watch then fell back and rejoined the first line, the formation of which was complete by nine o'clock; when Sir John Ligonier sent his aide-de-camp to acquaint the Duke of Cumberland that as the guns were silenced, "he was ready, and only waiting for the signal of Prince Waldeck to attack Fontenoy." The troops then moved forward with astonishing intrepidity to their respective points of attack.

The "advance" was then sounded by many a trumpet and bugle, while, amid a stunning roar of musketry, the troops rushed on; the Dutch under Waldeck against Fontenoy, Ingoldsby to assail the redoubt in front of Veson, and the first line of British and Hanoverians, led by Cumberland in person, to attack the centre.

So quick was the rush, that the duke and other officers rode their horses at a canter; but their men fell fast on every hand while passing between Barri and Fontenoy, "the fire of the cannon making whole lanes through the ranks of the Confederates particularly the English."

Under this the Dutch, who covered their left, fell into disorder, and could be rallied no more during the day. The cavalry also became disorganised. The Earl of Crawford, colonel of the Royal Scots Dragoons, remarks that the conduct of the Dutch "had an extremely bad effect on the mind of the troops in general, though not so much on ours, who were the first ranged, and still marched towards the enemy, the noblest sight I ever saw, and never stopped till they got through a shower of bullets and musketry."

Brigadier Ingoldsby, who had special orders to carry the redoubts at the Bois de Barri, imagined the difficulty to be greater than it was; and instead of storming the works at once, and scouring the wood with the bayonet, he returned to the duke for artillery, thus affording the enemy time to strengthen the works. For this he was afterwards tried by a court-martial, but vindicated himself by denying that he had ever received orders on this occasion, and added that those he did receive were so contradictory that he did not know which to obey.

Led by the Duke of Cumberland, attended by

Lord Cathcart, K.T., the first line succeeded in passing Fontenoy and the redoubt, and got within thirty yards of the enemy's muzzles. Receiving fire therefore, at this distance, "the British doubled up in a column, and advanced between the batteries," all of which were playing upon a spot not quite half a mile in breadth. The slaughter was indescribable. Whole ranks perished, but the intervals were closed up, and after two terrible rushes with the bayonet, they broke the brigade of French Guards, and hurled them back in disorder upon their supports, the Irish regiments of Lord Clare. The French cavalry now advanced, but went about, unable to face the fire that mowed down horse and man.

At this portion of the battle there occurred two episodes worth repeating. We find one in Voltaire, and the other in the Records of the 42nd Highlanders, which had been withdrawn from Ingoldby's division and attached to the Guards.

Voltaire tells us that the officers of the British Guards, when in the presence of the enemy, saluted the French by taking off their hats. The Count de Chambanne and Duke de Biron, who were in advance, returned the salute, as did all the other officers of the French Guards. Lord Charles Hay (son of the Marquis of Tweedale), a captain in the English Guards, called aloud—

"Gentlemen of the French Guards, fire!"

"Gentlemen," replied the Count d'Anterroche, lieutenant of grenadiers, "we never fire first; fire yourselves."

The British then, he continues, "commenced a running fire in divisions (platoons?), so that one battalion made a discharge, and afterwards another, while the first reloaded. Nineteen officers of the French Guards fell by the first discharge. Messieurs de Clisson, de Ligney, de la Peyre, and 95 soldiers were killed, and 285 were wounded; also 11 Swiss officers, and 209 of their soldiers, of whom 64 died on the spot. Colonel Courten, his lieutenant-colonel, 4 officers and 75 soldiers were killed, and 200 soldiers were dangerously wounded. The first rank being swept away, the three others, finding themselves unsupported, except by a regiment of cavalry at a distance, dispersed. The Duke de Grammont, their colonel and first lieutenant-general, who might have rallied them, was killed. Monsieur Luttaux, next in rank to De Grammont, did not reach the ground until they had abandoned it. The English advanced as if performing part of their exercise; the majors levelling the soldiers' muskets with their canes, to make their aim more sure."

In the "Records of the 42nd," we find that this second attack was made about mid-day, "when the Dutch again failed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Robert Munro, with the Highlanders, was ordered to sustain the British troops, who were severely engaged with superior numbers."

Sir Robert having obtained the duke's permission to let his men fight in their own fashion, they flung themselves flat on the ground when the French fired a volley, which thus swept harmlessly over them. Then, springing up, they poured in their fire, slung their muskets, and in the smoke, rushed on with target and claymore. "Sir Robert was everywhere with his regiment," says Doddridge in his "Life of Colonel Gardiner," "notwithstanding his great corpulency, and when in the trenches he was hauled out by the legs and arms by his own men; and it was observed that when he commanded the whole regiment to clap to the ground, he alone stood upright with the colours behind, receiving the fire of the enemy."

A little work entitled, "Conduct of Officers at Fontenoy Considered," states that the Duke of Cumberland remarked the gallant conduct of the regiment, and observed a Highlander, who had killed nine men, making a stroke at a tenth with his broadsword, when his arm was torn off by a cannon-ball. "His Royal Highness applauded the Highlander's conduct, and promised him a reward of value equal to the arm."

The line of the French trenches was choked with dead and dying; while three-cornered hats, powdered wigs, weapons, and half-buried shot lay everywhere.

At this crisis the British had decidedly the advantage over the left wing. The Duke de Grammont was killed by some English artillerymen, who, perceiving that he was splendidly mounted, conceived him to be an officer of rank, and made bets among themselves as to who would bring him down. His thigh was broken by a ball, and he expired on the field. For firing this shot, a matross named Baker received a pension of £18 per annum.

On the other side, Sir James Campbell, K.B., son of Lord Loudon, and colonel of the Scots Greys, fell at their head. A cannon-shot smashed one of his legs, and he expired just as he was being borne from the field, in his eightieth year.

The standard of this regiment was borne by Sir William Erskine, then a cornet. His father, the lieutenant-colonel of the Greys, tied the standard to his son's right leg, and said, "Go, and take care of this; let me not see you separate, for if you return alive you must produce this standard." A[illegible] battle, the cornet rode up to his father, [illegible] played the standard tight and fast, as in the m[illegible]

Unsupported by cavalry, the British infantry bore down all before them, driving the French left 300 paces beyond Fontenoy, and making themselves masters of the field, from the ground on which they stood to their own camp. But as the left retired, the columns wheeled back, or opened and uncovered two batteries of heavy guns, which poured on the British such a storm of cartridge shot in front and flank, that it was impossible to face it. Rallying, however, they completed the disorder of the French, who were fairly beaten; and had some fresh battalions from the reserve replaced those that had suffered from the masked batteries, or had the second line advanced to enable the cavalry to get past the redoubts, the enemy could not have recovered the day.

"According to the first plan drawn out," says Colonel Mackinnon, in his "History of the Coldstream Guards," "the French would have been taken in flank by Lord Crawford, who was to advance along the edge of the wood leading to the road of Leuse, where Prince Waldeck's regiments, with some hussars, had endeavoured to penetrate in the morning; and if the troops under Lord Crawford had been reinforced, instead of being withdrawn on the failure of the Dutch, the results of the battle would probably have been different. Lord Crawford himself gives it as his real opinion that orders were at one time issued for the retreat of the French. The left, although supported by the fire from the English artillery, did not succeed; and Fort Veson not being carried, the British were placed between a cross-fire of cannon and musketry, which obliged them to retire on the height of Fontenoy."

When the French infantry were fairly driven out of the village of St. Antoine, the Count de Saxe believed the battle was lost, and sent an officer with such tidings to the king and dauphin, who were seated on horseback at an eminence named "The Justice of our Lady in the Wood," where the royal standard of France was flying. The latter was immediately struck, by the order of Louis, as the officer begged that they would provide for their own safety by flight.

Guns were brought to bear on the British artillery, which in some degree slackened its fire, and gave time for the Irish Brigade to form. It was the last resource left to King Louis and Count Saxe. It was at the most critical period of that bloody day, when, after being harassed by the manœuvres of the past night, when, after enduring a cannonade from more than 200 pieces of ordnance, after driving in the field-guns, after forcing a passage between Fontenoy and the wood of Barri, and after hurling the foe from the heights and village of St. Antoine, that the Irish Brigade, of immortal memory, came fully into action against the Confederates—the representatives of 30,000 Irishmen who had followed King James into exile—these were the veteran regiments of Clare, the Honourable Arthur Dillon, Count O'Lally, the Duke of Berwick, Rothe, and the Counts Buckley and Fitzjames; and the gallant Charles O'Brien, Lord Clare, was at their head. Fitzjames's regiment was a dragoon corps; and the regiments of Normandy and Vaisseaux were ordered to support them.

It must have been with emotions of a very mingled nature that some of the troops in that field, particularly the Highlanders, beheld the advance of the Irish exiles, who were all clad in scarlet uniform, with white breeches.

A yell rang along their ranks as the seven regiments came on, and their cry had a terrible significance. It was—

"*Cuimhnigidh ar Luimneac agus ar fheile na Sacsanach!*" which may be translated, "Remember Limerick and Saxon faith!"

Pouring in a volley, they rushed on our toil-worn infantry with the bayonet, after having successively routed the finest troops in the French service, who were now fated to be routed, and by the Irish!

"No additional corps were sent to the relief of the British," says Mackinnon, "whose compact formation had hitherto enabled them to repair the repeated losses occasioned by these incessant attacks. No fresh orders were issued; no cavalry was within reach to follow up the panic which had seized upon the enemy. The Dutch did not appear in any quarter, nor was there any probability of a sortie from Tournay to aid this isolated body. . . . . The encounter between the British and the Irish Brigade was fierce, the fire constant, the slaughter great; and the loss on the side of the British was such that they were compelled at length to retire."

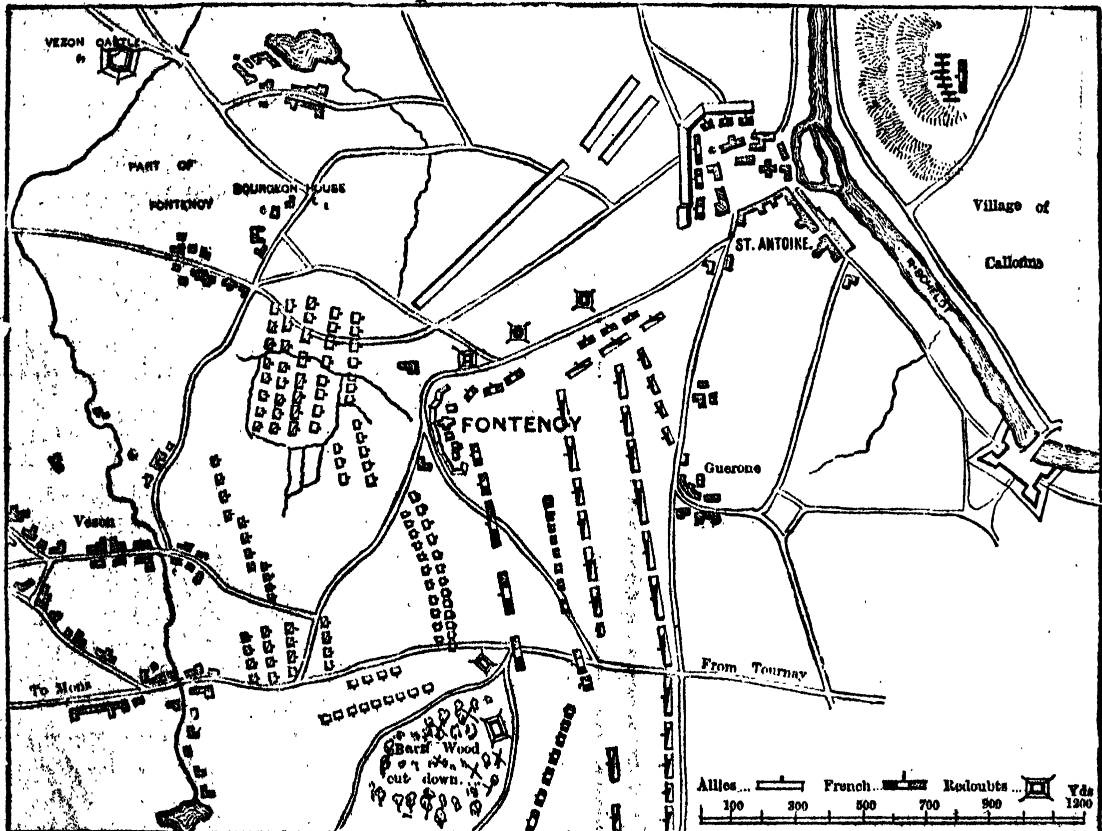
The Duke of Cumberland lost all presence of mind, and his army fell back in undeniable confusion, cavalry and infantry all mingled together; and but for the steady stand made by the Earl of Crawford, with the 3rd Buffs and the Highlanders, to cover the rear, the defeated Allies had not crossed the Bruffoel so speedily, though some corps faced about to fire again at every hundred paces.

The army moved to Lessines, and encamped there near Aeth.

Louis is said to have ridden down to the bivouac of the Irish, and thanked them personally.

An Irish ballad, perhaps unknown in England, refers with exultation to Fontenoy:—

"O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as halting, he commands,
'Fix bayonets—Charge!' Like mountain storm rush on these fiery bands;
Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right onward to the English line the Irish exiles sprang.
Bright was their steel—'tis bloody!—the muskets filled with gore;
Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

The English strove with desperate strength; they rallied, staggered, fled;
The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain, and far away, passed on that hideous wreck,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is lost and won."

Voltaire estimates the loss of the French in this battle at 8,000 men, while the Allies had 21,000 killed or wounded. Our Household Brigade had 724 officers and men placed *hors de combat;* of these no less than 437 belonged to the Scots Foot Guards. Of the Irish Brigade there fell one-fourth of the officers, including Colonel Dillon, and one-third of the men.

The Duke of Cumberland was never able to face the enemy again, but lay timidly intrenched with his troops between Brussels and Antwerp. The following is the bulletin of Fontenoy, published at Paris on the 26th May, five days after the battle:—

"Our victory may be said to be complete; but it cannot be denied that the Allies behaved extremely well, more especially the English, who made a soldier-like retreat, which was much favoured by an adjacent wood. The British behaved well, and none could exceed them in advancing, none but our officers, when the Highland furies rushed in upon us with more violence than ever did a sea driven by a tempest. I cannot say much for the other auxiliaries; some looked as if they had no concern in the matter. We gained the victory, but may I never see such another!"

From the Diary of the Rev. John Bisset, we learn that some of the cannon taken from the British at Fontenoy were afterwards sent over by France to the Highland army of Prince Charles, and were landed at Stonehaven.

When George II. heard of the conduct of the Irish at Fontenoy, he uttered that memorable im-



THE SALUTE AT FONTENOY (*see page 4*).

precation on the penal code—"Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!"

Such were the leading features of this memorable field; and hence the stirring words of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, when, soon after, he drew his sword before the disastrous battle of Culloden—"Come, gentlemen, let us give Cumberland another Fontenoy!"

The last survivor of this field was the well-known amazon, Phœbe Hessel, who served there as a soldier in the 5th Regiment, and received a bayonet-wound in the arm. She died in 1821, and her monument, which is still to be seen standing in the churchyard of Chelsea, states that she was born in 1713; so that, if the record be correct, she had attained the age of 108 years.

CHAPTER II.

SEA-FIGHT OFF TOULON, 1744.

When the alliance between France and Spain was fully concluded at Fontainebleau, the admirals of their combined fleets which lay in the harbour of Toulon resolved to give battle to that of Britain.

While Admiral Thomas Matthews, who commanded the latter—an old, distinguished, and ultimately most ill-used officer—was at the Court of Turin on the public service, he received tidings that a French squadron, consisting of eleven sail of the line and ten frigates, had sailed from Brest, for the purpose of forming a junction with the squadron under Admiral de Court at Toulon, and thereby to favour the escape of the Spanish fleet, which had been for some time blocked up in that port.

He immediately repaired to Villafranca; and on the 3rd of January he joined the fleet under Vice-Admiral Lestock, in Hyères Bay, eleven miles eastward of Toulon. The fleet consisted at this time of sixteen sail of the line, and four fifty-gun ships; but a few days after he received a reinforcement, and ultimately his force consisted of fifty-four sail, carrying 2,680 guns, and 18,805 men. All those vessels, however, did not take a part in the subsequent action.

On the 9th the combined fleets were seen standing out of the roadstead of Toulon, and forming in order of battle as they came. At ten o'clock Admiral Matthews threw out the signal to weigh anchor, and to form the line of battle ahead. The British fleet continued plying to windward, between the mainland and the group of sterile islets named Porquerolles, Porteros, Bagneaux, and Titan, called of old the Isles d'Or; but the confederate fleets not evincing any disposition to bear down, Admiral Matthews returned to his anchorage in the Bay of Hyères, which is overlooked by an ancient castle and steep old town of that name on the slope of a hill.

All next day the fleets manœuvred in sight of each other, and stood out to sea in a line abreast, without exchanging shots.

On the 11th, Admiral Matthews began to suspect that M. de Court had in view the decoying of the British fleet towards the mouth of the Straits, where there was a probability of his being joined by the expected squadron of Brest. The moment this suspicion crossed the mind of Matthews, he resolved to bring the French and Spaniards to close action at once.

Irrespective of frigates and fire-ships, the van, centre, and rear divisions of the enemy consisted of twenty-eight sail, carrying 1,832 guns, and 17,430 men.

The first was led by M. de Gabaret, the chef d'escadre; the second by De Court, in *La Terrible*, 74; the last by Don Navarro, Rear-Admiral of Spain, in the *Royal Philip*, 114 guns. His captain bore the Irish name of Geraldine.

Admiral Rowley led the British van, in the *Barfleur*, 90; Matthews the centre, with his flag flying on the *Namur*, 90; Admiral Lestock led the rear, in the *Neptune*, 90. But the latter officer kept two full leagues to windward, by which means twelve sail of the line, two frigates, and a fire-ship "were of no use except to intimidate."

At half-past eleven the signal to engage was hoisted on the *Namur*, which bore down upon the Spanish admiral, attended by the *Marlborough*, 90 guns, commanded by Captain James Cornwall, and by one o'clock the battle began. But while it continued, M. de Court, in his anxiety to reach the Brest squadron, made sail and lay-to by turns, so that the British could not engage his ships in proper order; and as they outsailed ours, Mathews feared they might escape him altogether if he waited for the division of Admiral Lestock, who purposely, as

the sequel proved, lagged far astern, leaving the brunt of battle to be maintained by the van and centre.

In coming into action the *Marlborough*, amid the smoke, drove so far ahead that Matthews was compelled to fill his sails to prevent her coming on board of him. There was but little wind, with a heavy ground swell, which rendered the gunnery practice on both sides somewhat ineffective: yet the "London Magazine" for 1744 states that early in the engagement the masts and rigging of the flag-ship were much cut up and disabled; that Admiral Matthews "hoisted his mizzen-topsail to prevent the spars and rigging tumbling about their ears;" and that this "hindered the working of the ship (though he reeved new braces three times), so that he could not give the assistance" to Captain Cornwall that was requisite. This officer had both his legs carried away by a cannon-shot, which killed him on the spot. His nephew, a first lieutenant, was also killed; another, named Frederick Cornwall, had an arm torn off by a ball, but died an admiral in 1786. She had forty-three men killed and ninety wounded.

It is also stated that the French gunners were most expert, as they had been trained for the previous three months by daily target-practice; and that the *Marlborough's* mainmast was swept away "by the board, as if it had been a twig," while Matthews' mainmast and bowsprit were shot through and through, the former having only two shrouds left to support it."

The ships were now engaged at pistol-shot distance, but as the enemy fired chiefly at our masts and rigging, in their anxiety to escape, the admiral had only, according to one account, nine men killed and forty wounded; by another, sixty casualties in all. The flag-captain, John Russell, had an arm shot away, and afterwards died of the wound.

By four in the afternoon the towering three-decker of Don Navarro was quite disabled, and, according to the "London Magazine," bore away out of the action, under all the sail that could be set upon her.

"The fight," says Smollett, "was maintained with great vivacity by the few who engaged. The *Real* (*El Royal Philip*?) being disabled, and lying like a wreck upon the water, Matthews sent a fire-ship (the *Anne*, galley) to destroy her; but the expedient did not take effect. The ship ordered to cover this machine did not obey the signal, so that the captain of the fire-ship was exposed to the whole guns of the enemy. Nevertheless, he continued to advance until he found the vessel sinking; and being within a few yards of the *Real*, he set fire to the fusees. The ship was immediately in flames, amid which he and his lieutenant, with twelve men, perished." He was a skilful Scottish seaman, named Mackay.

This was also the miserable fate of a Spanish launch, which had been manned by fifty seamen, to prevent the fire-ship from running on board the *Real*.

Though Admiral Lestock lingered in a manner so unaccountable, and some captains neglected orders, Admiral Matthews, in this most confused action, was nobly supported by the *Marlborough*, which, after the captain's and first lieutenant's fall, was fought by Lieutenant Neuceller with dauntless intrepidity; by the *Norfolk*, 80 guns, Captain the Honourable John Forbes, son of Earl Granard; and by the *Princess Caroline*, 80 guns, Captain Osborne.

Captain (afterwards Sir Edward) Hawke, in the *Berwick*, 70 guns, observing that *El Poder*, a Spanish sixty-gun ship, commanded by Don Roderigo Euretia, maintained a heavy fire on several of our ships, which were unable to make any effectual return, gallantly bore out of the line and brought her to close action. By his first broadside he dismounted seven of *El Poder's* lower-deck guns, and killed twenty of her men; soon after he shot away all her masts close by the board, on which she struck her colours, and became the prize of the *Berwick*.

The *Norfolk* beat the *Constante*, a Spanish seventy-gun ship, commanded by Don Augustino Eturagio, completely out of the line, but was too much disabled to pursue her. The "London Magazine" says that "the *Cambridge*, of Lestock's division, now came up, and began to fire at five ships with which the *Rupert* and *Royal Oak* were engaged. Two ships, it is said, were brought into action by their lieutenants, against the consent of their captains, whom they confined," an almost incredible story; and the writer adds that Admiral Matthews, during the hottest part of the battle, "stood on the quarter-deck, or arms-chest, making use of his spy-glass, as coolly as a beau in a playhouse, even while a double-headed shot carried away the place he leaned on."

Admiral de Court, who had been engaging Rear-Admiral Rowley, on seeing the disabled condition of Don Navarro's ship, came with his squadron to assist the Spaniards; but Rowley tacked to pursue him, and just about that time—eight in the evening—Admiral Matthews hauled down the signal for battle, and darkness put an end to the conflict. By this time his flag-ship was so shattered that he repaired on board the *Russell*, 80 guns; and *El Poder*, with her prize-crew, being unable to keep up

with the fleet, was retaken in the night by the French squadron.

By daylight next morning the enemy's fleet was observed to leeward, going off with all their disabled ships in tow. Admiral Matthews threw out the signal for a general chase, and then to draw into line of battle abreast. Seeing that the British fleet was fast coming up with them, the enemy cast off *El Poder*, set her on fire, and she shortly after blew up. After five in the evening the wind died away; and as there was then no prospect of coming up with the flying enemy, the fleet brought to.

On the morning of the 13th, Admiral Matthews signalled to Admiral Lestock to give chase to twenty-one sail of the enemy that were in sight to the south-westward. The vice-admiral came fast up with them; and had not Matthews signalled to recall the chase, the enemy must either have cast off their crippled ships or risked a general engagement.

The reason assigned by Admiral Matthews for this change of plan was, "that had he continued the pursuit he might have been drawn too far down the Mediterranean, and, in that case, have left the coast of Italy unprotected, and deviated from his instructions." The fleet kept the sea a few days longer and on its arrival at Port Mahon, Admiral Lestock was put under arrest and sent home to England.

Exclusive of those who perished so miserably amid the flames of the fire-ship, the total loss of the British in this unfortunate and indecisive action was 277. Captain Godfrey, of the Marines, was killed on board of the ship of Captain Cornwall, to whom a handsome monument was erected in Westminster Abbey.

A letter from the *Rupert*, says, "Upon the whole it was a confused running action; but sixteen English ships did engage; and another from the *Norfolk* says, bitterly, "Thus did fate, misconduct, and backwardness contribute to the easy escape of the enemy."

The slaughter on board the combined fleets was very great. The Spanish flag-ship had no less than 500 men killed or wounded; the *Neptune*, 200; the *Isabella*, 80 guns, Don Ignacio Dutabil, 300; and all the other ships were in the same proportion. Among the officers killed were Don Nicholas Geraldine; Don Enrique Olivarez, captain of the *Neptune*, and his first lieutenant. Two wounds were received by Admiral Navarro, who immediately on his return to port, complained so bitterly to the Spanish Ministry of the conduct of M. de Court, in not seconding him sufficiently, that the King of France superseded that officer, then in his eightieth year, in command of the fleet.

In England, Admiral Lestock became in turn the accuser of Admiral Matthews, his superior.

"Long before the engagement," says Smollett, their contemporary, "these two officers had expressed the most virulent resentment against each other. Matthews was brave, open, and undisguised; but proud, imperious, and precipitate. Lestock had signalised his courage on many occasions, and perfectly understood the whole discipline of the navy; but he was cool, cunning, and vindictive. He had been treated superciliously by Matthews, and in revenge took advantage of his errors and precipitation. To gratify this passion he betrayed the interest and the glory of his country; for it is not to be doubted but that he might have come up in time to engage, and in that case the fleets of France and Spain would in all likelihood have been destroyed: but he intrenched himself within the punctilios of discipline, and saw with pleasure his antagonist expose himself to the hazard of death, ruin, and disgrace. Matthews himself, in in the sequel, sacrificed his duty to his resentment, restraining Lestock from pursuing and attacking the combined squadrons on the third day after the engagement, when they appeared disabled and in manifest disorder, and must have fallen an easy prey, had they been vigorously attacked."

Many officers were examined at the bar of the House on the subject; a court-martial sat on board the *London*, at Chatham, where several officers were cashiered, and Vice-Admiral Lestock was honourably acquitted; while Admiral Matthews was rendered incapable of ever again serving in His Majesty's navy.

"All the world knew that Lestock kept aloof, and that Mathews had rushed into the hottest of the engagement; yet the former triumphed on his trial, and the latter narrowly escaped the sentence of death for cowardice and misconduct. Such decisions," adds Smollett, himself once a naval officer, "are not to be accounted for, except from prejudice and faction."

Off Belle-Isle, 1745.

In the summer subsequent to the battle off Toulon, there ensued a very obstinate engagement between a French and British ship, which chanced to encounter each other in the latitude of 47 degrees 17 minutes north.

The former was the *Elisabeth*, a sixty-eight-gun ship, commanded by Captain d'Eau, having in convoy Prince Charles Edward Stuart; the latter was the *Lion*, a sixty-gun ship, commanded by Captain

Piercy Brett, the same officer who stormed Paita in Anson's expedition. On the 22nd of June, the prince had embarked on board of a vessel named the *Doutelle*, 18 guns, at St. Nazaire, near the mouth of the Loire, to commence the memorable rising which ended at Culloden. He had with him a small retinue, known in Scotland now as "The Seven Men of Moidart," viz.: the Marquis of Tullibardine, whose younger brother, by his attainder, now enjoyed the dukedom of Athole; Sir Thomas Sheridan; Sir John Macdonald, an officer in the Spanish service; Kelly, an Episcopal clergyman; Francis Strickland; Angus Macdonald, brother of Kinloch Moidart; and a Mr. Buchanan.

At Belle-Isle they were joined by the *Elizabeth*, on board of which the young prince had placed his warlike stores, 1,500 fusees, 1,800 French broadswords, 20 field-pieces, and other munitions; but the two vessels had barely put to sea when the *Lion* hove in sight.

Captain D'Eau immediately went on board the *Doutelle*, and requested Walsh, an Irish refugee, who commanded her, to assist him in attacking the British ship; but Walsh, influenced by natural solicitude for the prince's safety, declined. The *Elizabeth* in consequence commenced the attack alone.

Ranging alongside of each other, these two vessels, which were very nearly equal, though the *Elizabeth* had 700 men on board, began a close, obstinate, and bloody engagement, which lasted fully five hours, by which time both ships were so disabled, and their decks so encumbered by killed and wounded men, by dismounted guns, splinters, and fallen spars, that they each crept away, one towards England, and the other towards France, where the *Elizabeth* reached Brest in a sinking state. The "History of the Present Rebellion, by J. Marchant, London, 1747," states, that she had "lost her captain, 64 men killed, and 146 wounded dangerously; and that there was on board this ship £400,000 sterling, and arms for several thousand men," an exaggeration, like everything written by the Whig pamphleteers of the day.

Another large British ship had given chase to the *Doutelle*, which, however, escaped by her superior sailing, and reaching the Hebrides, landed the prince disguised as an Irish priest, on the island of Eriska, where the people received him with open arms as the son of their exiled king.

The disaster of the *Elizabeth* was, however, a great misfortune to him, as he thus lost all his arms and stores, with above 100 able officers who were to serve on the Scottish expedition. Had she reached the Highlands in safety, her guns would speedily have reduced Fort William, which was situated amidst the clans who were loyal to the House of Stuart; and such a conquest would have drawn to the field many who now remained irresolute and aloof.

CHAPTER III.

PRESTONPANS, 1745.

After Fontenoy, we come to one of the most stirring and romantic epochs in our military history, the Highland Rising in 1745.

Prince Charles Edward, whose landing we have narrated, unfurled his father's standard in Glenfinnan on the 19th of August, and a few loyal and brave men soon flocked to it. Most favourable was the opportunity for the daring enterprise of this gallant young prince, who, landing with only seven men in the wilds of Moidart, came, as his banner bore it, to win "a kingdom or a coffin," with the motto, "Tandem Triumphans," and began that insurrection which shed such honour on certain clans, but led to the desolation of many an ancestral house. He soon found himself at the head of 1,200 men, whose success in a few encounters raised the ardour and emulation of the Macdonalds, the Macleans, and other warlike septs, who rose in arms to peril life, limb, and fortune for the last heir of the old regal line.

The tidings of his landing were quickly followed by those of the capture of a party of the 1st Royal Scots, at the Spean Bridge, by Major Macdonald, of Teindreich, and every preparation was made by Government to crush the growing insurrection. From London 5,000 stand of arms were sent to the castle of Edinburgh, which Lieutenant-General Sir John Cope, K.B., ordered to be stored with provisions, and reinforced by two companies of the 44th Regiment; while, by his directions, the Scottish out-pensioners of Chelsea were mustered, and officered from the half-pay list. Volunteers were enrolled to defend the capital, cannon were mounted on the city walls, the gates were fortified

anew, and while the Highlanders were at a distance, and Sir John Cope in possession of Stirling, all Edinburgh was bristling with arms, and its streets resounded with drumming and psalm-singing.

At the head of about 3,000 Highlanders, the half of whom only were armed, the prince began his march for Edinburgh. The fighting force of the entire Highland clans at this time, as given by Dr. Brown, was as follows:—

Campbells of Argyle and Breadalbane, &c., 5,000; Macleans and Maclachlans, 700; Stewarts of Appin and Grantully, 600; Macdougals and Macgregors, 900; Murrays and Robertsons of Athol, 3,200; Farquharsons and Gordons, 800; Grants, of Grant and Glenmoriston, 1,000; Macintoshes, Macphersons, and Frasers, 1,400; Chisholms and Drummonds, 500; Seaforth and Cromarty-Mackenzie, 2,500; Menzies, Munroes, and Rosses, 1,100; Sutherlands and Mackays, 2,800; Sinclairs, 1,100; Macdonalds and Macdonells, 2,200; Camerons, 800; Mackinnons and Macleods, 900; Macneils, Macnabs, Lamonts, &c. &c., 5,600; thus making a force of more than 31,000 hardy soldiers.

Had all these joined the prince, history would never have had to record the retreat from Derby, or the barbarities exercised on the families of the 5,000 unfortunate Highlanders who made the last fatal stand at Culloden.

Charles crossed the Forth near Stirling, and marched direct for Edinburgh, which, after all the noisy preparations of its citizens, did not make even a show of defence. He summoned it to surrender; and while the negotiations were pending, on one of the gates being opened to admit a coach, Cameron of Lochiel rushed in at the head of his clan, 800 strong, and with swords drawn, colours flying, and twelve pipers in front, he at once marched them through the High Street. They seized the city guard-house, disarmed the guard, captured the cannon and arsenal, and placed eight pickets at the principal gates.



HOLYROOD PALACE.

The prince was proclaimed at the cross as the Regent of James VIII., and held his Court at Holyrood, surrounded by all those nobles whose titles had been attainted in 1688 and 1715. On learning the rapid progress he had made, the British

Government set the sum of £30,000 upon his head; and George II., who had been in Germany, hastened to defend his dominions. Six thousand Dutch troops were demanded according to treaty; the English militia were arrayed, several British regiments were re called from Flanders, and the greatest portion of the English aristocracy, after luring Charles to land by false promises of adhesion, now hurried to offer their service to the House of Hanover.

As soon as Sir John Cope, who had marched north with all the forces he could collect, found that the prince had outflanked him, and made his way down into the fertile Lothians, he embarked his troops at Aberdeen and landed them near Dunbar, from where, on being joined by two dragoon regiments, he began his march for Edinburgh.

Two companies of the 47th Regiment were shut up in the fortress of that city, and left entirely to their own resources. The conduct of five different corps of the City Volunteers, inspired as they were to arm by the most violent political and religious rancour against the House of Stuart, fully merited the epithet bestowed upon them by General Wightman, when he stigmatised them as "riff-raff."

The king's forces were exceedingly deficient in artillery, no such corps as the present Royal Artillery being formed until five years after Culloden, when it was embodied under Colonel William Belford; hence Sir John Cope was glad to take with him two pensioners, and an old man, who proved to be the last survivor of the old Scottish train disbanded at the Union. To these were added some seamen, to assist in working the guns, and they were the first to fly on the approach of the Highlanders.

On the prince receiving intelligence that Sir John Cope was advancing from Dunbar, he immediately left Holyrood and proceeded to Duddingston, where his little army was encamped on the steep southern slope of Arthur's Seat, and calling a council of chiefs and nobles, proposed to march eastward next morning and give the general battle. His courageous proposal was greeted with acclamations; and orders were at once given to withdraw from the city the troops employed in blockading the castle, that the whole force might be in readiness to march next morning.



PINKIE CASTLE.

At daybreak on the 20th the march began, through the old hedgerows and among the woods of Abercorn, with pipes playing and colours flying. The picturesque column of the clans was long and narrow, as they moved three abreast.

"My friends," exclaimed the prince, when he drew his sword, "behold—I have flung away the scabbard!"

He was arrayed in the national garb, which displayed to advantage his tall and handsome figure, and wore on his left breast the star of the Thistle. His long fair hair was simply tied by a blue ribbon; and, like a private of the clans, he carried his

shield on his back. Around him were his Highland guard—all veterans of Sheriffmuir and Glensheil—men verging on eighty years of age, and distinguished by snow-white beards, and their long and terrible Lochaber axes.

All were on foot, with the exception of a few gentlemen, about fifty in number; and they possessed but one piece of artillery—an old iron cannon, drawn by a string of ponies. For any military purposes it was useless, and it was only employed as a signal gun; but it accompanied the march in deference to the superstitious ideas of the Highlanders, who, being but little accustomed to cannon, attached great importance to the possession of "the musket's mother," as they called it. Many of the Highlanders were armed only with scythes or pitchforks.

They crossed the Esk by the old Roman bridge at Musselburgh, an edifice "over which all of noble or kingly birth that had approached Edinburgh for at least a thousand years must have passed; which has borne processions of monks, the march of armies, and the trains of kings."

Passing Pinkie Cleugh, embosomed among venerable wood, the scene of one of Scotland's most disastrous battles, the Highlanders marched up Edgebuckling Brae, over the same ground where, on the Black Saturday of 1547, the English sent up that shout of triumph which struck terror in the streets of Edinburgh; thence round by the ruined tower of Falside and Carberry, where the beautiful Mary surrendered to her insurgent nobles, in tears and misery; and onward still to the east, and keeping the high ground till, within half a mile of Tranent, when they came in sight of Cope's forces in the fertile plain below. Halting now, the half-armed Highlanders were formed in order of battle along the brow of the hill.

The following was the strength of the king's troops in the field:—

Gardiner's 13th and Hamilton's 14th Dragoons, 567; Guise's 6th Foot, two companies, Lascelles' 47th, eight companies, 570; Lee's 44th, five companies, Lieut-Col. Sir Peter Halkêt, 291; Murray's 46th Regiment, 580; Earl of Loudon's Highlanders, 183. Total, 2,191, exclusive of officers, sergeants, drummers, many gentlemen at the head of their tenantry, and many recruits in the centre of the line, under Lord Home, an officer of the Guards.

Sir John Cope had at first drawn up his mixed forces with their front to the west; but when he saw the clans like a dark cloud hovering on the southern eminence, he took up a new alignment, and faced the south, having his right covered by the park wall of Bankton House, the seat of the famous Colonel Gardiner, who was then present at the head of his own regiment, now the 13th Hussars; and his left rested on the picturesque old manor house of Seton, with its trees and enclosures.

The infantry formed his centre, flanked by the cavalry corps, and three pieces of artillery were at the extremity of each wing.

The two armies were about a mile apart, and the green sloping eminence occupied by the Highlanders was separated from the level fields by a long strip of marshy ground, intersected by several enclosures, and traversed throughout its whole length by a broad and deep ditch. To do them justice the troops of the king seemed at first as ready as those of the prince. When the latter first came in sight, the regalars gave a hearty but defiant cheer, and fired one or two field-pieces.

To this the Highlanders answered by a tremendous yell, as each tribe shouted its *cathghairm*, or battle-cry, and these wild sounds were reverberated by the heights in their rear. The prince was eager for an immediate attack; but he was assured by the peasantry that it was impossible to pass the marsh in front of Cope's position.

Mr. Kerr, of Graden, an officer of some experience attached to the prince's staff, rode over the ground with great coolness, escaping many a cannon-shot, and by actual reconnaissance confirmed their statements. The prince then moved a portion of his troops to the west, and menaced Cope's right flank, a movement which led to a corresponding change of position on the part of the regulars. Again each army resumed its old position, and in these manœuvres the whole afternoon was passed uselessly.

After the final halt, late in the evening, the prince, attended by the Duke of Perth and another officer, dined in the little inn of Tranent. For her distinguished guests the landlady could provide no better entertainment than Scotch kail, which they ate with wooden spoons.

It is said that the ardour of the regulars was greatly damped by the timid and vacillating conduct of their general, in remaining simply on the defensive, while the Highlanders displayed such fiery eagerness for battle. Colonel Gardiner and other officers urged an immediate attack; but Sir John thought he had done quite enough in obtaining and keeping a good position.

The only offensive movement he could be prevailed upon to make was to fire a few cannon-shot at a Highland picket in Tranent churchyard; while, on the other hand, Prince Charles was so apprehensive that the king's troops would escape him, that he detached 500 claymores, under Lord Nairn, to the westward of Preston, above Colonel

Gardiner's park, lest Cope should seek to steal off towards Edinburgh in the night. The Highlanders then moved to the east of the village of Tranent, and wrapping themselves in their plaids, with their weapons for pillows, lay down to sleep on the bare, bleak fields of stubble.

The regulars bivouacked on their old ground; and as the night proved dark and cold, they lighted great fires. Cope posted outlying pickets along the edge of the morass, and sent his baggage and military chest to Cockenzie, under a strong guard.

The Highlanders were at that time holding a last Council of War; and it was resolved, on the motion of Lord John Murray, to attack the enemy at day-break, by crossing the morass near its eastern end, where it seemed least impassable. After this, surrounded by chiefs and nobles, the prince lay down to sleep in a field of pease made up into ricks, having a sheaf for his pillow, and his target and claymore by his side, his young heart high with hope and full of ardour.

Strict silence was enjoined, and no fires were lighted, that their position might be concealed from the enemy.

In the army of the prince there was a young gentleman named Robert Anderson, of Whitburgh, in the shire of Haddington. His father had fought for King James at Sheriffmuir. He was present at the Council of War, but as his rank was that of a commoner, he took no part in its deliberations. He was intimately acquainted with the ground, having doubtless hunted and shot over every rood of it; and he now said that he "knew a path by which the Highlanders could without difficulty pass the morass, without being seen by the enemy, and by which they could form in line of battle without being exposed to their fire."

Lord George Murray, who acted as adjutant-general, deemed this communication so important, that he at once waked the prince and imparted it to him, and, with joyful and courageous alacrity, he resolved to put the plan in operation. An aide-de-camp was dispatched to recall Lord Nairn's detachment. The whole got under arms in deep silence, and the advance began about three o'clock in the morning of Saturday, the 21st of September.

As before, the Highlanders marched in two great columns, in sections of threes. Mr. Anderson led the way, accompanied by the gallant Macdonald of Glenaladale (who was major in the regiment of Clanranald), with a chosen party of sixty men, whose orders were to cut off the enemy's baggage.

Marching in an easterly direction till near the farm of Ringanhead, they turned to the north down a rugged hollow or valley which winds through the centre of the farm. For them it was fortunate that the path of which their guide was cognisant, and which lay directly across the morass, was left entirely unguarded, for it was so narrow that the sections could scarcely find room to advance, and many of the clansmen sank to their bare knees in mud and boggy water.

At this point the deep ditch of which we have spoken, as traversing the entire length of the morass, became a mill-race, crossed by a narrow wooden bridge, on which the feet of the marching Highlanders, softly cased in cuarans, or shoes of untanned skin, made little or no sound, and all passed without interruption.

In his ardour, Charles, who led the second column, attempted to clear the ditch by leaping, but stumbled and fell on his knees.

The leading column continued its course towards the sea, till the whole army had left the morass behind, and gained the eastern extremity of the plain at the west end of which the regulars were posted, and then wheeling round, the clans formed at once in array of battle. At that moment some of Cope's cavalry videttes, for the first time, through the gloom and obscurity of the morning, detected the Highlanders where they never expected to see them, and firing their short muskets, wheeled round their horses and galloped rearward to give the alarm.

"Cannon! cannon!" was the shout that now rang through all Cope's left wing; "get ready the guns, cannoneers!"

The startled general hastened to prepare for the impending attack by altering his alignment. His right wing now rested on the morass, and the left extended towards the sea, in the order already described, save that the artillery were on the right, in front of the 13th Dragoons. This was done in direct opposition to the wish of their colonel, Gardiner, the high stone walls of whose pleasure grounds were immediately in their rear.

The space now between the two armies was a single level field, which had been recently cleared of its crop of corn; and as the ground was clear of bushes, trees, or fences, it was peculiarly adapted for the operations of cavalry, more especially against such undrilled masses as the Highland shepherds, whom they were now to oppose. In the second volume of "Charles's Transactions in Scotland," Cope is said to have addressed his troops thus:—

"Gentlemen, you are now to engage a rabble—a parcel of brutes! being a small number of Scots Highlanders. You can expect no booty from such a despicable pack; but I have authority to declare that you shall have eight hours' full liberty to

plunder Edinburgh and Leith—the places which harboured them—at your discretion, with impunity."

The clans completed their preparations to attack in two lines. Under the Duke of Perth, the Macdonalds formed the right wing, claiming that honour as a hereditary right, because Robert I. had assigned it to their ancestors at the battle of Bannockburn.

The Duke of Perth's own regiment and the Macgregors occupied the centre.

The left wing, under Lord George Murray, was composed of the Camerons, under Locheil, and the Stewarts of Appin, under Ardsheil.

The second line, which was also a reserve, was formed fifty yards in the rear of the first, and consisted of the Athol men, the Robertsons of Struan, and the Maclauchlans, the whole being under Lord Nairn. Each chief, with his standard, was posted in the centre of his clan, with his standard by his side. Around them were the *leine chrios* (*i.e.* mail-shirt), the nearest in blood and best-armed men.

When all was ready, Charles, who was posted with the second line, waved his bonnet and said—

"Follow me, gentlemen, and, by the blessing of God, I shall this day make you a free and happy people."

He had expressed an earnest wish to lead the charge; but, in compliance with the urgent request of the chiefs, he consented to take post near the second line, for if he fell there would be nothing more to fight for.

Day had fully dawned now, and the bright beams of the morning sun were glittering on the wide estuary of the Forth, which lay on their right, and the white mist was still rolling in heavy masses over the morass on the left, and the fields where the yellow grain was still ungathered.

"Here, then," says Sir Walter Scott, "was a military spectacle of no ordinary interest or usual occurrence. The two armies, so different in aspect and discipline, yet each admirably trained in its own peculiar mode of war, upon whose conflict the temporary fate at least of Scotland appeared to depend, now faced each other like gladiators in the arena, each meditating on the mode of attacking their enemy. The leading officers and the general's staff of each army could be distinguished in front of their lines, busy with spy-glasses watching each other's motions, and occupied in dispatching orders and receiving the intelligence conveyed by the aides-de-camp and orderly men, who gave life to the scene by galloping in different directions, as if the fate of the day depended upon the speed of their horses. The space between the armies was at times occupied by the partial and irregular contest of individual sharpshooters, and a hat or a bonnet was occasionally seen to fall, as a wounded man was borne off by his comrades. From the neighbouring hamlets, the peasantry cautiously showed themselves, as if watching the issue of the expected engagement; and at no great distance in the bay were two square-rigged vessels, bearing the English flag, whose tops and yards were crowded with less timid spectators."

It should be borne in mind that Scott wrote this only fifty years after the battle, in which many of his own friends and intimates had taken part.

At last the order was given to advance.

A brief and solemn pause ensued, during which the clansmen with one accord took off their bonnets, and reverently raising their faces to the blue heaven above them, uttered a short prayer, invoking God for victory. Then pulling their bonnets over their brows, they cast aside their plaids and began the charge.

Slowly and silently they advanced at first; but as they proceeded their pace quickened, and they moved with such rapidity that they had to halt once or twice to re-dress their broken ranks, before closing in the death-struggle. Their pipes struck up in each clan the onset of its name, and shouts and war-cries began to rend the air.

The mist now rolled away before the morning wind, and the spectators could see distinctly the steady and glittering line of the regulars, and the dark columns of the clans closing in upon them with brandished weapons.

The Camerons and Stewarts on the left wing had the start of the other divisions, and moved somewhat obliquely, that they might keep close to the morass, and prevent the dragoons from taking them in flank. With one tremendous yell, the Camerons threw themselves sword in hand, and with irresistible impetuosity, upon the troops of Cope.

The artillerymen turned and fled; and though Colonel Whiteford, with his own hand, discharged in succession the six field-pieces upon the advancing foe, they recoiled only for an instant, and then resumed their headlong charge.

From the rear of the guns the artillery-guard next poured in a volley, but without effect. The first squadron of dragoons, under Lieutenant-Colonel Witney, was then ordered to advance and attack them; but on receiving one most irregular volley, "they were seized by a disgraceful panic, and wheeling about, rode over the artillery-guard, and galloped from the field." The second squadron, under Colonel Gardiner, was then led forward to the attack by the gallant veteran himself, who

couraged them to stand firm; but they had not advanced many paces when they too wavered, halted, wheeled about, and followed their companions in their flight."

Hamilton's Dragoons (14th Hussars), who covered the left of the king's troops, behaved even worse than the 13th, on the right; for no sooner did they perceive the flight of their comrades, than they galloped from the field in wild confusion, without striking a blow, and before the Highlanders could close with them.

The infantry, though both their flanks were now uncovered and their cannon taken, stood their ground for a little time, but a little only. They poured in one steady and well-directed volley upon the centre of the Highlanders, which slew many of their best and bravest men; but ere they could reload the Highlanders had also fired a volley, flung down their pieces, and had swept over them sword in hand.

The Highland mode of fighting—old as the days of Fingal—set at naught the tactics of Turenne and of Marlborough.

The Line regiments were irretrievably broken, dispersed, and routed, and, throwing down their arms, sought safety in flight. As this was impeded by the park walls in their rear, in six minutes they were all killed or taken prisoners, and the battle was ended.

"It was gained with such rapidity," says the Chevalier Johnstone, "that in the second line, where I was still by the side of the prince, we saw no other enemy than those that were lying on the ground killed and wounded, though we were not more than fifty paces behind our first line, and running always as fast as we could to overtake them."

Assisted by the Earls of Home and Loudon, Colonel Witney, and other officers, a desperate attempt was made by Cope in person to rally the fugitive cavalry, by threats and entreaties, and pistols levelled at their heads. They succeeded in turning about 450 off the high road into a field, and endeavoured to lead them to the charge. The accidental explosion of a pistol renewed the ludicrous panic, and, despite all the efforts of their officers, they dashed off at full gallop towards the south, "ducking their heads along their horses' necks to avoid the balls which a few Highlanders fired in derision after them."

Sir John Cope had no alternative but to follow his panic-stricken troopers, and that night reached Coldstream, on the Tweed. Next day he was at Berwick, everywhere bringing the first tidings of his own defeat.

A few dragoons fled to Edinburgh, where they galloped up the High Street with confusion and uproar, seeking admission into the castle; where General Preston ordered them to begone, otherwise "he would turn the guns on them as cowards and deserters." On this they rode down the Castle Wynd, and fled to Stirling. But Preston must have admitted some, as a few days after the battle there were mustered in Edinburgh Castle 105 fugitives, mostly dragoons, and one field-officer, Major Cawfield.

Of the king's infantry only 175 escaped, all the rest being killed or taken. The number of the slain was estimated at six officers and 400 rank and file. Among the former was Colonel Gardiner, a gallant and pious officer, deemed the model of a Christian soldier. In the first onset he had been wounded in the chest by a musket-shot, but disdaining to accompany his regiment in its flight, he put himself at the head of a small body of infantry, whose officers had abandoned them.

"These brave fellows will be cut to pieces!" he exclaimed; "they have no commander. Fire on, my lads, and fear nothing!"

"But just as the words were out of his mouth," says Dr. Doddridge, "a Highlander advanced towards him with a scythe fastened to a long pole, and gave him so dreadful a wound that his sword dropped out of his hand."

He was then dragged from his horse.

"Take care of yourself," he cried, to a faithful servant who lingered near him; and he was soon after dispatched, within a few yards of his own door, near the place where a monument has been recently erected to his memory.

On the night after the battle the prince slept at the fine old chateau of Pinkie, which stands embosomed among chestnuts and sycamores, near Musselburgh; and the room he occupied, a very lofty one with a beautifully-decorated roof, is still preserved.

Next day, preceded by 100 pipers playing "The King Shall Enjoy his Own Again," the prisoners, to the number of 1,500, of whom 80 were officers, were marched through Edinburgh, together with the captured baggage (which had been taken by the Camerons), the drums, cannon, and military chest, containing £4,000, and the colours of the 13th and 14th Dragoons, the 6th, 44th, 46th, 47th, and Loudon's Corps. The prisoners were all transmitted to Logierait, in Perthshire.

Prince Charles, who had the good taste not to accompany the triumphal procession, was unremitting in his care and anxiety for the wounded soldiers of the Line who had fallen into his hands. In a letter written to his father on the night after the battle, the reflection that his victory had been obtained over Englishmen, he wrote, had thrown

a great damper over him; and he adds—"I am in great difficulties how to dispose of my wounded prisoners. If I make an hospital of a church, it will be looked upon as a great profanation. Come what will, I am resolved not to let the poor wounded men lie in the streets; and, if I can do no better, I will make an hospital of the palace, and leave it to them."

Holyrood was now, however, required for the purposes of royalty, and the wounded were placed in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh.

Among them was James, Master of Torphichen, a captain in the Line, who had received no less than twenty sword wounds, from the effect of which he died three years subsequently.

After the battle the field is said to have presented an appalling spectacle. As almost all the slain were cut down by the claymore, axe, or scythe, the ground was "strewed with legs, arms, hands, noses, and mutilated bodies; while, from the deep gashes inflicted by these dreadful weapons, the field was literally soaked with gore."

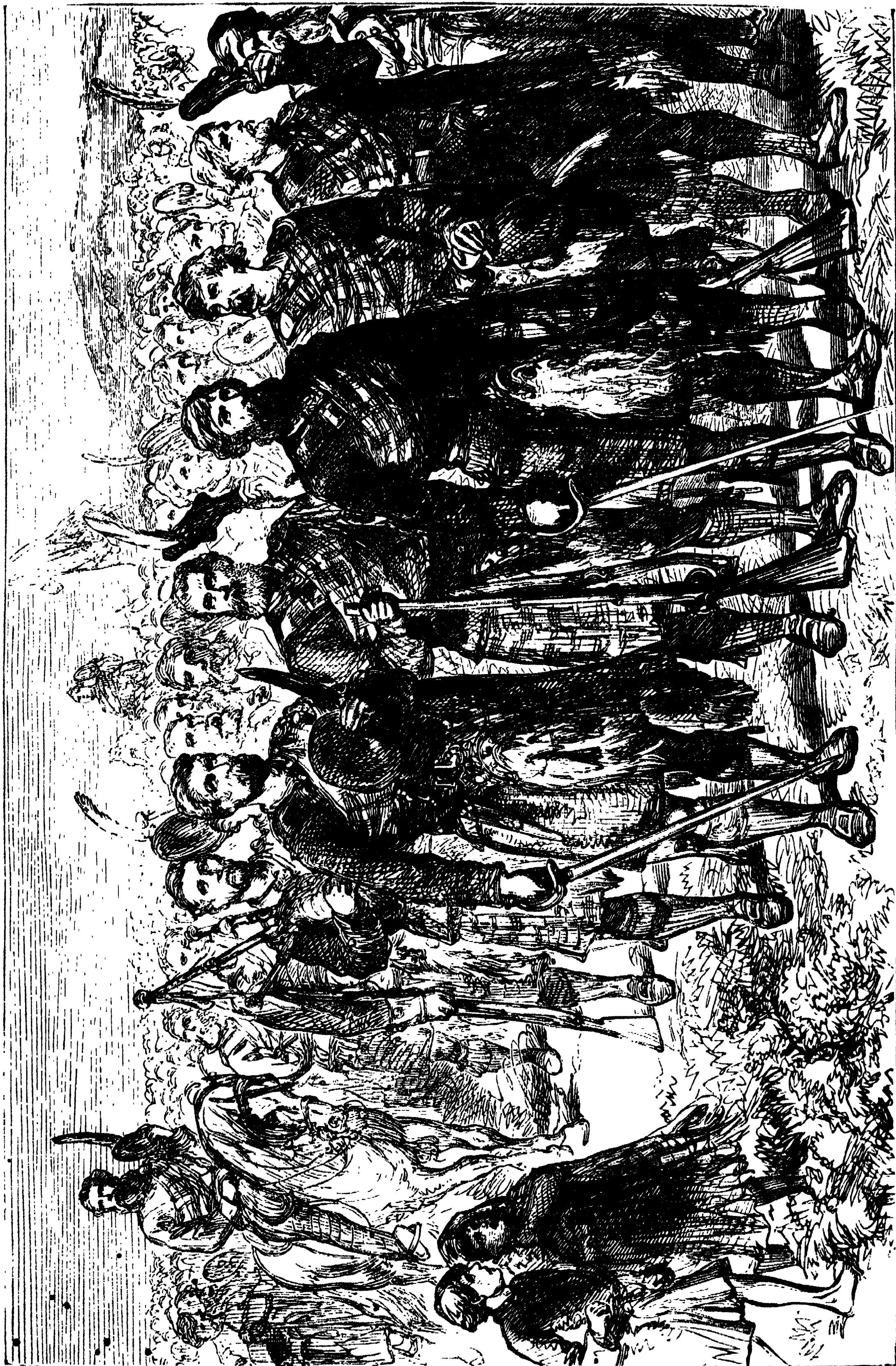
Many ludicrous stories are still current of the mistakes made by the Highlanders regarding the nature and value of their booty. One who got a valuable watch sold it afterwards for a trifle, saying he "was glad to be rid of her, as the creature lived no time after he caught her;" the machine having stopped by want of winding. Another exchanged a fine charger for a pistol; and a quantity of chocolate found among the baggage was sold in the streets of Perth under the name of "Johnnie Cope's salve."

The loss sustained by the prince was only four officers and thirty privates killed; six officers and seventy men wounded. Among the latter was Captain James Macgregor, son of the famous Rob Roy, who fell at the commencement of the action, wounded by no less than five musket-balls, two of which went through his body. Raising himself, he called on the Macgregors to charge bravely, swearing that he would see if any of them failed in their duty. He recovered from his wounds, and died in France.



OBELISK ON THE FIELD OF PRESTONPANS.

"Whatever notion," wrote an officer, "our low-country people may entertain of the Highlanders, I can attest they gave many proofs this day of their humanity and mercy. Not only did I often hear the common clansmen ask the soldiers if they wanted quarter, and not only did we, the officers, exert our utmost pains to save those who were stubborn, but I saw some of our private men, after



ADVANCE OF THE HIGHLANDERS AT PRESTONPANS (*see page* 16).

the battle, run to Port Seton for ale and other liquors to support the wounded. I saw a Highlander carefully, and with patient kindness, support a poor wounded soldier by the arms, and afterwards carry him on his back to a house, where he left him with sixpence to pay his charges. In all this we followed not only the dictates of humanity, but also the orders of our prince, who acted in everything as the true father of his country" (Note to "Waverley").

The battle of Preston annihilated the only regular army in the kingdom, and made Charles master of the whole of Scotland, with the exception of a few castles and remote Highland forts. The officers of state fled. The chevalier was everywhere proclaimed as King James VIII., and the public money was seized for his service; while the old Jacobite gentlemen, in their exultation, drank deep libations to the health of a prince who, as they phrased it, "could eat a dry crust and sleep on pease straw, take his dinner in four minutes, and win a battle in five."

The Highlanders usually gave the battle the name of Gladsmuir, from a tradition that a battle fought on the moor of the Gledes would ensure to the rightful sovereign the future possession of his throne.

No relics remain of it now save two aged thorn trees, near which Colonel Gardiner was slain, and the tomb of John Stuart of Physgil, a captain of the 47th, who fell near him. It is in the churchyard of the village, and bore an inscription which is now entirely obliterated.

The dead were interred at the Thorntree Mains; and towards the close of the last century some ditchers came upon them, finding their clothes so entire that they could distinguish the skeletons of the red-coats from those of the clansmen. Cannon-balls have also been ploughed up in the fields about Cockenzie.

The graves have all long since disappeared. Sir Walter Scott speaks of one solitary tomb, where lay a Highlander who had been cut down by the fugitive cavalry.

"I remember," he adds, "when a child, sitting on his grave, where the grass grew long, rank, and green, distinguishing it from the rest of the field. A female, then residing at St. Clement's Wells, used to tell me the tragedy, of which she had been an eye-witness, and showed me in evidence one of the silver clasps of the unfortunate gentleman's waistcoat."

CHAPTER IV.

CLIFTONMOOR, 1745.

The little Highland army had now entered England; and when we consider the gentle and orderly conduct of the clans, who believed they were advancing to free their southern fellow-subjects from a degrading foreign thrall, the language of loathing and hate adopted by the English towards them seems something very absurd now.

In Marchant's "History of the Present Rebellion, London, 1747," we find a person describing the Highlanders "as looking like so many fiends, turned out of hell to ravage the kingdom, and cut-throats; and under their plaids nothing to be seen but butchering weapons of various sorts. The sight at first must be thought very shocking and terrible." After some obscene passages, too coarse for quotation, he adds, "But what really did afford me matter for unavoidable laughter, was to see these desperadoes, officers and common men, at all their meals, first pull off their bonnets, then lift their eyes in a solemn manner, and mutter something by way of grace, as if they had been so many primitive Christians. Their dialect seemed to me as if a herd of Hottentots, wild monkeys, or vagrant gipsies, had been jabbering, screaming, and howling together; and really their jargon was very properly suited to such a set of banditti." Yet all England's proffered gold could not find among those "banditti" one Judas, who would betray his ma

When the clans reached Derby, terror reigned among the Whigs in London, and exultation among the Tories. Laden with all his plate and valuables, King George's yacht awaited him off the Tower Stairs; and the Guards had begun their march for Finchley. Fielding, who was in town, tells us that "when the Highlanders, by an almost incredible march, got between Cumberland's army and the metropolis, they struck a terror into it scarcely to be credited."

Nor is this to be wondered at, as the Chevalier

Johnstone says the London papers affirmed "that we had dogs in our army trained to fight; that we were indebted for our victory at Preston to these dogs, who darted with fury on the English army. They represented the Highlanders as monsters, with claws instead of hands. In a word, they never ceased to circulate every day the most extravagant and ridiculous stories with respect to the Highlanders."

In all the towns along their route, no man cried "God save King James;" and with a force reduced to 4,400 men, the prince now found himself little more than a hundred miles from London. Save 200 men of Manchester, under the gallant Townley, none joined him; and he was now menaced by three British armies—one, under Marshal Wade, in Yorkshire; another, under the Duke of Cumberland, at Lichfield, one day's march in his front; a third at Finchley, under Marshal Stair; and beyond lay hostile London, garrisoned by the Militia and Volunteers of all Middlesex.

It would seem now that the English Jacobites had lured Charles to his doom; to advance seemed wildly desperate, to retreat hopeless. A stormy and bitter Council of War was held in the house of the Earl of Exeter. Even could the clans reach Scotland, there were forces enough to swallow them up. Under John of Mamore, all the west was in arms against them; at Edinburgh, General Handyside was mustering a large force, the nucleus of which was Cope's fugitive army; while the Grants, Macleods, Munroes, and other noted Whig clans, were mustering in the north.

In spite of all this, M. de Boyer, Marquis de Guilles, captain in the 6th Regiment of the French Line, styling himself ambassador of King Louis, having in view only the selfish interests of his master, vehemently urged an advance on London. The Duke of Perth suggested a march into Wales; but on all hands menaced, harassed, and disappointed, it was carried, in spite of Charles, that the retreat should be immediate.

"I shall call no more councils now, my lords," said he bitterly and passionately, "since I am accountable only to God and my father, King James. To Scotland be it then!"

In the early dusk of next morning the homeward march began. "The Life Guards had the van, Kilmarnock next, the Athole brigade had the Royal Standard, Cluny and Pitslig had the rear guards of horse and foot," according to Captain Stuart's book.

When the increasing light showed the Highlanders that they were actually retreating, a moan of rage and lamentation rang along the whole columns; and now the hatred of the peasantry, most of whom were in arms, became apparent. "All stragglers," says Sir Walter Scott, "were murdered or made prisoners, stripped, and led away, with halters about their necks, and their hands tied behind them."

The prince, who had usually ridden cheerfully at the head of his little army, now rode dejectedly in its rear; but the retreat was conducted with wonderful rapidity, order, and skill, and it was two days before the obese and unwieldy hero of Fontenoy or General Wade heard that the prince had outflanked and eluded them both. At all the cutlers' shops the Highlanders clamoured to have their swords and dirks sharpened; and in passing through Kendal the young baronet of Kirkbrae, a gentleman of the Life Guards, was wantonly assassinated from the window of a house.

Northward the weary retreat was still continued, through the winter slough and by execrable roads, with all the British cavalry, and even mounted infantry, the Yorkshire hunters and armed peasantry, in close and hot pursuit, until the 18th of December, when shots were exchanged to some purpose, just as the day was breaking.

On the preceding day the main body of the Highland army, after marching 150 miles in twelve days, by roads often buried in snow, had entered Penrith. Lord George Murray, who, to vindicate his sincerity, chose that post of peril in retreating, the rear guard, brought on the baggage and artillery, now numbering thirteen pieces. On this night he found himself compelled to halt at Shap, a village consisting of one straggling street, with an old abbey amid thick woods, in the hilly district of Westmoreland. The orders issued by the prince for the 17th and 18th of December were as follows:—

"*Parole.* JAMES and CARLISLE.

"Penrith. The army sojourns here to-morrow.

"Clanranald's Regiment will furnish this night a captain and 50 men on guard at Esquire Gierhill's house.

"Lord Ogilvie the like number on the Artillery Park, where there is a guard-room and fire prepared.

"Appin, a captain and 50 men, on the main guard near the cross.

"Keppoch mounts his Royal Highness's Guard to-morrow.

"Roy Stewart will relieve Clanranald's post. Glengarry will relieve the main guard.

"Locheil's Regiment will relieve the artillery guard. An officer and six hussars will patrol till daybreak on the road to Newcastle.

"The whole regiment of hussars will be ready to march, arms and baggage, at six in the morning.

18692.

They will send at that hour to receive the Duke of Perth's orders."

Hence we see that the rear guard on this occasion was composed of the clansmen of Glengarry and Clanranald, with Colonel John Roy Stewart's corps, which was reduced to 200 men. By daybreak Lord George, who was attired in a kilt and bonnet, began his march to join the prince at Penrith, but as dawn stole in he saw that the hamlet of Clifton, which lay in his front, was full of armed men, while the heights behind it were covered by red-coated cavalry.

And now occurred the encounter which Scott introduces with such fine effect in his "Waverley."

Since the battle of Prestonpans, the Highlanders had rather despised the British cavalry, of whom before they had been rather in awe; so the Macdonalds prepared in confidence for the attack.

"Claymore!" cried Lord George Murray; and the clansmen, throwing off their green plaids, with heads stooped and targets up, rushed with sword and dirk to the onset, uttering a yell of defiance. The first horsemen they assailed proved to be merely country volunteers, who fled instantly, leaving many prisoners in their hands. One of these proved to be a valet of the Duke of Cumberland, who stated that his master was close at hand with 4,000 cavalry, and 1,000 infantry mounted, for the purpose of pursuit. On receiving these alarming tidings, Lord George dispatched a messenger to the prince, who ordered the rear guard to retire at once upon Penrith, while Cluny Macpherson, with his men, should keep Clifton Bridge, together with the Stewarts of Appin, under Ardsheil; and, with his compliments, to send back the valet to his master, a courtesy never acknowledged.

The day passed slowly and anxiously in the Highland host, for now all Cumberland's cavalry were drawn up on the moor of Clifton, cutting off the artillery, the baggage, and the rear guard; but Lord George Murray had determined to cut a passage through them, or die in the attempt. The defence of the high road he entrusted to the Macdonalds of Glengarry; the Appin Stewarts lined some enclosures on the left, flanked beyond by the Macphersons; Roy Stewart's corps had the right, covered by a wall. Evening fell, and then the night came on, clear and cold, with a hard frost.

Beyond the moor, when once the passage of it was opened by the sword, the rear guard would have to continue their march through some plantations belonging to Lord Lonsdale.

The night proved generally dark, for masses of sombre cloud rolled across the sky; and when the winter moon did shine forth she seemed to do so with unnatural lustre. The lonely heath of Clifton looked dark and weird. The alarm fires were burning redly on Skiddaw and Helvellyn, and in the distance were seen the clumps of coppice around Lowther Hall.

A thousand dragoons, composed chiefly of the Duke of Kingston's Regiment and that of Humphrey Bland (now 3rd Hussars), dismounted, and armed with their carbines and fixed bayonets, advanced softly and stealthily to take the Highlanders in flank; while the duke, with the rest of the cavalry remained upon the moor to press, if necessary, Lord Murray's rear.

A sudden bright gleam of the moon revealed the advancing party.

"The numbers seemed vastly unequal," says a MS. quoted by Sir Walter Scott, "so my Lord George declined giving orders till such time as he asked Monsieur de Cluny's opinion."

"I will attack them with all my heart," said Cluny, "if you order me."

"I do order it," replied Murray, who advanced sword in hand among the Macphersons, and in the charge lost his bonnet and periwig. The bayonets were seen to gleam as the dragoons came on, led by their officers, sword and pistol in hand, uttering bitter taunts to the Highlanders.

"In these outcries none surpassed Cornet Hamilton of Blands (son of a Scotch Whig M.P.), but two feet of a good claymore cut him short, and gave him cause to remember the Clan Chattan to the end of his days."

The men of Appin and Cluny fired a volley with their muskets, which they instantly relinquished for the claymore, and charged in the smoke with their usual headlong and uncontrollable fury. They burst through a hedge, and fell like a torrent on the dismounted cavalry. For one minute the clash of blades rang on the iron barrels, and the thud of the muskets on the Highland shields, while yells and outcries rent the frosty air. Another minute and all was over; the dragoons were completely routed, with fifteen killed, according to one account—above 100 killed and wounded according to others—including Colonel Honeywood, of the King's Own, son of a distinguished knight and general of the same name, Captain Last, and Cornets Owen and Hamilton.

Twelve Macphersons, who had gone too far in the pursuit, were taken prisoners, together with Captain Hamilton, of the Red House, in Haddingtonshire.

This unexpected repulse somewhat cooled the ardour of the Duke of Cumberland, who, thinking he had done enough for that night, permitted the

prince to continue his retreat unmolested in future. Sixteen carts of tents fell, however, into his hands; and in revenge for this, the Highlanders plundered Penrith, and then pushed on for Carlisle, in all their advance and retreat leaving behind no sick, fortunately for themselves, death being the penalty of all who were taken.

Only forty men perished in England, including a few who fell on Clifton Moor.

Cluny tells us that he "lost only in the action twelve men, of whom, some having been wounded, fell afterwards into the hands of the enemy, and were sent as slaves to America, whence some of them returned, and one of them is now in France a sergeant in the Regiment of Royal Scots."

The corps referred to is not our First Royals, but the Royal Ecossois, or 107th Regiment of the old French Line, disbanded at the Revolution. In the "*Liste de Historique des Troupes de France*," we are told, "Ce regiment a eté crée en 1744, pour Milord Drummond, Duc de Perth, a prend rang du 3rd Decembre, 1743. Il est d'un bataillon M. le Comte Drummond de Melfort, Brigadier, en est aujourd 'hui Lieutenant-colonel."

The uniform in 1753 was blue with scarlet facings and white buttons.

CHAPTER V.

FALKIRK, 1746.

On returning from the expedition into England just detailed, an expedition on which it is now known Prince Charles was lured by the false promises of the English Jacobites, and performing one of the finest retreats on record, in the face of three British armies, New Year's-day, 1746, found him with his little Highland army in Stirlingshire. He passed that night at the recently-forfeited mansion of Livingstone, Viscount Kilsythe, and Bannockburn House was his headquarters next.

His troops, whose quiet, orderly, and admirable conduct, both in camp and quarters, formed so marked a difference between them and many of the merciless ruffians who, under Hawley and Cumberland, disgraced the king's uniform, were cantoned in the neighbouring villages, while Lord George Murray occupied Falkirk. In those days men were pressed for soldiers. In 1744 the Vicar of Birstall, to get rid of a rival "who preached with more zeal and more effect than himself," on the plea that he was a Methodist, had him taken before the commissioners at Halifax (when the vicar himself was on the bench), and had him dragged off to Bradford to be made a soldier ("Marshal's Military Miscellany").

Though stigmatised by the English, and even by the Scottish press, as cut-throats and banditti, the army of Charles Edward was as orderly as it was brave, and was well-organised in a fashion of its own, the discipline of the modern military system being added to the principles of clanship. The arms found in Edinburgh, and those taken at Preston in Carlisle, had completely equipped the insurgents.

The pay of a captain was 2s. 6d. daily; of a lieutenant, 2s.; ensign, 1s. 6d.; of a private, 6d. In the clan-regiments every company had a double set of officers. The *leine chrios*, or chosen men, were, as we have said, in the centre of each battalion, to guard the chief and colours; the front rank when in line consisted of the best blood of the clan, the best armed, and all who had targets. These received 1s. daily so long as the prince's money lasted. The prince had now four troops of Life Guards under Lord Elcho. "Their uniform," says the *Caledonian Mercury* (his organ) of the 30th of September, 1745, "is blue trimmed with red, and laced waistcoats." A drummer was sent from Bannockburn, to summon Stirling Castle to surrender; but the moment he appeared he was greeted by a volley of musketry from the Volunteers. This breach of the laws of war was no less remarkable than their bad firing, for the drummer escaped, leaving behind his drum, which was towed over the wall by the Volunteers amid vociferous cheering.

The town surrendered a day or two after, and on the 10th of January the prince invested the castle. As a specimen of the discipline maintained in the prince's army, we may extract the orders for the following day from the book of Captain James Stuart, of Inchbreck, who then served in the Lord Ogilvie's Regiment.

"Orders for the 11th to the 12th of January, 1746, Stirling.

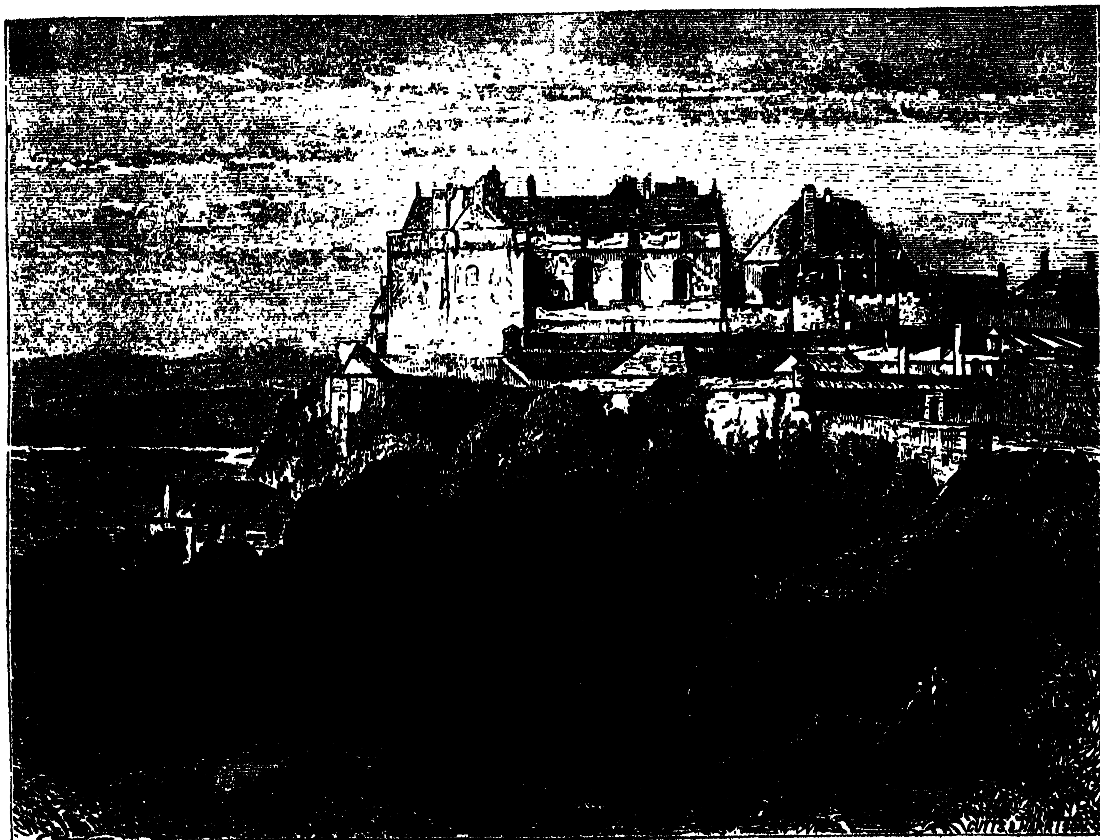
Parole. Charles and Athol.

"By order of Major-General Gordon, Colonel Innes, and Major Gordon, officers of the picket.

"The guards are to be relieved at two this after-

noon as follows: 50 men of General Gordon's and Colonel Roy's (regiments), at the Duke of Argyle's house; 133 men of the Duke of Athol's Brigade, and 17 of the Duke of Perth's, will mount at the main guard; 50 men of Lord Ogilvie's, at the Burrow Port and ffriar Yard; 50 of the Duke of Perth's, at St. Mary's Wynd Gate.

"All that are not on duty, in case of an alarm, which is to be notified by pipe and drum, are to assemble immediately with their arms at the Market Place near the main guard.



STIRLING CASTLE.

"The officers of the different guards are to take particular care that their men's arms are well fixed (*i.e.*, the flints), charged, and primed, and that they be most exact in challenging and stopping all persons until examined by the officer commanding the guard.

"The majors are to attend particularly each morning after this, by ten o'clock, at the general's quarters, to receive orders; and the officers of each particular guard are to make a report to the general of their guard."

Meanwhile, boasting that "with two regiments of dragoons he would drive the rebels from one end of the kingdon to the other," Lieutenant-General Henry Hawley, after erecting a great gallows whereon to hang all the prisoners he should take, marched from Edinburgh at the head of a well-disciplined and admirably-appointed force, and arriving at Falkirk, encamped near the north-west end of the town, between it and the ground where Wallace, the Graham, and the Stewart had, five centuries before, fought, to free Scotland.

The troops which came with Hawley were as follows:—1st Royal Scots, or St Clair's Regiment; 3rd Kentish Buffs; 4th (Barrel's); 8th (Wolfe's); 13th (Pulteney's); 14th (Price's); 27th Inniskilling (Lord Blakeney's); 34th (Cholmondeley's); 37th (Munro's); 48th (Ligonier's); 52nd (Battereau's); 7th Dragoons, or Sir John Ligonier's; 10th Dragoons (Viscount Cobham's); 14th Dragoons (Hamilton's).

With these were a regiment of Argyleshire Highlanders, another of Glasgow Volunteers, and a brigade of Artillery, under Captain Cunningham.

Exclusive of the three last, the force that marched from Edinburgh consisted of 5,488 infantry and 519 cavalry; thus his strength on the ground must have been somewhere between 7,000 and 8,000 men; while the force of Charles was greatly weakened by the Duke of Perth's Brigade being left to enforce the blockade of Stirling Castle.

For a day or two he halted, intending to attack the Highlanders at leisure, and rout them, of course; for he made no secret of how lightly he valued them and their ancient mode of warfare. Thus very great was his astonishment to find, then, on the morning of the 17th of January, the whole Highland army, with colours flying, their pipes playing, and drums beating, were crossing the Carron, two south side of the Torwood, an old primeval forest of the Druid ages.

"Where is the general?" "What shall be done?" "We have no orders!" were the exclamations made on all hands by the officers, who bitterly reprehended the negligence of Hawley.

On this, Lieutenant-Colonel Harley, by order of General Huske, who had been left in command,



PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

miles distant, at Dunipace, and were coming to attack him.

The dinner hour was early in those days, and the general was dining at Lord Kilmarnock's mansion, the Callendar, when the waving of tartan and the flash of steel announced that the clans were in motion, at a time when his men were cooking, and had off their accoutrements. About one o'clock an officer named Colonel Teesdale clambered into a tree near the camp, and through his telescope saw the Highlanders marching by the sprang on his horse and galloped at full speed to Callendar House, to report the circumstance to Hawley, who was seated at table with the Earl and Countess of Kilmarnock, both of whom were in the Stuart interest, "the good old cause," as it was named, though as yet the earl had not raised a man for the prince.

"Let the men put on their accoutrements," said Hawley, leisurely; "but there is no necessity for their being under arms." And with this order Colonel Harley returned to camp.

Tradition records a weird story of another old domestic, the earl's nurse, having seen on the preceding night her door flung open by an invisible hand, and then a human head rolled past her, gnashing its teeth; and its face bore the livid likeness "of her lord—her bairn" (for so she called him, with the deep affection of an old Scottish retainer), the Earl of Kilmarnock.

This legend was long current in the district, and was deemed a foreshadowing of the fate that awaited the amiable and unfortunate earl on Tower Hill; but little foreseeing or recking of it then, alone and unattended he left Callendar Wood by the White Gate, whence a gallop of a few hundred yards brought him to the marching Highlanders, who, by superior skill and activity, had gained the highest ground in the neighbourhood—for Colonel Harley, notwithstanding the careless indifference or overweening confidence of General Hawley, had got the army under arms in front of the camp before that officer arrived.

The moment he came he ordered his cavalry brigade, consisting of the 7th, 10th, and 14th Dragoons, to take possession of a hill on the south-west (about a mile due south of the present aqueduct bridge), towards the summit of which he discovered the Highlanders were marching. The infantry he commanded to follow.

The dragoons at that time wore double-breasted coats lined with yellow, with slash-pockets, slit sleeves, and white worsted aigulets on the right shoulder. Their waistcoats and breeches were a deep yellow, and their hats were bound with silver lace. Their sergeants wore worsted sashes of yellow and green, in the German fashion, round the waist.

The brigade dashed spurs into their horses, and pushed on towards the ascent; but the active Celts were before them, and winning the race, attained the summit as related, and with great rapidity formed in order of battle. They were in this position when the Earl of Kilmarnock was presented to the young prince, who received him with the utmost joy.

On their first debouching from the Torwood, from which the winter blasts had long since stripped the last oak-leaves, the Highlanders could see the king's troops—those veterans of Carthagena, Dettingen, and Fontenoy—drawing up in order of battle, the cocked hats of the battalion companies formed in ranks three deep; and on the right flank of each regiment the grenadiers, with their grotesque sugar-loaf caps made of scarlet cloth, with a front flap of the facing of the corps.

With their white cross-belts and white gaiters, their scarlet coats with skirts buttoned back for freedom of action, their colours advanced and waving, they presented an appearance of steadiness and order that proved very imposing; while the field-officers from the flanks of battalions dressed the lines of officers, who were all armed with spontoons, and covered by sergeants armed with long halberts. In the preceding year the sword was discontinued by the privates of foot, and retained by the grenadiers alone.

In rear of Hawley's line was the grey old town of Falkirk, with walls and gates rising on its ridge, and crowned by the octagonal tower and spire of St. Modan the Abbot. The moor, which is under the richest cultivation now, was then a rugged and broken upland, covered with shaggy brown heath, interspersed with pools and green morasses.

As the clans occupied the higher ground, when looking down on the king's forces their columns seemed greater than they really were, as they loomed through the mist that rolled over the moor before the cold January wind.

The clans were formed in two lines, with a reserve in the rear. Lord George Murray commanded the right wing, Lord John Drummond the left. The Royal Standard on this day was carried by the regiment of Lord Ogilvie. The prince led the reserve and commanded the whole, which was drawn up in the following order:—

Prince Charles.—Lovat, 400; Cluny, 400; Lochiel, 900; Appin, 300; Clanranald, 900; Keppoch, 400; Life Guards, 4 troops; Cromarty, 700; Farquharson, 700; Lord George Gordon, 900; Ogilvie (2nd battalion), 1,000; Athole (2nd battalion), 1,000; Reserve, 450.

The convexity of the ground rendered the wings mutually invisible. The left of Hawley's army, consisting of dragoons led by himself, stretched along more than two-thirds of the prince's line; the right, of infantry, by the whole length of two regiments stretched beyond the prince's flank, and was led by Major-General Huske.

General Hawley.—7th, 10th, and 14th Dragoons; Yorkshire Blues; 8th, 34th, and 13th Foot; 1st Scots Royals; Highlanders; 48th, 27th, 37th, 36th, 4th, and 52nd Foot; Glasgow Volunteers; and the 3rd Foot (or Buffs).

The 48th (or 5th Marines), and Battereau's, the old 52nd, were disbanded in 1748. The present 48th was then Beauclerk's Regiment, numbered as the 59th.

The two armies were formed one hundred yards apart, and both were unprovided with artillery; for Prince Charles, in his haste to get into position and come to action, had left his field-pieces, in

the rear; while the enemy had left nine of theirs wedged among the mud of the roadway south-east of Bantaskine.

Hawley, who had been an officer in Evans's Dragoons at the battle of Sheriffmuir, and had great confidence in a charge of horse, about three o'clock in the afternoon ordered his cavalry to advance, sword in hand, after a preliminary flourish of trumpets, and the playing of the air, "Britons, Strike Home!"—as if the men of the Scottish mountains had been less Britons than themselves!

The brigade advanced at a trot, having in its ranks the poltroons of Coltbridge and Preston, who were burning to avenge or wipe out the exhibitions they had made at both places, in addition to a repulse from Lord Elcho's Life Guards on the preceding day at Linlithgow. From a trot they broke into a gallop as they approached the column of Lord George Murray. Among these dragoons was a volunteer corps called the Yorkshire Blues, led by a gallant English gentleman named Thornton.

The Highlanders formed in line, like the "thin red streak" of their descendants at Balaclava, fired one deliberate volley at twelve paces distance, upon which the brigade of horse reined up in terrible confusion, while the men fell fast on every side from their saddles, and officers were heard shouting, "Forward," "Advance," "Rally." But others cried "Threes about," an order more readily attended to, for round they wheeled; and in an instant the Stewarts and Macdonalds were upon them with sword and dirk, and, with war-cries and exulting yells, assailed the flying cavalry in a wild and most remarkable manner, as it seemed indifferent to them whether they attacked horse or foot.

"The cavalry," says the Chevalier Johnstone, "rode many of the Highlanders down, and a most singular combat followed. The Highlanders stretched upon the ground thrust their dirks into the bellies of the horses; some seized the riders by their clothes, dragged them down and stabbed them with their dirks; several used their pistols; but few had space to handle their swords."

The captain of Clanranald had a horse killed over him, and was nearly smothered by it; but the conflict soon ended by the whole of the cavalry retiring at full speed, riding down their own killed and wounded, and never drawing bridle till they reached Linlithgow, seven miles distant from the field.

In their terror and confusion the 10th Dragoons rode madly along the whole fire of the Highland line. On the extreme right and centre of the latter the fortune of the day was somewhat different.

The ravine which lay between the two armies at the field prevented the Camerons and Stewarts, who formed the left centre, from charging sword in hand, in the usual fashion of the clans; and the three regiments opposed to them at that point stood firm, and by their steady and well-directed fire compelled those two warlike tribes to fall a little way back in disorder. They did more, for they checked by an oblique fire the pursuit of the Macdonalds after the cavalry, and drove a number of them in confusion up the hill, the whole slope of which was dotted with killed and wounded men in red tartan.

"At this moment," says Home, who was present as a volunteer, "the field of battle presented a spectacle seldom seen in war. Part of the king's army—much the greater part of it—was flying to the eastward, and part of the rebel army was flying to the westward. Not one regiment of the second line of the rebels remained in its place; for the Athole Brigade, being left almost alone on the right, marched up to the first line, and joined Lord George Murray, where he stood with the Macdonells of Keppoch. Between this body of men on the right of the first line, and the Camerons and Stewarts, who had retreated a little from the fire of the troops across the ravine, there was a considerable space void and empty, those men excepted who had returned from the chase and were straggling about in great disorder and confusion."

Prior to their finally quitting the field, Cobham's dragoons rallied a little in rear of the infantry, and afterwards, according to their Records, took a part in the subsequent retreat.

Lord George Murray, a brave and indefatigable officer, having succeeded in getting 700 of the scattered clansmen in order, began once more to advance; while Prince Charles, on seeing from the eminence where he had taken his station the check which his left wing had received, put himself at the head of his reserve, consisting of only 450 swordsmen, and led them to the brow of the hill.

On perceiving this movement, the three regiments at once broke into columns of march, and commenced a quick retreat, but with their drums beating and colours flying; General Huske, who had throughout the conflict acted with justice and prudence, bringing up the rear.

In the headlong fury of the Highland charge, Donald Macdonald of Tiendreish, the senior major of the venerable Keppoch's regiment, who has been usually called Hawley's "sole trophy" of the field of Falkirk, having mistaken, in the growing dusk, the brigade of General Huske for that of Lord John Drummond, was taken prisoner. As his cockade was blackened by powder, he endeavoured in vain to pass himself off as a Campbell.

He then offered his sword and pistols to an officer, who declined to receive them.

"Remember, I, too, am an officer and a gentleman," he urged, appealingly, in vain.

Huske called him a "Scotch rebel dog," and ordered him, though severely wounded in the sword-arm, to be bound with cords; and the soldiers would have bayoneted him, but for the intervention of Lord Robert Kerr, son of the Earl of Lothian. He was dragged from the field, and afterwards hanged at Carlisle.

Hawley, whose sole virtue was courage, kept his ground for a time, conspicuous by his white uncovered wig, and encouraged his troops to remain firm; but blinded by a storm of wind and rain which broke suddenly forth, wetting their flints and priming, so that every second firelock failed to explode, and discouraged by the flight of their cavalry, though Brigadier Cholmondeley made a slight attempt to rally the 4th and 48th, regiment after regiment was hurled in confusion down hill and from the field, Huske's brigade alone maintaining sufficient order to cover the retreat.

It was now about five o'clock of a winter's evening, and the early darkness was increased by the violence of the storm. The victorious right wing of the insurgents, therefore, did not venture to continue their pursuit farther than the foot of the hill. "The enemy did not pursue," says the *London Gazette*, "which was owing to the gallant behaviour of two squadrons of Cobham's dragoons."

Indeed, they were ignorant of the full extent of their victory, as the Highlanders were scattered in every direction over the moor, and the different clans were all mingled together in the utmost confusion. It was not until some hours after night had closed in that the prince knew the result. Two of his officers, having ventured into Falkirk in disguise, returned with tidings that Hawley, after giving orders to set fire to his tents, had abandoned the town, and was in full flight to Linlithgow. Lord George Murray immediately advanced and took possession of the town, into which the prince made his entry by torchlight, and, amid torrents of rain, was conducted to a mansion which is still pointed out to the tourist.

When swept off the field by the helpless tide of fugitives, Hawley, in his rage, is traditionally said to have broken his sword by madly hewing at the market-cross of Falkirk as he rode past it.

On the day after the battle Hawley continued his retreat to Edinburgh; "but some of his dastardly followers, who had been quartered in the old palace of Linlithgow, before their departure deliberately set it on fire, by raking the live embers from the hearths into the straw on which they had lain, and thus reduced the venerable and interesting pile to a blackened ruin."

Hawley left behind him on the field between 300 and 400 men, killed and wounded. Among the former were Sir Robert Munro, of Foulis, Bart., colonel of the 37th Foot; Colonel Witney, of the 10th Dragoons; Lieutenant-Colonels Powell, of the 34th, and Biggar, of the 37th, with nine captains and three lieutenants.

One hundred prisoners were taken; among these were Home, the future author of "Douglas," and Captain Thornton, of the Yorkshire Volunteers. One piece of artillery was saved by the grenadiers of the 4th Regiment, who dragged it to Linlithgow with their own hands; but the rest were abandoned by Captain Cunningham, who, at Bantaskine, ordered his gunners and drivers to "cut their traces and be off," a mandate which they instantly obeyed, and for issuing which, after being cashiered, he nearly committed suicide in a very terrible manner.

The prince had only 43 killed and 150 wounded, while he possessed as trophies 9 cannon and mortars, 5 pair of colours, a pair of kettledrums, 600 stand of arms, 28 artillery-wagons laden with the munition of war, including 4,000 lbs. of powder, and tents for 5,000 men.

Parliament estimated the loss of cavalry chargers in Flanders, at Falkirk, and Culloden at £6,120.

Few victories have been more complete.

A court-martial, of which Brigadier-General Mordaunt was president, sat at Edinburgh for the trial of many who were accused of cowardice at Falkirk; and the first use made by Hawley of the gallows he had so ostentatiously erected in the Grassmarket, was to hang several of his own soldiers thereon, while an infinite number were flogged at the halberds. His blind and somewhat childish rage was further exasperated by a knowledge that Sir John Cope had offered bets, amounting to ten thousand guineas, in several coffee-houses in London, that the first general sent against the Highlanders would be beaten, just as he had been at Prestonpans. By this Cope gained a considerable sum of money, and to a certain degree recovered some of his tarnished reputation.

Sir Robert Munro, who, at the head of the 37th Regiment, fell with a half-pike in his hand, after slaying two Highlanders, was honourably int[illegible] the Macdonalds in the highest part of the p[illegible] burying-ground, where his tomb, a large and elaborately-ornamented sarcophagus, is still a conspicuous object. In the same grave they interred his brother, Duncan Munro, of Obsdale, who fell by his side.

CHAPTER VI.

CULLODEN, 1746.

When the tidings of a second defeat reached the Court at St. James's, on the day of a royal drawing-room, though the countenances of most of the company present betrayed doubt and apprehension, George II. exhibited, it is said, the most perfect composure. But while the insurgents were wasting their time in fruitless operations against the castle of Stirling, the Government sent down the Duke of Cumberland to take command of the shattered army, and endeavour to retrieve the disasters brought upon it in succession by Cope and Hawley.

On the 25th of January, 1746, attended by his aides-de-camp, Lords Cathcart and Bury, Colonels Conway and Yorke, he quitted London, and by travelling day and night reached the palace of Holyrood on the 30th. There he took up his quarters, occupying the same apartments and the same bed that had been used by Charles. His sudden arrival revived the spirit of the troops, with whom he was somewhat of a favourite; and he arrested the cruel punishments his predecessor was inflicting to cover his own disgrace.

The duke, though not much of a general, was undoubtedly a man of courage, of energy, and steadiness of purpose; but his manners were boisterous and brutal, his temper hasty, harsh, and tyrannical, his passions coarse and violent. He was detested by the people of England, who believed him capable of any atrocity; while the deeds that were to come in Scotland gained him the name of "The Butcher," and have stamped his memory to the present hour with an infamy that is indelible.

On the 31st of January he put himself at the head of the army, and marched westward in two columns, with the 10th Dragoons in the van, to give battle to Prince Charles. The force under his command consisted of fourteen battalions of the line and twelve squadrons of cavalry, in all 14,000 men, who were eager to retrieve the laurels lost so lately. Hawley was appointed to act as one of the duke's lieutenant-generals, with Major James Wolfe, of the 20th Foot—the future hero of Quebec—to act as his aide-de-camp. The other lieutenant-general was the Earl of Albemarle. The cavalry were commanded by Field-Marshal Viscount Cobham, Major-Generals St. George and Hamilton, Lord Mark Kerr, and Colonel Naizon.

On drawing near Falkirk the duke was informed that the Highlanders were in full retreat, and two loud reports which were heard by the advanced guard, like the explosion of powder magazines, seemed to confirm the intelligence. In fact they thus destroyed their ammunition at St. Ninian's, spiked all their heavy cannon, and then began a hasty march for the north.

In the meantime the Duke of Cumberland, being joined by 6,000 Hessians, who embarked at Antwerp under the Earl of Crawford, and landed at Leith to replace the 6,000 Dutch, on whose recall the French insisted, left two battalions of them at Stirling and four in Perth, to secure the Highland passes, and marched by the way of Aberdeen in pursuit of the Highlanders, whose strength he now could more than double in the field. During his stay in the granite city he was indefatigable in exercising his troops, notwithstanding the rigour of the season, and in providing for the security of the country; and in April, so soon as the weather permitted, he began his march for Inverness, where the insurgents had fixed their headquarters.

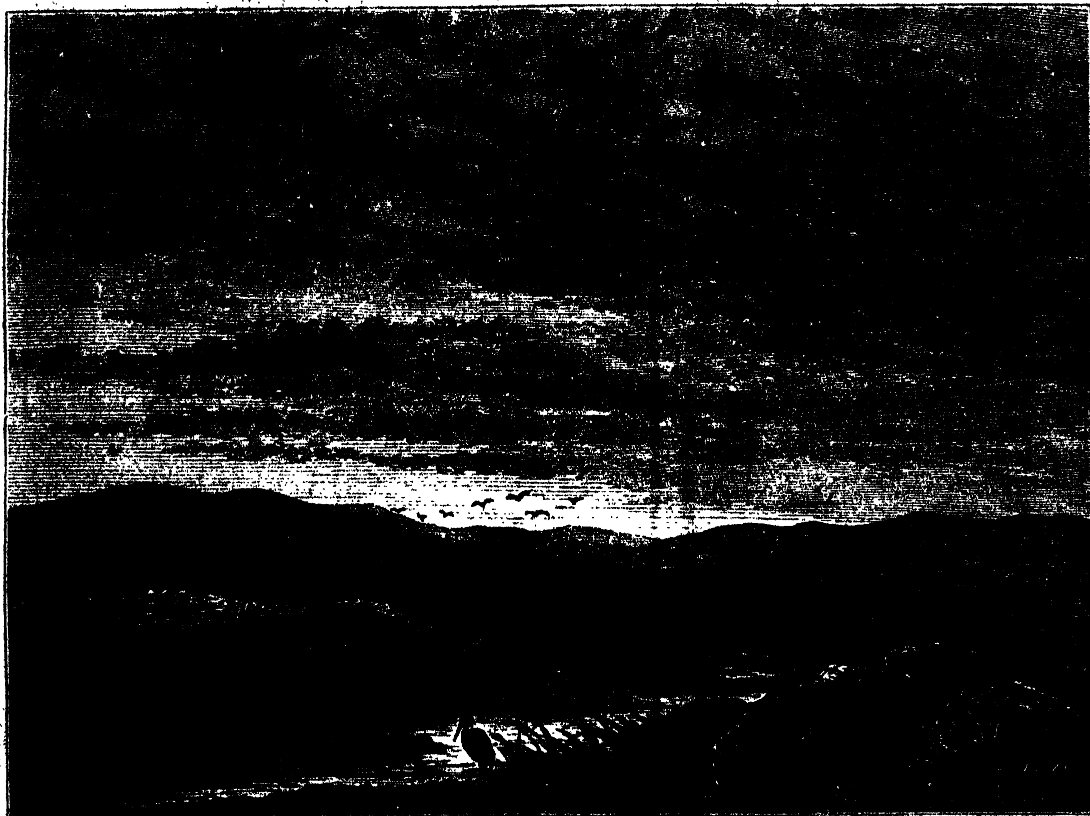
To baffle the usual Highland mode of fighting, the duke gave orders that in charging, or when charged, each file was to stab, not the man opposed to him, but the next. The idea was that of an assassin rather than a soldier, and we have no proof that it was ever carried out.

Contrary to all expectation, he was permitted to pass the Spey, the most rapid if not the deepest river in Scotland, without dispute, though 3,000 Highlanders appeared on its northern side, where the bank was steep and most difficult of ascent. It was not timidity, but the presumption of their leaders, that prevented these clansmen from disputing the passage of the stream, a Council of War having resolved to leave the fords of the Spey open for this extraordinary reason, that the greater number of the king's troops that should pass the river the fewer would escape, so sanguine were the chiefs of Charles that they might yet cut off the whole.

This romantic idea might have been realised had they acted only on the defensive, and continued to retire north, disputing every defile, until the king's troops were lured into the mountains, where the cavalry could neither subsist nor act, and where the artillery and wagon-train could not be drawn, and where the duke might have been compelled to com-

mence a disastrous retreat in turn. But Charles, who had imbibed from some of those about him certain false notions of military honour, deemed that further retreating would be disgraceful, and resolved to have one more trial of strength with the king's troops, though they so far exceeded his clans in numerical force, in equipment, and freshness; and after having failed in a most spirited attempt to surprise the duke's camp in the night at Nairn, weary, famished and worn, they fell back on Inverness, and on the moor of Culloden awaited the king's troops in order of battle.

The last of the prince's money had long since been spent, and for weeks past his little army had been without a sixpence of pay. After their weary night march to Nairn, the state of the Highlanders—disheartened, disconsolate, and starving—was now more than ever deplorable, when they took up their ground in front of Culloden House; and so scarce was food that even the prince could with difficulty obtain there a small slice of bread and a little whiskey in a quaigh, wherewith to sustain exhausted nature, while for days past cabbage-leaves and a little oatmeal had been as luxuries to his followers. To add to his mental and other sufferings, the poor young prince was afflicted by an intermittent fever, the result of fording rivers in the winter season, and marching with his tartans wet upon him. "On this most eventful morning," says Robert Chambers, "he felt the utmost anxiety regarding his men, among whom the pangs of hunger, upon bodies exhausted by fatigue, must have been working effects the most unpromising to his success; and he gave orders before seeking any repose that the whole country should be rigidly expiscated for the means of refreshment. His orders were not without effect. Considerable supplies were secured and subjected to culinary processes at Inverness; but the poor famished wretches were destined never to taste these provisions, the hour of battle arriving before they were prepared."



THE FIELD OF CULLODEN.

On the other hand, the king's army had all along been amply provisioned, and at this very crisis a fleet freighted with supplies lay in the bay, in sight of the starving insurgents.

Dawn began to steal over the comfortless bivouac, where the Highlanders lay on their arms amid the bare bleak heather—the dawn of the 16th of April—the morning of Culloden, long remembered in the northern glens as a day of blood and tears.



CHARLES EDWARD SHELTERED BY THE HIGHLANDERS AFTER CULLODEN.

The first who announced that the red-coats were in motion was young Ronald of the Shield, so called in consequence of his very handsome target; otherwise he was known as Domhnall Macraonaill Mhic Aillen, Captain of the Men of Glencoe. From the front, where he had been scouting, he came to announce that the king's, or doubtless as he would say, "the elector's," army was advancing from Nairn.

Charles instantly seized his sword, target, and pistols, and came forth from Culloden House, looking wasted and pale. With his bonnet in his hand, the steward of the household met him at the foot of the great staircase, and said that "a luncheon, consisting of the side of a lamb and two fowls, was on the spit before the kitchen fire."

"Oh, man! would you have me eat at a time like this, when my brave people are starving?" replied the poor prince; and then he gave orders to recall all stragglers by having a cannon fired. This was immediately done, and "from the brown heath and shaggy wood," by the gorse bushes, from the bleak moor, from the park and turf enclosures, wherever the weary and worn clansmen had spent the remainder of that dreary night or morning after the futile march to Nairn, they mustered with alacrity, good order and resolution, under the banners of their chiefs. "The whole force, when assembled, amounted to not more than 5,000 men," says a recent History of Scotland, "who, worn out by fatigue, and weakened by long hunger, now prepared to encounter an army double their number, in the best physical condition, and greatly superior in horse and artillery. A last attempt was made to persuade Charles to defer the action, or to remove to a more advantageous position. But he was deaf alike to argument and entreaty, and insisted on committing all to the hazard of an immediate engagement."

To quote the "Jacobite Memoirs," "His Royal Highness," says Lord George Murray, "had so much confidence in the bravery of his army that he was rather too hazardous, and was for fighting the enemy on all occasions."

George Earl of Cromarty, with his Mackenzies, had been cut off in the north by the Sutherland clan; but Macdonald of Keppoch, and the Master of Lovat, at this crisis, had brought a body of fresh men; and as they marched along the mustering Highland lines, with pipes playing, colours waving, and all the usual appurtenances of mountain chivalry, they were welcomed with brandished broadswords, and they fired anew the spirit of the little army.

According to Smollett, Charles had but 4,000 men, formed in many small divisions, to oppose more than 10,000 of the enemy.

But the actual return of the king's troops prove that the total strength of the British infantry at Culloden was 29 field-officers, 84 captains, 222 subalterns, 330 sergeants, 225 drummers, and 5,521 rank and file. Kerr's, Cobham's, and Kingston's Horse, with the Argyleshire Regiment, mustered 2,400 more, exclusive of the artillery, under Colonel Belford, the engineers, and general staff. Only four Scottish regiments were engaged against the prince—the 1st Royals, 21st Fusiliers, 25th or Edinburgh Foot, and the Argyleshire Militia, under John Campbell, of Mamore, afterwards Duke of Argyle.

On this day Charles wore tartan trews and long boots, and was mounted. He had also the star and riband of the Thistle. He formed his troops in two lines.

Lord John Drummond led the centre; Lord George Murray the right; the Duke of Perth the left.

In the right wing were the Athole men, the Camerons, the Stewarts of Appin, the Frasers, the Macintoshes, and some other clans of less note. The three regiments of the clan Donald were, unfortunately, posted on the left. The right was slightly protected by some park walls, and the left by a morass. In the centre and on the extreme flanks of the first line were posted four pieces of cannon; between each were high fascines.

The Royal Standard was borne by James Stewart of Tulloch, a captain in the Athole Brigade, whose widow died so lately as 1822.

The second line consisted, it is said, of the Gordons, some Lowlanders, and the French pickets, under Brigadier Stapleton; but few accounts of the prince's line of battle agree as to the order of his reserve. Surrounded by his Life Guards, he posted himself on a small eminence in the rear. The Macdonalds were full of sullen indignation on finding themselves posted on the left. The right—the post of honour—they alleged to have been theirs ever since the days of Robert Bruce, who had assigned it to their forefathers as a reward for the fidelity of Angus Mhor Macdonald, Lord of the Isles, at Bannockburn.

"Do not heed this," said the Duke of Perth, imploringly, to the men of Glengarry. "Fight as is your wont; you will make a right wing of the left, and I and mine shall take the surname of Macdonald!"

But they heard him in scornful silence, and muttered among themselves while hewing at the heather with their swords.

The desolate moor of Culloden or Drummossie stretched far away to the east before these two

slender lines of Highlanders. It presents few objects to arrest the eye, and at the far horizon it seems to blend with the clouds; thus, in after years, well might Stephen Macdonald, the Marshal Duke of Tarentum, whose father served under Clanranald, express astonishment at such a battle being waged on such ground, as it was favourable for the operations of those two arms in which the Highland army was so totally defective—artillery and cavalry.

Far away on their left rose the tower and spires of Inverness, and close to the shore of that sea where the fleet of Admiral Byng was riding, and from the yards of which many a telescope was levelled at the scene of blood that was about to ensue.

Clothed with dark green pines, on the south-west rose Dun Daviot. In the dim distance could be seen the square bastions of Fort George, abutting on the Moray Firth. On all sides the prospect was bleak and dreary as the day stole in; but from the moorland ridge where most of the graves now lie, solemn green mounds, which are easily discernible amid the purple heath, a cheer rang along the Highland ranks when the dim horizon of the plain began to darken with the advancing army of Cumberland, whose columns loomed darkly against the sky, black or dim at first, and then gradually the lines of red-coats, black-gaitered and white cross-belted, with bayonets fixed and glittering, became distinctly visible. Closer and closer they came, with drums beating and colours uncased, the massed columns of regiments deploying into line each on its company of grenadiers, as they formed brigades and divisions in line, with two pieces of cannon placed between each.

Flanked by cavalry, they come on in three great lines; the first was led by Lieutenant-General the Earl of Albemarle, the second by General Huske, the third by Brigadier Sir John Mordaunt. The array of Cumberland's force was so splendid and imposing, so perfect in discipline and order, that those who did not share the young prince's sanguine hopes of victory could only prepare to die under his colours, and some there were who uttered their doubts of success aloud.

It is recorded that on this most melancholy day these adverse lines of gallant Britons cheered each other defiantly, the Macdonald regiments alone maintaining sullen silence.

Some of the Royal Scots and other corps which had served at Dettingen began to cry "Flanders! Flanders!" when the Duke of Cumberland, as captain-general of the whole, rode to the front, and wheeling round his horse, made the following harangue, which is preserved in Simes' "Military Guide, 1781:"—

"Gentlemen and Fellow-soldiers,—It is incumbent upon me to acquaint you that you are instantly to engage in defence of your king and country, your religion, liberties, and all that is dear to you. Through the justice of the cause, I make no doubt of leading to victory. Be firm, and your enemies will soon fly. If any amongst you are diffident of your courage or behaviour, which I have no reason to suspect, or if there are any who, through conscience or inclination, cannot be zealous or alert in the performance of their duty, my desire is that such should immediately retire. I assure them of my free pardon for so doing, as I had rather be at the head of a thousand brave and resolute men than of ten thousand among whom were some who, by cowardice or misbehaviour, might disorder or dispirit the troops, and bring dishonour on my command."

On the other side, Prince Charles merely said to those about him, as he drew his sword—

"Come, gentlemen, let us give to Cumberland another Fontenoy!"

Facing each other without firing a shot, the two armies remained quietly under arms till noon was past. When it was near one o'clock, then, as now, the usual dinner hour of the army, it was suggested to the duke that the men should partake of that meal before engaging; and Chambers states that he replied—

"No, they will fight more actively with empty bellies, and, besides, it would be a bad omen. You remember what a dessert they got to their dinner at Falkirk."

When all was ready for action, there occurred a circumstance which served greatly to disconcert the Highland army, and to bring about the disaster that befel it. The day, which had hitherto been fine, became suddenly overcast; a dense shower of sleet began to fall, and was driven full in their faces by a strong gale of wind that came from the Moray Firth. The prince at once perceived the disadvantage occasioned by this, and endeavoured to avoid it by altering his alignment; but the duke counteracted every movement, and after spending some time in useless manœuvres, both armies resumed their original position. That of the duke is said in his Memoirs to have been "the most prudent the mind of man was capable of contriving, because if one column failed a second supported; and if that failed a third was ready. The rebels could no way take two pieces of cannon, but three must play directly upon them; nor break one regiment, but two were ready to supply its place."

The battle was begun by the Highlanders, whose artillery commenced a cannonade. Their guns, however, according to the *London Gazette* of the 26th of April, were "extremely ill-served and ill-pointed." The shot went clean over the heads of the enemy, and did no damage; while those of Cumberland, directed by Colonel William Belford (who in 1750 organised the present regiment of Royal Artillery), opened in return with grape shot, which caused terrible havoc among the Highlanders, making long and ghastly lanes through them.

The prince, who, before taking up his position in the rear, was riding slowly along the lines encouraging the clans, had a narrow escape. A shot aimed, it is said, by Colonel Belford in person, ploughed up the ground at his feet, covered him with earth, and killed the groom who held a led horse by his side. Charles manifested no alarm, but leisurely continued and finished his inspection, and then took his position once more on the eminence in rear of the second line.

For half an hour this cannonade was continued, and during that time both armies maintained steadily their respective positions; but such was the slaughter in the Highland ranks, that the clans became impatient to mingle in closer and more congenial strife with their enemies, and Lord George Murray sent Colonel Kerr of Graden to request the prince's permission to charge.

It was at once granted, and not too soon either, for the mangled corpses lay along the Highland line in layers three or four deep. Leaping over these with a loud shout, with rage and fury in their hearts, the clans of the right wing and centre, in the face of a perfect storm of grape and musketry, rushed to the charge with sword and shield. Huddled together, shattered and shaken by the shower of iron and lead that tore through them, they nevertheless burst through the 4th and 37th Regiments in an instant, cutting down Lord Robert Kerr, ten other officers, and 207 men of both battalions, and capturing two pieces of cannon.

On they swept, unsupported though they were, to break through the 25th and old 48th, or 5th Marines; but the duke, anticipating this result, had drawn up his second line in three ranks, the first kneeling as if to receive cavalry. These reserved their fire till the fugitives of the 4th and 37th were round their flanks, and then they poured in a volley at half-pistol range, which threw the Highlanders into terrible confusion, and before which, Viscount Strathallan, Colonel Maclachlan of that ilk, Macleod of Drimnin, and his three sons, with Macgillivray of [illegible] and many a gallant gentleman, fell to rise no more; while the fiery Locheil was borne away covered with wounds and blood.

Wheeled up *en potence*, General Edward Wolfe's Regiment, the 8th or King's, now opened a flanking fire upon them. Enfiladed thus, blinded alike by smoke and sleet, the Highlanders could neither see friend or foe. A few still rushed on, uttering their war-cries, mingled with shouts of "*Righ Hamish gu Bragh!*" and breaking through the second triple line, by sheer dint of sword and dirk, were bayoneted by the third that stood beyond.

All that the despair and courage of loyal and gallant hearts could do was done then, and done in vain.

Most of the chiefs who commanded in this part of the battle, and every man in the front rank, were killed, while the survivors were driven back in utter confusion, leaving piles of bloody corpses in their rear. While the right wing made this gallant though fatal charge, the three Macdonald regiments on the left looked sullenly on, uncertain whether to advance or not.

Fruitlessly did the Duke of Perth wave his bonnet to them, and shout, "Claymore! claymore!"

Hoping to stimulate them by his example, the venerable and fearless Keppoch, attended by a few of his immediate kinsmen, advanced to the charge alone, while his clan, an event unheard of in Highland history, remained stationary.

"My God!" cried the old man; "my God! have the children of my tribe forsaken me?"

They beheld unmoved the fall of their chief, pierced by many musket-balls, and heard his agonising exclamation without making any attempt to avenge him; or simply contented themselves by exchanging a fire of musketry with the Royals, 34th, and other corps in their front, till, observing the total rout of the right and centre, they wheeled about, and began to retreat in good order with their pipes playing.

The slender second line of Charles was still unbroken, and on being reinforced by some remnants of the first, evinced some intention of standing its ground; but the day was irretrievably lost. In front were the victorious lines of Cumberland, almost unbroken, with their horse and artillery; and now, amid the smoke and confusion of the battle, three battalions of Argyleshire Campbells, led by General Hawley, who was said to be a natural son of George I., proceeded to break down the park wall which covered the prince's right flank.

The 10th Dragoons filed through, and opened fire by files, sections, and finally by squadrons, as fast as they could form up to the front. The case was desperate then, and in a few minutes a retreat was general along the whole Highland line.

Ere the mischief made by the Campbells was complete, and ere the gap in the park wall was wide enough, a few of the clan Chattan manned it with target and claymore, and with splendid valour faced horse and foot together. Man after man went down, till the last who stood in the breach was Gillies Macbane, a gentleman of the tribe.

Towering above the dead and dying who lay heaped about the wall, covered by his round shield, with his long hair streaming in the wind, as his bonnet had been shot away, and covered with wounds, he still faced the enemy. The Earl of Ancrum, who rode at the head of the 10th Regiment, cried—

"Save that brave fellow!" and offered him quarter, but Macbane disdained it.

He is said to have unhorsed and slain thirteen troopers, ere he was shot down and frightfully mangled, as the regiment rode over him; so well did the bard sing—

"Though thy cause was the cause of the injured and brave,
Though thy death was the hero's, and glorious thy grave;
With thy dead foes around thee piled high on the plain,
My sad heart bleeds for thee, brave Gillies Macbane.
How the horse and the horseman thy single hand slew!
But what could the mightiest single hand do?
Thirteen of our foes by thy right hand lay slain;
Oh! would they were thousands, for Gillies Macbane!"

When buried after the battle, his head was found to be cloven, his body was a mass of bayonet wounds, and one thigh was broken.

A fire opened from the line of this wall, by the Argyleshire Highlanders, completed the rout of the Jacobite clans. It was at this terrible crisis that Lord Elcho dashed up to Charles, and rashly urged one more and final charge, but on receiving some doubtful or hesitating answer, the fiery noble turned away with a bitter imprecation, vowing that he would never look upon his face again. Charles lingered till the last moment, and was making a final attempt to rally those about him, when Sir Thomas Sheridan and General O'Sullivan, two faithful and gallant Irish gentlemen who loved him well, took his horse by the bridle and forced him from the field. He then put himself at the head of the right wing, which retired in such admirable order that the cavalry, though sent in pursuit, dared not to attack it.

By some dismounted men of the 10th Dragoons, the Earl of Kilmarnock was taken prisoner. Weary, faint, and wounded, his head bare, as he had lost both hat and wig, this unfortunate peer was dragged by them along the line of the 4th Regiment, in which his son James Lord Boyd, was a captain. In a burst of filial respect, the latter started from the ranks, took his father as prisoner from their hands, and placed his own cocked hat on his grey head, which was ere long to fall beneath the axe on Tower Hill.

Seventy-two hours after the battle, at midnight, Viscount Bury, son of the Earl of Albemarle, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland, *en route* for London with dispatches, reached Edinburgh with tidings of the total defeat of the prince's army. In the dark hours of the morning a royal salute from the castle guns announced it to the startled citizens, and on many an enthusiastic heart the tidings fell heavily.

Many there were who had lovers, friends, or kinsmen lying cold and gashed on Culloden Moor. Many who for years had prayed for the restoration of the Stuarts were in a state that bordered on frenzy; and there were some old and ailing people who never rose from their beds, but expired of mortification and grief. At the very time those guns were firing, the young prince, the idol of so many hearts, was a fugitive in the wilds of Badenoch, where he found his first shelter and a little refreshment, a glass of wine, with which his tears are said to have mingled.

After the battle the victorious troops behaved with the barbarity of Sepoy mutineers. Under the direct superintendence of their superior officers, the soldiers wandered over the whole field, and in savage merriment extinguished in various ways—some of them too revolting and disgusting for description—the remains of life that lingered in the mangled bodies that lay so thickly there.

The loss of the king's troops, of all ranks, was only 310 killed and wounded, many of the regiments not having a single casualty, so they could not plead slaughter as an excuse for so implicitly fulfilling the orders of the royal savage who commanded them.

"The duke's instructions to these bloodhounds," says Robert Chambers, "were invariably expressed in the simple words, 'No prisoners, gentlemen—you understand me!'"

Nearly the whole of the Highland wounded were destroyed by the butt-end of the musket, or the bayonet. On the day after the battle, the houses of the peasantry were searched, and every wounded Highlander who could be found was dragged out and murdered in cold blood. To be found wearing tartan was sufficent to ensure death. In one place seventy-two were butchered together. In another, forty were enclosed in a hut, which was then fired, and all within were burned to death. The whole road to Inverness was strewed with the bodies of the slain; among them were many of the inhabitants

who had come forth to view the battle. A few paces from the western entrance to the High church there may still be seen two upright gravestones about twenty yards apart. On the top of one of these is a groove in which a musket might rest. The other stone is rounded off, but has two flat spaces at the sides, which a man in a stooping posture could grasp. All Highlanders who fell into the duke's hands in that quarter was made to stoop at the latter stone in turn, with their backs to the river Ness, while a soldier took aim from the grooved stone, and shot the victim, who fell at once into a pit which had been dug for him.



THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN (FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED 1746).

The rich dresses and accoutrements of the chiefs and gentlemen, their silver-mounted dirks and horns, purses, rings, and silver buttons and clasps, the brooches of the privates—invariably heir-looms in the Highlands—were carefully stripped off before their owners were murdered; for Culloden was a battle, says Sir Walter Scott, "which reminds men of the Latin proverb, that the most cruel enemy is a coward who has obtained success." Nineteen Highland captains and subalterns, all in the kilt, who had been wounded, were found in the woods of Culloden House, and placed against the park wall, where a platoon of musketry destroyed them all save one.

In his stirring history of the civil war, Mr. Chambers mentions that Cumberland, accompanied by Wolfe, rode over the field during the massacre of

wounded. At a place where the latter lay more usually thick, a mutilated Highlander raised self painfully on one arm, and gave the duke a smile of scorn and defiance.

"Wolfe," cried His Highness, "shoot me that Highland scoundrel, who dares to look at us so insolently."

"My commission is at the disposal of your Royal Highness," replied the gentle Wolfe, "but I cannot consent to become an executioner."

cross of Edinburgh; and while the sheriffs, heralds, pursuivant, and trumpeters, guarded by the 44th Regiment, proclaimed the house or chief to which each standard belonged, it was committed to the flames. But, says a writer, by this "the Duke of Cumberland could inflict no injury on such brave chiefs as Locheil and Clanranald, the noble-minded Balmerino, and the chivalrous clans who evinced in the result of their enterprise that in great attempts it is glorious even to fail."



THE OLD MARKET CROSS IN EDINBURGH (NOW REMOVED).

This Highlander, who is stated by another authority to have been the colonel of the Fraser Regiment, was soon dispatched by a less scrupulous hand; "and it was remarked that the recusant officer declined visibly in the favour and confidence of his commander."

The actual number of Highlanders who perished has never been ascertained.

All the cannon and baggage of the prince's army, together with 2,300 muskets, 190 claymores, 37 barrels of powder, and 14 stand of colours, fell into the hands of the troops. Those colours which had spread terror over England were treated with an ignominy which only recoiled on the duke himself. They were borne by chimney-sweeps to the market

Through the Highlands fire and sword were carried everywhere. "The women," says Smollett, "after having seen their husbands and fathers murdered, were subjected to brutal violation, and then turned out naked, with their children, to starve on the barren heath. One whole family was enclosed in a barn, and consumed to ashes. Those ministers of vengeance were so alert in their office, that in a few days there was neither house, cottage, man, nor beast to be seen in the compass of fifty miles; all was ruin, silence, and desolation."

Three survivors of Culloden were living in the early part of the present century—Gillis Mackechnie, of Gourock, who died in 1814, aged 104, declaring "he was still ready to shed his blood in

the same cause;" John Fraser, of Strathspey, who died at Dundee, in 1817; and James Grant, of Montrose, to whom William IV. gave a pension of £52 per annum, when he petitioned "that, if not the oldest of His Majesty's loyal subjects, he was the oldest of his enemies, being now (1835) in his hundred and eighth year."

Conspicuous above the purple heath of Culloden Moor are the graves of the slain, which are usually very green: and in years long after, on the anniversary of the battle, tradition avers that solitary wayfarers, when passing near the solemn mounds, have suddenly found themselves amid the smoke and hurlyburly of a battle, and they could recognise by their tartans the various clans who were engaged; for the peasantry believed that once again a great battle would be fought there, but with whom or about what none could foretell.

Amid all the fervour of Lowland Scotland for the Protestant Succession, it is very remarkable that the country has never produced even one song in favour of the Elector of Hanover: while in favour of the House of Stuart Highlands and Lowlands alike have burst forth in song and melody; and in the ranks of the lost cause have all their poets of most note, from the days of the Revolution down to those of Burns and Aytoune, arrayed themselves.

"With the Revolution," says Cromek, "commences the era of Jacobite song. The romantic spirit of warrior adventure had begun to leave the Scotch; but it hovered round them like a decaying flame, after the quenching of those deadly feuds which feasted on the richest blood of the sister kingdom."

Such is the story of Culloden, happily the last battle fought on the soil of Great Britain.

CHAPTER VII.

EXPEDITION TO MORBIHAN, 1746.

In this year the wigs of the soldiers were abolished, and all whose hair was long were ordered to "tuck it up under their hats." All officers were to mount guard in queue wigs, or with their hair tied. Brown cloth gaiters were adopted by the privates; and in the colouring for the belts, one pound of yellow ochre was mixed with four pounds of whiting.

In the September of 1746 a secret expedition was fitted out for the coast of France.

The Government had originally intended it for the French possessions in America. A body of troops, consisting of the 1st battalion of the Royal Scots, the 15th, 28th, 30th, 39th, and 42nd Highlanders, 200 of the artillery train, matrosses and bombardiers, was placed under the command of General the Honourable James Sinclair, son of the Master of Sinclair, who was attainted after the battle of Sheriffmuir. He was an officer who had entered the service in the reign of Queen Anne, and had served with distinction in the Scots Foot Guards, under the Duke of Marlborough. In 1734 he was colonel of the 22nd Regiment, in which the father of Laurence Sterne was then serving as a captain; and he was a general in the year of Culloden, but served with the army in the Netherlands.

The forces embarked at Portsmouth for Cape ... and were twice driven back by adverse winds; hence ultimately their destination was suddenly changed for a descent on the coast of France. Accordingly, the army was reinforced by the 3rd battalion of the 1st, and 2nd battalion of the Coldstream Guards, under General Fuller, making the entire strength 8,000 men.

"Early last Wednesday," says the *Westminster Journal*, "the two battalions of Guards, consisting of 2,000 men, met on Great Tower Hill, whence they marched to the King's Stairs, on Tower Wharf, where they embarked. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland was present at their going aboard, and spoke to every man as he passed with the greatest freedom."

The naval portion of the armament, under the rival and enemy of Matthews, Admiral Lestock, consisted of the *Princess*, 74, Captain John Cockburn; the *Edinburgh*, 70, Captain Thomas Cotes, and fourteen other vessels, carrying in all 669 guns, with thirty transports.

On the 19th of September the squadron, with the troops on board, was close in on the coast of France, with special orders to destroy Port l'Orient, where the French East India Company fitted out their ships, and deposited the greater part of their stores and merchandise. Its trade was then very flourishing; its harbour was large and secure, easy of access, and sufficiently deep to float large ships.

That evening our fleet came to anchor in Quimperlé Bay, on the Isolle, twelve miles northward of L'Orient, and immediate preparations were made for landing; and though 2,000 infantry suddenly made their appearance, it was rapidly effected by the Guards and Highlanders, from whom the enemy, being probably militia, fled as the boats approached the shore.

The whole force, with the artillery, now disembarked, and in two columns advanced into the country. Some militia fired upon them from the woods. On entering the village of Pleumeur, they were fired on from the houses, which were soon set in flames. On the 22nd they were before L'Orient, when the governor sent a flag of truce, and proposed surrender on certain conditions. These were rejected on the 24th, by which time one mortar battery and two twelve-gun batteries were erected and armed. On the 28th the French troops made several sallies, "in one of which," says Stewart of Garth, "they assumed the garb of Highlanders, and approached close to the batteries. On being discovered, they were saluted with a volley of grape shot, which drove them back with precipitation, followed by those whose garb they had partly assumed."

The cannonading, which had done considerable damage to the town, ceased in the evening; and General Sinclair began to perceive that he had not sufficient force to attempt its reduction by assault. Smollett states that he had neither time, artillery, nor forces sufficient for such an enterprise, though the engineers predicted that they would lay the whole place in ashes in twenty-four hours; but that all his cannon were mere field-pieces, "and he was obliged to wait for two iron guns, which the sailors dragged up from the shipping. Had he given the assault on the first night, when the town was filled with terror and confusion, and destitute of regular troops, in all probability it would have been easily taken by escalade; but the reduction of it was rendered impracticable by delay."

The ramparts had been armed with cannon taken from the ships in the harbour; new works had been raised with great industry, and the garrison had been reinforced by regular troops. Others were mustering elsewhere, so that the slender British force of 8,000 men bade fair to be surrounded and cut off in an enemy's country; and now Admiral Lestock sent repeated messages to the general to the effect "that he could no longer expose the ships on an open coast at such a season of the year."

General Sinclair consequently abandoned the siege, after holding several Councils of War, and spiking his mortars and the two heavy iron ship-guns, he retreated to the seaside in good order, and re-embarked on the 30th; but the troops had undergone considerable hardship during the few days they had been on shore.

It was at first resolved to proceed to Ireland; but during the re-embarkation of the troops, Admiral Lestock, on the 1st of October, received a letter from Captain Leke, of the *Exeter*, 60 guns (who had been sent to sound Quiberon Bay), in which he gave so favourable an account of the anchorage that the admiral, notwithstanding the adverse opinion of a Council of War, resolved to proceed with the fleet and army to that place. The town of Quiberon, in Morbihan, is situated on a long narrow peninsula of the same name, which, with some islands, forms one of the largest bays in Europe.

With the exception of some of the transports and store-ships, which, by stress of weather, had been compelled to bear away for England, on the 2nd the armament came to anchor off Quiberon; when they found that on the preceding day Captain Leke, in the *Exeter*, with the *Pool* and *Tavistock*, sloop, the one of 44 and the other of 10 guns, had engaged in the bay and in sight of the town a French sixty-four-gun ship, *L'Ardente*, and forced her on shore, where she was afterwards burned. She belonged to the Duke d'Anville's squadron, and had just returned from America in great distress.

Another landing was at once resolved on.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Munro went on shore with 150 of the Black Watch, and took possession of the long isthmus; while General Sinclair, with the rest of the Highlanders and the 1st battalion of the Royal Scots, stormed an eighteen-gun battery, driving out the enemy sword in hand ("Records of the 1st and 42nd Regiments"). They now fortified the isthmus; more troops were landed, and all were cantoned in the villages and farm-houses, from which the scared inhabitants fled.

The next proceeding of the invading force was to assault the fort on the Isle of Houat, which lies six miles north-east of Belleisle-en-Mer, and is three miles long. Several insulated rocks secure it on the south; and on the east, where the fort stood, lie the Bay d'Enfer and Port Navalo. Here the troops landed, and speedily carried the works.

The adjacent isle of Hoedic, which was defended on the south by Fort Pengarde, and on the south-west by a tower, armed with cannon and having a broad ditch, was also reduced. The fortifications were then destroyed, the cannon spiked, the habitations of some 600 fishermen, who occupied both isles, and all the houses on the isthmus, were laid in ruins; after which the troops re-embarked and

returned to England, and the fleet came to anchor in the Downs on the 24th of October.

This expedition to the Morbihan, though a somewhat puerile affair, was resented by the entire French nation as one of the greatest insults they had ever sustained; but it demonstrated the possibility of injuring France seriously, by means of an armament vigorously conducted, secretly mustered, and well-timed. But nothing could be more absurd and precipitate than the duty on which the Ministry dispatched General Sinclair, to invade France with only 8,000 men, without draught-horses, tents, or a proper train of artillery, from a fleet that lay off an open beach, exposed to tempestuous weather, in the most uncertain season of the year.

General Sinclair was subsequently employed as Ambassador to the Courts of Vienna and Turin, with Hume, the historian, as his secretary, in which capacity the latter wore a military uniform. On the death of his brother, the general became Lord Sinclair, in the peerage of Scotland, and died at Dysart, in Fifeshire, in 1762.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPE FINISTERRE, 1747.

The naval transactions of the year 1747 were more favourable to Great Britain, and more brilliant than any others during the war which arose out of the Pragmatic Sanction. Beyond all example was her success; but more advantageous perhaps than glorious, as she had manifestly the superior force in every engagement.

The *London Gazette* of May 16th records that the British and French fleets encountered each other in the beginning of the month off Cape Finisterre, on the Galician coast, and so called from its having been deemed before the discovery of America the western extremity of the globe.

Led by Admiral, afterwards Lord, Anson, and Sir Peter Warren, who had displayed great bravery at Louisbourg, in 1745, the British fleet consisted of seventeen sail, including one fire-ship, the whole mounted with 930 guns. Eleven of Anson's vessels were sail of the line, and his blue flag was hoisted on board the *Prince George*, 90 guns; Sir Peter Warren, as Rear-Admiral of the White, was on board the *Devonshire*, 66 guns.

The French squadron was under the Marquis de la Jonquiere and M. de St. George, and consisted of only thirty-eight sail (of these were afterwards taken six), ranging from seventy-four to forty-four guns, having in all battery to the number of 344 pieces of cannon, and manned by 2,819 seamen and marines.

There was thus a considerable disparity of force; but it should be borne in mind that in Anson's squadron the *Namur*, *Devonshire*, *Yarmouth*, *Defiance*, *Pembroke*, *Windsor*, *Centurion*, and *Bristol*, all, however, line-of-battle ships, alone engaged the enemy.

The French admirals had under their convoy thirty valuable ships, laden with stores and merchandise, bound for America and the East Indies.

Every war had conduced to add to the skill, strength, and efficiency of the British navy. In 1734, by royal proclamation, all British seamen serving foreign powers were recalled for home service; in 1740 an Act was passed to prevent the press-gangs from seizing seamen who were above fifty years of age; and in January, 1746, the Parliament voted 40,000 seamen and 12,000 marines for the naval service. In the following year a uniform clothing was first appointed to be worn by admirals, captains, lieutenants, and midshipmen. The idea of it is said to have been first suggested by George II., when accidentally meeting the Duchess of Bedford (Diana, daughter of Charles Earl of Sunderland, and grand-daughter of John Duke of Marlborough) on horseback, in a riding-habit of blue faced with white. He commanded the adoption of those colours, but the order was never gazetted, though a subsequent one, in 1757, distinctly refers to it; hence we may assume that in the battle off Cape Finisterre, on the 3rd of May, 1747, the uniform which became so identified with the naval glories of later years was for the first time worn under fire.

Frampton's Regiment, now the 30th Foot, served as marines on board the fleet on this occasion, "and received the approbation and thanks of both admirals for their general behaviour."

On the British squadron coming in sight, the war-ships of the Marquis de la Jonquiere immediately shortened sail, triced up their ports, and promptly prepared for action, forming line of battle; while the store-ships, under the protection of six

frigates, bore on their course with all the sail they could carry.

The British squadron had also formed line of battle as it drew near the enemy; but Sir Peter Warren, perceiving that the latter were beginning to sheer off as soon as the convoy had attained a considerable distance, advised Admiral Anson to haul in the signal to form line, and hoist that for giving instant chase and engaging, otherwise the whole French fleet might escape them under favour of the night.

The suggestion was at once adopted. All sail was made in pursuit; and about four in the afternoon, when the sun was shining redly on the mountain peak called the Navé of Finisterre, Captain Denis, in the *Centurion*, 50 guns, brought the sternmost ships to action.

Vessel after vessel now shortened sail, and opened fire as those in chase came up; the French fought with equal conduct and valour. The efforts of the *Centurion* were nobly seconded by those of the *Namur*, *Defiance*, and *Windsor*, and they continued pouring round shot and grape into each other, with a blaze of small-arms from the tops, poops, and forecastles, till sunset began to steal over the sea; and, overpowered by the weight and force of the British, the French squadron struck their colours at seven in the evening, and were taken as prizes, but not until they had 700 of their men killed and wounded. Among the former was one captain, and the Marquis de Jonquiere, who received a musket-ball in the shoulder. He was in his seventieth year. At the moment he was wounded he had just run through the body a man who was about to strike the colours.

The British had 250 killed and wounded, according to Schomberg; 500 according to Smollett. Among the latter was Captain Thomas Grenville, of the *Defiance*, a sixty-gun ship. He was only in his twenty-eighth year, and was deemed an officer of great promise. He was the nephew of Viscount Cobham, who had been so recently serving at Culloden. "Animated with the noblest sentiments of honour and patriotism, he rushed into the midst of the battle, where both his legs were cut off by a cannon-ball. He submitted to his fate with the most heroic resignation, and died universally lamented" (Smollett). Lord Cobham erected an elegant column to his memory, in the gardens at Stowe. Captain Edward Boscawen, son of Viscount Falmouth, in after years a distinguished officer, was wounded by a musket-shot in the shoulder.

The Admiral now detached the *Monmouth*, *Yarmouth*, and *Nottingham* (two sixty-fours and one sixty-gun-ship) in pursuit of the fugitive convoy, with which they came up and took nine sail, three of which were East Indiamen. The rest escaped under cloud of night.

Upwards of £300,000 were found on board the captured ships of war. The treasure was put into twenty wagons, and conveyed under military escort to London. One of the captured ships, *Le Rubis*, 52 guns, was commanded by Macarthy, an Irishman. "I have 4,000 prisoners now on board my squadron," says Anson, in his dispatch to the Duke of Bedford. "The French compute their loss at £1,500,000 sterling; and I believe it must be considerable, for we found £300,000 in specie, and out of the *Invincible* alone took £80,000. They all behaved well, and lost their ships with honour and reputation."

It is related that M. de St. George, in allusion to the names of two of the vessels taken, his own, *L'Invincible*, 74 guns, and *La Gloire*, 44, Captain de Salesse, said, while presenting his sword to Admiral Anson—

"*Monsieur, vous vaincu L'Invincible, et La Gloire vous suit.*"

Anson brought his prizes safely to Spithead; and when he appeared at Court after this victory, the king was graciously pleased to say to him—

"Sir, you have done me a great service. I request you to thank in my name all the officers and private men for their bravery and good conduct, with which I am well pleased."

On the 13th of June Admiral Anson was created a peer of Great Britain, and Sir Peter Warren received the Order of the Bath. He died in 1752, and was buried in Westminster, where a monument was erected to his memory.

The 9th of August subsequent to this victory saw Admiral Sir Edward Hawke, K.B., who had shown such bravery when captain of the *Berwick*, at Toulon, cruising off Cape Finisterre, with a squadron of fourteen sail of the line and several frigates, mounting 854 guns, with 5,890 men.

As Rear-Admiral of the Red, his flag was hoisted on board the *Devonshire*, 66 guns. His special orders were to intercept a fleet of French merchant-ships which were expected to sail from the Basque Roads, under the convoy of a strong squadron of vessels of war, commanded by M. de Letendeur.

He had cruised for some time along the coast of Brittany, and at last the French expedition sailed from the Isle of Aix, at the *embouchure* of the Charente; and on the morning of the 14th of October the two squadrons came in sight of each other, as the dispatches have it, "in the latitude of seventeen degrees forty-nine minutes north, and

the longitude of one degree two minutes west of Cape Finisterre."

Admiral Hawke instantly hoisted the signal to "give chase," and fired a gun; but on observing several large ships drawing out from the convoy, he changed his plan, and signalled to form line of battle.

M. de Letendeur, whose squadron carried 556 guns and 5,416 men, at first mistook the fleet of Hawke for some of his own convoy from whom

These two ships were speedily supported, as the rest soon came up, and a severe general action ensued, and was continued with great obstinacy during the whole afternoon, many vessels having every tier of guns on both sides engaged.

By four o'clock in the afternoon four of the enemy's ships had been so riddled and wrecked by shot that they had struck; and by seven two more had followed their example.

Le Tonnant, the ship of the chef d'escadre, and



CAPE FINISTERRE.

he had been separated in the night; but on nearer approach he discovered his error, and ordered the *Content* and some of the frigates to make their way seaward with all the merchantmen, while he formed the remainder of his force in order of battle.

Hawke instantly detected the design of the chef d'escadre, and, resolving to baffle it, made signal for a general chase. This was at eleven in the forenoon, and in half an hour after the sternmost ships of the French fleet were compelled to shorten sail, and reply to the fire of the *Lion* and *Princess Louisa*, two sixty-gun ships, under Captains Scott and Watson, who sailed right through the squadron, passing along the whole line to the van, exchanging fire with every ship in succession.

L'Intrepide, commanded by the Count de Vandrieul, the one an eighty, and the other a seventy-four-gun ship, to avoid sharing the fate of their companions, made all the sail they could to escape into the darkening night; but were quickly pursued by the *Nottingham*, *Yarmouth*, and *Eagle*, the crews of which during the chase were refitting their shattered gear, carrying the wounded below, and throwing their dead overboard.

In an hour they were overtaken, and the engagement was renewed, when there was scarcely light by which the men could train their guns; but Captain Philip Saumarez, of the *Nottingham*, a gallant officer, who had served under Lord Anson in the Pacific, being killed by a stray shot, the



SURRENDER OF M. ST. GEORGE (*see page* 41).

lieutenant, who succeeded to the command of the ship, hauled his wind, which favoured the escape of the enemy, who gradually disappeared in the offing.

It is undeniable that the French maintained this conflict with the greatest bravery. Every ship that was taken was dismasted, save two, and their casualties were considerable. Of all ranks, they had 800 men placed *hors de combat.* Of these no less than 100 were killed on board *Le Neptune*, including her captain, M. de Fromentiére, and she had 140 wounded. The British loss was 154 killed and 558 wounded.

A plain monument was erected to Captain Saumarez in Westminster Abbey.

When the night had fairly set in, Admiral Hawke brought to, to muster his fleet. Next morning, at a Council of War, it was agreed that the pursuit of those vessels which had escaped should be abandoned.

The admiral then steered for England, and on the 31st of October anchored with his prizes at Spithead.

Soon after he received the Order of the Bath, as a reward for his services.

CHAPTER IX.

LAFFELDT, 1747.

So bitterly did the King of France resent both the invasion of Brittany and the merciless treatment of the Scottish Jacobites, that he ordered all natives of Britain resident in France, and unprovided with passports, to be seized; and among others who were sent to the Bastille was James Douglas, Earl of Morton, whom he only released at the request of the Dutch Ambassador.

In the furtherance of his plans for retribution, Louis proposed to make the campaign in the Netherlands at the head of 150,000 men, while 60,000 more were ordered to take the field in Provence. Marshal Count Saxe was appointed to act under His Majesty, with the title of Marechal-General de Camp, which empowered him not only to command all Marshals of France, but even the princes of the blood.

France was now in possession of all the Austrian Netherlands, from Dinan to Antwerp; and it was evident that she intended to penetrate into the United Provinces, which made the Confederates anxious to open the campaign before the French; so the Duke of Cumberland landed at the Hague on the 30th of November, and took the field in February, 1747, with the British, Hanoverians, and Hessians, who were drawn out of their quarters and assembled in Dutch Brabant.

The duke fixed his headquarters at the town of Tilberg, which was then a small village on the way [illegible] Bois le Duc. The Dutch were at the former-named city, under the Prince of Waldeck; while the Austrians and Bavarians were [illegible] On paper the confederate army was estimated at 126,000 men, but fell short of that strength.

Marshal Saxe had collected a great train of artillery to aid the invasion of Dutch Brabant, and to carry the banners of France into the very heart of the United Provinces. He then assembled his grand army between Antwerp and Mechlin, 140,000 strong. There was also a separate force under the Count of Clermont, making a total of 158,000 men.

All being in readiness to enter Holland, Saxe instructed Count Lowendahl and the Marquis de Contades to advance from Ghent on the 16th of April, at the head of 27,000 men, while he covered Antwerp, and attended to the motions of the Confederates.

Meanwhile the Duke of Cumberland, with the force of the latter, had taken post between the two Nethes, to cover Bergen-op-Zoom, which had been besieged, and Maestricht; and Saxe resolved to blockade the latter on the arrival of the King of France at Brussels, in May. For this purpose he advanced to Louvain; but the Confederates, perceiving his design, took post on the ground stated.

The 20th of June found them in order of battle, with their right at the town of Bilsen, and their left extending to Wirle, having in front of their left wing the village of Laffeldt, in which were posted three battalions of British infantry—the 13th, or Pulteney's, the Old Edinburgh Regiment (now the 25th), and the 37th, or Dejean's, with the Hanoverian corps [illegible]f Freudnan. This was the most important p[illegible] of the whole position, and it was well fortified [illegible]th cannon.

The confederate generals diligently reconnoitred the French, who, about nine o'clock on the morning of the 21st, were discovered by Sir John Ligonier advancing towards Laffeldt, and he instantly sent Colonel Forbes to acquaint the Duke of Cumberland that such was the case.

By ten o'clock their artillery opened a tremendous fire; and their infantry, among whom were the Irish Brigade and one or two regiments of Scottish exiles —the 108th Royal Ecossais and the 113th Regiment d'Ogilvie, Ecossais—burning to avenge Culloden, appeared coming down into the plain, in a vast, dark, and dense column, consisting of ten battalions in front and seven deep. The blaze of the morning sun upon the arms of these masses produced a magnificent effect, as they came, like a living tide, rolling onward against the small force which occupied Laffeldt, which was but a little enclosed hamlet, consisting of only five houses; and around that small spot the whole fury of the battle, which lasted five hours, was spent.

As the French advanced, the field batteries of the British opened upon them with terrible effect. The matrosses and bombardiers plied well their deadly work among the dense battalions of infantry, and also upon the glittering squadrons of cavalry which supported them on each flank.

The second shot fired from the French batteries at ten o'clock cut in two Baron Ziggesaer, the Duke of Cumberland's German aide-de-camp; and a few minutes later saw the French literally swarming around the hamlet, in their efforts to storm it, but to the rest of the line all trace of the spot became hidden in the white smoke of battle.

The attack of the French was made with all their usual *élan*, and was met with equal bravery. Smollett states that "they suffered terribly in their approach from the cannon of the Confederates, which was served with surprising dexterity and success; and they met with such a warm reception from the British musketry as they could not withstand: but when they were broken and dispirited, fresh brigades succeeded with astonishing perseverance."

According to the "Memoirs of Cumberland," the first French brigades which attacked the post were "dispersed with prodigious loss, as were their second, third, and fourth divisions."

Overpowered at last by the succession of fresh assailing masses, the British regiments in the hamlet were compelled to retire, leaving heaps of dead behind them; but on being reinforced by General Edward Wolfe's Regiment, the 8th, or King's, the 3rd Buffs, and the 48th, or Conway's, with the Hanoverians of Haus, they returned to the attack, and, after fresh carnage, the petty hamlet of five houses was retaken.

The French brigades, consisting of the Navarre Regiment (3rd of the line), of four battalions; the 26th, or Royal des Vaisseaux, two battalions; and the 66th, or La Marque, also of two battalions, "were entirely ruined, and the Irish Brigade suffered extremely."

Here one of the standards belonging to the latter was taken by Ensign Thomas Davenant, of the 8th, or King's, according to the *Dublin Journal*. Fresh troops were hurled in masses against Laffeldt. Again the British were driven out, but again they retook it; so that the carnage around the place was frightful beyond all description.

In the earlier part of the assault, the Duke of Cumberland sent one of his aides-de-camp to inform Marshal Bathyani "that the left was attacked; that Marshal Saxe appeared determined to make his whole effort upon Laffeldt; and therefore His Royal Highness desired to be supported speedily and effectually."

Bathyani replied that he "was doing his utmost for that purpose, having ordered away five battalions belonging to the *corps de reserve*, as also part of the squadrons that were under Count Daun, to reinforce the left."

Part of the column commanded by the count—afterwards the famous Marshal Daun, who defeated the Prussians under Marshal James Keith at Hochkirken—arrived in time enough to enter the hamlet and be of great service; but the five battalions came up too late, as they were posted somewhat far to the right. The British and Hanoverians behaved so well in line that about noon, when Laffeldt was again cleared, Cumberland ordered an advance of the whole left wing upon the enemy, whose infantry began to recoil so fast that Marshal Saxe was compelled to resort to the unusual expedient of placing cavalry in their rear and on their flanks, to drive them on with their swords.

Under the Prince of Waldeck, the centre now began to advance; but the Austrians were somewhat slow in their motions. The French reserves then came up, and the conflict became more close and deadly, while the roar of musketry deepened on the plain. Five battalions of the confederate reserve were completely overthrown by the gross misconduct of some squadrons of Dutch cavalry which were posted in the centre. These troopers suddenly gave way, went threes about, and at full gallop bore down upon these five battalions, and trampled them under foot.

One of these regiments proved to be the 23rd

Welsh Fusiliers, who resented this unforeseen catastrophe by pouring upon the Dutch two rattling volleys that were intended for the French, whose cavalry now penetrated to Cumberland's centre, and defeat became imminent. Cumberland rode to the head of the Dutch cavalry, and, together with their leader, Major-General Cannenberg, strove to rally them, but in vain. So the infantry began to give way on all hands; and "the hero of Culloden, defeated here, as he had been before at Fontenoy, thought only of making good his retreat to Maestricht, about three in the afternoon.

Even this final movement he would have been unable to accomplish, but for a charge made by the British cavalry, led by the gallant Sir John Ligonier. "The first line of opponents was instantly broken," says the "Records of the 4th Hussars;" "the brave troopers galloped forward, and a second line was speedily overthrown. British horsemen mixing fiercely with the French cavalry, used their broadswords with terrible execution; but pursuing too far, they received the fire of a battalion of French infantry posted in some low ground behind a hedge. The undaunted dragoons instantly attacked and routed the infantry; but being charged by a new line of combatants, they were forced to retreat, and their commander, Sir John Ligonier, was taken prisoner." He was captured by a carbineer.

They brought off with them several French cavalry standards; but the enemy took many men and horses. In an account of the battle of Val, as it is sometimes named, written by an officer of the artillery, it is stated that "the Scots Greys, Sir Robert Rich's, Rothes', and the Duke's Dragoons, with a large body of hussars, gave the French cavalry a prodigious stroke, and took several standards; but the enemy, by superior numbers, obliged them to retreat. This day's action is looked upon as most glorious on the part of the Allies who were engaged." In another account it is related that "our cavalry, led by Sir John Ligonier, charged the French cavalry with such success that they overthrew all before them."

Here, as at Minden, Waterloo, Balaclava, and many other glorious battles, the Scots Greys and the Inniskilling Dragoons rode side by side. Sir John Ligonier had his horse killed under him. In the Memoirs of Cumberland, it is stated that the French had 1,200 cavalry and 9,000 infantry killed or wounded, while the the loss of the Confederates did not exceed 6,000 men. The principal officers killed in the British army were Lieutenant-Colonels Williams and Ross; among those wounded were John, third Earl of Glasgow, and Major-General Bland. With Sir John Ligonier were taken Colonel Conway and Lord Robert Sutton, colonel of Cumberland's Dragoons, a corps no longer in existence, but which was formed from the Duke of Kingston's Horse, raised to act against Charles Edward.

In this action the Welsh Fusiliers had no less than one officer and 187 men missing.

In his retreat and in the action, Cumberland lost sixteen pieces of cannon. Smollett states that the Confederates suffered from the pride and ignorance of their generals. On the eve of the battle, when the column of Count Clermont appeared on the ridge of Herdereen, Marshal Bathyani asked Cumberland's permission to attack it before it could be reinforced. No regard was paid by the unwieldy duke to the proposal of this veteran officer; but he haughtily asked him in turn where he would be when wanted.

"I shall always be found at the head of my troops," replied the marshal, sternly, as he retired with disgust.

In an account of the battle of Laffeldt, printed at Liege, in 1747, it is said that "the King of France's brigade marched up under the command of Marshal Saxe," and carried the village, "after the repulse of forty battalions who had successively attempted it."

A writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for the same year says that "the brigade consisted of Scots and Irish in the French service, who fought like devils; that they neither gave nor took quarter; that observing the Duke of Cumberland to be extremely active in defence of this post, they were employed on this attack at their own request; that they in a manner cut down all before them, with a full resolution, if possible, to reach His Royal Highness, which they would certainly have done had not Sir John Ligonier come up with the horse, and saved the duke at the loss of his own liberty."

A false rumour was spread in London, to the effect that the Prince Charles Edward served with these Scots and Irish exiles as a volunteer.

There were fourteen standards taken in all from the enemy and brought to London by the Earl of Ancrum. Four of these belonged to the regiment of Belfond, and four to that of Monaco; one belonged to the Royal Cravates, another to De Beaufremont's Dragoons. There were two colour-staffs taken from Diesbatch's Swiss, and the colours without the staff of the Royal des Vaisseaux and the Irish Brigade.

Lord Ancrum was the eldest son of the Marquis of Lothian, and was many years M.P. for Richmond.

CHAPTER X.

THE STORMING OF BERGEN-OP-ZOOM, 1747.

THE reduction of this great fortress, the siege of which cost France nearly 20,000 of her finest troops, was the next great feature of the war.

The Confederates having passed the Maese, and encamped in the Duchy of Limburg, so as to cover Maestricht, the King of France remained with his army in the vicinity of Tongres; while Marshal Saxe, after amusing and perplexing the Duke of Cumberland by a series of marches and counter-marches, the object of which he could not define, suddenly detached Count Lowendahl with 36,000 men to besiege Bergen-op-Zoom.

The strongest fortress in Dutch Brabant, it had never yet been taken, and enjoyed the then common reputation of being invincible; hence on this siege the eyes of all Europe were turned.

Situated on an eminence in the middle of a morass, half a league from the eastern branch of the Scheldt, it has a communication with that river by means of a navigable canal, and is of vast strength, both by nature and art. By its advantageous situation, it not only secures an avenue between Holland and Zealand, but opened for the Dutch a way into Brabant whenever they pleased. This fortress was the favourite work of the great Cohorn. The town had a population of about 5,000. The garrison consisted of six strong battalions, supported by eighteen more in the lines, with 250 pieces of cannon. General Coustrom, Governor of Brabant, assumed the command. He was a brave and experienced officer, but so deaf that he could not hear the sound of his own guns.

To oppose the operations of Count Lowendahl, all the disposable troops in Brabant were collected, including Lord Loudon's new regiment of Highlanders, who had been last under fire at Prestonpans and Culloden. In the former battle every man and officer of them was taken prisoner.

Lowendahl carried on his approaches with great vigour. On the 14th of July his batteries opened, and they were replied to with great vivacity by the besieged, among whom were two battalions of the Scots brigade in the Dutch service (afterwards 94th Foot); and in the "Records of the Black Watch," it is stated that "when the French attacked Bergen-op-Zoom, Colonel Lord John Murray, Captain Fraser, of Culduthel, Captain Campbell, of Craignish, and several other officers, obtained permission to serve in the defence of that fortress," as their regiment was in South Beveland.

From the 15th of July till the 17th of September, the siege was pushed on without intermission, and the loss of life among the French in the trenches was terrible. During all that time fifty pieces of heavy cannon and twenty-four great mortars had been raining an incessant shower of iron upon the town. The bullets were frequently red-hot, hence the principal church and a great part of the streets were frequently in flames. The French made their advances with the greatest bravery; but were met by frequent sallies, which repulsed them and ruined their works. In one of these, made on the 25th of July, it is recorded in the *Hague Gazette*, that "the Highlanders of Lord Loudon, who were posted in Fort Rours, which covers the lines of Bergen-op-Zoom, made a sally sword in hand, in which they were so successful as to destroy the enemy's grand battery, and to kill so many men that Count Lowendahl beat a parley in order to bury the dead. To this it was replied that had he attacked the place agreeably to the rules of war, his demand would certainly have been granted; but as he had begun the siege like an incendiary, by setting fire to the town with red-hot balls, a resolution had been formed neither to ask nor grant any suspension of arms." So the French dead had to lie where they had fallen.

The siege, says Smollett, was an unintermitting scene of horror and destruction; desperate sallies were made; mines were sprung with the most dreadful effect; the town was laid in ashes; the trenches were filled with carnage and pools and puddles of blood; nothing was seen but fire and smoke; nothing heard but one continued roar of bombs and cannon. But the damage fell chiefly on the besiegers, who were slain in vast numbers; while the garrison suffered very little in comparison.

By the 7th of September the French had, by incredible labour and loss, obtained entire possession of the lunette of Zealand, and made a lodgment in the angle of that of Utrecht. They had also ruined most of the counterscarp in front of the attack, and blown up a portion of the main gallery. This so alarmed the garrison, that General Swartzenburg, who had a considerable corps under his command at Oudenbosch, entered the town to concert measures with the governor for its defence. There

were more mines sprung and more lives lost by them on this occasion than in any similar operations on record. Those of the French were thrice countermined by the garrison, and on one occasion 700 men were blown into the air in an instant!

On the morning after this terrible event, the French unmasked four batteries in front of the attack—"the first," says "The Scots Magazine" for 1747, "on the covered-way near the left of the Utrecht Bastion, of four guns, which fired on the smoke. By the 14th several breaches were made in the works, and particularly one of great width in the ravelin of Dedem. That night the garrison made a sortie from this rough aperture, intending to spike the guns which had formed it, but without success; and on the night of the 16th, Count Lowendahl resolved to attempt the capture of the fortress by storm.

The *London Gazette* says "the enemy began their attack on the 16th instant, about four in the



BERGEN-OP-ZOOM.

right flank of the bastion of William, and two on the right face of the Pucelle; the second on the right face of the ravelin of Dedem, which played on the orillon of the Cohorn Bastion," where they dismounted several guns and killed many men. All that day Count Lowendahl was in the trenches, and in his presence some soldiers of the Regiment de Normandie (5th of the Line) deserted to the town.

Next day the French erected three new batteries—two on the covered way, and one on the ruins of the Zealand Bastion—but the garrison also erected a battery upon that of Holland; and so terrible was the adverse cannonade, that for hours both town and trenches were completely hidden in morning, by springing a mine before the ravelin of Dedem, throwing an immense quantity of bombs, and firing at once from all their batteries. In the meantime, fifty companies of grenadiers, supported by sixteen battalions, threw themselves into the fosse, and having cut off the communication between the outworks and the town, some attacked the ravelin of Dedem by the breach, while others got into it from behind, and soon made themselves masters of it."

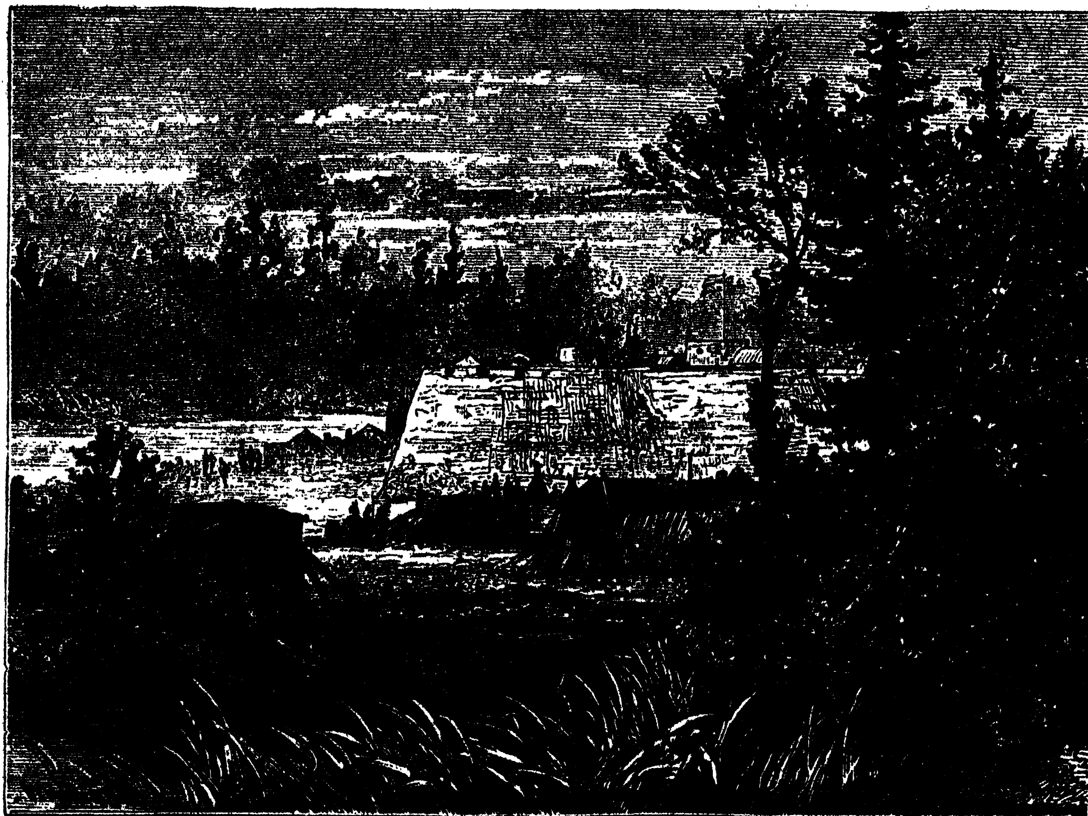
Forcing their way at the bayonet's point through the sally-ports, some scaled the walls of the town by ladders, and mounting narrow breaches which the cannonade had formed in the bastions of Pucelle and Cohorn, they soon possessed themselves of

these works, and got into position along the ramparts almost before the whole garrison could be got under arms; and many others, in the grey dawn, were seen rushing to the muster-places and getting the ranks formed while literally in their shirts.

The "account published by authority, at the Hague," three days after, states that as the troops of the garrison were got together by degrees, they were posted at the avenues of the great square towards the Steenbergen Strasse, where their fire was so sharp that they kept the enemy in check for fully an hour; but that the French ultimately forced their way into the houses of the square in which the colours of the Scots Brigade were flying, and passing quickly from house to house, as the reliefs were shot under them; thus every foot of the square and of the narrow street that led to the Steenbergen Gate was most fiercely contested. Here the Prince of Hesse-Philipsthal was, severely wounded; and his lieutenant-general, Solly, of the Irish Brigade, and Major-General Thierry gave proofs of the highest valour.

The noble stand made in the great square by the two battalions of the Scots Brigade enabled the deaf old governor and his garrison to recover from their first surprise, otherwise the whole must have been killed or taken prisoners.

"The Scotch," says the *Hague Gazette*, "assembled in the market-place, and attacked the French with such vigour that they drove them from street to street, till fresh reinforcements pouring in compelled them to retreat in turn, disputing every inch as they retired, and fighting till two-thirds of their number fell on the spot killed or severely wounded, when the remainder brought off the old governor, and joined the troops in the lines."



FORT DUQUESNE.

Another Dutch account, quoted by General Stewart, of Garth, states that "two battalions of the Scotch Brigade have, as usual, done honour to their country, which is all we have to comfort us for the loss of such brave men, who, from 1,450, are now reduced to only 330, and who have valiantly brought their colours with them, the grenadiers recovering them twice from the midst of the French at the point of the bayonet. The Swiss have also suffered, while others took a more speedy way to escape."

The same account, which is also quoted in "Coxe's History of the House of Austria," adds that

these 330 surviving Scotsmen fought a passage out, and that thirty-seven of their officers fell killed or wounded. Lieutenants Francis and Allan Maclean, sons of Maclean of Torloisk, were taken prisoners and brought before Count Lowendahl, who thus addressed them:—

"Gentlemen, consider yourselves on parole. If all had conducted themselves as you and your brave corps have done, I should not now be the master of Bergen-op-Zoom."

General Stewart tells us that Allan Maclean afterwards quitted the Dutch service for the British, in which he raised the 114th Highlanders in 1759, and the 84th Highlanders during the American War, during which he was the principal cause of the defeat of the colonists at the attack on Quebec.

The fall of this great fortress excited vehement suspicions of treachery on the part of some portion of the garrison; for after holding out with such firmness against the most vigorous assaults, it yielded at last with but little resistance save that made by the Scots Brigade. During the siege every soldier who carried away a gabion from the enemy's works was paid a crown. "Some of the Scotch soldiers gained ten crowns a day by this service. Those who performed more daring exploits, such as taking the burning fuse out of the bombs when they fell within the garrison, were rewarded with ten or twelve ducats."

By one account the French loss is stated to have been 20,000 men; by another more than 22,000, and that of the garrison to have been 4,000.

Mrs. Grant, in her "Superstitions of the Highlanders," relates an anecdote connected with Bergen-op-Zoom, illustrative of the love of a foster-brother: for when a son was born to a Highland chief, there was always a contention among the tenants for the nursing of the child; "the happy man who succeeded in his suit being ever after called the foster-father, and his children the foster-brothers and sisters of the young laird."

In one of the midnight sorties, Captain Fraser, of Culduthel, who accompanied it, desired his servant, a 42nd man, to remain in the garrison. The atmosphere was pitchy dark, and as the party stumbled forward, Fraser felt his feet impeded. He put down his hand and found some one grovelling near him in a tartan plaid. He put his dirk to the throat of the crouching man, in whom he then recognised his foster-brother.

"What brought you here?" he asked.

"Love of you and care of you," was the reply.

"But why encumber yourself with a plaid?" asked the officer.

"Alas!" said the soldier, in Gaelic, "how could I ever see my master had you been killed or wounded, and I not been there to carry you to the surgeon, or give you Christian burial; and how could I have done either without my plaid?"

So with these intents the faithful fellow had crawled out of the fortress, unseen by the sentinels, on his hands and bare knees. "This faithful adherent," adds Mrs. Grant, "had soon occasion to assist at the obsequies of his foster-brother, who was killed a few days afterwards, by an accidental shot, as he was looking over the ramparts and viewing the operations of the enemy."

In the *Edinburgh Herald* for 1800 is recorded the death, at Dunse, of one of the veterans of Bergen-op-Zoom, John Nesbitt, aged 107, who had been wounded there, and discharged without a pension.

CHAPTER XI.

TORTUGA, 1748.

In the summer of the preceding year, it was ordered that all ships of war from fifty to those of a hundred guns were to carry as many marines as they mounted guns; ships of fifty guns and under were to have ten marines more than the number of their guns; and all sloops of war were to have twenty marines on board.

In the autumn of 1748, Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Knowles, an officer who had greatly distinguished himself when a captain, particularly in the attacks made on the Spanish settlements in the West Indies, was cruising off the Tortuga Bank in the hope of intercepting the Spanish Plate fleet—then the great object of ambition to our seamen—which was expected at the Havanah from La Vera Cruz.

His flag was on board the *Cornwall*, an eighty-gun ship. His squadron consisted of seven sail of the line, carrying 446 guns and 2,900 men.

On the 30th of September, he was joined by the *Lennox*, under Captain William Holmes (who

was afterwards killed at the siege of Pondicherry), who reported that the day before, while having under his convoy the homeward-bound trade fleet from Jamaica, he fell in with and was chased by a Spanish squadron of seven ships of war. He added that he ordered the convoy to "shift for themselves," and proceeded to give the admiral earliest notice of the enemy being at sea, doubtless to protect the eagerly looked-for Plate fleet from La Vera Cruz.

This squadron of Spanish ships was commanded by Rear-Admiral Spinola, and carried 420 guns, with 4,150 men; consequently his numerical force was superior to that of Admiral Knowles, who on the 1st of October discovered the enemy ranged in order of battle.

They lay near Tortuga, an island so called by the buccaneers from its fancied resemblance to a tortoise—a rocky and rugged place, covered with lofty trees, some ten miles north from the coast of Dominica.

Rear-Admiral Knowles instantly formed his line and bore down upon the enemy; and at half-past two in the afternoon the battle began. Captain Innes, in the *Warwick*, 60 guns, and Captain Edward Clarke, in the *Canterbury*, also of 60 guns, being at some distance astern, or unable to make up their leeway in time, gave the Spaniards at first the advantage.

Thus in half-an-hour the British flag-ship had her maintopmast and foretopsail-yard shot away, and was otherwise so considerably damaged that she was obliged to quit her place in the line, with her decks encumbered by dead and dying men, and all slippery with blood.

Her place was soon supplied by other ships, whose commanders closed in, maintaining a rapid and heavy cannonade, which very soon drove the *Conquistadore*, 64 guns, commanded by Don de St. Justo, so fairly out of the line that she fell away to leeward of the *Cornwall*.

Rear-Admiral Knowles, in the latter, had by this time repaired the damage she had sustained, and shipped spare spars aloft. Then bearing down upon the *Conquistadore*, he attacked her with renewed fury. Her crew fought bravely and made a most obstinate resistance, but on the fall of St. Justo her flag was struck, and she surrendered, but not until she was dreadfully shattered by round and cross-bar shot.

Meanwhile, Captain Holmes, in the *Lennox*, had been gallantly fighting almost yard-arm and yard-arm with the *Invincible*, 74, which carried the flag of Admiral Spinola, till the arrival of the *Warwick* and *Canterbury* made the action more general and furious; and the roar of so many hundred pieces of cannon, borne by the breeze and water, could be distinctly heard amid the forests and wild volcanic mountains of Dominica.

At eight in the evening the Spanish admiral slackened his fire, and ultimately "hoisting everything that would draw," bore away for Havanah, which was fully 700 miles distant from Tortuga. Along the coast of Cuba the fugitive Spaniards were pursued by Admiral Knowles and his squadron, which fired on them whenever they came within range. However, they all got safe into Havanah, save the *Africa*, 74 guns, the ship of the vice-admiral, who had been killed, and lay dead in his cabin.

Her masts had been shot away, so her crew let her anchors go within a few leagues of the Moro Castle, where she was soon discovered by the inexorable British squadron. To prevent her being taken, the crew set her in flames, and fled in their boats; and just as they were half way between her and the shore, her shattered hull blew up with a hideous crash.

In this protracted action the Spaniards had one admiral, 3 captains, 14 other officers, and 72 men killed, and 197 of all ranks wounded. The British squadron had 180 killed and wounded.

Admiral Knowles still persevered in cruising off the mouth of the Havanah, in hope of intercepting the expected Plate fleet, till there was brought into his squadron a Spanish advice-boat, whose commander informed him that the preliminary articles for a general treaty of peace had been signed in Europe.

At home all parties had grown weary of the useless and protracted war; and the preliminaries for a complete pacification had by this time been fully made at Aix-la-Chapelle, and by the 7th of October hostilities ceased everywhere.

These tidings are said to have caused the deepest dejection on board of Knowles' squadron, whose prospect of the riches they would have shared had the Plate fleet come a day or two sooner now vanished, and he bore up for Jamaica. Some dissensions that had prevailed among the officers of the fleet were now much increased. The admiral taxed some of his captains with misconduct, and a court-martial was the result of their mutual accusations. Those who adhered to their commander, and others whom he impeached, showed against each other the most rancorous resentment.

Smollett states that the admiral himself did not escape without censure. Two of his captains were reprimanded; but Captain Holmes, who had displayed uncommon courage, was honourably acquitted. The admiral fought a bloodless duel with Captain Paulett, of the *Tilbury*; but Captains Innes

and Clarke met by appointment in Hyde Park, with a case of pistols each. The former was mortally wounded, and died next morning; the latter was tried and condemned for murder, but received His Majesty's pardon.

On the peace a general reduction of the armaments took place; thus in 1748 all cavalry regiments were disbanded to the present 14th Hussars, and all regiments of infantry to the present 49th Foot.

CHAPTER XII.

BEAUSEJOUR AND OHIO, 1755.

The first year after the peace saw some experiments made in gunnery practice, which may provoke a smile when contrasted with those now made daily at Woolwich and Shoeburyness. The firing began at Windsor, in 1749, in presence of the Dukes of Cumberland, Montague, and Richmond, the Earl of Sandwich, "and other persons of quality." The pieces used were two 12-pounders, one British the other Saxon. These were discharged in succession, at 700 yards' distance, against a target twelve inches square; and after repeated trials it was found that the ball from the Saxon gun not only came nearer to the mark, but was driven deeper into the butt. In the experiment of quick firing, the British gun was twelve minutes in firing eighty-six rounds; the Saxon was fired forty-six times in five minutes. The strength of both was then tested by overcharges, on which the Saxon gun burst, while the British still remained serviceable.

The pay of a foot soldier was eightpence per day; from this twopence was stopped for clothing. He received a new suit of uniform yearly, all save a waistcoat, which was thriftily made from the red coat of the preceding year. The cavalry were clothed anew every two years. From the year 1746 the rank of brigadier had been abolished in the promotion of general officers; and in 1751 a warrant was first issued regulating the colours and clothing of regiments, which then for the first time, received numerical titles, though such were not borne upon their appointments till some years later.

The rank of several regiments had been first established by a board of general officers assembled in the Netherlands, by order of William III., in 1694. Another was assembled by Queen Anne, in 1713, to decide on the seniority of regiments raised after 1694; and a third by George I., in 1715. All these boards decided that English regiments raised in England should rank from the date of their formation; and that English, Scots, and Irish regiments raised for the service of foreign powers should date from their being first placed upon the British establishment. Hence the 1st Royal Scots, having come from France to serve King Charles II. for eight years, took rank from 1661, and having been raised during the reign of James VI., in Scotland, and representing the Scottish Archer Guard of France, it was to take the right of the whole, and does so still.

Eight years of peace only followed the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, till the undetermined limits of the British and French territories in North America occasioned a war between the two kingdoms.

Our settlers, particularly in the province of Nova Scotia, having been repeatedly disturbed by the encroachments and insults of the French, it became necessary at last for the British Government to send out a force sufficient to keep them in check and protect our frontier. For this purpose, in the beginning of 1755, the Assembly of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, passed an Act prohibiting all intercourse with the French at Louisbourg; and early in spring they raised a body of troops, which was transported to Nova Scotia, to assist Lieutenant-Governor Lawrence in driving the encroachers back.

In May the governor sent a body of troops, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable Robert Monkton (who was colonel of the 17th Regiment in 1759), upon this service; while three frigates and a sloop of war were dispatched up the Bay of Fundy, which opens between the islands of Penobscot Bay and Cape Sable, to give assistance by sea. This part of the expedition was under the command of Captain John Rous, who in 1745 had been promoted to the rank of post-captain in the Royal Navy, for his gallantry in American waters, while commanding a humble privateer.

Foreseeing what was to come, the enemy were prepared to offer a stout resistance, but eventually without effect.

Upon his arrival at the river Massaguash, Colonel Monkton found its passage about to be disputed by a large number of the regular troops of France, rebel neutrals, or Acadians, and by savage Indians, 450 of whom occupied a loopholed block-house, with cannon mounted on their side of the stream. The rest were posted within a strong palisade, thrown up by way of breastwork to the block-house.

With hatchet and hammer, one body of the British Provincials assailed this stronghold, while others opened a steady fire across the stream. The breastwork was soon beaten down and stormed, the bayonet and clubbed firelock being freely used. On seeing this the Red Men in the block-house deserted it instantly, the Europeans fell back, and the passage of the river was left free.

Colonel Monkton now advanced against the French fort of Beausejour, which he invested, as well at least as the small number of his troops would permit; and on the 12th of June, after a four days' bombardment with mortars, he compelled the garrison to surrender, though he had not yet placed a single cannon on his batteries, and the French had no less than twenty-six on the ramparts and a vast quantity of ammunition in store.

The garrison he sent to Louisbourg, on their parole of honour that they were not to serve in arms for six months; and the Acadians who had joined them he pardoned, as they pleaded that they had been forced into the service of King Louis. After putting a garrison into the fort, and, under a salute of guns, changing its name to Fort Cumberland, in honour of the "hero of Culloden;" Monkton next attacked another French fortress upon the Gaspareau, a small river of New Brunswick, which empties itself into the Bay of Verte.

This fort he speedily captured by storm, and found in it a vast quantity of provisions and warlike stores of all kinds, as it had been the chief magazine for supplying the French Indians and Acadians with arms, ammunition, and other necessaries. He disarmed the latter to the number of 15,000 men. In the meantime Captain Rous had sailed with his little squadron to the mouth of the great river St. John, in New Brunswick, to attack a new fort which the encroaching French had built there. But the garrison saved him all trouble, for as soon as his ships came in sight and the Union Jack was seen, they overloaded all their cannon and burst them, blew up the magazine, and destroyed, so far as they had time, all the works they had been executing.

In all this expedition, which completely secured the tranquillity of Nova Scotia, so active and careful was Colonel Monkton, that he had only twenty men killed and the same number wounded.

While the New Englanders were thus employed in reducing the French in Nova Scotia, preparations were made in Virginia for attacking them upon the Ohio. The colonies on the coast had extended themselves on every side, while the Indian trade had been alluring many wandering dealers into the inland country, where they found well-watered plains and green savannahs, luxuriant woods, a delightful climate, and a fruitful soil. These advantages appearing to compensate for the distance from the sea, a company of merchants and planters obtained a charter for a tract of land beyond the Alleghany Mountains, and near the stately Ohio commenced the establishment of a colony. To this part of America the French laid instant claim, and driving away the new settlers, built a strong fort called Duquesne, to command the entrance into the country on the Ohio and Mississippi; and from its situation it bade fair to become the most important military work in North America, as it stood 250 miles west by north of Philadelphia.

A post called Fort Cumberland was now also built at Wills's Creek; and on the 14th of January, Major-General Edward Braddock sailed from Cork, in Ireland, with the regiments of Sir Peter Halkett, Bart., and Thomas Dunbar, the 44th and 48th respectively, and with these battalions he landed safely in Virginia before the end of February.

Braddock was an officer of the Coldstream Guards, a battalion of which he had command in the Netherlands and at the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom.

Lord Mahon, in his "History of England from the Peace of Utrecht," says thus of this officer:—

"Braddock was a man cast in the same mould as General Hawley, of a brave but brutal temper, and, like Hawley also, a personal favourite of the Duke of Cumberland. His rigorous ideas of discipline made him hateful to his soldiers; and from the same cause he held in great contempt the American militia, seeing that they could not go through their exercises with the same dexterity which he had so often admired and enforced in Hyde Park. As to the Indians, the allies of France, he treated with disdain all the warnings he received against an ambush or surprise from them; and the Indians of his own party who would have been his surest guards against this particular peril, were so disgusted by the haughtiness of his demeanour, that most of them forsook their banners."

He was destitute of the caution, stratagem, and secresy necessary in a leader of troops.

His second in command, Sir Peter Halkett, of

Pitfirrane, in Fifeshire, was a brave and honourable officer. At the late battle of Prestonpans, he with all the officers of his regiment (the 44th) had been taken prisoners by the prince, but the whole were released on parole. He was one who, with five others, viz., the Honourable Mr. Ross, Captain Lucy Scott, and Lieutenants Farquharson and Cumming, refused to rejoin their regiments at the Duke of Cumberland's command and threat of forfeiting their commissions. Their reply was, "His Highness is master of these, but not of our honour."



CANADIAN INDIAN.

With this expedition of Braddock there was a naval force, consisting of two fifty-gun ships, under the Honourable Captain Keppel; and its departure was no sooner known at the Court of France than it began to assume a hostile disposition.

From the date of his landing, General Braddock should have been able to have entered upon action, collaterally with Colonel Monkton, early in the spring; but unfortunately he was delayed by the Virginian contractors for the army. When the latter was ready to march, these men had failed to provide a sufficient supply of provisions for the troops and a competent number of wagons for transport. "This accident was foreseen," says Smollett, "by almost every person who knew anything of our plantations upon the continent of America: for the people of Virginia, who think of no produce but their tobacco, and do not raise corn enough for their own subsistence, being by the nature of their country well provided with the conveniency of water conveyance, have but few wheel-carriages or beasts of burden; whereas Pennsylvania, which abounds in corn and most other sorts of provision, has but little water-carriage, especially in its western settlements, where its inhabitants have great numbers of carts, wagons, and horses."

General Braddock should therefore have landed in Pennsylvania, and if his first camp had been formed at Franks Town, he would not have had more than 80 miles to march to reach Fort Duquesne, instead of 130, which the troops had to traverse from their camp at Wills's Creek. By great efforts he ultimately procured 15



BRADDOCK'S FORCE ATTACKED (*see page 56*).

and 100 draught-horses, instead of 150 wagons and 300 horses, which the Virginian contractors had promised him; while the provisions they furnished were so bad as to be unfit for use.

Under these adverse circumstances, he began his march through woods, deserts, and m scenes very different to those where his past experience had been—the fertile plains of the Low Countries and the stately parks of London. Before he left the latter he had received, in the handwriting of Colonel Napier, a set of instructions from the Duke of Cumberland, indicating that he was to attack Niagara, to leave the reduction of Crown Point to the Provincial forces; but, above all, both verbally and in writing, he had been cautioned by Cumberland to beware of ambush and surprise.

Full of his own conceit, he utterly disdained to ask the opinion of any officer under his command; and proceeded at the head of 2,200 bayonets, on the 10th of June, for the Little Meadows, the scene of Washington's reverse in the preceding year. There he found it necessary to leave part of his slender force, under Colonel Dunbar, and all his heavy baggage; and advanced with only 1,200 men and ten pieces of artillery, although he was informed the French commander in Fort Duquesne expected a fresh reinforcement of 500 regular troops. He marched on with so much expedition that he seldom took any time to reconnoitre the woods or thickets he had to pass through, as if the nearer he approached the enemy the safer he would be from danger.

On the 8th of July he encamped within ten miles of Fort Duquesne. Colonel Dunbar was now forty miles in his rear; and his officers, but more especially Sir Peter Halkett, entreated him to proceed with caution, and employ the friendly Indians who were with them as an advanced guard, in case of ambuscades. In spite of this he resumed his march next day, without sending a single scout into the dense woods which now surrounded his slender force.

About noon the troops entered a hollow vale, on each side of which there grew a dense primeval forest and thick brushwood. Suddenly the echoes of the solitude were wakened by a fatal and appalling whoop, the war-cry of the native Indians; and in a moment there was opened upon the front and all along the left flank of Braddock's force a deadly and disastrous fire, from an enemy so skilfully and artfully disposed that not a man of them could be seen, the flashing of their muskets alone indicating where they lay. These assailants were the native Indians, assisted by a few French troops from the fort.

The advanced guard instantly fell back on the main body; the panic and confusion became general, and most of the troops fled with precipitation; and, notwithstanding that all their officers behaved with the most brilliant gallantry, it was impossible to stop their career. And now General Braddock, instead of opening a fire of grape from the ten pieces of cannon he had with him, and so scouring the place whence this fusilade was coming, or dispatching any of his Indians to take the ambush in flank, obstinately remained upon the spot where he was, and gave orders for the few brave men who remained with him to advance.

Thickly fell the dead and dying around him, and all the officers were singled out in succession and shot down, as the marksmen could distinguish them by their dress, their gorgets, and sashes, which were now worn in the German fashion, round the waist. At last Braddock, whose obstinacy, pride, and courage seemed to increase with the peril around, after having no less than five horses killed under him, received a musket-shot through the right arm and lungs, of which he died in a few hours, after being carried off the field by his aide-de-camp, the Honourable Colonel Gage, and some soldiers, whom, according to Lord Mahon, that officer had to bribe by offering them a guinea and a bottle of rum each. Gage, son of the Viscount of that name, died a lieutenant-general, in 1788.

When Braddock fell, the confusion of the few who remained became complete; a most disorderly flight ensued across a river which they had just passed. They were not followed, as the artillery, ammunition, and baggage of the army were all left behind; and these, together with the savage use of the tomahawk and scalping-knife on the 700 dead and wounded who lay in the little valley, afforded ample occupation for the exulting Indians. Braddock's cabinet was taken, with all his letters and instructions, of which the Court of France made great use in their printed memorials and manifestoes.

Among those who perished by the first fire were Sir Peter Halkett and his son James, a lieutenant in the 44th Regiment, and the son of Governor Shirley; among those wounded were two aides-de-camp, C Orm and Morris, and Sir John Sinclair, ermaster-general. What number of men had in this ambuscade, or what loss they at the hands of the few who resisted, was ascertained, for the survivors never halted they reached Fort Cumberland, named, as we have already iously, Fort Beausejour.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE AMERICAN CAMPAIGN OF 1755.

HAD the shattered remains of Braddock's force continued at Fort Cumberland, and strengthened themselves there, as they might easily have done during the rest of the summer, they would have proved an efficient check upon the French and their ferocious allies, the scalping Indians; and might have prevented those ravages which during the ensuing winter were perpetrated on the western frontiers of Virginia and Pennsylvania. But their commander left only his sick and wounded in that isolated fort, under the protection of two companies of Provincial militia, and marched the rest, on the 2nd of August, towards Philadelphia, where they could be of no immediate service.

In one of his works, Cooper, the novelist, remarks with truth that it was a feature peculiar to the wars of North America that the toils and dangers of the wilderness were always to be encountered before the adverse armies could meet in the shock of battle. A wide and apparently impervious boundary of primeval forests severed the possessions of Britain and France. The hardy colonist, and the trained European soldier who fought by his side, frequently had to expend months in struggling against the rapids of unknown rivers, or in penetrating into the passes of mountains as yet unnamed, the abode of cunning, cruel, and hostile savages.

From Philadelphia the remains of the 44th and 48th Regiments were ordered to Albany, in the State of New York (then a small town on the western bank of the Hudson), by General William Shirley, who, in the preceding year, had been appointed colonel of one of the two regiments which were raised in America, and officered exclusively from the half-pay list.

By this arrangement, Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania were left entirely to take care of themselves, which they might have done effectually had they been undivided in council; but the latter, which was the most influential of the three, was rendered incapable of defence by local jealousies and internal disputes, though £50,000 were voted for the erection of forts.

To the north of Pennsylvania our colonies were more active in their preparations for war.

New York, like New England, prohibited the export of provisions to any French settlement, and raised £45,000 for the defence of the province, which was peculiarly exposed to an invasion of the French from Crown Point; and on being succoured by a small force of regular troops, under Colonel Dunbar, they boldly resolved upon offensive measures, which, when practicable, are always wisest, and two expeditions, one against the enemy's fort at Crown Point, and another against the fort at Niagara, between Lakes Erie and Ontario, were projected at the same time, as both these strongholds were alleged to be built on British territory.

The first of these was to be conducted by a Provincial officer, named General William Johnson, a native of Ireland, who had long resided upon the Mohawk river, where he had acquired a considerable estate, and was famous as a negotiator with the Indian tribes, whose language he had learned, and by whom he was greatly beloved. The other expedition was to be led in person by General Shirley, on whom the command of our forces in America had devolved after the death of General Braddock.

The rendezvous of the troops for both places was appointed to be at Albany by the end of June; but the artillery, batteaux, provisions, and other stores necessary for the attack upon Crown Point did not arrive till the 8th of August, when General Johnson began his march with them from Albany, for the carrying-place from the Hudson to Lake George. There the first portion of the troops had already arrived, under Major-General Lyman. The whole now consisted of about 6,000 men, besides well-armed Indians, raised by the governments of New Hampshire, New York, Rhode Island, and Connecticut.

Towards the end of August, General Johnson marched forward fourteen miles, and encamped in a strong situation, flanked on each side by a densely-wooded swamp, having Lake George in his rear, and a breastwork or palisade of felled trees in his front. There he resolved to await the arrival of the batteaux, and afterwards to proceed to Ticonderoga, at the other end of the lake, whence it was but fifteen miles to the south end of Champlain, where stood the stronghold called Fort Frederick by the French, and by us Crown Point.

The village near this old fort, so famous in the French and Revolutionary wars, consisted then of only fifteen log-huts, amid the mountainous wilderness which is now named the county of Essex.

While he was thus encamped, some of his Indian

scouts, of whom he took care to send out great numbers on every side, brought him intelligence that a considerable force of the enemy, in the white uniforms then worn by the royal infantry of France, had been seen on their march, by the way of the south bay, towards the fortified encampment since called Fort Edward, which General Lyman had built at the carrying-place, and in which 500 of the men of New York and New Hampshire had been left as a garrison.

Immediately on learning this, he sent expresses to Colonel Blanchard, commanding there, with orders to call in all foragers and stragglers, and to keep every man within the works. About twelve at night those who had gone with the second express returned with an account of having seen the enemy within four miles of the camp at the carrying-place, which they could scarcely doubt would be speedily attacked.

Important as the strength of that post was for the defence, and perhaps for the retreat, of the whole army, it does not appear that General Johnson summoned any Council of War, or resolved upon any plan to succour Colonel Blanchard; but next morning he detached 1,000 men, with a number of Indians, to intercept, or, as he oddly phrased it, "to catch the enemy in their retreat," whether victorious or defeated. This expedient he resolved on, though no one knew the number of the enemy, or could obtain any clear information on that subject from the Indian scouts, as they were without words or signs expressive of any great number, save by pointing to the hair of the head, the leaves of the trees, or the stars of the firmament.

About nine in the morning, the 1,000 infantry and 200 Indian warriors, under the command of Colonel Williams, began their march; but these had barely been gone two hours when those in the fortified camp heard the din of close musketry, as they supposed about four miles distant, ringing through the vast dingles of the echoing forest. As it approached nearer and nearer, they came to the conclusion that the force under Colonel Williams had been overpowered and was retreating.

The appearance of some fugitives, and soon after whole companies, in flight towards the camp, confirmed this, and then the French infantry came in sight—2,000 strong—marching in regular order towards the centre of General Johnson's camp, where the confusion was so great that had it been instantly attacked it must have been easily reduced; but, fortunately for the British, the enemy halted at the distance of 150 yards, and began the assault of the breastwork by the most unusual method of platoon firing.

To this Johnson responded by his artillery; on which the Canadians and Indians in the French service fled into the swampy forest on each side of the camp, and squatted among the bushes or behind the trees, whence they took occasional shots when opportunities occurred, but they never had the courage to emerge into the open ground.

Meanwhile, the Baron Dieskau, who, though a marechal-de-camp of that year, 1755, was an old and experienced officer, and commander-in-chief of all the French forces in Canada, being thus left with only the regulars in front of this strongly-intrenched camp, and finding that he could attack it neither in front nor on the flanks, continued his platoon and bush-firing till four in the afternoon, during which time his troops suffered greatly from the fire of the British, and were at last thrown into confusion. This was no sooner perceived by the troops of General Johnson than, without waiting for orders, with loud hurrahs, they leaped over the breastwork, forced a passage through the abattis of felled trees, and falling upon the French with the bayonet, killed a vast number, took thirty prisoners, and utterly routed the rest.

About 800 French were killed, and among those taken was the old Baron Dieskau, a soldier of fortune, who was found in the forest mortally wounded, and supporting himself against the stump of a tree. The loss of the British was about 200 men, chiefly belonging to the repulsed detachment of Colonel Williams; for few were killed or wounded in the attack on the camp, though among the former was Colonel Titcomb, and among the latter were General Johnson and Major Nichols. Among the slain of the detachment, which would have been entirely cut off had not Lieutenant-Colonel Cole sallied out to its support, at the head of 300 bayonets, were Colonel Williams, Major Ashley, six captains, and many subalterns; while among many Indian warriors who fell, none was more mourned by his tribe than the brave old Hendrick, the sachem and chief of the Mohawks.

It was now deemed too late in the season to attack Crown Point, as it would have been necessary to build a strong fort in the place where the camp then was, to secure communication with Albany, whence alone the troops could be reinforced or supplied. They therefore began to retire after this encounter, after erecting a little stockaded fort at the farther end of the beautiful sheet of water named Lake George, where a small garrison was left, to become, as might have been foreseen, a prey to the enemy. Great rejoicings were made in London over the repulse and death of Baron Dieskau; and General Johnson was created a

baronet on the 27th of November, with a donation of £5,000 from Parliament.

For General Shirley's expedition against Niagara, the preparations were alike slow and deficient, although it was well known that all his chances of success depended on his commencing operations early in the season, "as will appear," says Smollett, "to any person who considers the situation of our fort at Oswego, this being the only way by which he could proceed to Niagara."

The fort, over which a town has now sprung up, stands on an eminence eastward of the river Oswego, which has its source near that of the Mohawk, south-eastward of Ontario, and nearly 300 miles from Albany. The way to it then, in those pre-railway times, was long and tedious by land; but there was a water carriage by means of batteaux, which were light flat-bottomed boats, broad in the beam, pointed at the stem and stern, of great burden, and managed by only two batteau men, with paddles and steering-poles. Shirley was no sooner ready to march than tidings came of the defeat and death of General Braddock. The influence of that intelligence on his troops was astonishing. Their enthusiasm was damped, a panic pervaded all ranks, and many soldiers deserted; thus when General Shirley arrived at Oswego, he had scarcely troops sufficient to secure the British settlements in those parts, so far from having enough to assault the strong fortress at Niagara.

The attempt was abandoned; he returned ingloriously to Albany, and thus ended the puerile campaign of 1755 in America.

CHAPTER XIV.

MINORCA, 1756.

This year brings us to the now-forgotten defence of Minorca, which was held by four British regiments of the Line against an army of more than 20,000 men.

But all their bravery was rendered futile in the end, by the parsimony and incapacity of the Government; so true is it, as General Sir William Napier wrote, "in the beginning of each war England has to seek in blood the knowledge necessary to ensure success, and like the fiend's progress towards Eden, her conquering course is through chaos followed by death."

Minorca, the second or smaller of the Balearic Isles, as its name imports, was ceded to Britain by the same Treaty of Utrecht that confirmed her in possession of Gibraltar. In 1708 the Government, desirous of possessing a naval station farther up the Mediterranean than that fortress, had Minorca captured by General Stanhope, at the head of 2,600 men. The garrison made but a poor defence, and, with the loss of fifty killed and wounded, Stanhope made himself master of the place, together with 100 pieces of cannon, 3,000 casks of powder, and, other munition of war. During the forty-eight years Minorca had been under British rule, its inhabitants had prospered, and carried on a tolerably active shipping trade, by which many had grown wealthy; but, as Catholics, they had always in secret resented the rule of a Protestant king.

The troops in Minorca at this crisis consisted only of the 4th, or King's Own, the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, and the 24th and 34th Regiments, which together mustered not more than 2,460 men fit for duty. The Government having received intelligence of extensive preparations at the port of Toulon, the object of which was generally believed to be the reduction of Minorca, dispatched early in April a fleet under the unfortunate Admiral Byng for the defence of the island.

The armament of Toulon, consisting of the fleet, under Lieutenant-General de Galissoniere, mounting 1,766 guns, with 17,700 seamen and marines, and the troops to the number of 20,000 men, under the Marshal Duke de Richelieu, arrived on the 18th of April off the port of Ciudadella, on that part of the island which lies opposite to Mahon, or St. Philip's, and immediately the disembarkation began.

Two days before they reached the island, General Blakeney, an aged officer, whose last military service had been the defence of Stirling Castle against the Highlanders, had by a packet-boat received certain intelligence of their departure from Toulon, and began to make preparations for the defence of the castle of St. Philip. As for defending the isle with a force so small as that under his orders, he never conceived it possible, as Minorca has an area of 260 square miles. Its surface is very uneven, and its abrupt hills and knolls have

been by some writers compared to the waves of the sea in a storm. It has only one mountain, Toro, which rises in its centre. The climate is damp. The north wind checks the growth of much timber; yet the vegetation is generally luxuriant; but the grapes and the crops of wheat and barley had all been gathered by the time the French troops spread themselves over the isle

The castle of St. Philip was very extensive; numerous redoubts, ravelins, and other outworks surrounded it, and it had numerous subterranean galleries, mines, and traverses, cut with incredible labour out of the solid rock. It was then deemed one of the best-fortified places in Europe. It was well-supplied with provisions, ammunition, and artillery, which, from the rocky eminence it crowns,



GRENADIER OF THE FOOT GUARDS, WITH GRENADE AND MATCH ALIGHT (1745).

commanded alike the noble anchorage of the port, and the narrow, tortuous, steep, and ill-paved streets of the picturesque little town, the houses of which are flat-roofed, and perched on ledges of rock that in many instances overhang the sea.

Had St. Philip been properly garrisoned, beyond all doubt its siege might have proved one of the most desperate and protracted in history. The nature and extent of the fortifications required more than double the number of men then in none would enlist, and he had no power to compel their services. He drew in all his detachments, particularly a company which was posted at the seaport of Fornella, six miles from the Toro mountain, and five others from Ciudadella, the episcopal capital of the isle, as soon as the enemy began to disembark.

Major Cunningham, an active Scottish officer, was sent with a working party to blow up or break down the bridges, and trench all the roads between



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the place. As war had not yet been formally declared, at least forty officers were absent on leave; the chief engineer was rendered unfit for duty by gout, and General William Blakeney was nearly equally so by old age and infirmity. He had been a brigadier of January, 1743. The natives of the island might have been serviceable as pioneers, says Smollett, but from their hatred of the Protestant religion, "they were averse to the English Government, although they had lived happily and grown wealthy under its influence." Such zealous Catholics are they, that they still are wont to bury their dead in the habit of a religious order.

General Blakeney ordered his drums to beat up for volunteers in the town of St. Philip's; but few or

Ciudadella and St. Philip's; but the task of destroying the roads proved no easy one to the major, in consequence of the hard rock which runs along the surface throughout the whole of Minorca, and is seldom at any depth below the soil; but the streets served the foe for trenches, which otherwise could not have been dug through the living rock.

The French deliberately entered the town of Mahon, and made a lodgment close to the outworks of St. Philip's; there they found convenient quarters of refreshment, masks for their batteries, and an effectual cover for their mortar-beds and bombardiers. General Blakeney was censured for not having destroyed the town; but, says the historian already quoted, "if we consider his uncer-

tainty concerning the destination of the French armament, the odious nature of such a precaution, which could not possibly fail to exasperate the inhabitants, and the impossibility of executing such a scheme after the first appearance of the enemy, he will be held excusable, if not altogether blameless."

He demolished certain houses and windmills, to gain a clear range for his guns. All the wine in the cellars of St. Philip's was destroyed, and the casks were taken into the castle to serve as gabions, or as fascines, when filled with earth at the traverses. Five-and-twenty Minorcan bakers were brought into the fort to make bread for the garrison; a quantity of cattle were also seized and brought in; the gates were walled up, posts assigned, and additional guards and sentinels appointed.

Commodore Edgecumbe, who was then at anchor in the harbour, sailed thence with his little squadron, consisting of the *Chesterfield*, *Louisa*, *Portland*, and *Dolphin*, after having left all his marines, the whole crew of the *Porcupine* sloop, and half of the *Dolphin's*, as a little reinforcement to the castle, under the command of Captain Carr Scroope, of the *Dolphin*, who was distinguished for his bravery during the siege that ensued.

M. de Galissoniere might easily have prevented the escape of the commodore; but it is supposed he did not do so lest on any emergency or assault the crews and officers of the squadron might have reinforced the garrison.

The Duke de Richelieu was perfectly acquainted with the great extent of the works in St. Philip's, and also with the weakness of its garrison; and from these circumstances, he was quite sanguine that the place would be taken without the risk and labour of a regular siege. After the departure of the commodore for Gibraltar, a sloop was sunk, by General Blakeney's order, in the channel that leads to the harbour; and a French squadron, after menacing the town and castle, fell away to the leeward of Fort Mola, and returned no more in a hostile manner.

On the 22nd of April, General Blakeney dispatched a drummer to the Duke de Richelieu, requesting to be informed of his reasons for invading the island. To this an answer was returned by the duke, declaring that he had "come with the intention of reducing it under the dominion His Most Christian Majesty, by way of retaliation for the conduct of his master, who had seized and detained certain ships belonging to the King of France and his subjects."

The duke must have been but indifferently provided with engineers, for instead of first entering the town, as he ultimately did, he erected his batteries at Cape Mola, on the other side of the harbour, where the distance rendered their fire ineffectual; while that from St. Philip, where the guns were heavier, proved so severe that the enemy were compelled to change their mode of attack, and on the 12th of May they pushed their way into the town, and at nine that night opened two bomb-batteries near the place where the windmills had been destroyed. From that hour an incessant fire from mortars and cannon was maintained day and night, on both sides; and the French continued with great expedition to raise fresh batteries in every position whence they could annoy the besieged.

In consequence of these operations, war was formally declared against France on the 18th of May, 1756.

The little garrison continued to resist with great valour till the 19th of June, when, to their joy, the fleet of Admiral Byng (son of the celebrated naval officer of that name, who, in 1718, destroyed the Spanish fleet near Messina) appeared in sight, like a white cloud at the horizon, as he had with him ten great ships of the line, two of forty-eight guns, and three frigates. The four regiments shut up in St. Philip's now redoubled their exertions, on finding succour near, and worked their guns with courage and vigour. On his approach the British admiral expressed his satisfaction to see the Union Jack still flying on the castle of St. Philip; but, notwithstanding that animating circumstance, his attempts for its relief were alike feeble and ineffectual. He would seem to have been utterly discouraged when he heard of the greater armament commanded by the Marquis de Galissoniere, and to have given up Minorca as lost.

His subsequent conduct, and a letter addressed by him to the Secretary of the Admiralty before he reached Port Mahon, seem to confirm this. After regretting that he could not reach Minorca prior to the landing of the French, he wrote thus:—

"I am firmly of opinion that throwing men into the castle will only enable it to hold out a little longer, and add to the numbers that must fall into the enemy's hands; for the garrison in time will be obliged to surrender, unless a sufficient number of men could be landed to raise the siege. I am determined, however, to sail up to Minorca, with the squadron, when I will be a better judge of the situation of affairs, and will give General Blakeney all the assistance he shall require. But I am afraid all communication will be cut off between us; for if the enemy have erected batteries on the two shores near the entrance to the harbour, an advantage scarce to be supposed they have neglected, it will render it impossible for our boats to have a passage to the sally-port of the castle."

A single circumstance occurred which confuted the admiral's idea that it was impracticable to open a communication with the garrison.

Mr. Boyd, a commissariat officer, ventured to embark in a small six-oared boat, which passed from St. Stephen's Cove, a creek on the west side of the castle, through a shower of cannon and musketry, that tore the water into foam around him, and he actually gained the open sea, in hope to reach the fleet, which he saw stretching far away to the southward; but on finding himself pursued by two of the enemy's light vessels, he returned by the way he came, and regained the garrison untouched.

Next day the hopes of the besieged, which had prognosticated a brilliant naval victory to the British squadron, and consequent relief to themselves, were greatly damped by the reappearance of the French fleet, returning quietly to their station off the harbour of Mahon.

That same evening they were informed by a deserter that the British fleet had been defeated by the Marquis de Galissoniere, tidings which a *feu de joie* in the French camp seemed to confirm. However little the French fleet had to boast of, the retreat of the British, by leaving them in possession of the sea, was equivalent to a victory; for had the admiral maintained our old superiority there, the French troops which had been disembarked would in all probability have been compelled to capitulate as prisoners of war.

The case was now entirely different. The French fleet, while Byng returned to Gibraltar, cruised about the island without molestation; and their troops daily received, by means of transports, reinforcements of men, and supplies of fresh provisions and ammunition.

Though astonished and mortified to find themselves thus totally abandoned by the fleet, the British troops in St. Philip's resolved to acquit themselves with their native gallantry; and many were not without hope that when reinforced, the admiral would again return to their relief.

The brave fellows in St. Philip's never lost heart. They remounted cannon, the carriages of which had been disabled by the enemy's shot; and they received and returned the fire of the French with a resolution that never flinched. They dragged their guns occasionally to places where they would do the greatest execution; they repaired breaches, restored merlons, and laboured with unceasing vigilance, when quite environed by hostile batteries; when their embrasures were destroyed, their parapets demolished, and they were then left exposed to a united fire of cannon, mortars, and musketry. The latter was poured upon them without ceasing from the windows of the streets, which were fully in possession of the enemy.

By this time they were enclosed by more than 20,000 men. The fleet blockaded the entire island by sea, and they were plied incessantly with missiles from sixty-two battery-guns, twenty-one mortars, and four howitzers, besides the small-arms; yet the loss of men in the castle was comparatively small, the most of the garrison being secure in the casemates, galleries, and other subterranean works, where neither shot nor shell could penetrate.

"Incessant duty and watching so exhausted the soldiers that they frequently fell asleep under a heavy cannonade, yet they persevered with admirable resolution" ("Records of the 34th Regiment").

By the 27th of June the batteries of the French had made a practicable breach in one of the ravelins, and so damaged the other outworks that the Duke de Richelieu deemed that now had come the favourable moment for a general assault. Accordingly, at ten in the night, "the enemy issued from their works," states the "Records of the Welsh Fusiliers," "to the different attacks, which were made simultaneously on so many different points that the garrison, worn out with seventy days' incessant duty, were unable to repel them all."

But so great was the enthusiasm, that even the sick and wounded officers and men who were in hospital seized their arms, and came rushing out to defend the breach. At the same time, the Marquis de Galissoniere sent a strong detachment in armed boats to force the harbour and penetrate into St. Stephen's Cove, to storm Fort Charles, and second the attack on Fort Marlborough, the most detached of all the outworks.

The air was literally alive with shells and rockets, and the blaze of the incessant musketry, above and below, seemed at times to shed a red light over all the walls of St. Philip.

Led by the duke in person, the French advanced with great intrepidity; but the assault was attended by the most dreadful slaughter, for as the columns drew near, stumbling in the dark over fallen masonry, dead and dying men, trenches, and gabions, the grape shot and musketry mowed them down on every hand. Several mines were sprung beneath their feet with terrible effect, so that the whole glacis was thickly covered with killed and wounded.

Resolutely the French poured on, and ultimately succeeded in effecting a lodgment in the Queen's Redoubt, and in the Anstruther and Argyle Batteries. A secret mine sent the latter work into the air, and with it three entire companies of French grenadiers.

The capture of the Queen's Redoubt was effected in the dark, owing to the weakness of the garrison, and before the circumstance was known to our officers; for Lieutenant-Colonel Jeffries, the second in command, an officer of great skill and courage, in going on his tour of duty to visit the post, found himself suddenly captured by a file of French grenadiers. Major Cunningham, who accompanied him, though he escaped captivity, was run through the arm by a bayonet, and the piece being discharged at the same time, his bones were shattered in such a manner that he was maimed for life. In this shocking condition, adds Smollett, he retired behind a traverse, and was taken to his quarters. Thus General Blakeney lost two of his most able officers; one being disabled and the other taken prisoner.

The Duke de Richelieu, after the firing had continued without intermission from ten o'clock at night until four next morning, beat a parley, for permission to carry off the wounded and bury the dead; a request which General Blakeney granted with more humanity than discretion, as the enemy most treacherously and dishonourably took this opportunity for throwing strong reinforcements in the Queen's Redoubt and Anstruther Battery, whence they penetrated into the gallery of the mines which communicated with all the other outworks.

General Blakeney, during this short cessation of hostilities, summoned a Council of War, to deliberate upon the state of the fortress and garrison; and, believing that they had done enough for honour, the majority of the officers declared for a capitulation. The works were ruined, the body of the castle was shattered, many guns were dismounted, the parapets demolished, the palisades destroyed, the garrison totally exhausted, and the enemy already in possession of the outworks and the subterranean galleries between them. These considerations, together with despair of having any relief from Britain, all led to a surrender.

The *chamade* was beaten on the ruined walls; and at a conference which ensued most honourable terms were accorded to the conquered garrison, which was to march out with all the honours of war, under a salute from the whole French army.

"The noble and vigorous defence which the British have made," wrote the Duke de Richelieu, in reply to the second article proposed by Blakeney, "having deserved all marks of esteem and veneration that every military person ought to show to such actions, and Marshal Richelieu being desirous also to show to General Blakeney the regard due to the brave defence he has made, grants to the garrison all the honours of war that they can enjoy under the circumstances of their going out for embarkation, to wit, firelocks on their shoulders, drums beating, colours flying, twenty cartridges for each man, and also lighted matches."

The total casualties of the siege were only 89 killed, 367 wounded, and 1 missing; 23 men died of their wounds, and 10 of disease. On the other side, the French losses were not less than 5,000 men.

The French were put in possession of one gate, as well as Fort Charles and the Marlborough Redoubt; but the British troops remained in the other works till the 7th of July, when they marched out and embarked in French ships for Gibraltar. In the meantime many reciprocal civilities passed between the officers and soldiers of both countries. Their fighting over, all seemed comrades while in the castle of St. Philip.

"Thus," says Beatson, in his "Naval and Military Memoirs," "did four regiments and one company of artillery maintain the fort against such numbers of the enemy by sea and land, for such a length of time, as can, perhaps, scarcely be paralleled in history. The terms on which the fort was at last surrendered by a handful of men, so distressed, so shattered, and neglected, remain a lasting monument to their honour."

News of this conquest was brought by Count Egmont to Versailles, and the exultation of the French knew no bounds. The whole kingdom was filled with triumphs and processions; a thousand poems and orations lavised praises on the victors of Minorca, while the English were villified in ballads, farces, and pasquinades.

In Britain the sense of disgust and disgrace was strong. The returning troops were everywhere hailed with acclamation, and General Blakeney was created a peer of Ireland. The people clamoured for a victim; and, to appease the growing storm, the unfortunate Admiral Byng, for failing to succour Minorca, was tried by a court-martial and found guilty of an error in judgment, for which, in the following year, he was barbarously shot on the quarter-deck of the *Monarch*, in Portsmouth Harbour.

Admiral Forbes (a Lord of the Admiralty) alone refused to endorse the death-warrant of Byng; and Admiral West, who was lying at Spithead in command of a squadron under sailing orders, when he heard of the sentence passed on his unfortunate brother officer, wrote a public letter to the Admiralty Board, begging leave to resign his command, and a private one to Earl Temple, the First Lord, expressive of his reasons for so doing.

CHAPTER XV.

PLASSEY, 1757.

THE battle of Plassey, where 3,000 men encountered 70,000, is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable in history.

The conquest of Bengal was one of the greatest achievements of Clive, "The Avenger," as he was named—Clive, the daring in war; "he who," says Horace Walpole, "was styled by policy a heaven-born hero."

The British authorities in Bengal had from the beginning been opposed by the native viceroys of that province, until the reign of Aliverdi Khan, a wise and valiant prince, who had with success protected his dominions from the inroads of the Mahrattas. He was a friend to the British and their trade; but when he died, in 1756, he was succeeded in the office of nabob or governor by his grand-nephew, Suraja Dowlah, a narrow-minded tyrant, who disliked all Europeans, and soon found a pretext for commencing hostilities. When he suddenly appeared before Calcutta, with a force that made resistance seem hopeless, all the women and children were put on board a vessel; and so great was the alarm that all the other ships sailed at daybreak with the English governor and others who were selfish enough to secure their own retreat; and after a three days' resistance, the slender garrison in Fort William surrendered.

The nabob entered soon after, accompanied by his vizier, Meer Jaffier, and though he had promised solemnly that no violence should be offered to the garrison, amounting to only 146 officers and men, he thrust them all into a dark room—the terrible Black Hole—scarcely eighteen feet square, where, during a night of the most horrible suffering, 123 of them died of thirst or suffocation, and the few who survived were found in a state of delirium or stupefaction. One of the Hindoo guards set to watch the prison on that night of horror was willing to represent to the tyrant, on being offered a large bribe, the fearful situation of the sufferers, and pray that they might be transferred to a larger prison; but the nabob was asleep, and the soldier dared not disturb him, so while he slept the work of death went on.

Calcutta was speedily retaken by Colonel Clive, the rich city of Hooghly, twenty-five miles higher up the river, was captured and plundered, and the rage of Suraja Dowlah on hearing of these successes was unbounded, but he was compelled to make peace; and ere long Clive was induced to enter into the secret views of the vizier, Meer Jaffier, who aspired to the sovereignty of Bengal, which he hoped to obtain by the deposition of his odious and tyrannical master.

The measures taken by Clive to accomplish this desirable revolution did equal honour to his address and sagacity. While conducting an intricate and perilous negotiation with Meer Jaffier, he counterfeited friendship so artfully as not only to lull the suspicions of the nabob, but to induce him to dismiss his army which had been assembled at Plassey, a strong camp to the south of his capital, before the capture of Chandernagore, in consequence of a report that Colonel Clive meant to attack Muxadavad.

"Why do you keep your forces in the field," asked the colonel, "after so many marks of friendship and confidence? They distress all the merchants, and hinder our trade. The British cannot stay in Bengal without freedom of commerce. Do not reduce us to the necessity of suspecting that you intend to destroy us as soon as you have an opportunity."

So the Surajah Dowlah recalled his army from the front, but not without great anxiety and suspicion.

"If," said he, with great emotion, "this colonel should be deceiving me!"

The secret departure of Clive's agents from Muxadavad soon convinced him that he was deluded; and, filled with fury, he reassembled his army, and ordered it to occupy its former camp at Plassey, after having made Meer Jaffier, of whom he had suspicions, renew solemnly upon the Koran his obligations of allegiance and fidelity.

Clive, who had hoped to possess himself of that important post, was somewhat disconcerted by this movement. The nabob had reached Plassey twelve hours before him, at the head of 50,000 infantry, 20,000 horse, and 50 pieces of cannon, directed chiefly by forty French officers and deserters.

Clive had but 1,000 Europeans, 2,000 sepoys, and 8 field-pieces. Among the former were the king's 39th Regiment, and the 1st Bengal Fusiliers and 1st Bombay Fusiliers, now numbered respectively as the 101st and 103rd Regiments of the Line; the three corps being about 300 men each; he had 150 artillerymen and sailors, and the 1st

Bengal Infantry, raised in the same year, 1757, and styled "*Ghillis-ka-Pultan.*"

On the 16th of June this slender force had reached Pattee, a fortified port on the Cossimbasar river. This they promptly reduced, as well as Cutwah, a town with a castle; but the rains setting in with unusual violence, Clive was fain to strike his tents and quarter his men in the huts and houses. Six days he halted there, waiting with intense anxiety for communications which he expected from Meer Jaffier; but the few letters that reached him told only of a complete reconciliation between the nabob and his vizier, and promised nothing of that defection in the army of the former which he had been led to hope for, when being lured so far into the enemy's country.

His position now became as perilous as the general of so small an army ever occupied, and he was too clear-sighted not to perceive that it was so. He summoned a Council of War, to determine whether the troops should cross the Cossimbasar at once, and put their existence to the doubtful issue of a battle against fearful odds, or halt where they were during the rainy season, and call in the nabob's enemies, the Mahrattas, to their aid.

Instead of requiring, in the usual manner, the opinions of the junior members of the Council, Clive took the initiative by giving his own, and gave it in favour of a suspension of hostilities. Majors Kilpatrick and Grant, the next in point of seniority, followed the same course; while Coote, afterwards so distinguished in the wars of the Carnatic, protested against such policy as most unwise. He urged that nothing could be won by delay; that the confidence of their men would evaporate; that the junction of M. Bussey's French corps, an event by no means improbable, would give the nabob a superiority of force that would be irresistible.



CLIVE AT PLASSEY.

Clive saw the force of these arguments; and after spending some hours in solitary thought, amid the recesses of a neighbouring grove, he issued orders for the troops to march before break of day on the following morning.

Just as the sun was rising on the 22nd of June, the troops began to pass the river; and by four in the afternoon the whole were on the hostile side, where a messenger from Meer Jaffier met them with intelligence that the nabob had halted at a village six miles distant, and there Clive was advised to fall upon him by surprise.

should bivouac that night at Plassey, "and advance next day as far as Daudpoor, where, if Meer Jaffier failed to join him, he would make peace with the nabob."

The march was resumed before sunset; and having by dint of great exertion dragged the boats and conveyed their stores a distance of fifteen miles, they halted in the grove of Plassey at one in the morning. There they lay under arms, being startled by the sound of gongs, metal ghurries, drums, and cymbals, which, as they marked the vicinity of Indian guards, convinced them that they were within a mile of the nabob's camp; yet the men, "after the sentinels were duly planted, slept as soundly as soldiers are apt to do even on the eve of a battle."

The grove of Plassey, in which the soldiers lay, was 800 yards long by 300 broad, and consisted entirely of mango trees planted in regular rows.

"It was surrounded by a slight embankment, and a ditch choked up with weeds, and approached at its north-western angle within fifty yards of the river. A hunting-seat belonging to the nabob, which stood upon the bank of the stream, afforded, with its walled garden and enclosures, an excellent point of defence for one of Clive's flanks, as well as a convenient station for his hospital. In the meantime the enemy occupied an intrenched camp about a mile or a mile and a half in his front, which, commencing at the neck of a peninsula formed by a curvature of the stream, ran directly inland for 200 yards, after which it formed an obtuse angle, and bore away nearly three miles to the north-east."



LORD CLIVE.

In this acute angle stood a redoubt on which cannon were mounted; there was also an eminence covered with luxuriant timber 300 yards beyond; while a couple of water-tanks, girt by earthen mounds, offered peculiar advantages, either in advancing or retreating, to the force which should first seize them. All these features of the position became visible to Clive when the brightening dawn enabled him to reconnoitre, and the sun arose of that day which was to decide for ever the fate of Bengal.

Colonel Clive mounted to the roof of the hunting-seat, and with his telescope was examining the nabob's camp, when he suddenly beheld a general stir within it. Ere long the heads of glittering columns, all turbaned and attired in many brilliant colours, began to move into the green plain, and in a few minutes the whole imposing array advanced, but slowly.

There came 50,000 infantry, armed with matchlocks, spears, swords, daggers, and rockets; and 20,000 cavalry, all well mounted, and armed with tulwar, lance, and shield. There, too, were their fifty pieces of cannon, planted in the openings between the columns. All came on in the form of a semicircle, as if for the purpose of hemming in and completely surrounding the little force that lay in the mango grove.

The mode in which the cannon were moved was not the least remarkable feature in this Oriental warlike show. The guns, chiefly twenty-four and thirty-two pounders, were each placed on a huge wooden stage, raised six feet above the level of the ground; and these cumbrous platforms, supporting guns, gunners, and ammunition, were each dragged forward by forty or fifty bullocks, assisted by an elephant, which pushed in the rear. Four light field-guns acted apart from the rest, and were worked by the French, who took post in one of the tanks near the edge of the grove.

Clive's artillery consisted of eight six-pounders and two howitzers.

He drew up his whole force in one line, with the three slender European regiments in the centre, and just beyond the skirts of the grove. He did this under the impression that if he kept his men in cover, the nabob, mistaking prudence for fear, would acquire additional confidence; besides this, he felt that a corps so pliable might at any moment be thrown back, long ere the unwieldy masses of the enemy could interfere with his alignment. He posted three cannon on each flank, and the remaining two, with the howitzers, under cover of a couple of brick-kilns, so as to protect his left; and having ordered his slender force "to keep steady, and neither advance nor retire without orders," he betook himself again to his station on the house-top.

About eight o'clock in the morning a shot from the French artillerists at the tank gave the signal for a general discharge of all their artillery, and a shower of bullets from fifty pieces of cannon tore through the mango trees. The guns of Clive returned this promptly; and for some time a fire was kept up which made terrible havoc in the ranks of the nabob, but from his cannon being placed on platforms, or not properly depressed, it proved harmless to the other party.

By nine o'clock, Clive, finding that several of his men were beginning to fall, directed the whole line to withdraw into the shelter of the grove. Upon this the enemy, mistaking the change of ground for a sudden flight, with yells and tumultuous cries, pushed their artillery farther to the front, and fired with increased ardour; but as the Europeans and sepoys crouched behind the trees, they sustained little or no damage, whilst the shot from their light field-guns plunged through the dense masses of horse and foot that were exposed on the open plain, and piled the corpses over each other in ghastly heaps.

So passed the day till noon; Clive, after duly consulting with his officers, having determined to act on the defensive throughout the action: but a heavy shower of rain having fallen, the ammunition of the enemy became damaged, and their fire began to slacken.

Still, however, they kept their ground; but in about two hours after the bullocks were seen to be driven to their stations beside the platforms, and the whole, covered by the horse and foot, moved slowly to the rear, to the astonishment and joy of Clive and his little army. The truth was that the imperious nabob had suddenly lost heart on hearing of the fall of one of his most trusted chiefs, Meer Murdeen, whom a ball had mortally wounded.

Overwhelmed by a misfortune so great, he summoned the vizier Meer Jaffier, and throwing his turban on the ground, exclaimed—

"Jaffier, that turban you must defend!"

The traitor bowed, and quitted the presence [of] the nabob, to dispatch in all haste a letter to [Co]lonel Clive, acquainting him with what had [pa]ssed, and requesting him "either instantly to push on to victory, or to storm the nabob's camp during the following night."

But the letter was not delivered until the fortune of the day was decided; so that Clive was still in considerable suspense with respect to the ultimate intentions of his secret ally. While the rest of the

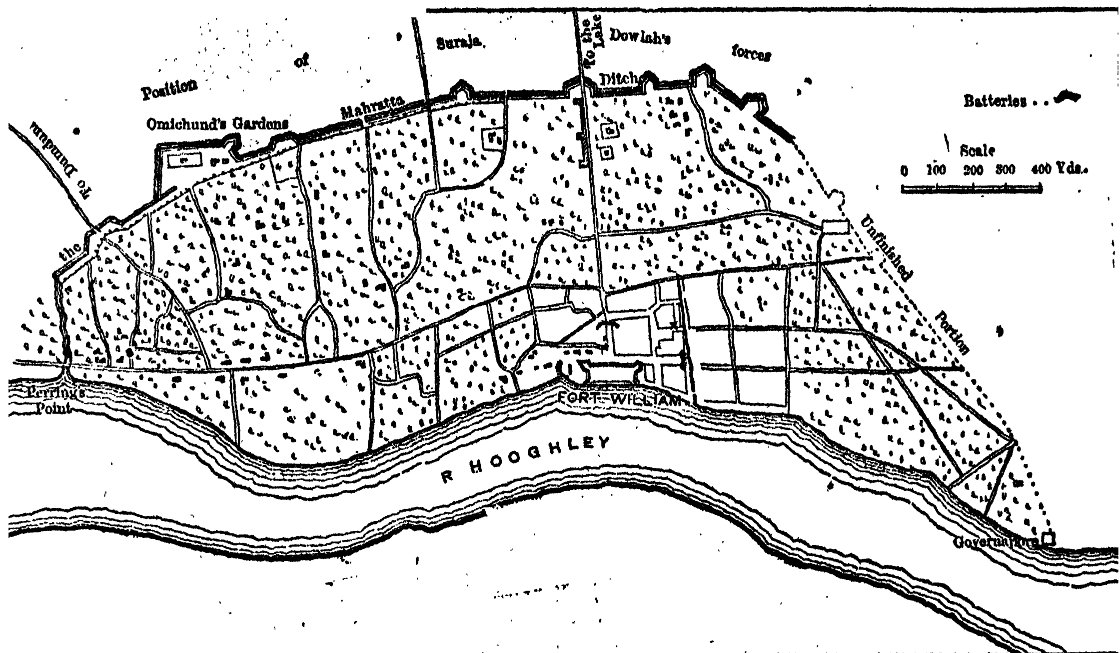
vast Indian army fell back, the little party of Frenchmen at the tank, under an officer named Sinfray, kept its ground manfully, and galled the British both with cannon and musketry. Clive at this moment was sound asleep, excessive fatigue having fairly overcome him; but Major Kilpatrick, placing himself at the head of two companies of Europeans, with a couple of field-pieces, made ready to dislodge the party at the tank, and occupy the latter as a position whence to gall the retreating enemy.

Prior to moving, a correct sense of military discipline induced him first to refer to Colonel Clive, who sharply reproved him for attempting to take such a step on his own responsibility. However, he warmly praised the idea of the proposed movement, and sending Kilpatrick to the rear to bring up the rest of the troops, he took command of the storming party, and captured the tank without the loss of a single life.

Put in motion by the major, the whole line quitted the grove and advanced. A considerable column was now observed to be extending itself from the right of the enemy, towards the north-east angle of the grove. This was the corps of Meer Jaffier, but being unknown to the British leaders, their guns opened on its ranks at once. The corps halted irresolutely, paused, then broke, and fled with the crowd. On this the detachment under Clive rejoined their comrades, and with loud cheers pushed on for the redoubt, which, as well as the wooded eminence, was stormed and taken. The guns were then run up, loaded with round shot and grape, and a destructive fire was opened on the camp, where a scene of confusion baffling all description soon prevailed.

One corps of the nabob's army alone held together, and was soon recognised by its standards to be that of the traitor Jaffier; so the fact of his adherence to the original secret agreement became proved to Clive and his officers.

"Forward! Push on!" were now the orders, and the camp was entered at the point of the bayonet



TERRITORY OF CALCUTTA, 1756.

and almost without any other opposition than that occasioned by abandoned guns and tumbrils, tents half thrown down, and piles of baggage; while thousands of horses and bullocks, with many elephants, overspread the plain, and the broken and discomfited army, which even then might have turned and utterly destroyed its assailants, fled in all directions without firing a shot—fled by tens of thousands. The nabob rode among the foremost of the fugitives, mounted on a swift dromedary, an animal now rarely used or seen in Bengal.

Being liberally promised prize-money, the troops remained steadily in their ranks, though surrounded by the gorgeous plunder of an Oriental camp. After a brief halt, which enabled the commissaries to collect as many bullocks and horses as were requisite for the transport of the cannon, the troops

advanced in the highest spirits as far as Daudpoor, towards which the advanced guard had been pushed for the purpose of observing the enemy's rear; and there the lists of the day's losses were made up. They proved to be singularly small.

Not more than sixteen sepoys and eight Europeans lost their lives; while the wounded amounted to forty-eight in all, twelve of these only being English.

Such was the battle of Plassey, "which," says a writer, "belongs to that class of events which defy all calculation previous to their occurrence, and silence all criticism after they have taken place."

The future results of this great victory were not less remarkable than the victory itself. At eight o'clock in the evening Clive halted in Daudpoor, and next morning he saluted the traitor Jaffier as Subah or Nabob of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa.

CHAPTER XVI.

SEA-FIGHT OFF CAPE FRANÇOIS, 1757.

During the war with France our cruisers kept at sea amid all the severity of the winter, for the double purpose of protecting the commerce of the kingdom and annoying that of the enemy. Great were their activity, vigilance, and success; so the trade of France was almost destroyed. A gallant exploit was performed by a Captain Bray, who commanded the *Adventure*, a small armed vessel, which fell in with the *Machault*, a large privateer of Dunkirk, near Dungeness. He ran on board of her, and lashed her bowsprit to his capstan, and after a close and hot engagement compelled her to submit. A French thirty-six-gun frigate was taken by Captain Parker, in a new fire-ship of much inferior force. Many privateers of the enemy were taken, burned, or sunk, and a vast number of valuable merchant ships were made prizes.

The great success of our ships of war was not confined to the Channel. In the month of October, 1757, there was a brilliant action fought off the island of Hispaniola, between a French squadron and three ships belonging to the fleet which had sailed for Jamaica under the flag of Admiral Cotes.

Captain Arthur Forest, an officer of distinguished merit, with the *Augusta*, 60 guns, had sailed from Port Royal, accompanied by the *Dreadnought*, 60, and the *Edinburgh*, 64, commanded respectively by Captains Maurice Suckling and William Langdon, with orders to cruise off Cape François, on the northern coast of Hispaniola, in sight of Port Dauphin and the headland of Monte Christo. This service they literally performed in the face of the French squadron, under Admiral de Kersaint, which had lately arrived from Africa, to convoy a number of merchant vessels assembling there for Europe.

Piqued to find himself insulted by the presence of these three ships, De Kersaint resolved to come forth and give them battle, to the end that he might either take, or sink, or drive them out to sea, so as to afford free passage for the merchant shipping in his care. Hence he took every precaution to ensure success. His squadron consisted of seven vessels, as follows:—*L'Intrepide*, 74 guns, 900 men, De Kersaint; *La Sceptre*, 74 guns, 800 men, M. Cleveau; *L'Opiniatre*, 64 guns, 680 men, De Moliau; *Greenwich*, 50 guns, 500 men, De Faucault; *L'Outarde*, 44 guns, 400 men; *Le Sauvage*, 32 guns, 300 men; *La Licorne*, 32 guns, 300 men. Total, 370 guns, 3,880 men.

Though he had but three English ships to contend with, carrying in all only 184 guns and 1,232 men, he reinforced his squadron by several store-ships, mounted with guns and completely armed for the grand occasion; he took on board seamen from the merchant ships, and a body of troops from the garrison, and on the 21st of October stood into the offing.

The French were no sooner perceived to be under sail, than Captain Forest held a brief Council of War with the two other captains.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you know our own strength, and see that of the enemy; it is far more than double ours. Shall we give them battle?"

Both officers replied in the affirmative.

"Then fight them we shall!" said he, confidently and exultingly. "Return to your ships, and clear away for action."

Without further hesitation, the three British men-of-war bore down on the enemy; and as the latter found their honour at stake, were confident in their vast and superior strength, and knew that the coast was lined with spectators expecting to see them return in triumph, it is but fair to admit that the

French fought with even more than their customary bravery.

By nine in the morning the *Dreadnought*, which had first seen the enemy in motion, according to the dispatches, tacked to join her consorts and prepare for battle. "The *Edinburgh* being to leeward, very properly tacked too, and made a trip to gain her station; while Captain Forest also tacked, reefed his topsails, and made the signal for the line ahead, standing from them under easy sail, just sufficient to preserve the wind, draw them from the coast, and permit them to come up The French now pursued with great pride, forming a line of seven sail, the tenders plying about their chief; and the whole came up very fast."

The three British ships having fully secured the weather-gage and plenty of sea-room, now hauled up their foresails, letting the enemy see that they awaited them. The moment this little evolution was performed, the French squadron tacked and stood in-shore; on which the three British ships bore down upon them under a press of canvas.

Captain Suckling having requested that he might take the lead, it was accorded to him. "In about a quarter of an hour after, the enemy tacked again, and stood towards us to the northward; forming an extensive line as before, with this difference, that their commodore now led. We continued our course till abreast of the third ship, when the squadron wore in a sweep, the *Dreadnought* still keeping the lead, and lasking (*sic*) for the headmost ship."

The smaller sails were now furled, and the three vessels stood on under only their foresails and topsails. M. de Kersaint now ordered his frigates out of the line, and sent *Le Sauvage* ahead. "This last action having left their spaces open a little; their commodore very foolishly brought to with his foretopsail to the mast, and lost command of his ship."

When the *Greenwich* (a captured ship), under Captain de Faucault, shot too near the commodore, she nearly fell on board of him. This caused De Kersaint to fill and let fall his foresail, by which *Le Sauvage* was thrown out of her station, and the *Greenwich*, being compelled to back her sails, made a great gap in that part of the line.

At a quarter-past three the French commodore opened fire on the *Dreadnought*, which sprung her luff in order to steer with him as he set sail. The fore-courses were soon after hauled up on both sides, and being then within musket-shot, the fire was given and returned with equal fury.

"Captain Forest, by the opening I have described," wrote Rear-Admiral Cotes to the Admiralty, "was obliged to bear more immediately down upon his opponent, and suffered in the manner the *Dreadnought* might have expected, before she approached near enough to return the enemy's fire. This likewise obliged the *Edinburgh* either to have taken a large sweep, or lie as she did for some time at the beginning of the action, without being able to do all the service she could have wished; so that the *Augusta* had now the whole weight (*i.e.*, fire) of the rear to sustain."

The cannonade soon became general on all sides, and the *Dreadnought* getting on the bow of *L'Intrepide*, kept the helm hard-a-starboard to rake her fore and aft, or, if she proceeded, to fall on board of her in the most advantageous position possible; but the commodore chose to bear up, and continued to do so during the whole of the action, till his stately seventy-four was disabled and began to drop astern.

"By this bearing short upon her own ship," continues the dispatch, "those astern were thrown into fresh disorder, from which they never thoroughly recovered; and when *L'Intrepide* dropped (relieved by *L'Opiniatre*, 64), the *Greenwich*, still in confusion, got on board of her, while the *Sceptre* pressing on these, the whole heap were furiously pelted by the *Augusta* and *Edinburgh*, especially *L'Intrepide*, having then flying a signal for relief, lying muzzled in a shattered condition. A frigate soon after endeavoured to take her in tow, but from some cause unknown she was prevented. *L'Outarde*, 44 guns, before this had got into the action, and played very briskly upon the enemy, both upper and lower decks."

The ships were now very close together—muzzle to muzzle in some instances—and we are told that "never was a battle more furious than the beginning. In two minutes there was not a rope or sail whole in either ship. The French use a shot which we neglect, called langridge, which is very serviceable in cutting the rigging."

Captain Forest, on perceiving the shattered condition of the *Dreadnought*, sensible of the damage his own ship, the *Augusta*, had sustained, and satisfied with what the enemy had suffered, thought proper to discontinue the action without pursuing them farther in-shore, since, in the condition of the three British ships, after being subjected to the united fire of so many, it was impossible to take any of them. The lower-masts of the *Dreadnought*, *Augusta*, and *Edinburgh* were all more or less wounded, and the loss of one of these, if any pursuit was attempted, would place the disabled ship completely at the mercy of the enemy's frigates, and also of the *Greenwich*, which was at the close of the

action the most serviceable of the enemy's squadron. Captain Forest therefore hailed the *Dreadnought*, as he passed to windward of her, ordering her to make sail, but she continued the engagement for some time after, until she bent some fresh canvas "wherewith to haul up," when her antagonist, *L'Opiniatre*, wore round on the heel and stood away. The *Edinburgh*, after the *Augusta* hauled off, was warmly and closely engaged with the *Intrepide*, *Sceptre*, and *Outarde*, for nearly half an hour, after which she ably shattered aloft, and had several shot in her hull.

The *Augusta* and *Dreadnought* were both lightly-metalled ships, and one French seventy-four was considered equal to them both in weight of shot. The French lost in killed and wounded about 600 men.

Our ships were so much damaged that Captain Forest and his consorts were obliged to bear up for Jamaica; and Admiral de Kersaint, finding the sea



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filled her sails to the yard-heads, at a quarter-past six o'clock, and stood after the *Augusta*; so the battle and the day ended together.

Our losses and damages in the action were as follows:—The *Augusta* had her first lieutenants and eight men killed, twenty-nine wounded, twelve dangerously; her masts, sails, boats, and rigging rendered almost useless. The *Dreadnought* had nine killed and thirty wounded, twenty dangerously. She had her mizzentopmast, mizzen-yard, maintopmast, and top shot away; every other mast, yard, rope, and sail were rendered perfectly unserviceable by the showers of round, chain, and langridge shot that had swept her. The *Edinburgh* suffered least; she had five killed and thirty wounded. She was considerclear, sailed for Europe with his convoy. In the Channel a dreadful storm overtook his squadron. Many vessels were disabled, and *L'Opiniatre*, *Greenwich*, and *L'Outarde*, having anchored in Conquet Roads, parted their cables, were driven ashore, and totally wrecked. The *Greenwich* had been taken early in the year by a French squadron in the West Indies, when her commander was Captain Roddom.

It is impossible to close this chapter without referring to the future brilliant services of Captain Forest, before the close of the year 1757.

On the 14th of December, Rear-Admiral Cotes being on a cruise off Cape Tiburon with the *Marlborough*, *Augusta*, and *Princess Mary*, when beating

up to windward took two French privateers, from the crews of which he learned that a rich convoy was preparing at Port-au-Prince to sail for Europe, under the protection of two armed vessels.

To ascertain if this was true, he ordered Captain Forest to cruise off La Gonaive, an island on the western side of Hispaniola; to remain there for two days, and if he could see nothing of this convoy, to rejoin him at Cape Nicholas. Accordingly, Captain Forest, in the *Augusta*, proceeded into the bay of Port-au-Prince, with the intention of executing a scheme which he had conceived in his own mind, and the first craft he saw were two French sloops. Lest they should take him for a British cruiser, he hoisted Dutch colours, and disguised the *Augusta* by spreading tarpaulins over some portions of her hull. Moreover, he forbore chasing. At five in the evening seven more sail were seen steering to the westward; and still to avoid creating suspicion, Captain Forest kept the Dutch ensign flying, and hauled from them till after dark, after which he set all sail and bore towards them. About ten o'clock he sighted two vessels, one of which fired a gun; the other then parted company, and steered for Leogane, a bay in the island of Hispaniola.



CHERBOURG.

Captain Forest now reckoned eight sail to leeward, near another port named Le Petit Goave. Overhauling the ship which had fired the gun, he hailed her, told her captain who he was, and running out two of his heaviest guns, threatened to sink her with all on board if her crew gave the least alarm. They at once submitted. He put a lieutenant with thirty men on board in place of her crew, with orders to steer for Le Petit Goave, and intercept any of the fleet which might attempt to reach that harbour.

He then made sail after the rest, and by daybreak found himself amidst the whole convoy, on each of which he turned his guns in quick succession. They returned his fire for some time, as all the vessels were well manned and armed. At length three struck their colours; prize-crews were put on board, and these aided him in securing five other vessels. Thus, by a well-conducted stratagem, was a whole fleet of vessels taken by a single ship, in the vicinity of five harbours, where they could have found shelter and security. They were as follows:—*Le Mars*, 22 guns, 108 men; *Le Theodore*,

18 guns, 44 men; *La Solide*, 12 guns, 44 men; *Le St. Pierre*, 14 guns, 40 men; *La Marguerite*, 12 guns, 44 men; *Le Maurice*, 12 guns, 30 men; *La Flora*, 12 guns, 35 men; *La Brilliante*, 10 guns, 20 men; *La Monet*, 12 men.

The total capture amounted to 112 guns, 409 men, and 3,070 tons. The prizes were conveyed to Jamaica, and there sold for the benefit of the crew of the *Augusta*, "who may safely challenge history to produce such another instance of success," says Smollett.

Captain Forest served long in the West Indies, and died when commodore, at Jamaica, on the 26th of May, 1770.

CHAPTER XVII.

ST. CAS, 1758.

THE year 1758 witnessed vigorous preparations for the prosecution of the war with France, and it was resolved to make at least one descent upon the coast of that country. Two squadrons were fitted out, and placed under the command of Lord Anson and Sir Edward Hawke.

A battalion from each regiment of Guards, and the four grenadier companies, formed in one battalion, joined the army, which was composed of sixteen battalions, with 6,000 marines, three companies of artillery, and nine troops of light horse, under Lieutenant-General the Duke of Marlborough. A light, or hussar troop, as it was called, had been lately added to each regiment of heavy cavalry, and these were all selected for this service. "The flower of the hussars," says the *Weekly Journal* of the 23rd of May, 1758, "is the (Scots Grey) troop commanded by Captain Lindsay, quartered at Maidenhead, where they have been practising the Prussian exercise, and for some days have been digging large trenches and leaping over them; also leaping high hedges with broad ditches on each side. Their captain, on Saturday last, swam his horse over the Thames, and the whole troop was made to swim the river yesterday."

The Guards had now, for the first time on service, steel in lieu of wooden ramrods.

Under Marlborough were Lieutenant-Generals Lord George Sackville, William Earl of Ancrum, K.T. (one of the veterans of Culloden), and four major-generals, Dury, Mostyn, Waldegrave, and Elliot, afterwards Lord Heathfield, the hero of Gibraltar, who led the light horse.

Twelve flat-bottomed boats, each capable of holding sixty-three men in marching order, were prepared; these were to be rowed by twelve oars each, and were not to draw more than two feet of water; and a vast quantity of baskets for fascines. sandbags to form batteries, scaling-ladders, and wagons for the conveyance of the wounded, were brought from the Tower to Portsmouth. So great was the enthusiasm in London, that Viscount Down, Sir John Armytage, Sir James Lowther, and many other men of distinction, shouldered their muskets in the fleet and army as private volunteers. In all there were 13,000 fighting men, with 60 pieces of cannon and 50 mortars, destined for this useless invasion of France.

By the 5th of June the whole armament was running with a fair breeze along the coast of Normandy, so close in-shore that the houses, the farms, and even the people, could be distinctly seen without the aid of telescopes; and at two o'clock p.m. the squadron dropped its anchors in Cancalle Bay, on the coast of Brittany, nine miles eastward of St. Malo.

A small battery of only two guns on the shore was soon silenced; when the commodore's ship with three others opened their broadsides to the land, and filled the whole bay with smoke, while for seven hours every rock and mountain echoed to the thunder of a cannonade which was fired on mere speculation at the trees and bushes, as there was a dread that masked batteries might be among them. Under cover of this fire, the flat-bottomed boats, with three battalions of the Guards and eleven grenadier companies of the Line, commanded by Lord George Sackville and General Dury, were rowed inwards and landed safely.

The cavalry and artillery were next disembarked. The infantry, formed in quarter-distance columns, were silent and still, no sound being heard save the uncasing of the colours, and the examination of flints and priming. The night passed without alarm, and the noon of the following day saw the whole army encamped on an eminence, which was crowned by an ancient windmill. The inhabitants

of Cancalle fled, according to Entick's "Late War," and their village was plundered, for which one soldier was hanged, and seven seamen flogged.

On the 7th the Duke of Marlborough began his march for St. Servan and Solidore, publishing as he went a manifesto to the people of Bretagne, that he came, not to make war on them, but on the troops of France. Eight ships, mounting 204 guns, fourteen merchant ships, and many smaller craft, were destroyed by him, together with all the magazines at St. Servan, which may be termed the suburb of St. Malo. The grenadiers, as they advanced alongside the ships, threw fire and hand-grenades point-blank on their decks and down the open hatchways; but the most destructive missiles were the anchor-balls fired by the artillery. These were filled with powder, saltpetre, sulphur, resin, and turpentine, and had a grappling-hook, which caught alike the rigging of a ship or the roof of a house; and ere long these sheeted the whole place with flames. £800,000 worth of property was destroyed; and with the loss of only twelve men, who were slain by one random shot from the castle of St. Malo. The Duke of Marlborough, on receiving information that an overwhelming force was gathering to attack him, deemed it prudent to return to Cancalle Bay and re-embark; and after threatening Havre, and actually having all the Guards in the flat-bottomed boats to land amid a wild tempest, he returned to St. Helen's on the 30th of June.

But the service of the army was not yet over. It was dispatched to France a second time, under Lieutenant-General Bligh, and the fleet came to anchor in Cherbourg Roads on the 7th of August. The landing was again successful, the troops being quite unopposed, and the fine basin of Cherbourg was completely destroyed. Designed by Vauban, it was noble and spacious. Two piers, one of a thousand, the other five hundred feet in length, had been built; and there were outer and inner basins large enough to contain line-of-battle ships, and closed by gates each forty-two feet in width.

To destroy these, General Bligh had 1,500 soldiers at work making blasts, and so skilful were they in the work of destruction, that the labour of thirty years and the expense of £1,200,000 sterling perished in a few days. All the bastions along the shore, from Fort Querqueville to the Isle Pelee were also blown up; 166 pieces of cannon were dismounted or flung into the sea, while two mortars and twenty-two beautiful guns of polished brass were put on board the flag-ship. Two ships were taken, and eighteen filled with stones were sunk in the harbour, while by beat of drum 44,000 livres were levied on the inhabitants. Ruin and desolation reigned around Cherbourg before the Count de Raymond could muster forces to oppose us, as France had then two armies in Germany. By the 17th of August, after all this havoc, our troops were all on board and the whole armament ready for sea, exulting in having destroyed what was styled in the prints of the time "that most galling thorn in the side of British commerce," our loss being only Captain Lindsay, of the Scots Greys, twenty-four others killed, and about thirty wounded in several of the skirmishes that occurred with out-parties of the enemy.

On the 19th of August the armament came to anchor in Portland Roads. The colours and brass guns taken at Cherbourg were exhibited in Hyde Park, and conveyed through the streets in triumph to the Tower, as the spoil of humbled France, whose time of vengeance was soon to come, when the Ministry, on the 29th of the same month, resolved to pay her another filibustering visit—for these most injudicious and ill-planned descents on the French coast, were little better than such—and on the 1st day of September, once more the fleet, with the army on board reduced to 6,000 men, appeared off St. Malo, and came to anchor in the bay of St. Lunaire, where the whole forces disembarked and encamped at a short distance from the shore. General Bligh at once dispatched 500 grenadiers to the small town of St. Briac, where they burned twenty vessels and destroyed some batteries.

A Council of War was held, when the admiral stated the impossibility of co-operating against the strong and beautiful castle of St. Malo, which is flanked with towers, that with four great bastions and the ramparts around the town render it a place of strength, while on the north it is quite inaccessible.

All attempts on it were therefore abandoned; and as there was no safe anchorage in St. Lunaire Bay, the ships removed to that of St. Cas, a few leagues to the westward, while it was resolved to march the troops into the interior, taking care to proceed in such a manner as to keep communication with the fleet open. A poor French shepherd was compelled to act as a guide on this occasion, and purposely misled the Coldstream Guards, who were somewhat in advance. For this Colonel (afterwards General) Vernon ordered him to be hanged. "That officer," says Colonel Mackinnon, "used to relate that he never witnessed a more affecting sight than the efforts made by the shepherd's dog to interrupt the men as they proceeded to put the rope round his master's neck." "But," added the general, "John Bull is a poor creature when it comes to a pinch.

I would not find it in my heart to put the stubborn fellow to death for his patriotism, and after well frightening him, and almost breaking his heart by threatening to have his dog destroyed, I let him go, and the faithful creature with him."

Lieutenant-General Bligh marched on the 8th of September for St. Guildo, nine miles distant; and next day some armed peasantry, with shouts of "St. Malo for Bretagne!" by a fire from behind some hedges and houses, seriously annoyed the troops while crossing a stream at low water. The general sent a message by the curé of the village, intimating that unless "they desisted their houses would be reduced to ashes."

No regard being paid to this intimation, they were set on fire as soon as the troops had formed their camp, about two miles beyond the village. On reaching Matignon, two battalions of the French line were discovered, and dislodged by the artillery. When General Bligh, who had made somewhat of a circular movement, was encamped three miles from the bay of St. Cas, he was informed that the Duke d'Aiguillon, Lieutenant-General of Bretagne under the Duke de Penthièvre, at the head of twelve battalions of infantry, six squadrons of horse, two regiments of militia, with eight mortars and two pieces of cannon, was within five miles of him, and meant next day to avenge the destruction which had ensued at St. Malo and Cherbourg.

A Council of War was held, and it was resolved that the British troops should embark early that evening; however, by delays, they did not reach the beach until past nine next morning.

The bay of St. Cas was covered by an entrenchment which the enemy had thrown up to prevent or oppose any disembarkation; and on the outside of this work there was a range of sandhills which could have served as a cover for the enemy, and whence they might have annoyed the troops in re-embarking. For this reason a proposal was made to the general that the embarkation should take place on the fair open beach between St. Cas and St. Guildo; but the advice was rejected, and indeed the whole operations of the little army savoured of rashness and blind security. Had the troops decamped quietly in the night, in all probability they would have reached the beach before the French had any idea that they were in motion; and in that case the whole might have got on board without interruption. But instead of proceeding thus cautiously, Bligh ordered all his drums to beat at two in the morning as if he intended to apprise the enemy, whose drums instantly responded; but so great were the delays and interruptions on the short march, that the beach was not reached, as we have said, till nine o'clock, and by that time the French were in possession of an eminence which fully commanded it, and from where their ten pieces of cannon and eight mortars opened a fire with the most disastrous precision, under an officer named M. de Villepatour.

Even then the embarkation might have been successfully achieved, had the transports lain near the shore and received the men as fast as the boats could take them off, without distinction; but many of the ships were anchored at a great distance, and every boat, with a punctilio absurd in such an emergency, carried the men rigidly to the transport to which they belonged, and by this, much time was lost. Smollett records that had all the cutters and small craft belonging to the fleet been properly occupied in this service, the terrible disasters of the day could not have occurred.

The battery on the eminence fired round shot and grape alike on the troops and on the boats, and many of the latter were dashed to pieces and sunk with all on board. It is related that little Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of York (brother of George III.), then a youth serving on board Lord Howe's ship, attempted to go on shore to assist in bringing off the troops, as he had become maddened by the scene of helpless slaughter presented along the whole line of beach. He was caught dropping from a porthole into a boat alongside, when he was stopped by the commodore from going on a service so desperate.

The battalions of the Duke d'Aiguillon now began to march down the hills, partly concealed by a hollow way on the British left, with the intention of gaining a wood, where they might form and extend themselves along the British rear; but in their descent they suffered extremely from the cannon and mortars of the shipping, which made great havoc in their ranks, and threw them into dire confusion. Their line of march for a time was staggered; then, deploying over a hill to their left, they advanced along a hollow way, whence they suddenly rushed, full of fury and vengeance, to the attack.

By this time the greater part of the British troops, including the Coldstream Guards, had got on board; but the grenadiers of the Guards and half of the 1st Regiment of Guards, in all about 1,500 men, under Major-General Dury, remained to cover the embarkation, but having fired away all their ammunition, they found themselves placed between the sea on one side and the overwhelming masses of the Duke d'Aiguillon on the other, without a cartridge in their pouches.

General Dury, a brave and resolute officer,

formed them in grand division squares of two companies each, and in this order they prepared, with the bayonet alone, to meet the great force that was rushing against them.

Under a dreadful fire of cannon and musketry, those splendid English guardsmen stood for two hours and a half, according to the French account (for only five minutes according to Smollett), unaided by sea or land.

General Dury was severely wounded, and, rushing into the sea, perished in attempting to reach a boat.

"At length the Guards gave way," says an officer who was present. "The grenadiers soon followed; and as there was no place of retreat for them in an enemy's country, most of them plunged into the sea and endeavoured to swim to the ships; several were killed in the water, and all who could not swim were drowned. At one o'clock the firing ceased, and the French sang 'Te Deum.'"

On an insulated rock one little band stood shoulder to shoulder, and surrendered at discretion. There fell Sir John Armytage, Baronet, of Kirklees, and with him more than one thousand chosen officers and men. Captain Schomberg, in his "Chronology," reduces the number to 822; but among the slain were many officers who belonged to other regiments than the Guards, and who disdained to embark while a private remained on the beach.

Of the Guards there were killed Captains Walker and Rolt, and Ensign Cox; and there were taken Lord Frederick Cavendish, Lieutenant-Colonels Pearson and Lambert, Captains Dickens, Hyde, and Pownal, and Ensign Sir Alexander Gilmour, of Craigmillar, with 39 other officers and 800 men, who were treated with great humanity by the Bretons, whose conduct deserves every praise, as it cannot be denied that during their stay in the country the British had been guilty of great excesses.

The French account of St. Cas says that "great numbers were killed while endeavouring to re-embark. Three boats full of their soldiers were sunk; and many more were slain in the boats on their way to the fleet. About 1,900 were left on shore; among them were several officers of distinction. We have taken upwards of 600 men and 39 officers, some of whom are of the best families in England. This body of troops is totally destroyed." Sir William Boothby, of the grenadiers, swam two miles before he was picked up. He died a major-general, in 1797.

After the action was over, some civilities by flag of truce passed between the Duke d'Aiguillon and the British commanders, who were favoured with a list of the prisoners, among whom were four captains of the Royal Navy. Some other matters being adjusted, Commodore Howe returned with the fleet to Spithead, where the troops who survived this most disastrous encounter (which so closely resembled that of Camaret Bay, in 1694) were disembarked at Cowes. And so ended the last of those most injudicious descents upon the coast of France; but for many weeks after, triangular beavers bound with gold or white braid, powdered wigs, &c., and redcoated corpses, gashed and mutilated by shot, and others otherwise disfigured by fish, after being the sport of the waves, continued to be tossed by them on the rocks of St. Malo, the sands of St. Cas, and the bluffs of Cape Frehel.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TICONDEROGA, 1758.

Amid the most beautiful scenery on the western shore of Lake Champlain stand the now lonely and grass-covered ruins of the once great fort of Ticonderoga, whose trenches have been so often traced in blood during the French, British, American, and Indian conflicts in the State of New York. The remains are still considerable, the stone walls being in some places thirty feet high. They are situated on a green eminence, just north of the outlet into Lake Champlain from Lake George, which was named by the Indians of old the Horican, by the Pilgrim Fathers the Lake of Sacrament; for, charmed by the limpid purity of the water and the sylvan beauty of the scenery, it had been selected by them, and more especially by the Jesuits, as a place for procuring the element of baptism.

Mount Defiance lies about a mile south of the fort, and Mount Independence about half a mile distant, on the opposite side of the lake,

around which are wooded hills that in some places rise to a thousand feet in height.

During the progress of the Colonial War with France, about the disputed boundaries, in the summer of 1758, Lieutenant-General (afterwards Lord) Amherst proceeded with the expedition against Cape Breton; and the 42nd Highlanders, with other troops, under Major-General Abercrombie, were detached to attack Ticonderoga, which was strongly fortified and garrisoned.



DISASTER IN THE BAY OF ST. CAS (*see page* 77).

In addition to the Black Watch, or *Freiudan Dhu*, as they loved to style themselves, several other Highland regiments, whose names will occur from time to time, had now been added to the British a , and it was the best public service of the itt when he first rallied round the British throne the soldiers of those warlike clans who had been so long the foes of the House of Hanover.

"I sought f wherever it was to be found," said he; "it is my boast that I was the first Minister : it and found it among the mountains of the north. I called it forth, and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men, who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifice of your enemies; and who, in the war before the last, had well nigh overturned the state. These men in the last war were brought to combat by your side; they served with fidelity, as they fought with ır, and conquered for you in every part of the ."

At this period the officers of the Highland regiments wore a narrow gold braiding round their jackets; but epaulettes were not as yet adopted, and all other lace was laid aside, to render them less conspicuous to the French-Canadian riflemen. The sergeants laced their coats with silver, and still carried their native weapon, the terrible Lochaber axe, the head of which was fitted for hewing, hooking, or spearing an enemy. Many of the officers and men of these corps had, but twelve years ago, drawn their swords for the House of Stuart.

The troops under General Abercrombie consisted of the 27th, or Inniskilling; the 42nd Highlanders, 44th, 46th, 55th, the first battalion of the Royal American (60th Rifles), Colonel Gage's Light Infantry, and eight battalions of Provincials. In all he had 15,391 men, who were embarked, with their artillery and stores, on board 900 batteaux and 135 whale-boats, the guns to cover the landing being mounted on rafts. The strongest regiment under



ATTACK ON THE TICONDEROGA FORT (*see page* 81).

his orders was the Black Watch, to which three additional companies, under the son of Lord George Murray, Stewart of Urrard, and Stirling of Ardoch, had just been added, making up its strength to 1,300 bayonets.

These forces sailed down Lake Champlain on the 5th of July, and landed near the extremity of that beautiful sheet of water on the following day, and began their march through a thickly-wooded country, in four columns, upon Ticonderoga; but their guides mistook the route through the then trackless forests, and caused the greatest confusion, the columns being broken by unexpectedly falling upon each other among the trees. Lord Howe, of the 55th, being advanced at the head of the right-centre column, fell suddenly on a French detachment which had also lost its way, and some warm bush-fighting ensued. The enemy was driven in, with the loss of 300 killed and 150 taken; but in this encounter Viscount Howe was killed among the first, and his loss was deeply regretted by the whole army.

The troops suffered severely owing to the nature of the ground they had to traverse, having literally to force their way through a dense primeval forest; and, to make matters worse, provisions became scarce, as many had thrown away their rations to lighten the weight they had to carry.

On the forenoon of the 7th, Lieutenant-Colonel Bradstreet, with the 44th Regiment, six companies of the Royal Americans, and a body of Rangers and Provincials, advanced to take possession of a sawmill within two miles of Ticonderoga; into which a body of the enemy retired, after firing the mill and breaking down a bridge that led thereto.

The advanced pickets were now in sight of the fort, which was built in 1756, and had all the advantages that nature and art could give it, being girt on three sides by water, which is full of rocks, and partly on the fourth by a deep swamp; and where the latter failed the French garrison had dug a trench, and thrown up a breastwork nine feet in height, and the approach to it was rendered difficul by felled trees, having their branches turned outward.

The prisoners taken in the forest were unanimou in stating that the garrison consisted of eight battalions and some Canadians and Colonial troops; and that a reinforcement of 3,000 Canadians, beside Indians, was expected, under the command of M de Levy, who was to have made a diversion on th side of the Mohawk river, but, upon receiving tidings of our approach, had been recalled. It was thought advisable to make an attack at once, as this fort barred the way to Crown Point, and had to be taken before our troops could march there.

Great difficulty being experienced in getting the artillery to the front, and Mr. Clark, the engineer, an officer of the 27th Regiment, having reported that the works might be carried by storm, Major-General Abercrombie resolved to hazard the attempt without cannon.

"Upon his, Mr. Clark's, return," wrote the general, in his dispatch, "and favourable report of the practicability of carrying these works before they were finished, it was agreed to storm them that very day. Accordingly the Rangers, light infantry, and the right wing of the Provincials were ordered immediately to march and post themselves in a line out of cannon-shot of the intrenchments; the right extending to Lake George, and their left to Lake Champlain, in order that the regular troops destined for the attack of the intrenchment might form on their rear. The pickets were to begin the attack, seconded by the grenadiers, and they by the battalions; the whole were ordered to march up briskly, rush upon the enemy's fire, and not give theirs till they were within the breastwork."

The 42nd Highlanders were to form the reserve of the attacking force.

The troops advanced with incredible ardour, making a fierce rush at the works, which proved to be infinitely stronger than the engineer had reported; for more than 100 yards before the nine-feet breastwork, over which the French were pouring in security a deadly fire of musketry and swivel guns, they had covered the whole ground with an abattis of trees, logs, stumps, and brushwood, amid which the stormers got helplessly entangled, and were shot down in heaps. Amid that abattis officers and men fell in hundreds. Struggling on at the head of their men, Colonel Donaldson and Major Proby, of the 55th, were killed on the very summit of the trench.

Regiment after regiment rushed on, but only to lose in killed or wounded half its nnmber ere it reached the breastwork, to be hurled back breathless and in disorder.

"About three o'clock," writes an officer of the Rangers, "just as the regulars were retreating, our regiment and those of the left threw in a very heavy fire, intending to retire likewise very soon, and indeed some had already began to retreat, which it is supposed the enemy observed, for they hoisted English colours, clubbed their arms, showed themselves on their breastwork, and tauntingly beckoned us to come up. On this the whole advanced briskly; but coming within fifteen or twenty yards of the enemy, the latter struck their colours, and threw in upon us a most terrible and heavy fire, such as we had not yet experienced, which killed multitudes, and obliged us to retire, to recover ourselves from the disorder into which we were thrown."

When the stormers began to fall back, the Royal Highlanders, infuriated by the slaughter they witnessed, the branches and confusion of the abattis full of dead and dying men, amid whom the showers of lead were still falling, broke from their position in the reserve, and, with cries of vengeance, advanced to the attack, as an officer of the 55th described it, without orders, "and like roaring lions breaking from their chains."

They cut a passage through the fallen trees by their claymores, sprang through the trench, and made a gallant effort to carry the breastwork by storm; "climbing on one another's shoulders," says the "Regimental Record," "and placing their feet in holes made in the face of the works with their swords and bayonets, no ladders having been provided."

Captain John Campbell and a few men succeeded in getting up, and rushed sword in hand, in the old Highland fashion, at the foe; but they were speedily overpowered and shot down. After a succession of these gallant but unavailing efforts had been continued for several hours, and most serious loss had been sustained in killed and wounded, General Abercrombie ordered the whole to retreat; but so exasperated were the Highlanders by the slaughter of so many comrades and kinsmen, that the order had to be given to them three times before they would obey it, and they were consequently the last to withdraw from this unequal contest.

The British retired to their camp on the south of Lake George, and the French did not venture to pursue.

General Abercrombie reported the loss in killed, wounded, and missing in his entire force at 1,944 of all ranks; of these 119 were officers. The engineer whose fatal report led to the attack was among the first killed.

On no regiment did the slaughter fall so heavily as on the Black Watch, which had a ghastly roll of 647 killed and wounded, of whom 26 were officers belonging to some of the best families in the Highlands.

When the tidings of Ticonderoga, months afterwards, were carried, with many an exaggeration doubtless, to the remote glens and fastnesses of the clans, a strong sentiment of vengeance was excited among the Highlanders; and so many recruits poured in for the regiment, that not only were all the casualties speedily replaced, but the surplus was found to be so numerous that the king immediately issued letters of service to form them into a second battalion for the 42nd Foot, and such it continued to be until 1786, when it was constituted the 73rd Highlanders, and is now called the Perthshire Regiment.

Censure always attends miscarriage, and it did not spare the character of General Abercrombie, whose attack was denounced as rash, and his retreat as timidity. "How far he acquitted himself in the duty of a general," says Smollett, "we shall not attempt to determine; but if he could depend upon the courage and discipline of his forces, he surely had nothing to fear after the action from the attempts of the enemy, to whom he would have been superior in number, even though they had been joined by the expected reinforcement. He might, therefore, have remained on the spot, to execute some other enterprise when he should be reinforced in his turn.

CHAPTER XIX.

CAPE BRETON, 1758.

In our last chapter we left General Amherst proceeding with his troops against Cape Breton. Scenes of great importance were now about to be acted in North America, where, exclusive of the fleet and marines, our Government had assembled 50,000 men, 22,000 of whom were our regular infantry of the Line. The Earl of Loudon having returned to Scotland, the command of these troops devolved on Major-General Abercrombie; but as the objects of operation were various, the forces were divided into three columns, under three different leaders.

About 12,000 were destined to undertake the siege and reduction of Louisbourg, on the island of Cape Breton.

The general reserved some 16,000 for the reduction of the fort at Crown Point; while 8,000, under Brigadier-General John Forbes, were detailed for the conquest of Fort Duquesne, near the Ohio; and a considerable garrison was left at Annapolis, in Nova Scotia. The reduction of Louisbourg, being an object of immediate consideration, was undertaken with the utmost dispatch.

Major-General Amherst, on being joined by Admiral Boscawen, embarked his column at Halifax, on the 28th of May, when the whole fleet, consisting of 157 sail, put to sea. These two officers were on board the *Namur*, 90 guns; Sir Charles Hardy, Rear-Admiral of the White, had his flag flying on board the *Royal William*, 84 guns; and Commodore Philip Darell had the *Princess Amelia*, 80 guns. There were twenty-five sail of the line, eighteen frigates, and many bomb-ketches and fire-ships. The troops were the 1st Royal Scots, 15th, 17th, 22nd, 28th, 35th, 40th, 45th, 47th, 58th, two battalions of the 60th, or Royal Americans, the old 78th, or Fraser Highlanders, and the New England Rangers. The brigadiers were Lawrence, Monkton, Whitmore, and the gallant James Wolfe, whom we last heard of at Culloden, as major of the 20th Foot.

The armament came to anchor in Gabarus Bay, seven miles from Louisbourg, then an important and flourishing city, which had been captured by our fleet and forces in 1745, but was restored to France by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. The garrison, under the Chevalier de Drucourt, consisted of 2,500 regular infantry, 600 militia, and 400 Canadians and Indians. Six ships of the line and five frigates protected the harbour, which is more than half a mile from east to west in breadth, and six miles in length.

The ruins of Louisbourg are now covered by turf and moss, and a few fishermen's huts alone mark the site of its great square and fortifications. On the north side of the former, while possessed by the French, stood the governor's house and the church. The other three sides were occupied by bomb-proof barracks, in which, on the appearance of our ships, the women and children were immediately secured; and three of the frigates were sunk at the harbour's mouth to bar entrance.

The fleet was six days off the coast—days of fog, wind, and a heavy surf bursting on the shore—before landing was attempted; but on the 8th of June the violence of the weather abated, and the troops left the fleet in three divisions. That on the left, which was destined for the real attack, was commanded by Wolfe, and was composed of the flank companies of the army, with the Fraser Highlanders, whose equipment is described by General Stewart as consisting of "a musket and broadsword, to which many of the soldiers added the dirk at their own expense, and a purse of badger's skin. The bonnet was raised or cocked on one side, inclining down to the right ear, over which were placed two or more black feathers."

Before daybreak the troops were all in the boats; the centre division was led by Brigadier Lawrence, the right by Brigadier Whitmore.

"The enemy acted very wisely," says the *London Gazette*; "they did not throw away a shot till the boats were close in-shore, and then directed the whole fire of their cannon and musketry upon them. The surf was so great that a place could hardly be found to get a boat on shore. Notwithstanding the fire of the enemy and the violence of the surf, Brigadier Wolfe pursued his point, and landed just at the left of the cove, took post, attacked the enemy, and forced them to retreat. Many boats overset, several were broke to pieces, and all the men jumped into the water to get on shore."

The place where the flankers and Highlanders landed was occupied by 2,000 French infantry, under Colonel St. Julien, intrenched behind a work armed with eight pieces of cannon and ten swivel-guns. The fire of the latter knocked many of the boats—fully one hundred of them—to pieces; thus numbers of men were killed or drowned before they could reach the shore.

As they struggled through the surf, Captain Baillie and Lieutenant Cuthbert, of the Highlanders, Lieutenant Nicholson, of Amherst's Regiment, and thirty-eight men, were killed, and fifty-nine of all ranks wounded; "but nothing could stop our troops when led by such a general. Some of the light infantry and Highlanders got first ashore, and drove all before them. The rest followed, and being encouraged by the example of their heroic commander, soon pursued the enemy to the distance of two miles, when they were checked by a cannonade from the town."

The latter enabled the general to prove the range of the enemy's guns, and to judge of the exact distance at which he might make his camp for the investment. The regiments marched to the various points assigned, and lay all night on their arms; but as the wind blew a gale, nothing could be obtained from the fleet. In the pursuit about seventy prisoners were taken; a French officer, several privates, and an Indian chief were killed. The latter had at his neck a crucifix and medal, representing the King of France in a Roman dress, shaking hands with an Indian, and the legend "*Honor et Virtus.*"

Seventeen pieces of cannon, two mortars, and fourteen swivels were taken after St. Julien was routed.

For a few days the offensive operations proceeded very slowly. The continued violence of the weather retarded the landing of the stores and provisions, and the nature of the ground, which in some places was very rocky, and in others swampy, presented many serious obstacles.

On the 11th the six-pound field-pieces were brought on shore by the artillery, who numbered 300 men; and three days after a squadron of the fleet, under Sir Charles Hardy, was fairly blown out to sea. On the 19th a French frigate, *L'Echo*, 32 guns, which had crept out of the harbour in the night, intending to reach Quebec, was taken by His Majesty's ships *Juno* and *Scarborough*. On board of her were found Madame de Drucourt and many other ladies, with all their plate, jewels, and most valuable effects.

By the 24th Colonel Bastide, the chief engineer, had thirteen twenty-four-pounders and seven eighteen-pounders in position against the place. The first operation had been to secure a point called the Lighthouse Battery, the guns from which could play on the ships and on the batteries on the opposite side of the harbour. This duty was assigned to Wolfe, who executed it with his usual vigour and activity, at the head of the flank companies and Highlanders, with very small loss. On the 25th the fire from this post silenced the island battery immediately opposite. An incessant cannonade was, however, kept up from the other batteries and shipping of the enemy. On the 9th of July the latter made a furious sortie in the night, on the brigade of Lawrence, "and though drunk," says General Amherst, "I am afraid they rather surprised a company of grenadiers of Forbeses, commanded by Lord Dundonald, posted in a flèche on the right."

In repulsing them, William seventh Earl of Dundonald was killed, and there were twenty-one other casualties. Captain the Chevalier de Chauvelin, who led the French, was also killed, with seventeen of his men.

On the 16th, Wolfe pushed forward some grenadiers and Highlanders, and took possession of the hills in front of the Barasay Battery, where a lodgment was made, despite the guns of the town and ships. One of the latter, a line-of-battle ship, caught fire on the 21st, and blew up. Her burning brands ignited other two, which burned to the water-edge, and these events nearly decided the fate of Louisbourg. The batteries there were almost silenced, and the fortifications shattered to the ground; but to effect the capture of the harbour one decisive blow yet remained to be struck. For this purpose the admiral sent 600 seamen in boats, with orders to take or burn two ships of the line that remained, resolving, if they succeeded, to send in some of his larger vessels to bombard the town from the harbour.

This enterprise was most gallantly executed by Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir John) Laforey, and Captain George Balfour, an officer who lived till 1794. They succeeded in cutting-out *Le Bienfaisent* and *La Prudente*, two sixty-four-gun ships. While the boats' crews were about this desperate service, "I ordered," reports General Amherst, "all the batteries at night to fire into the enemy's works as much as possible, to keep their attention to the land. The miners and workmen went on very well with the approaches to the covered way, though they had a continued and very smart fire from it, and grape shot and all sorts of old iron from the guns on the ramparts. We continued our firing without ceasing. The boats got to the ships at one in the morning, and took them both. They were obliged to burn the *Prudente*, as she was aground; and they towed off the *Bienfaisent* to the north-east harbour." For this gallant service Captains Balfour and Laforey were posted, and Lieutenants Affleck and Bickerston were made masters and commanders. Both in future years were knighted, and died admirals of the Royal Navy.

Six ships were to have been sent in next day to bombard Louisbourg from the water, when articles of capitulation arrived from the Chevalier de Drucourt, as the works were ruined, and out of fifty-two pieces of cannon on the walls, no less than forty were now broken, dismounted, or otherwise unserviceable.

The terms agreed upon were, that the garrison should become prisoners of war; that all artillery and warlike stores should be delivered to His Britannic Majesty's troops; that all merchants and inhabitants should be conveyed to French soil in British ships; and the prisoners should be transported to England, until exchanged.

Louisbourg was surrendered on the 26th of July, and the gate called Porte Dauphine was given up to the troops of General Amherst. Next day Andrew Lord Rollo of Duncrub, colonel of infantry, marched in and took formal possession of the town, where the garrison was drawn up under arms, with colours flying. The latter, to the number of eleven, with all the arms and stores, were surrendered.

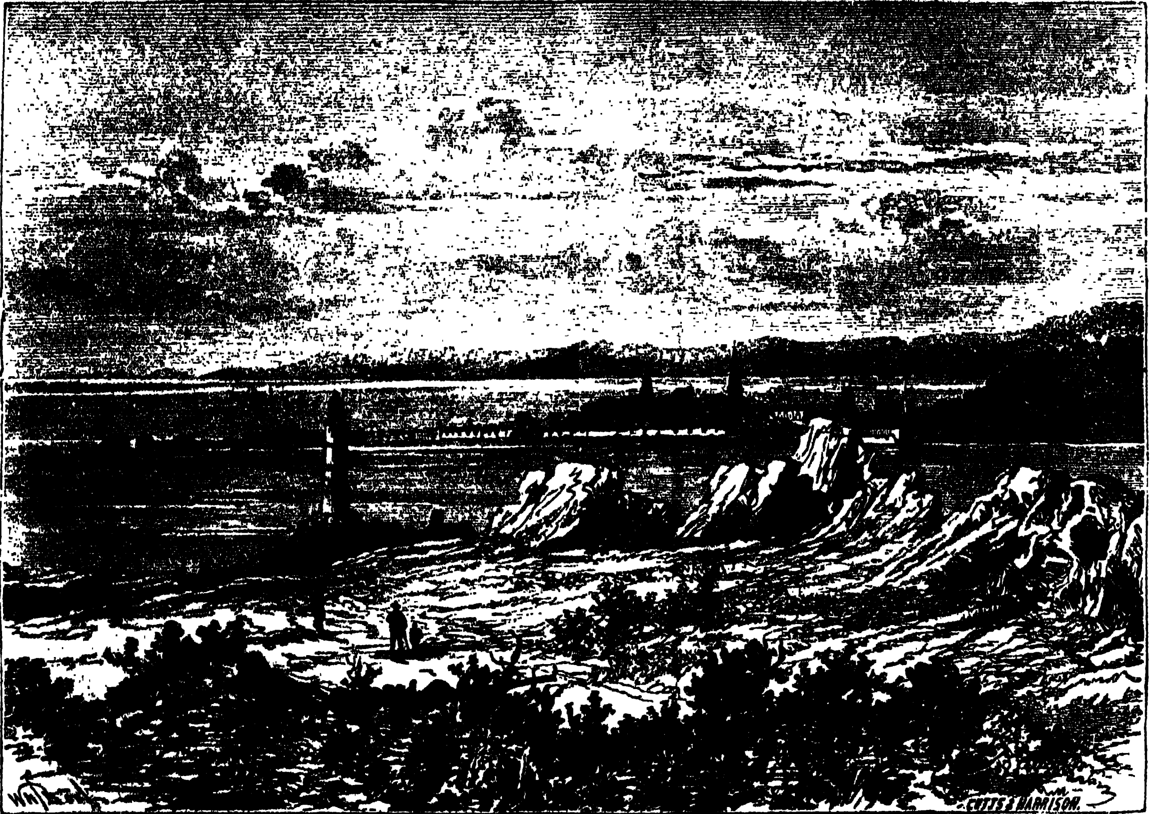
There were here taken twenty-four companies of marines, of the usual garrison, and two of Artillery; the 2nd battalion of the *Voluntaires Etrangers de Clermont-Prince;* a battalion of the Regiment of Artois, or 31st of the Line; another of Cambise, 62nd of the Line; another of Bourgoyne, 43rd of the Line: the total number of prisoners being 5,637 men and officers, with 18 mortars, 120 pieces of cannon, and 7,500 stand of arms.

Save Lord Dundonald, no officer of rank was killed, and our total losses were 525 in all. Eleven French ships of war, mounting in all 498 guns, were sunk, burnt, or taken.

CHAPTER XX.

FRONTENIAC AND

To further complete the subjugation of the French territories in America, General Abercrombie had detached Lieutenant-Colonel Bradstreet, with a body of 3,000 infantry, chiefly Provincials, to



CAPE BRETON.

execute a plan which this officer had conceived against Caradaqui, or Fort Fronteniac, which was situated on the north side of the river of St. Lawrence, just where it takes its origin from the Lake of Ontario.

According to the colonel's dispatch, it was a square fort, measuring about a hundred yards each way, armed with sixty pieces of cannon and sixteen mortars; and garrisoned by 110 Frenchmen and a body of Indians. He landed his troops at the point of land on which the fort was built, in the dusk of the evening of the 25th of August, about one mile distant from the fort, where they were protected from its cannon by a rising eminence.

Next morning he got his guns into position at 500 yards' distance from the fort, and opened fire upon it; but their metal seemed too light to affect the solid wall or rampart of the place, which was ten feet high. Some shells were thrown which did considerable damage, and Colonel Bradstreet resolved to draw nearer to the fort that night. With this view he took possession of an old intrenchment, which had been formerly made as a species of outwork to the fort itself; and a party of his troops stole silently into it in the dark.

As some addition to the work was found necessary, the clink of the pickaxes and shovels used by his men was heard in the fort; a fire of cannon and small-arms was opened on the place; but as it was done at random, no man was killed, and only five were wounded. By sunrise this advanced party was under cover, and having got the true elevation with their mortars, they threw in shells, every one of which did execution; and

by their cannon soon silenced those in the fort, where the French colours were pulled down in token of surrender.

Immediately on this the Indians issued forth, and fled with yells [illegible] the nearest forest; while a large brig, which [illegible] from us at Oswego, slipped her cable, in order to sail for Niagara.

Colonel Bradstreet now turned his guns on her; several of the men on board were killed, the rest fled in their boats, and left the brig together with a schooner adrift. The terms given to the little



TROIS RIVIÈRES.

garrison in the fort were that they were to retain their money and other property, but to be prisoners of war.

Colonel Bradstreet demolished the walls of the fort, destroyed all the stores by fire, and seven vessels in the harbour by the same means, and brought away all the cannon and small-arms.

The next enterprise of this eventful year was one of greater magnitude, being that undertaken against Fort Duquesne, which stood on a point of land at the confluence of the Alleghany and [illegible] rivers, and on the slope of a green [illegible]

The [illegible] is expedition consisted [illegible] Montgomery's Highlanders, or the old 77th Foot, raised by Major Montgomery, of the house of Eglinton, in January 1757, and disbanded in America at the conclusion of the war; 554 of the 60th Royal Americans, and 4,400 Provincials—in all 6,238 men, with 1,000 wagoners, wood-cutters, and other camp-followers.

The whole were commanded by Brigadier-General Forbes, of Pittencrief, in the county of Fife, who had served in the Scots Greys and on the staff during the wars in Germany. He had been lastly serving under the Duke of Cumberland, in Flanders, when he was ordered to America, "where," as the *Westminster Journal* has it, "by a steady pursuit of well-concerted measures, he, in defiance of disease and numberless obstructions, brought to a happy issue a remarkable expedition, and made his own life a willing sacrifice to what he valued more—the interest of his king and country."

With his little army, General Forbes began his march in the beginning of July, from Philadelphia, for the banks of the Ohio, through a vast tract of wild country, then but very little known, destitute of military roads, and where the paths, such as they were, traversed steep mountains, great morasses, and dense old forests, that in some places were almost impenetrable. "It was not without the most incredible exertions of industry," [illegible] Smollett, "that he procured provisions and [illegible] for this expedition, forming new roads as he marched, extending scouting parties, securing camps, and

surmounting innumerable difficulties in his tedious route."

Having brought the main body of his forces as far as Ray's Town, at the distance of ninety miles from Fort Duquesne, he sent forward Colonel Bouquet, with 2,000 men, chiefly Highlanders, to a place called Loyal Henning. This officer in turn detached 838 men of Montgomery's regiment to reconnoitre the fort and its outworks.

These were commanded by Major James Grant, of Ballindalloch, who died a general, a brave but exceedingly rash officer. When he came within eight miles of the fort, he sent forward a subaltern with a few Indians to reconnoitre. These men lay on a hill near it all night, and saw many Indians in canoes paddling across the Ohio to join the enemy.

Before these scouts could return, Major Grant had again begun his march, and came within two miles of the fort, where he received the report of the subaltern. He now halted, left his baggage under a guard, and proposed that night to attack an encampment which the scouts alleged to be outside and in front of the fort. For this purpose, and to distinguish his men, he ordered them to wear white shirts over their uniforms—a useless precaution, as they were all in the kilt, and the attack was to be made with the claymore.

Finding the alleged camp did not exist, when the dawn drew near, he marched steadily against Fort Duquesne, with all his pipes playing and drums beating, as if he was about to enter a friendly town.

The French stood instantly to their arms; but instead of opening a fire upon the advancing Highlanders, they threw their gates open, and, accompanied by more than a thousand Indian warriors, armed with musket, knife, and tomahawk, yelling like so many fiends, they flung themselves like a torrent upon the soldiers of Grant, but were immediately repulsed.

"The major ordered his men," says General Stuart, "to advance sword in hand. The enemy fled on the first charge, and rushed into the woods, where they spread themselves; but being afterwards joined by a body of Indians, they rallied, and surrounded the detachment on all sides. Being themselves concealed by a thick foliage, their heavy and destructive fire could not be returned with any effect. Major Grant was taken in an attempt to force his way into the wood where the fire was thickest. On losing their commander, and so many officers being killed and wounded, the troops dispersed. About 150 of the Highlanders got back to Loyal Henning."

The bayonet, the axe, and the scalping-knife speedily disposed of the rest. The French infamously gave a premium for every scalp brought them; and we are told that, when Lord Rollo in that year took possession of the island of St. John, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, he found in the governor's quarters a vast number of them stored up like trophies.

Of Montgomery's regiment, there fell before Fort Duquesne Captains Munro and Macdonald, and Lieutenants W. Mackenzie, R. Mackenzie, A. Mackenzie, and two Macdonalds. Three other officers of the 60th and some of the Provincials were slain, while nineteen were taken prisoners with Grant.

This check, however, did not dispirit General Forbes, who pushed forward with fresh expedition, and soon came before Fort Duquesne. There the garrison, dreading a siege, abandoned it as soon as his troops appeared, and fled down the river Ohio to their settlements on the Mississippi.

This was on the 24th of November, 1758, and next day it was in possession of the British. Brigadier Forbes, having fully repaired it, changed its name from Duquesne to Pittsburg, secured it with a garrison of Provincial troops, and concluded treaties of alliance and friendship with the Indian tribes around it.

On the then bleak point, where the solitary stockaded fort looked down on the lonely waters of the Ohio, there now stands the town of Pittsburg, second only in importance to Philadelphia, with its flourishing manufactures, and its spires and chimneys overhung by a perpetual cloud of black smoke, as the surrounding country is rich in bituminous coal.

General Forbes, soon after capturing the fort, returned to Philadelphia, "where he died, universally lamented and respected, as one of the most accomplished and able officers then in America."

Trois Rivières.

Before turning to the war being waged elsewhere against France, we may relate the following episode of the strife in America.

Midway between Montreal and Quebec, on the north side of the river St. Lawrence, and about 200 miles from Crown Point, stands the city of Trois Rivières, which was then fortified. Its name was derived from the circumstance that the entrance into the river St. Maurice, at the confluence with the St. Lawrence, is separated by two islands, which thus form three channels.

Opposite to this place was the village of St.

François, in which 300 well-armed Indians had taken up their residence, and whence they made hostile and predatory incursions on all sides. As it was necessary to cut them off, General Amherst issued the following order to Major Rogers, a famous officer of Provincials, who accomplished his purpose by means so very different to the common practice that "I cannot help paying a compliment to his abilities," says Simes, in his "Military Guide," "for carrying on a war against this barbarous people, of which art we were totally ignorant when General Braddock, at the beginning of our late dispute with the French, led on his troops to unthought-of destruction."

Sir Jeffery Amherst's orders to the major ran thus, and they read unpleasantly like King William's doubly-signed warrant for the infamous Massacre of Glencoe:—

"SIR,—You are this night to set out with the detachment as ordered yesterday (viz., of 200 men), and proceed to Mississquey Bay, from whence you will march and attack the enemy's settlements on the south side of the river St. Lawrence, in such a manner as you shall judge most effectual to disgrace the enemy, and for the success and honour of His Majesty's arms.

"Remember the barbarities that have been committed by the enemy's Indian scoundrels, on every occasion when they had an opportunity of showing their infamous cruelties on the king's subjects, which they have done without mercy. Take your revenge; but do not forget that though these villains have dastardly and promiscuously murdered the women and children of all ages, it is my orders that no women or children be killed or hurt.

"When you have executed your intended service, you will return with your detachment to camp, or join me wherever the army may be.

"Yours, &c., JEFF. AMHERST.

"Camp at Crown Point, Sept. 13, 1759."

The difference between the above order and that of William is, that the latter made no exception in favour of either women or children.

The major, with 200 men, chiefly of the 1st Royal Scots, sailed in batteaux down Lake Champlain. On the fifth day after his departure, by the explosion of a keg of gunpowder, Captain Williams, of the Royals, and several of his men, were injured; and as they required others to convey them to Crown Point, the detachment of Rogers was reduced to 142 bayonets.

Proceeding on his journey, the major landed at Mississquey Bay on the 10th of September, and concealed his boats in deep woody creeks, with provisions sufficient to take him back to Crown Point; and left with them two trusty rangers, who were to lie in concealment near the batteaux till his party returned, unless the Indians discovered them, on which they were to pursue the track of the troops, and give him the earliest intelligence.

On the second evening after, the rangers, breathless and weary, overtook Major Rogers, with tidings that 400 French soldiers and some Indians had discovered the batteaux, which had been carried off by fifty men, while the rest were pursuing him with all speed.

As he received this information privately, he did not deem it wise to let all his party know of it; but he immediately directed Lieutenant Macmullen, with eight soldiers and the two rangers, to make their way, if possible, to Crown Point, and inform General Amherst of what had happened, and to request that he would send provisions to Cohoas, on the Connecticut river, by which route Rogers intended to return.

He now resolved to outmarch his pursuers, and cut off the Indian village of St. François before they could overtake him; and accordingly continued to push on till the 4th of October, when, about eight in the evening, he came within sight of the doomed village, and when it was completely dark, he took with him two Indians who could speak the language of the enemy, and, dressing himself in the Indian manner, with a hunting-shirt, moccasins, knife, pouch, &c., he deliberately went to inspect the place.

He found the inhabitants in "a high frolic," as it was named, and engaged in singing and dancing. At two in the morning he rejoined his detachment, and by three had marched it to within 500 yards of the village enclosures, and there halted, the strictest silence being enjoined.

At four, while thick darkness yet rested on the forests and river, the Indians broke up from their dance and retired to rest. By daybreak all were buried in sleep, when a vigorous attack was made upon them from several quarters at once, before they had time to make the least resistance effectually.

Out of 300 men, 200 were shot or bayoneted on the spot, as they came rushing from their wigwams; twenty only were taken prisoners, and five Englishmen who had been captives of the tribe were rescued.

The provisions and weapons were all secured; the village was then set in flames, and by seven o'clock it was burnt to ashes. When the detach-

ment mustered, it was found that six soldiers were slightly wounded, but that only one was killed.

After refreshing his party, the major began his march for Crown Point, leaving to his pursuers the task of burying the dead. He was, however, harassed on his march, and several times attacked in the rear; till, being favoured by the dusk of evening, he formed an ambuscade upon his own track, and furiously assailed the enemy when and where they least expected it. After this he was permitted to continue his march without further annoyance, and reached headquarters in safety, with the loss of very few men.

The 1st Royals were elsewhere employed in many such expeditions against the Cherokees, among the then wild forests of South Carolina, their orders being simply to kill all but the women and children.

"I could not help pitying them," wrote Colonel Grant, in a narrative of these transactions published in the *South Carolina Gazette*, remembering probably the barbarities he had seen in his native glens after Culloden. "Their villages were agreeably situated, their houses so neatly built and well provided, having abundance of everything. They must be pretty numerous, for Estatoe and Sugartown consisted of at least 200 houses, and every other village of at least 100 houses. After killing all we could find, and burning every house, we marched to Keower, and arrived on the 2nd of June, after a march of sixty miles without sleeping, at Fort Prince George. This service was performed with the loss of four men killed, and Lieutenants Marshal and Hamilton of the Scots Royals wounded."

CHAPTER XXI.

MINDEN, 1759.

FROM such disasters as that at St. Cas, and the subsequent one by the shore of Lake Champlain, we gladly turn to the glories that were won by the British infantry on the plains of Minden in the following year.

Early in the spring of 1759, operations were commenced in Germany, and the Allies gained some advantage; but when the French forces were assembled they possessed so great a superiority in numbers that Prince Ferdinand was obliged to fall back as they advanced. A series of retrograde movements brought the allied army to the vicinity of Minden, situated on the bank of the Weser, in Westphalia.

The French army, commanded by the Marshal de Contades, took possession of Minden, and occupied a strong position near that city, which in ancient times had been the favourite residence of several of the early German emperors.

Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who commanded the Allies, manœuvred. He detached one body of troops under his nephew, the hereditary prince, and appeared to leave another exposed to the attack of the whole opposing army. Hence the destruction of this corps was resolved upon by the French commander, who put his whole army in motion for that purpose. While the French were on the march, Prince Ferdinand advanced with the allied army; and early on the morning of the 1st of August, as the leading column of the enemy attained the summit of an eminence, it was surprised to discover, instead of a few weak corps, the whole allied army formed in order of battle, in two long lines, with a reserve.

Thus the French marshal suddenly found himself compelled to fight upon unfavourable ground; and after some delay he began to form his columns in line to the front. Some authorities make the French 60,000 strong, and the Allies only 34,000; but Prince Ferdinand had in the field 86 battalions and 110 squadrons. Of these, 12 battalions and 28 squadrons were British troops, with forty-eight twelve-pound guns and four mortars.

The right of the first line was led by Lord George Sackville, and the left by the Prince of Holstein.

The centre of the second line was led by General Sporken; the right wing by the famous Marquis of Granby, the left by General Imhoff; while Major-General Prince Charles of Bevern led the corps de reserve, consisting of the Black Hussars, under Colonel Redhaezle, the Hessian Militia, the Hanoverian Hunters, the volunteers of Prussia, and other mixed corps.

The morning of Minden is recorded as having been one of great beauty; and the dense old forests that cast their shadows on the Weser, the watery barrier which the French had undertaken to

defend, and which the Allies were to force at all risks, were in the fullest foliage of summer.

The allied army was formed on the plain called Todtenhausen, in front of the town of Minden, which occupies the left bank of the Weser; and the embattled walls and Gothic spires of which, the Catholic and the Lutheran, could be seen shining in the morning sun as the troops advanced. In Minden there was a strong French garrison, the guns of which commanded its famous bridge, 600 yards in length.

At five in the morning the battle began.

The 23rd Fusiliers, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Sacheverel Pole, with the 12th and 37th British regiments, followed by Wolfe's old corps, the 20th, the Edinburgh, and 51st, under Major-Generals Waldegrave and Kingsley, flanked by two battalions of Hanoverian Guards, and the Hanoverian corps of Hardenberg, supported by three regiments of Hanoverians and one of Hessian Foot Guards, advanced with great boldness and rapidity to attack the left wing of the French army, where Marshal de Contades had posted the *élite* of his cavalry—the Carbineers, the Gensdarmes, and the Black and Grey Mousquetaires—under the queen's brother, Prince Xavier of Saxony, leader of the Household Cavalry of France.

In their advance these regiments were covered by a fire from the British artillery, which was admirably served by Captains Phillips, Macbean, Drummond, and Foy. On the other hand, the guns of the enemy opened a tremendous fire, which rent terrible chasms in the brigades of Waldegrave and Kingsley; while the Carbineers and Mousquetaires Gris et Rouges, so well known for the splendour of their costume and their headlong valour, come on with great *éclat* to the charge, with their accustomed fury; but a rolling volley met them as they came on. Men and horses fell over each other in hundreds. The survivors reined up in confusion and uproar, wheeled round, and galloped to the rear, their artillery recommencing its fire as the repulsed squadrons withdrew. The Hanoverian Brigade now formed up on the left of the 12th, 23rd, and 37th, and the three other British regiments on the right.

This formation was barely completed when another line of French cavalry, in gorgeous uniforms and in great strength, came rapidly forward, with all their brandished swords flashing in the sun, and with loud defiant cries; "but," says the "Records of the 23rd," "they were struck in mid-onset by a tempest of bullets from the British regiments, broken, and driven back with severe loss."

Pressing on again with growing ardour, the three united brigades became suddenly exposed to a fire from infantry on their flanks, but nothing could stop them. Encouraged by past success, and confident in their own prowess, they followed up their advantage, and fairly drove the boasted cavalry of France out of the field. "Notwithstanding the loss they sustained before they could get up to the enemy" (to quote the "Campaigns of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick"); "notwithstanding the repeated attacks of the enemy's cavalry; notwithstanding a fire of musketry well kept up by the enemy's infantry; notwithstanding their being exposed in front and flank; such was the unshaken firmness of those troops that nothing could stop them, and the whole body of French cavalry was routed."

The brunt of the battle was unquestionably sustained by these six noble regiments of British infantry and the two of Hanoverians. After repulsing the cavalry, they were next opposed by a column of Swiss, with whom they exchanged several thundering volleys at twenty yards' distance; but shoulder to shoulder they stood, closing in from the flanks as the dead and dying fell, the rear rank filling up the gaps in front, and never pausing in their fire save to wipe their pans, renew their priming, or change their flints.

The French now brought up several *batardes*, as they termed their eight-pounders; and the range of these extended to the cavalry of the second line, on the extreme right of which were the 3rd Dragoon Guards, 10th Dragoons, and the Scots Greys, led by the aged Colonel Preston, who had been their kettle-drummer in the wars of Queen Anne, and still wore a buff coat—the last ever seen in the service.

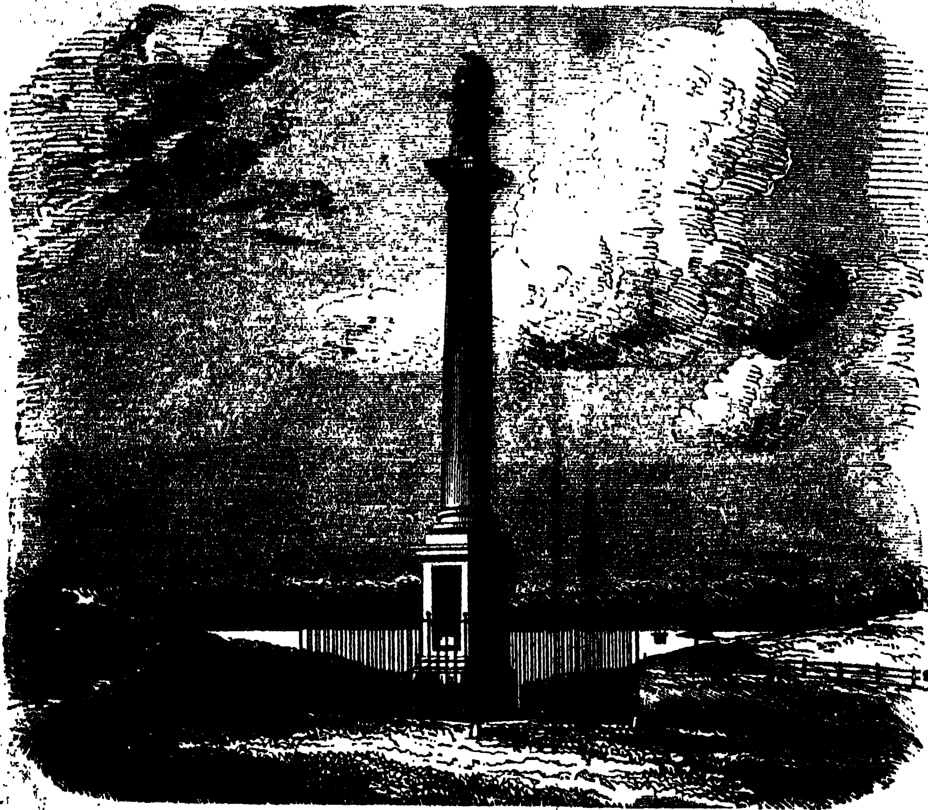
The Swiss, who were formed in two brigades, were quickly broken and dispersed. A body of Saxons next made a show of coming down upon the conquering British infantry, but they were soon put to flight; and the brigades of Waldegrave and Kingsley continued their splendid advance, in spite of all opposition.

The aim of the French Marshals De Contades and De Broglie was to drive in or destroy either flank of the Allies; but in this they signally failed, while a terrible slaughter was made of their men.

On the left the Hessian and Hanoverian cavalry, with some regiments of Holstein and Prussian dragoons, performed good service, as also did the artillery, under the Grand Master the Count de Bukebourg, compelling the enemy to make a precipitate retreat, which speedily became general along the whole line.

The cavalry of the right had no proper opportunity given them for engaging. "They were," says Smollett, "destined to support the of the third line. They consisted of the and Hanoverian horse, commanded by Lord Sackville, whose second was the of Granby. They were posted at a considerable distance from the first line of infantry, and divided from it by a scanty wood that bordered on a heath." It was at the instant the whole French left gave way, the whole French army literally fled in the greatest disorder, with the loss of forty-three pieces of cannon, ten stand of colours, and seven standards.

On the field there lay 1,394 officers and men of the six British infantry regiments alone. The loss of the French was immense, between six and seven thousand. The Prince de Camille was among the slain, together with the Prince de Chimai and M. de la Fayette, colonels of the Grenadiers of France; and among those taken were the Count de Lutzel-



MONUMENT TO GENERAL WOLFE.

and the flight along the line became general, "that Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick," according to another historian, "sent orders to Lord George Sackville to advance to the charge. If these orders had been cheerfully obeyed, the battle of Minden would have been as that of Blenheim; the French army would have been utterly destroyed, or totally routed and driven out of Germany. But whatever was the cause, the orders were not sufficiently precise, were misinterpreted, or imperfectly understood." For this miscarriage, Lord George Sackville, after being victimised by the public press, had to appear before a general court-martial.

By ten o'clock, after five hours of incessant firing, bourg, and the Marquis de Monti, two marechaux de camp, Colonel de Vogüé, and many others. The rather obscure and now suppressed Memoirs of Sir James Campbell of Ardkinlass, who rode on Pri ce Ferdinand's staff that day, and who died Edinburgh so lately as 1836, among the slain e ites Prince Xavier of Saxony and the colonel of e Mousquetaires Gris, whose body he saw lyi ed on t

The across the Weser was a horror. Beside the stone l, their engineers had chain broke in succession under the weight of the crowding passers; thus many wagons full of wounded officers were swept

PLAN OF THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

1st Camp of Genl Wolfe
Shoal Water
To S. Pierre
To S. Laurence
Centurion
Guns
3 Guns
Shoal Water
Major Hardy's Post
Transports
ORLEANS POINT
French Camp
Beaufort
THE BASIN
Admiral Saunders' Division
Floating Battery 12 Guns
CAPE LAUZON
CHARLEBOURG
French Camp
Genl Monckton's Camp
Row of Boats Moored
Guns
Guns
Gun
R. LARREY
Batteries of 30 Guns
QUEBEC
R. St LAWRENCE
Les Islets
GENERAL HOSPITAL
HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM
Adml Holme's Transports Division
R. St CHARLES
SILLERY

Action on the HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM.
GENERAL HOSPITAL
Indians
Townshend
R. American
Highlanders
Lascelles
Webb's Reserve
Kennedy's
Genl Wolfe
Lt Inf
Colonies of Quebec
La Colonie
Sarre
Languedoc
Bearn
Guienne
Roussiler
La Colonie
R. St LAWRENCE

away by the current, and the flower of the cavalry, the Carbineers and Mousquetaires, were almost destroyed; and amid their shrieks and cries were heard the exulting hurrahs and scattered shots of the advancing Allies.

The town of Minden surrendered, with 5,000 men, one-half of whom were wounded. The light troop of the Scots Greys, with some Prussian hussars, remained on the field, to protect the wounded from "death-hunters," and oversee the working parties of 2,000 peasants who buried the dead; while all the rest of the cavalry went in pursuit of the foe, and on this duty none was so active as the aged colonel of the Greys, who actually took his regiment 200 miles from the scene of the battle, and captured a vast number of prisoners. Part of the military chest, with all the splendid equipages of the Prince of Condé and Marshal de Contades, fell into his hands. An officer who served under him records that at the capture of Zerenburg old Preston received more than a dozen sword-cuts, which fell harmlessly on "his buff jerkin."

In the General Orders of the following day, it was stated that His Serene Highness desired his greatest thanks to be given to the whole army for their bravery, particularly to the British infantry and the two battalions of the Hanoverian Guards. His Serene Highness also declared publicly that, next to God, he attributed the glory of the day to the intrepidity and extraordinary behaviour of the troops.

The British regiments had the king's authority to bear on their colours the word "Minden," and in the third corner thereof the White Horse, which is still borne on the royal shield of Hanover, the badge alike of the Old Saxons in Germany, as it was of those in Kent in the earliest ages of English history.

From Minden the Allies followed the retreating army with great energy; ascending precipices, passing morasses, overcoming many difficulties, and with so much resolution, that several French corps were nearly annihilated, and many prisoners, with a vast quantity of baggage and other plunder, taken.

"At Minden," says Sir James Campbell, "a sergeant of the 51st, who had served in the wars in Flanders, made me observe on the day after the battle, when the dead bodies were stripped by the ruthless followers of the army, that the places might be distinguished where the troops of different nations had fought, by the colours and complexions of the native dead; the French in general being brown, the English and Germans fairer. This old sergeant at the same time pointed out to me several heaps of corn, which had been pulled up for the purpose of covering some object underneath. He told me it was a practice with the French soldiers, that when one of their comrades fell from a severe wound, in a field of grain, they immediately pulled and covered him over with part of it; and, to convince me of the truth of what he said, he took up a man's arm which was lying near to one of these heaps, observing that probably it belonged to the person underneath. His conjecture proved to be correct, for on uncovering the heap, we found a miserable object in the agonies of death, and beyond the reach of any human assistance."

CHAPTER XXII.

QUEBEC, 1759.

The autumn of this eventful year witnessed the battle on the heights of Abraham, and the capture of Quebec, which left the British masters of the princely dominion of Canada.

On the 12th of January, 1759, James Wolfe, of gallant memory, was appointed, when in his thirty-third year, Major-General and Commander-in-Chief of the forces to be employed in a projected expedition against Quebec; for which place he sailed on the 17th of the subsequent month, accompanied by three young brigadiers and his aide-de-camp, Captain Bell, afterwards of the 5th Foot. They were on board the *William and Anne*, a vessel that was still ploughing the ocean so lately as 1855. The fleet which accompanied him consisted of twenty-one sail of the line and other ships, having on board 7,000 troops, to reinforce those already in America.

The proposed plan was, that while General Wolfe assailed Quebec with these forces, Sir Jeffery Amherst, with 12,000 men, should reduce Ticonderoga, and march from Lake Champlain to the

river St. Lawrence, and then co-operate with the young general in his attack upon the capital of the Canadas; that Brigadier Prideaux, after investing the fort at Niagara, should capture Montreal, and also join Wolfe—a scheme of operations by which it was confidently hoped the whole of the French possessions in America would be conquered.

Accordingly, the expedition departed from Louisbourg, under the convoy of Admiral Saunders, whose entire fleet consisted of forty sail, with artillery, provisions, and horses. Captain Cook, the famous navigator, master of the *Mercury*, sounded ahead of the fleet.

The troops on board were the 15th, 28th, 35th, 43rd, 47th, 48th, 58th, and 60th Regiments, with the Master of Lovat's Fraser Highlanders, or old 78th, disbanded in 1763.

Towards the end of June these forces were landed on the Isle of Orleans, which is formed by two branches of the river St. Lawrence, where the shore slopes gradually to the beach. This was but a few leagues below the city of Quebec, and there Wolfe, with Brigadiers Monckton, Murray, and Townshend, published a manifesto, in vindication of the war undertaken against the French colonies, by referring to the armaments prepared in France for the invasion of Britain; pointing out the hopelessness of the Canadians resisting the armies now in the field against them; and offering to them "the sweets of peace amidst the horrors of war." "General Wolfe," he concluded, "flatters himself that the whole world will do him justice, if the inhabitants of Canada force him, by their refusal, to have recourse to violent methods."

But this document produced not the slightest effect on the French Canadians in general, or the citizens of Quebec in particular.

Strong by nature, the latter city is built upon a steep and lofty line of rocks, rising on the northern bank of the St. Lawrence, and almost insulated by the river St. Charles. On its north rises Cape Diamond, to the height of 345 feet. In rear of the city is a chain of hills that are rugged in outline—the famous Heights of Abraham—the scene of Wolfe's last and greatest exploit.

Across the peninsula between the two rivers just named lay a line of fortifications; and these the Marquis de Montcalm, King Louis' general, was prepared to defend at the head of the regiments of La Sarre, Royal Roussillon, Languedoc, Guienne, and Bearn (respectively the 24th, 27th, 53rd, 68th, and 72nd of the old French Line), with some colonial troops, making 10,000 bayonets in all; while a garrison under the Chevalier Ramsay, the governor, a Scottish Jacobite refugee, occupied the city. Louis Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm and de St. Veran, was a lieutenant-general, and a man of high spirit, with many accomplishments; and his heroic temperament rendered him worthy of being the opponent of James Wolfe.

He was born at the Chateau de Candiac, near Nismes, in 1712; and when colonel of infantry had distinguished himself at the battle of Plaisance, where he was thrice wounded. He received two more wounds at the subsequent combat of Exilles; and became brigadier and camp-master of a regiment of horse, named after himself. In 1758 he was gazetted marechal de camp, and commander of all the troops sent by France for the defence of her American colonies.

Several movements necessarily preluded the deadlier encounter before Quebec. General Wolfe ordered Brigadier Monckton, with four battalions, to possess himself of Point Levée, which rises precipitously within cannon-shot of the city. The brigadier, in obedience to this order, crossed the river in the night, and captured the post indicated, his advanced guard driving in the French as it proceeded. He then erected a battery of artillery and mortars, which opened upon Quebec at once.

Colonel Carleton had in the meanwhile been dispatched to seize the western point of Orleans; and now Wolfe learned with great chagrin that he could obtain no assistance from Sir Jeffery Amherst, and that he must cope alone with the veterans of Montcalm, in a city rendered so strong by art and nature that she was then named the "Gibraltar of the Western World."

Yet, though the enemy so far outnumbered him, he did not lose heart, but resolved to proceed; "for," as he wrote in one of his letters to the Premier, "a brave and victorious army finds no difficulties."

Every day now made time more precious, as a Canadian winter, with all its snow and severities, would soon be at hand; and after having vainly endeavoured to bring the veterans of the marquis to a general action, he determined to pass the river Montmorency, and, with six companies of grenadiers and a part of the 60th Regiment, to attack a redoubt the glacis of which was washed by the water, while Generals Monckton and Murray effected a crossing higher up.

The grenadiers, though strictly ordered not to advance until the 1st brigade was ready to support them, rushed cheering, with fixed bayonets, in a tumultuous manner on the enemy, whose steady fire, thrown in point-blank, and almost at pistol-range, drove them back in such disorder that Wolfe was compelled to recross the river, and

retreat, during a dreadful thunderstorm, into the Isle of Orleans; and, but for the headlong bravery with which the Fraser Highlanders covered the rear, facing about at times with musket and claymore, his whole force had been cut to pieces.

A deep and mournful impression was made on the ardent mind of Wolfe by this unforeseen disaster. He knew how capricious was the humour of the people at home, and how keenly they had resented disasters elsewhere, even to sacrificing Admiral Byng on his quarter-deck; and he thirsted for some achievement to wipe out the dishonour he conceived himself to have suffered at the Falls of Montmorency, and by many officers who shared his confidence he was often heard to declare—

"I will never return home to be exposed, as other unfortunate commanders have been, to the censure and reproach of an ignorant and ungrateful populace."

A Scottish officer, named Lieutenant Macculloch, is said at this time to have suggested to him the daring but brilliant idea of attempting that which the French conceived to be impracticable—the scaling of the Heights of Abraham—and thus gaining the lofty ground which overlooked the city at a part where its defences were most weak.

Macculloch had personally examined the mountains; and the boldness of the plan gave Wolfe new health and heart, and roused him from a bed of sickness, on which the fever of his spirit had thrown him; and he resolved that at midnight, on the 12th of September, he would make the grand attempt, or perish in it.

Before moving, with some of his favourite officers, he had a farewell carouse in his tent, and sang to them that noble old military song beginning—

> "How stands the glass around?
> For shame, ye take no care, my boys!" &c.

It was long known by his name, but can be traced to an old broadsheet of 1710.

Exactly at one o'clock in the morning, amid silence and obscurity, the Master of Lovat's Highlanders, the Louisbourg Grenadiers, and four battalions of the Line began to cross the river in flat-bottomed boats, under Brigadiers Monckton and Murray, two officers whose ages were about the same as that of their leader. With the tide and the river's flow, the boats dropped down; but such was the rapidity of the current that most of them landed a little below the point of disembarkation proposed by Wolfe, whose daring plans were nearly baffled by two circumstances beyond his anticipation.

Two French deserters, taken in the twilight of the September morning, were brought on board of the vessels belonging to the fleet of Admiral Saunders. His ship lay at anchor near the northern shore; and they told him that "the Marquis of Montcalm was that night to receive a convoy of provisions in boats from M. de Bougainville, whose command was at a distance." These men, on perceiving the leading boats full of the Highlanders and grenadiers beginning to cross the river, asserted that they were the convoy referred to. The captain, Richard Smith, who was ignorant of Wolfe's plans, had his guns run out to open fire, when the general came alongside in person, having detected some commotion on board, and thus arrested a discharge of cannon that would have raised the whole city in arms. The only naval captain named Smith in Saunders' squadron commanded the *Stromboli*, fire-ship.

The second episode, as given by Smollett and others, is perhaps more extraordinary.

A line of sentinels had been posted by Montcalm along his bank of the river, with orders to challenge all passing craft, and to keep each other on the alert. The first boat, crowded by Fraser Highlanders, was just approaching the wooded shore, when from amid the darkness the challenge of a French sentinel rang out—

"Qui vive?"

"La France!" responded a Highland officer, with great presence of mind, who having served in Holland, and being master alike of the French language and their camp discipline, knew in an instant the necessary reply.

"A quel régiment?" demanded the wary sentinel once more.

"De la Reine," replied the Highlander, who by a lucky accident, knew that this regiment was actually under the command of Bougainville, and thus might form part of the convoy.

"Passe, monsieur!" cried the soldier, uncocking his musket, and supposing the boats to be certainly the convoy, he questioned them no more; but lower down the stream another sentinel, who was probably more wary, after the same challenges and responses, suddenly exclaimed—

"Pourquoi est ce que vous ne parlez pas plus haut?" ("Why don't you reply with an audible voice?")

"Mon camarade, tais toi," replied the Highlander; "nous serons entendus!" ("Hush, we shall be overheard!")

So the boat with its kilted freight drifted peacefully on to the place now called Wolfe's Cove.

The first who sprang ashore was Wolfe; and on

looking at the precipice which towered away above them into obscurity, he turned to the Highland officer, and said—

"I do not bel [illegible] getting up, but you must now do your best;" and the escalade of the heights immediately began. On this duty it was remarked that one of the most active was an old Highland gentleman, Malcolm Macpherson, of Phoiness, who, when verging on his eightieth year, accompanied the Frasers as a volunteer. Ruined by a lawsuit, he had been driven in extreme old age to become a soldier of fortune; and the fury with which he handled his broadsword in the subsequent battle so delighted General Townshend, that through Mr. Pitt, says General Stewart, of Garth, he received a commission from the king.

Slinging their muskets, and climbing, some with their swords in their teeth, the Frasers scrambled up the steep and woody precipice, grasping the roots of trees, the tufts of grass, the rocks, and whatever might aid their ascent, till the summit was won; and rushing on, claymore in hand, they dislodged a captain's guard which manned a battery near it, and possessed themselves of a narrow path which enabled their comrades of Louisbourg and the Line to reach all the sooner the plateau which stands 250 feet above the flowing river.

Following the Highlanders, Wolfe was soon on the plateau of the precipice, and with ardour he formed his troops in contiguous columns of regiments as they came toiling up; and ere the rising sun began to gild the spires and ramparts of Quebec and the far-stretching bosom of the mighty St. Lawrence, he had his whole force marching in battle array along the famous Heights of Abraham, with colours flying and all their bayonets glittering. To keep the redoubt taken by the Frasers, to cover the landing-place, and to act as a rear-guard, he left two companies; and at once began to descend from the green slopes towards the city.

The Marquis of Montcalm, whose force by various contingencies had become greatly diminished, was now aware that a battle could no longer be avoided, and he felt, too, that on its issue rested the fate, not only of Quebec, but of all Canada; yet he came boldly to the front from his camp at Montmorency, while the British halted about three-quarters of a mile from the ramparts, with their right flank resting on the edge of a steep precipice that overhangs the river.

The regiments of Bearn and Guienne formed the centre of the French line; the right wing consisted of the regiments of the Royal Roussillon and La Colonie; another battalion of the latter, with those of La Sarre and Languedoc, formed the left. These regiments all wore the then uniform of the French Line—white coats, with scarlet vests and gilt buttons. A twelve-pound gun was planted on each flank; among the bushes and underwood that fringed the front of his line were posted five companies of grenadiers, 150 Canadians, 230 dragoons, and 870 militiamen. His second in command was Brigadier Senzenerques; and M. Beauchâtel, major of the 24th Regiment, was his third.

The British line was composed of the Louisbourg Grenadiers, the Fraser Highlanders, the 15th, 28th 38th, and 58th Regiments. The light infantry covered the left wing, while the precipice already mentioned rendered the right perfectly secure. Peregrine Lascelles' regiment, the 47th, formed in grand divisions, was the small reserve. There was only one field-piece; all the troops entered the action with their bayonets fixed.

Precisely at eleven o'clock the firing began, when the dusky Indians and the hardy Canadian sharpshooters, clad in hunting-shirts and moccasins, began to dart from bush to bush, on the woody banks that overhung the St. Charles, and filled all the valley with reports of irregular musketry. The bright scarlet uniforms of the British officers rendered them fatally conspicuous to these riflemen, and in the lulls of the firing their French commanders were frequently heard to say—

"Soldats, marquez bien les officiers!"

By the express command of Wolfe, his whole line retained its fire until within forty yards of the enemy's bayonets, when it suddenly poured in a close, deadly, and running volley upon the French, whose advance was at once arrested, their movements paralysed by the sudden heaps of killed and wounded that fell over each other, and caused great gaps in the ranks.

By a sudden movement Montcalm now menaced the British left; but on being roughly repulsed, a vibration seemed to pass along his whole line, and his troops began to waver. It was at this most critical moment that Wolfe was mortally wounded, while standing on the extreme right flank, near the head of the 28th Regiment. There the conflict was both close and desperate; and his position, somewhat in front of the line, rendered him fatally conspicuous.

A shot from a Canadian rifle struck him in the wrist. Wrapping a handkerchief round the shattered limb to staunch the blood, he hastened to head a bayonet charge of the Louisbourg Grenadiers, when a second shot pierced his abdomen, and a third his breast. With the blood pouring from three wounds, he found himself no longer able

to stand, and staggering back towards the 28th, he leaned his head on the shoulder of Captain Currie of that regiment; but even then, when in the agonies of death, he could not forget his anxiety for the fate of the day.

"My eyesight and strength fail me," said he to the officer who supported him.

Then it was that, infuriated on seeing him fall, the whole line simultaneously advanced to the charge, the Highland regiment raising a loud yell.

"They run! See how they run!" exclaimed Captain Currie, who still supported him.

"Who run?" asked he, seeking to prop himself on his elbow.

"The French—they are giving way in all directions!" said those about him.

"What! Do they run already?" exclaimed the dying hero. "Then go, one of you, to Colonel Burton, and tell him to march Webb's regiment to the river St. Charles, to secure the bridge and



DEATH OF WOLFE.

cut off the retreat of the fugitives. Now, praised be God, I die happy!"

He then turned, with a spasm, on his left side; and expired in the arms of Fraser, his favourite Highland orderly, who was weeping over him.

"Claymore! claymore! Dirk and claymore!" was their cry; the same wild shout that had rung in a thousand clan battles now echoed along the Heights of Abraham.

Flinging down their muskets in the old Highland fashion, the Frasers rushed on with their basket-hilted swords and armpit daggers, making a dreadful slaughter among the French, whom Montcalm was vainly striving to rally, nine ranks deep.

Every medical assistance was meanwhile bestowed upon General Wolfe, who was borne to the rear, where he was laid upon the sward; and there he lay dying, with his sorrowing friends around him, and the roar of the battle in his ear.

By this time Brigadier Senzenerques on one side, and Monckton on the other, had been borne wounded from the field; and the gallant Marquis of Montcalm, when in the centre of his retreating line, had a thigh smashed by a shot.

"Captain John Macdonell," states the "Scots Magazine" for 1807, "the officer who rescued the French commander-in-chief, Montcalm, when sinking under his wounds, by the interposition of his own body between him and the bayonets of our

soldiers, when roused to madness by the loss of their beloved general," died in his eighty-fifth year, Captain of In uus at Berwick, leaving five sons in the service.

The marquis fell, but was borne by his fugitive troops into Quebec, to the gates of which they were followed by the kilted Highlanders, who, leaving all behind in the pursuit, made dreadful havoc among them, losing, however, many of their finest officers, among whom were the three Mac-



BATTLE IN QUIBERON BAY (*see page* 99).

donalds, of Boisdale, Keppoch, and Lochgarry; Ross, of Culrossie; and Roderick Macneil, of Barra. "Our regiments that sustained the brunt of the action were Bragg's, Lascelles', and the Highlanders; the two former had not a bayonet, or the latter a broadsword, untinged with blood," says the letter of an officer, in the *Edinburgh Chronicle.* "When these Highlanders took to their broadswords," writes another, "my God, what havoc they made! They drove everything before them, and stone walls alone could resist their fury."

The Marquis of Montcalm, just before he expired, dictated to General Townshend, who succeeded to the command of the British, a letter, bequeathing to his care the wounded and prisoners. When it was ended, he exclaimed

"Thank Heaven, I shall not live to see the capitulation of Quebec! I have got my death fighting against the bravest soldiers in the world, at the head of the greatest cowards that ever carried muskets!"

He expired on the 14th of September, and his remains were interred in a hole which had first been partly made by the explosion of a shell, thus forming, as a French writer has it, a characteristic tomb for a brave soldier who died on the bed of honour.

Four days after, Quebec was formally surrendered by the governor, M. de Ramsay, on a promise that all the rights and liberties of the inhabitants should be respected, and that all prisoners taken should be sent home to old France. The loss of the British in killed, wounded, and missing was only 57 officers and 591 soldiers; whilst that of the French was about 200 officers, and 1,500 men of other ranks.

In Quebec and near it there were taken 298 brass and iron guns, howitzers, and mortars, with two petards and ',100 bombs.

On board the *Royal William*, 80 guns, the body of Wolfe was sent home to England; and Pitt wept when he pronounced a eulogy upon the fallen hero in the House of Commons.

His father had survived him but two months, and his grave at Greenwich had barely been closed when the remains of the victor arrived at Portsmouth on the [illegible] of November; and amid deep silence, much ceremony, and sorrow, surrounded by a mighty multitude, they were interred in the parish church at Greenwich, his mother attending as chief mourner.

A noble monument at Westminster, a cenotaph on the heights of Abraham, and another in his native village of Westerham, have been raised to perpetuate the memory of the soldier to whom [illegible] Canada.

[illegible] one of his aides-de-camp, died in his [illegible] year, in 1811, at [illegible]; and an [illegible] who supported him in the field died in the following year, at Carlisle; while it is recorded that Lieutenant Macculloch, the officer according to whose suggestion he first conceived the idea of turning the French flank by scaling the Heights of Abraham, died a pauper in Marylebone Workhouse, in the year 1793.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HAWKE AND CONFLANS, 1759.

Early in June, 1759, Admiral Sir Edward Hawke sailed from Spithead to cruise off the Soundings, with a powerful fleet, consisting of forty-three sail. He detached several squadrons to watch the coast of France, and more particularly Brest. Though the weather proved very tempestuous, Sir Edward persevered in cruising near that seaport, till a storm forced him to take shelter in Torbay, early in November. The Marquis de Conflans, Marshal of France, and Vice-Amiral des Armées Navales, being now convinced that the coast was clear, put to sea on the 14th of November, and on the same day the British fleet sailed out of Torbay.

On the 15th, Captain M'Cliverty, in the *Gibraltar*, joined the fleet, and reported that he had seen the French armament about twenty-four leagues [illegible] of Belleisle, steering to the south-east. On this Sir Edward Hawke immediately shaped his course for Quiberon Bay, in the district of the [illegible] a gale from the east drove the fleet [illegible] leeward. On the 19th the wind [illegible], when the *Maidstone* and *Coventry* [illegible] were ordered ahead, to look out for the [illegible] next morning at eight o'clock they [illegible] sails, the exciting signal that [illegible] sight.

[illegible] to be in pursuit of [illegible] stationed in Quiberon Bay [illegible] Morbihan those transports [illegible] invasion of Britain [illegible]

The moment the Marquis de C[illegible] [illegible] the British fleet, he recalled the l[illegible] were in chase, and, after some manœuvres, formed all in order of battle; while Sir Edward Hawke drew his fleet into line abreast. In the battle that ensued, one of the most brilliant in our annals, the strength engaged was as follows:—

The French fleet consisted of twenty-five sail, all save three ships of the line, manned by 15,200 men, and mounting 1,598 guns.

The British fleet mustered twenty-three sail, all, or nearly all, of the line, with 13,295 seamen and marines, and carrying 1,596 guns; hence the enemy outnumbered Hawke's force by 1,905 men.

As they drew nearer, Sir Edward changed his plans, and (according to Campbell, in his "Lives of the Admirals") told his officers that he did not "intend to trouble himself with forming lines, but would attack them in the old way, and make downright work with them."

Accordingly, he threw out a signal for seven of his ships to chase, in order to provoke battle. As these neared the French, the weather became rough, black, and squally; and Conflans, who at first seemed boldly to offer or accept the gage of battle, suddenly changed his mind and stood away in-shore, right before the wind, with as much sail as he dared to carry.

[illegible] could get up with [illegible] guns, Captain Sir J. [illegible] 70 guns, Captain [illegible] hour of two in the afternoon [illegible] that the imagination can conceive nothing more grand than the spectacle presented by the hostile squadrons at that time.

In heaven overhead the clouds were black and dense; the darkened sea was rolling in tremendous waves before a stormy gale, and these were lashing themselves into foam on the treacherous rocks and sandy shallows that lie off the coast of Bretagne, and were all unknown to the pilots of the British ships. In the midst of these natural perils, which were calculated to awe or intimidate, two hostile fleets of vast power and strength, trusted each with the defence and the glory of their respective countries, were preparing for battle. "It was a moment," says Campbell, "as if Nature had resolved to contrast the tameness of physical terror with the grandeur of heroism, and to show how much more sublime are the moral sentiments of a collected mind than all the awful phenomena of the heavens darkened, the ocean agitated by a tempest, with the multifarious dangers of secret rocks and unknown shoals."

In a good offing, Conflans might have risked engaging without the imputation of rashness, as his force was numerically superior to that of Hawke; but, like a prudent commander, he sought to avail himself of the advantages that arose from the local knowledge of his pilots, who were well acquainted with the shallows and perilous rocks that stud the sea about the coast of Brittany, and he ordered them to steer in such a manner as to decoy the British upon certain reefs. But, in the execution of this proceeding, which was deemed both treacherous and disreputable, he was luckily disappointed, as our leading ships, by their swift sailing, came up with his rear before the fleet was well ready for action.

Le Formidable, a French eighty-gun ship, commanded by Rear-Admiral M. de St. André de Verger, a man of great courage, behaved in the most heroic manner. Broadside after broadside was poured into him by the British ships, as, with all their sails set, they passed successively onward to reach the van of the enemy, and her crew, consisting of 820 men, returned their fire with a promptitude that excited the admiration of both fleets.

In the meantime, the *Royal George*—the same noble ship, of 100 guns, which was afterwards fated to sink in Portsmouth Harbour—with Sir Edward Hawke on board, was approaching *Le Soleil Royal*, 80 guns, which carried the flag of the Marquis de Conflans. As if intent only on securing her prey, she passed without heeding the booming shot of the other ships, with the angry sea flying in sheets of snowy foam over her bows as she came rapidly on, under a press of spreading canvas.

Seeing the breakers foaming on every side, her pilot said to the admiral, "Sir Edward, we cannot carry on farther without the greatest danger from shoals."

"You have done your duty in pointing out the risk," replied Hawke; "but lay me alongside of the *Soleil Royal*."

The pilot bowed in token of obedience, and gave the requisite orders. The crew of *La Superbe*, 70 guns, perceiving the intentions of the British admiral, generously interposed her hull between her commander and the *Royal George*, whose fatal broadside had been intended for the marquis. The thunder of the explosion was instantly followed by the wild shrieks of all on board, mingled with the cheers of the British tars, as they ran back their guns to reload. But almost immediately their triumph was checked by another emotion, for when the smoke rolled away before the gusty wind, the masts only of *La Superbe*, with her colours flying, were visible above water; in another moment they were covered by the black waves of the rolling sea, as, with her crew, consisting of 650 men, she went down into the deep.

By this time Rear-Admiral de Verger had 200 of his men killed. Viscount Howe, in the *Magnanime*, 74 guns, attacked the *Thésée*, 74 guns, commanded by Captain de Kersaint; but the *Montague* running foul of the former with a dreadful crash, so much disabled her that she fell astern. Captain the Honourable A. Keppel, in the *Torbay*, 74 guns, then turned his guns on the *Thésée*; but soon after this combat began, as the lower-deck ports of the latter were not shut down, and the waves were rolling very high, she suddenly careened over, filled, and went down, amid the despairing cries of her crew, which when the battle began mustered 700 men.

Lord Howe having now got clear of the *Montague*, bore down, and, heedless of rocks and shoals, attacked *L'Heros*, 74 guns, commanded by the Vicomte de Sanson, and soon forced her to strike; but the weather was too boisterous for us to take possession of her, and, being thoroughly disabled, she drove ashore in the night and was totally lost.

Darkness and obscurity coming on with great rapidity, the remainder of the enemy's ships fled, and no less than seven, all of the line, hove their guns overboard and run into the river Vilaix. About as many more, in a shattered condition, escaped to other ports.

The wind continued to blow furiously from the north-west; and there being no pilots in the fleet sufficiently qualified to take charge of the ships, the admiral gave over the pursuit, and came to anchor under the lee of the Isle of Dumet. There the fleet remained during the night, burying the dead and

attending to the wounded; and as the tempest continued to increase, and the ships to strain madly at their anchors, the darkness was occasionally broken by the red flashes of cannon, and the hoarse roar of the breakers on the beach was augmented in horror by the booming of those signals of distress, which, says Captain Schomberg, our seamen were unable to distinguish whether they came from friends or foes. "This action, more memorable, on account of the terrific circumstances in which it was fought, than any other of equal magnitude in the annals of heroic achievement, was duly appreciated by the whole of Europe; and the celebrated Voltaire did honour to the gallantry of his nation, in admitting that there were natural circumstances which gave superiority to the English mariner, in all ages, over that of France." (Campbell).

In the morning, when day broke, the *Resolution* and *L'Heros* were seen to be ashore and totally wrecked on the Foue Bank. In ignorance of where he was, amid the darkness and horror of the midnight storm, the French admiral, in the *Soleil Royal*, had come to anchor in the very heart of the British fleet.

The moment he discovered his singular position, he cut his cable and drove his ship ashore a little to the westward of Crozic. The *Essex*, 64 guns, Captain Lucius O'Brien, was ordered to pursue her, and in the execution of this duty struck upon a shoal and perished. On the 22nd, Sir Edward Hawke sent the *Portland*, the *Chatham*, and *Vengeance* to destroy the *Soleil Royal* and *L'Heros*. The first, on seeing the approach of our ships, was fired and abandoned by her crew; and the latter shared the same fate at the hands of our own people; while *Le Juste*, 70 guns, was totally wrecked at the mouth of the Loire.

In this most memorable victory the French lost seven ships of the line, and the number of slain and drowned was never ascertained; but if we may judge of the former by the carnage on board the *Formidable*, it must have been very great. The British fleet had only 300 killed and wounded. Among the former there was only one officer, Lieutenant Price, of the *Magnanime*.

Captain John Campbell, of the *Royal George* (afterwards Vice-Admiral of the Red), was dispatched to Britain with the news of the victory. This officer, a man of acknowledged bravery, who had originally been pressed into the service when an apprentice boy on board of a Scottish coaster, was taken to the palace in the carriage of Lord Anson, with whom he had sailed round the world in the *Centurion*.

"Captain Campbell," said the old admiral, on the way, "the king will probably knight you, if you think proper."

"Troth, my lord," replied Campbell, who retained the Scottish accent to the time of his death, in 1789, "I dinna ken o' what use that will be to me."

"But your lady may like it," urged his lordship.

"Then His Majesty may knight her, if he pleases," was the blunt response of Campbell.

By the king he was very graciously received, and was presented with five hundred guineas to purchase a sword.

On the return of Sir Edward Hawke he received the thanks of Parliament, and had a yearly pension of £2,000 assigned him on the Irish establishment, for his life and the lives of his sons. He was afterwards raised to the peerage, as Baron Hawke of Towton; and amid other augmentations to his coat armorial was a chevron erminois between three boatswain's whistles.

It is worthy of note that during this war we took or destroyed twenty-seven French ships of the line and thirty-one frigates; two of their great ships and four frigates perished; so that their whole loss was sixty-four sail: whereas the loss to Great Britain did not exceed seven sail of the line and five frigates. Thus it may easily be conceived how the French marine, at first greatly inferior to ours, must have been affected by this dreadful balance to its detriment.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAPE LAGOS, 1759.

A little time prior to the victory of Sir Edward Hawke, our fleet had achieved another off the coast of Portugal.

Admiral Edward Boscawen, son of Viscount Falmouth, an officer who had displayed great bravery in the *Namur* in the action of 1747, who had commanded in the Indies, America, and at the capture of Louisbourg, was employed in blocking up the harbour of Toulon, where lay a French squadron, under M. de la Clue, designed, it was

believed, to assist in the projected descents upon the coast of Great Britain. Having in vain displayed the British flag in sight of the mouth of the Moselle, by way of defiance to M. de la Clue, he ordered three ships of the line—the *Conqueror*, *Culloden*, and *Jersey*, under Captains Smith, Harland, and Barker—to enter, and burn two vessels that lay close to the harbour mouth.

They bore in accordingly, but met with a very warm reception from certain batteries, of whose existence their commanders had been ignorant. Two of these they attempted to destroy, and cannonaded them for some time with great vigour; but overmatched by the guns on shore, and the wind dying away, so that their canvas flapped against the masts, they sustained great damage, and in a somewhat shattered condition were towed out by their boats.

Admiral Boscawen, in consequence of this, sailed for Gibraltar to refit them; and M. de la Clue took the opportunity to steal out of Toulon and put to sea, in hope of passing the Straits unobserved with his squadron, which consisted of twelve ships of the line and three frigates.

Admiral Boscawen, who had under his flag fourteen sail of the line, two frigates, and several fire-ships, having almost refitted, detached the *Lyme*, 20 guns, to cruise off Malaga, and the *Gibraltar*, also of 20 guns, Captain M'Cliverty, to hover between Estepana, on the coast of Granada, and the peninsula of Ceuta, with orders to "keep a sharp look-out," and give him timely notice of the approach of the enemy.

At eight in the evening of the 17th of August, the *Gibraltar* discovered the French squadron close in on the Barbary coast, creeping towards the mouth of the Straits, through which De la Clue no doubt hoped to pass in the night. Captain M'Cliverty immediately stood over to Gibraltar Bay and reported the circumstance.

At this crisis the fleet was by no means in a state to proceed to sea; most of the ships were in process of refitting, many having actually their sails unbent and their topmasts struck: but so great were the exertions of the officers, and so enthusiastic were the crews on learning that the enemy were at hand, that by ten at night the whole force was clear of Gibraltar Bay, and out at sea.

At seven next morning Admiral Boscawen got sight of seven of the French squadron, and made signal for a general chase. M. de la Clue at first mistook the British fleet for a part of his own, from which he had been separated in the night. He hoisted a private signal, and on finding that no response was made, crowded all sail to get away.

The British now displayed their colours, and spread every inch of canvas in pursuit. The squadrons were yet so far apart, that even then M. de la Clue might have escaped, had he not been compelled to back his mainyard occasionally and wait for *Le Souvrain*, 74 guns, which was a dull sailer.

The wind, which had blown a fresh gale all the morning, died away about noon; and although Admiral Boscawen had made signal to chase and engage in a line of battle ahead, it was not until half-past two that his leading ships could overtake those of the enemy's rear.

Without waiting to return the fire of the sternmost, which he received as he passed, Boscawen bore on under a press of canvas, intent only on coming up with the *Ocean*, an eighty-gun ship, which carried the flag of De la Clue. He passed her to windward, and then suddenly altering his course, about four in the afternoon, ran right athwart her hawse, and poured in a dreadful broadside from his own ship, the *Namur*, 90 guns. De la Clue soon got his broadside to bear, though the raking fore and aft occasioned terrible confusion in his ship, and the action began with equal fury on both sides; but it proved of short duration. In about half-an-hour her mizzen-mast, and fore and main-topsail-yards were wounded and fell crashing on her decks. She dropped astern, while, with cries of triumph and derision from her crew, the *Ocean* bore away.

The *Centaur*, 74 guns, Captain Sabian de Grammont, the sternmost of the enemy's ships, was so much damaged from having received the broadside of every ship that passed her in succession, that she was compelled to strike; but not until her commander and 200 of her crew lay killed or wounded about their guns.

Admiral Boscawen now shifted his flag on board the *Newark*, an eighty-ship, and leaving the *Edgar* in charge of the prize, pursued the flying French ships all night. Under favour of its obscurity, the *Souvrain* and the *Guerrier* altered their course, and deserted their commander. At daybreak the latter, whose left leg had been fearfully shattered by a cannon-shot, finding that the British squadron was still following him inexorably under a cloud of canvas, resolved to burn or blow up his ships, rather than permit them to become the prizes of the victors.

Already the friendly shore was in sight, and the rising sun brightening the hills of Algarve and the Pinhao of the citadel of Lagos. The bay there is six miles wide from east to west, three from north to south, and defended by several batteries on the Point Nossa Senhora de Piedade; and if once

anchored there, De la Clue believed he should be safe in neutral waters. But it was not so.

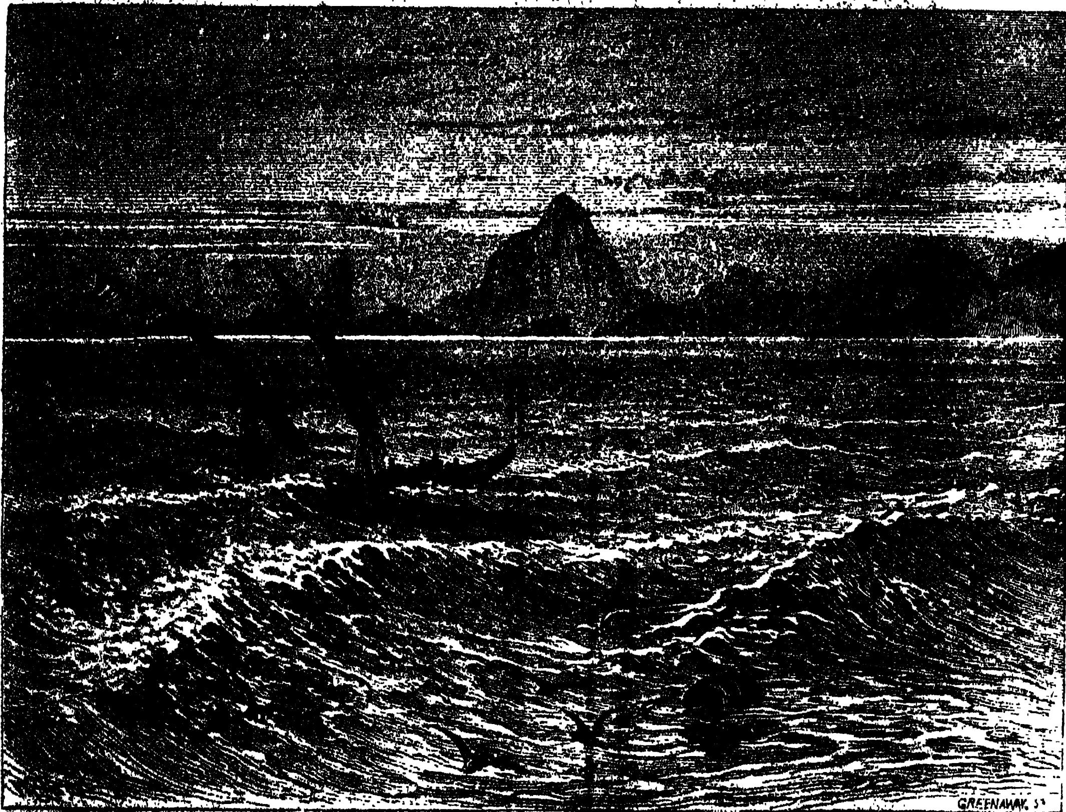
Three of his squadron came to anchor in the bay, but the *Ocean* got among the breakers and ran ashore six miles from Lagos, near the fort of Almadona, the commander of which, as a warning that was unheeded, fired three shotted guns at the pursuers.

The moment the *Ocean* struck, her masts went by the board. Though wounded and helpless—almost dying—De la Clue and another French captain endeavoured to get their crews ashore by the boats; but there was a heavy gale from the seaward, and the breakers were rolling roughly and in foam upon the beach; hence disembarkation proved a difficult and dangerous process. The captains of the *Téméraire* and *Modeste*, MM. De Castillon and De Lac Monfvert, instead of destroying their ships according to orders, anchored as close as they could to the forts of Xavier and Lagos, hoping to receive protection from their guns; but in that hope they were disappointed.

M. de la Clue having been landed, the command of his shattered ship devolved on the Count de Carne, who, on receiving a single broadside from the *America*, a sixty-gun ship, commanded by Captain Kirk, at once struck her colours, and the ship—one of the finest in the French navy—became the prize of the conquerors.

Captain Bentley, of the *Warspite*, an officer who had served under Lord Anson, and who had greatly distinguished himself by his courage on the preceding day, attacked the *Téméraire*, 74 guns, and brought her off with little damage; while Vice-Admiral Brodick, the second in command, in the *Prince*, burned the *Redoubtable*, a seventy-four-gun ship, which lay bulged among the breakers, and had been abandoned by her officers and men. By this time, the little Bay of Lagos was one arena of flames, smoke, and wreck. He also made a prize of the *Modeste*, which had been but little injured during the engagement. The *Ocean* was found to be so fast ashore, that Captain Kirk took the crew out of her, and set her on fire. Ere long she blew up with a crash, scattering blazing brands on every side.

The combat was now over, and the victory was obtained at a very small expense of men—in the British squadron there were only 56 men killed and 196 wounded. The loss of the enemy is



MARTINIQUE.



THE TAKING OF FORT LOUIS, GUADALOUPE (*see page* 107).

unknown, but it must have been considerable, as Admiral de la Clue, in his letter to the French ambassador at Lisbon, owned that on board his own ship, the *Ocean*, 100 men were killed and 70 dangerously wounded; but the most severe circumstances of his disaster were the loss of four great ships of the line, two of which were destroyed, and two brought in triumph to England, "to be numbered," adds Smollett, "among the best bottoms of the British Navy."

The "Gentleman's Magazine" states that the *Modeste* had only been launched in the preceding year, 1758, and carried thirty-two-pounders on her lower deck; her quarter-deck guns were brass, and her poop was mounted with brass swivels. The *Téméraire*—a name that afterwards became famous in our naval annals—carried forty-two-pounders below, eight brass guns abaft her mizzen-mast, and ten on her quarter. Both vessels had not above twenty shot in their hulls.

Admiral de la Clue did not long survive his defeat, as he died soon after of exhaustion and mortification, at Lagos. Not one of our officers lost his life in the engagement.

Captain Bentley, whom Admiral Boscawen sent to England with his dispatches, was knighted by the king; and, like Captain Campbell, who bore those of Admiral Hawke, received five hundred guineas wherewith to purchase a sword, in commemoration of the battle off Lagos cape and bay.

CHAPTER XXV.

MARTINIQUE AND GUADALOUPE, 1759.

HAVING now detailed the glories won in this year on the plains of Minden, on the heights of Abraham, and on the ocean by Hawke and Boscawen, we have to relate the achievements of our troops in the tropics, more particularly the expedition to the Leeward Isles, under the command of Major-Generals Hopson and Barrington—the latter an old and experienced officer—with Colonels Armiger, Haldane, Trapaud, and Clavering (afterwards General Sir John Clavering, K.B.) serving under them as brigadiers.

The troops detailed for this expedition consisted of the 3rd Buffs, 4th (or King's), 6th, 63rd, 64th, seven companies of the 42nd Highlanders, 800 marines, and a detachment of artillery; in all 5,560 men. They sailed from England under convoy, and after a three weeks' voyage came to anchor in Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes, where they were joined by Commodore Moore, who was to command the united squadron, amounting to ten ships of the line, besides frigates and bomb-vessels. Ten days were spent supplying the fleet with wood and water, in reviews, and beating up for volunteers. Every ship had forty sturdy negroes put on board, to assist in drawing the artillery; and on the 13th of January the armament put to sea.

It is worthy of remark that the Highlanders with this force were mere recruits, being the 2nd battalion of the Black Watch, formed at Perth in the preceding August, as we have elsewhere related, to revenge the slaughter of the 1st battalion at Ticonderoga.

Next morning the squadron sighted the mountains of Martinique, the highest of which, Mont Pelée, was then a dormant volcano, covered with woods, which continually attracted the clouds. The chief stronghold of this valuable island was the citadel of Fort Royal, a regular fort, garrisoned by four companies, 36 bombardiers, 80 Swiss, and 14 officers. One hundred barrels of beef constituted their chief provisions; their cisterns were destitute of water, and their stores were without wadding, matches, or langridge shot for their cannon. They were very short of other ammunition, and their walls were ruinous; but they formed some intrenchments at St. Pierre and a place called Casdenaviers, where they thought the landing would be attempted.

On the 15th the squadron entered the great bay of Fort Royal, where some of the ships were exposed to the fire of a battery erected on the little Isle de Ranierco, half-way up the inlet. At their first appearance, the *Florissant*, 74 guns, with two frigates, drew close in towards the citadel, and came to anchor in the careenage, under shelter of the fortifications; but one, named *La Vestale*, made her escape in the night, through the transports, and sailed for European waters, where she was afterwards taken by Captain Hood.

Next day three ships of the line were ordered to attack Fort Negro, a battery three miles distant from the citadel, the guns of which they soon silenced; and it was soon after taken by a body of seamen and marines, who landed from their boats,

scrambled up the rocks and masses of mangroves, till they reached the embrasures, which they entered with bayonets fixed, while the enemy fled with precipitation. The Union Jack was immediately hoisted, amid loud cheers; the guns were spiked, the carriages broken, the powder destroyed, and the detachment remained in possession of the battery.

The battery at Casdenaviers was next silenced. The French troops, reinforced with militia, had marched from the citadel to oppose any landing; but on seeing the whole British squadron, with the transports full of red-coats, and Fort Negro already in possession of the marines, they retired to Fort Royal, leaving the beach open; and, there next morning the whole army landed, quietly and leisurely, as if going to exercise.

By ten o'clock, the grenadiers, the King's Regiment, and the Highlanders moved forward, and soon fell in with some parties of the enemy, with whom they maintained an irregular fire, till they came within a little distance of Morne Tortueson, an eminence in rear of Fort Royal, and the most important post in the island. There they maintained a sharp skirmish, during which it was said of the Highlanders, "that although debarred the use of arms in their own country, they showed themselves good marksmen, and had not forgotten how to handle their weapons."

In this skirmish sixty-three men and officers were killed or wounded.

About two in the afternoon, General Hopson gave the commodore to understand that he could neither maintain his ground nor attack the citadel unless the squadron would supply him with heavy guns. But as the latter must have been landed at a level green savannah, where they, with the boats' crews and negroes, would have been exposed to a fire from the fort, it was found necessary to relinquish the idea of having a battering-train; and after a Council of War was held, the troops were recalled from Morne Tortueson, and after burning the sugar-canes, and desolating the country in their retreat, all were re-embarked that evening.

The inhabitants of Martinique could scarcely credit their senses when they suddenly saw themselves delivered from all fear, at a time when they were overwhelmed with dismay and confusion, when all their leaders had resigned the thought of resistance, and were actually assembled in the public hall of Fort Royal to send deputies to General Hopson, with proposals for capitulation and surrender.

The majority of the sea and land officers constituting the Council of War having given their opinion that it might be for the public service to attack St. Pierre, the fleet proceeded to that part of the island, and entered the bay on the 19th. The commodore told General Hopson that as the town was open, it could be reduced with ease; but as the ships might be so disabled in the attack as to become unfit for more important duties, it was proposed that more attempts on Martinique should be relinquished, and the conquest of Guadaloupe was suggested. "There might be very good grounds for this preference," says General Stewart, "although it does not appear how any service of this nature can be accomplished without running a risk of disabling and diminishing the arms employed."

Accordingly, soon after the squadron was close in-shore, and the ships were ranged in a line with the Basse Terre, or western portion of Guadaloupe. Here stands the metropolis of this Caribbean Isle, defended by the citadel and other fortifications. Guadaloupe, which is about seventy miles in length by twenty-five in breadth, is divided in two by a channel called La Rivière Salée, about eighty yards broad. Its elevated hills consist chiefly of coral rocks, some of which are a thousand feet in height, and one, La Souffrin, rises to an altitude of 5,115 feet above the level of the sea. It is a mountain of sulphur; and though Martinique was an island of much more importance than Guadaloupe, the latter, at the time of which we write, made a much greater quantity of sugar than the former, and equipped far more privateers against British commerce.

It was resolved to make a general attack upon the citadel and other fortifications. Accordingly, the ships took up their various stations, and at nine o'clock on the morning of the 23rd of January the action began by Captain Trelawney turning the broadside of the *Lion* against a nine-gun battery, while the rest of the fleet continued to place themselves abreast of the other batteries and the citadel, which was armed with forty-two guns and two mortars.

In a very short time the action became general. The booming of the cannon echoed with incessant reverberations among the wooded mountains and on the shore, while the roar of the small-arms from the ships and batteries filled up the intervals of sound. For several hours this was continued with unabated vivacity; while the commodore, who had shifted his broad pennant from the flagship to the *Woolwich*, frigate, that he might watch the operations with ease, and apart from the smoke, gave his orders with the greatest deliberation. Save once before, in the attack on Carthagena, this expedient had never been resorted to by a British commander;

but it was necessary on this occasion for the com- [illegible] he various plans they [illegible]

In opposing the batteries, every captain fought his ship with remarkable bravery, but more particularly Louis Leslie, of the *Bristol*: Thomas Burnet, of the *Cambridge*, 80 guns; Clark Gayton, of the *St. George* (an admiral in after years); Edward Jekyll, of the *Ripon*; Sir William Trelawney, of the *Lion*, who died Governor of Jamaica; and Molyneaux Lord Shuldam, of the *Panther*, "who, in the hottest of the engagement, distinguished themselves equally by their courage, impetuosity, and deliberation."

The *Burford* and *Berwick* being blown out of range by the rising wind, Captain Shuldham, in the *Panther*, was left unsustained; and two batteries turned all their fire upon the *Ripon*, which by two in the afternoon silenced all the guns of one, called the Morne Rouge, but at the same time she ran aground. On perceiving this disaster, the exulting French assembled in vast numbers on an adjacent hill, and lining a breastwork, opened therefrom a rolling fire of musketry; while the militia, with an eighteen-pounder, raked the helpless ship fore and aft for two consecutive hours.

Captain Jekyll returned the fire as well as he could, though his crew were perishing fast on every hand, till all his grape shot and wadding were expended, his rigging cut to pieces, and, to add to his misfortunes, a case containing 900 cartridges blew up on the poop, and set the ship on fire.

Jekyll threw out a signal of distress, but it was unseen amid the smoke. The flames, however, were extinguished; and Captain Leslie, of the *Bristol*, seeing the utterly helpless situation of the ship, ran in between her and the battery, laid his maintopsail to the mast, and opening fire upon the shore, made an immediate diversion in favour of Captain Jekyll, whose ship did not float till midnight, "when she escaped from the very jaws of destruction."

It was singular that the *Burford*, though she was fearfully mauled in her hull, and had her rigging cut to pieces and many of her guns dismounted, had not one man killed on board. But in other ships the casualties were severe, and many men were fated to find their last home among the long tangle-weed, the coral branches and rocks, at the bottom of the deep green Caribbean Sea.

By seven in the evening, all the other large ships having silenced the guns to which they had been respectively opposed, joined the rest of the fleet; and now in the darkness that so suddenly follows twilight in the tropics, four bomb-ketches anchored near the shore began to hurl their red hissing [illegible] into the town which [illegible] ever [illegible] and anon a magazine of powder blew up with a terrible explosion.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, next day, the fleet came to anchor in Basse Terre roads, where the flaming hulls of many vessels were to be seen, set on fire and abandoned by the enemy. Several ships attempted to escape and get to sea, but were taken. At five o'clock the troops began to land without opposition, and taking possession of the half-ruined town and empty citadel, encamped quietly in the vicinity.

For several days nothing took place but the establishment of some small posts on the hills nearest the town. On one of these Major Robert Melville, of the 38th—in after years a general officer and eminent as an antiquary—took up a position over against some intrenchments formed by Madame Ducharmey, a lady of high spirit, who, despising the French governor, the Chevalier Nadau d'Estriel, had armed her negroes and servants for resistance to the last. But of this more anon.

From a Genoese deserter the general learned that the French troops, before retiring, had laid a train to blow up the powder magazine in the cita-[illegible] after ours had entered it; so one of the first [illegible]oyal, a r[illegible] executed was to cut off the train and [illegible] bombard [illegible]agazine. The nails by which they had spiked [illegible] barrel [illegible]annon were drilled out by the matrosses. [illegible]eir [illegible] seemed to have possessed the French here. "It is remarkable, says a foot note to Smollett, that the apprehension of cruel usage from the British, who are undoubtedly the most generous and humane enemies under the sun, not only prevailed among the French soldiery during the war, but even infected officers of distinction, who ought to have known better and to have been of a more liberal turn of thought; and to this emotion has been attributed the timid conduct of D'Estriel, the governor of Guadaloupe, who, when the British attacked the citadel and batteries, instead of remaining to animate and lead the defenders, retired to a distant plantation, and tamely watched the course of events.

The inhabitants continually harassed the scouting detachments by firing upon them suddenly from the thick woods and plantations of sugar-cane. These were set on flames in all directions, yet the bush fighting was incessant, and the French creoles and armed negroes proved very expert at it. The beautiful scenery of Guadaloupe seemed to undergo a change as this strife went on. Instead of the

bustle observable amid the peaceful sugar plantations, the working of mills, the driving of bullock-carts, the cutting of canes, and boiling of sugar, while the negroes sung and chorused, black clouds of smoke rolled over the green savannahs and curled among the long avenues of palms and the waving branches of the cocoa-nut trees. Everywhere the pretty little dwellings of the negroes, the villas and mills of the planters, were destroyed. Ever and anon the musket-shot rang sharply out among the coral cliffs, while creoles and negroes fled from bush and tree, followed by British marines and kilted Highlanders. Three hi[illegible]ed more of the latter had come from Scotland in the *Ludlow Castle*, just before the landing of the troops in Guadaloupe.

Madame Ducharmey, at the head of her armed slaves, having made many furious attacks upon the post of Major Melville, and intrenched them on a hill in his vicinity, he was under the necessity of attacking this Amazon sword in hand, and carrying her works by storm. She made her escape, but her houses and plantations were destroyed. Some of her people were killed, and a number taken. Of the major's party, twelve were killed and thirty wounded, including three officers, one of whom lost an arm. The latter was Lieutenant Maclean, of the 42nd Highlanders.

"It would appear," says General Stewart, "that this very noisy and unpolite intrusion on a lady's quarters did not injure Lieutenant Maclean in the esteem of the ladies of Guadaloupe; for we find that, although he got leave from General Barrington to return home for the cure of his arm, he refused to leave the regiment, and remained at his duty. He was particularly noticed by the French ladies for his gallantry and spirit, and the manner in which he wore his plaid and Scottish regimental garb."

Fevers invaded both the land and sea forces. Five hundred sick were sent to Antigua; and the total reduction of Guadaloupe appearing somewhat impracticable, the general resolved to transfer the seat of operations to the eastern part of the isle, called Grand Terre, which was protected by a strong battery, named Fort Louis. Accordingly, on the 13th of February, after a six hours' cannonade from the ships, a column of marines and Highlanders landed in boats. Their progress towards the shore being arrested by long trailing plants and mangrove roots, they leaped into the water, which rose above their girdles, attacked Fort Louis, and carried it at the point of the bayonet. In a few minutes the French colours were torn down and the Union Jack hoisted in their place. "No troops could behave with more courage than the Highlanders and marines did on this occasion." By this time 1,800 men and officers were dead or in hospital. General Hopson having died of fever, the command devolved upon General Barrington, who resolved to prosecute the reduction of the island with vigour; and in a few days all the batteries in and about Basse Terre were blown up. The detachments were [illegible] the advanced posts, and the whole army re-embarked, except one battalion which was left under Colonel Debrissay, an accomplished and experienced officer, in the citadel of Basse Terre.

The enemy no sooner perceived the squadron under weigh than they descended from the hills in force, and endeavoured to take possession of the town, from which they were driven by a fire from the citadel. They now threw up a battery, from which they hurled shot and shell, and began to attempt a regular attack, but were repulsed by a sally from the castle. In the midst of these operations, the gallant Colonel Debrissay, Major Trollop, a lieutenant, two bombardiers of the artillery detachment, and a number of soldiers, were blown up and destroyed by the explosion of a powder magazine. During the confusion caused by this catastrophe, the enemy made a vigorous attack, but were repulsed successfully; and General Barrington, on learning the fate of Debrissay, sent Major Melville to assume the command and repair the fortifications.

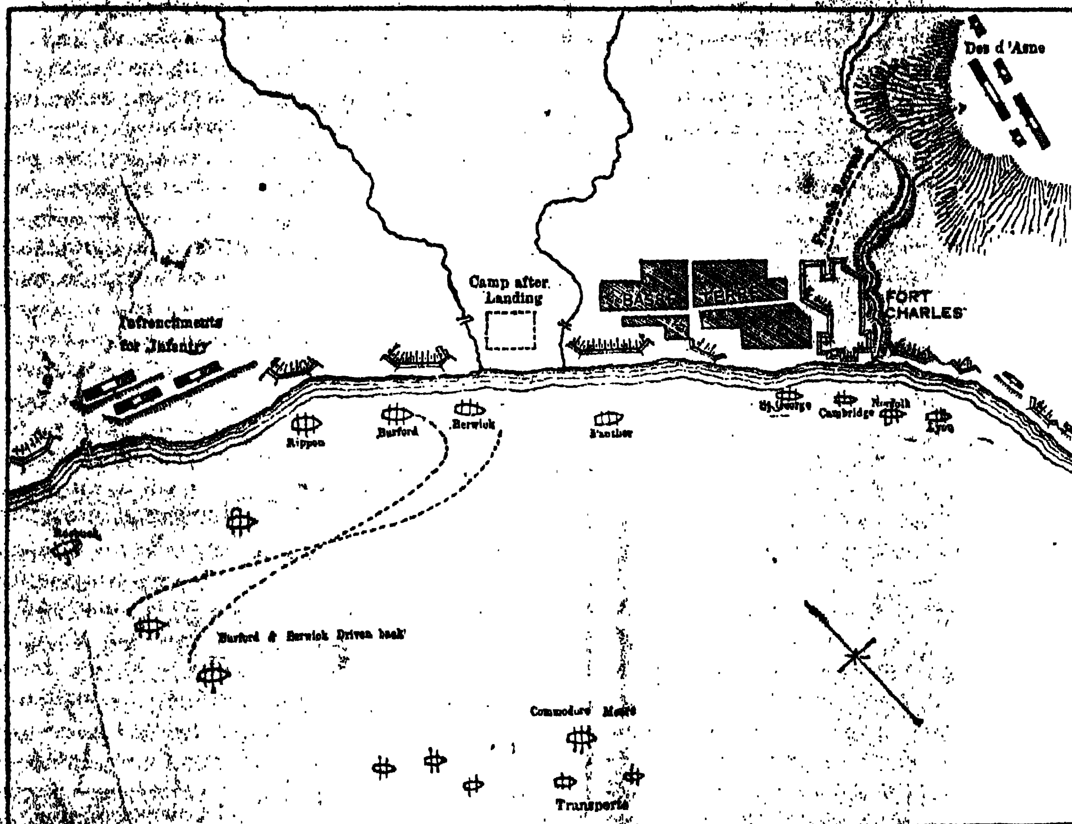
Meanwhile Commodore Moore, having received certain intelligence that the French Admiral de Bompart had arrived at Martinique with eight sail of the line and three frigates, with a battalion of Swiss and other troops on board, sailed, oddly enough, not to that island, but to the bay of Dominique; leaving General Barrington on that division of Guadaloupe known as Grand Terre, with only one ship of forty guns to protect the fleet of transports.

Colonel Crump was now ordered, with 600 bayonets, to attack the towns of St. Anne and St. Francis, and they were captured before sunrise, in a most gallant manner; and, notwithstanding a heavy fire from some trenches and batteries, the losses were trifling, and only one officer, Ensign Maclean, of the Highlanders, fell in the assault.

Pushing forward, Colonel Crump on the following day drove the enemy from another position, and stormed a battery of twenty-four-pounders. General Barrington now formed a scheme to surprise Petit Bourg and St. Marie's, on the Capesterre side, and this duty he assigned to Brigadiers Clavering and Crump; but, owing to the darkness of a most tempestuous night, when the wind howled amid palm and cocoa-nut trees, and the lightning flashed among the mountains, thus exciting the terror of

their negro guides, the attempt failed, and the general was compelled to do that by force which he intended to have done by stratagem.

He now ordered the same commanders to land near the town of Arnonville, and they did so unopposed by the enemy, who retreated to a strong position on the banks of the Licorn. Save at two narrow passes, this river, rendered inaccessible by a morass covered by mangroves, was fortified by a redoubt and intrenchment mounted with guns.



PLAN OF THE ATTACK ON THE ISLAND OF GUADALOUPE.

Despite these disadvantages, the brigadiers determined on an assault, confident that their active Highlanders might surmount any natural obstacle. Under cover of a fire from their field-pieces, the Black Watch advanced to the attack, supported by the regiment of Duroure, or 38th. As they pushed on, the enemy began to waver. Then we are told, in "Letters from Guadaloupe," that, slinging their muskets, "the Highlanders drew their swords, and, supported by part of the other regiment, rushed forward with their characteristic impetuosity, and followed the enemy into the redoubt, of which they took possession."

Like the rest of the troops, they had endured intolerable heat, continual fatigue, the air of a climate to which they were unaccustomed, and the toil of climbing lofty mountains and steep precipices.

In storming this work, 65 men and officers were killed or wounded. Other works and towns being carried or captured elsewhere, they pushed on to Capesterre, amid the most lovely tropical scenery, and captured from one planter alone 870 negroes, who, being saleable, were then as valuable as prize-money. There Colonel Clavering was met by MM. de Clairvilliers and Duquerny, deputed by the inhabitants of the island to know what terms of surrender would be granted to them. They were conducted to General Barrington, who, considering the smallness of his force, which was diminishing daily by fever and the bullet, the chance of the enemy being succoured from Martinique, and the unaccountable absence of the commodore, resolved to settle the terms without delay; and they were barely signed when a messenger came with tidings that General Beauharnois had landed at St. Anne's with succour from Europe, with the squadron under M. de Bompart. But on learning that the capitulation was complete, these forces returned to Martinique.

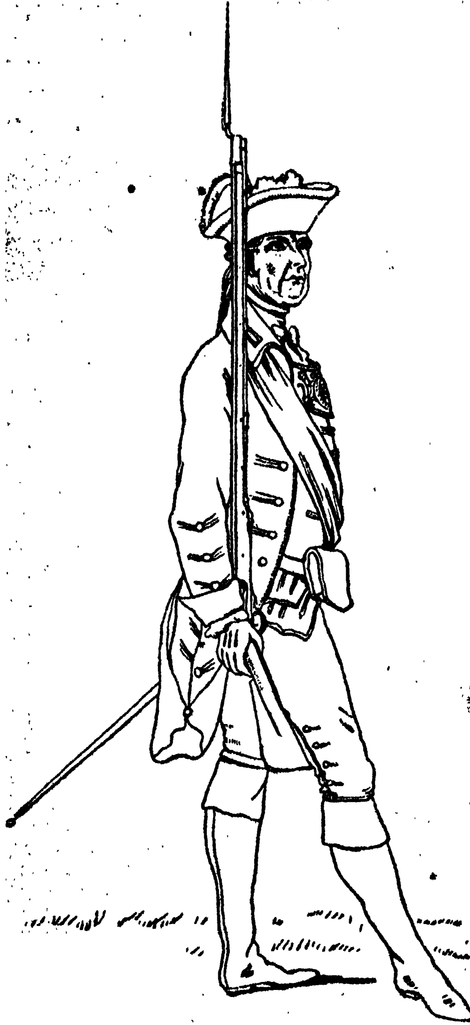
CHAPTER XXVI.

SIEGE OF PONDICHERRY, 1760-1.

In every quarter of the globe where France had territory, war was waged against her at this time, and nowhere more successfully than in India.

The chief strength of the French there was at Pondicherry, on the Coromandel coast of Hindóstan, a place which, while yet a village, with a slip of land about five miles long, had been purchased by King Lou from the Rajah of Bejapore. After being taken by the Dutch, and restored at the Peace of Ryswick, it speedily became populous; and fifty years of tranquillity enabled the French to construct a handsome and regular town—the capital of their settlements in India—with strong fortifications, from which, unaided by European arms, the natives could never have expelled a garrison. The lofty bastions and ramparts were armed with formidable artillery; and, from its situation, Pondicherry could not be bombarded from the sea. Round this centre French influence extended over various parts of the vast peninsula, and France soon had colonies or factories at Ballasor, Cossimbazar, Masulipatam, and other places. Their power almost overshadowed ours; and, like us, they were soon drawn into alliances with native princes, and from being merchant-traders became soldiers.

When the tide of European war flowed from the West to the East, there were in India, on the British and French sides, men of eminent ability and romantic courage. If we had Clive, Hastings, and Eyre Coote, they had Lally, La Bourdonaye, and De Bussy.



OFFICER WITH GORGET, AND FUSIL AT THE "CARRY," MARCHING PAST (A.D. 1759).

On the declaration of war, in 1756, the Count de Lally, an Irish soldier of fortune in the French service (son of Captain O'Lally, of Tulloch-na-Daly, in Galway), was sent out as lieutenant-general and commander-in-chief of the French forces in India—a distant, and to Europeans, but little-known land in those days, and only to be reached by long and perilous voyages round the stormy Cape. In support of this expedition, the Court destined six millions of livres, six battalions of infantry, and three ships of war. The Chevalier des Soupirs was the second in command to Lally, who embarked at Brest, accompanied by his brother Michael. After various encounters, with varying success, in India, the Governor and Council at Calcutta, hearing that Lally meant to threaten Trichinopoly, determined that Colonel Eyre Coote, who had recently come from Europe, should take the field against him with about 700 European infantry, 7,000 sepoys, 370 horse, and 14 guns. Lally began his march at the head of 2,200 Frenchmen and 10,000 native troops. Among the latter were 1,800 blacks, called the Regiment de Marquis de Bussy, 300 Caffres, and 2,000 cavalry furnished by a Mahratta chief with whom Lally was in alliance. They were all clothed and armed after the brilliant and picturesque fashion of their country, and were led by a *rissaldar*, or commander of independent

horse. Lally had with him twenty-five pieces of cannon.

He came in sight of the British on the banks of a sandy river, the Poliar, then quite dry, though in the usually rainy month of October. There they hovered in sight of each other, till Lally suddenly invested Vandevash, a fortress of the Carnatic, against which his batteries opened with such effect that in three days there was made a practicable breach in the outer bastion; but about the very time that Lally, a fiery and energetic officer, was about to lead the assault, Coote, with 1,700 Europeans and 3,000 blacks, fourteen pieces of cannon, and one howitzer, came suddenly upon his rear, to relieve the garrison.

Lally now found himself between two fires; but turning, like a lion at bay, he drew off from the trenches, and, on the 21st of January, 1760, formed in order of battle. While the lines were three-quarters of a mile apart, the cannonading began on both sides, and was continued with fatal precision till noon, when Lally's French horse began to charge the left wing of Coote, who sent a few companies of sepoys (whose name is derived from *sepahe*, the Indian word for a military tenant) and two guns, and these soon drove the troopers to the rear of their own army; and as the adverse lines still continued approaching, by one o'clock the roar of musketry rattled from flank to flank, and the broad green plain on which the unclouded sun was shining became shrouded in snow-white smoke.

Lally now placed himself at the head of his line of infantry, and leading on in person the Regiment of Lorraine, impetuously fell on that part of the British line where Coote was dismounted at the head of his troops to receive him.

Two distinct volleys of musketry were given and received, after which the Regiment of Lorraine —which has been sometimes styled *Les Gardes Lorraines*—raised by Prince Thomas of Savoy in 1643, rushed on to the charge with incredible fury. Sword in hand, Count Lally was in front. The bayonets clashed and crossed, and the British line was broken.

Broken, but for three minutes only. Then ensued a brief but terrible and bloody series of single combats, and the Regiment of Lorraine was hurled back in confusion and defeat, over ground strewn with its own dead and dying; while the explosion of a tumbril in the rear added to the disorder, of which Coote took instant advantage, by ordering Major Brereton, with Sir William Draper's Regiment, to fall on the French left, and seize a fortified post which they were about to abandon. This service was performed gallantly; the French left was routed, and hurled by the bayonet on its centre.

Draper's Regiment was the 79th, not the present Cameron Highlanders, which were raised in 1805 by Sir Alan Cameron, of Erroch, but an older corps, which was disbanded in 1763. Confusion now reigned supreme among the enemy; but Major Brereton, a gallant and accomplished officer, fell mortally wounded.

"Follow—follow!" he exclaimed to some of his soldiers, who were affectionately disposed to linger near him. "Follow your comrades, and leave me to my fate!"

He expired soon after, but, led by Major Monson, the regiment advanced with increased ardour and fury; and, after a vain and desperate attempt made by the Marquis de Bussy with Lally's regiment of the Irish Brigade, to repel it, the French and their allies were by two o'clock in the afternoon routed in every direction. The Irish regiment was almost cut to pieces; De Bussy had his horse shot under him, and was captured by Major Monson, to whom he presented his sword.

Lally brought up his cavalry to cover his retreat from a field where he left 1,000 men killed or wounded, and 50 taken prisoners, including the marquis, his quartermaster-general, Le Chevalier de Gadville, Colonel Murphy, many other officers, and nearly all his cannon.

Coote lost 260 in killed and wounded. Marshal Grant, Vicomte de Vaux, asserts that the losses were equal on both sides. Ultimately the campaign ended gloriously for Britain, by the conquest of Arcot, a most extensive maritime district of Hindostan, and by hemming up the Count de Lally in the fortifications of Pondicherry, which ere long was fated to be the last scene of his long and brilliant career. The approach of the rainy season, together with the well-known reputation for skill, valour, and resolution enjoyed by the Irish general of the now all but ruined French East India Company, caused a regular siege to be deemed almost impracticable for a time. Other measures therefore had to be tried. "It was resolved," says the Sieur Charles Grant, "to block up the place by sea and land."

Lally had now only 1,500 French troops with him. These were the remnants of nine corps of the King's and Company's services; the cavalry, artillery, and invalids of the latter; the Creole Volunteers of the Isle of Bourbon; the Artillery du Roi, the Regiment de Mazinis, and those of Lorraine and Lally (which were numbered respectively the 30th and 119th of the French Line), with the Battalion d'India.

The British armaments were much more considerable than those of their opponents. On the land they had four battalions of the Line; at sea were seventeen sail of the line, carrying 1,038 pieces of cannon, the smallest vessels in the fleet being three fifty-gun ships.

The fortress of Pondicherry being as strong as art and nature could make it, Colonel Coote was perfectly aware that it could only be reduced by famine. Moreover, he was of opinion that, with such an antagonist as Lally, a siege with regular approaches and assaults might prove futile; as, in addition to his French comrades, the Irish count had a strong body of armed sepoys, and a vast store of ammunition and arms, including 700 pieces of cannon and many millions of ball cartridges. Independent of mortars, 508 pieces armed the walls, which were as much as five miles in circumference. There were thirteen great bastions and six gates. Though there was an overplus of population, the first care of Lally had been to victual the place completely, alike for the garrison and inhabitants.

A number of petty forts surrounded Pondicherry; but these were speedily reduced, and the whole surrounding country fell into the hands of the British.

On the 17th of March the fleet of Sir Samuel Cornish came to anchor in the roadstead; and while Coote drew nearer by land, Lally fell back on the fortress, disputing bravely every yard of ground, until in front of Pondicherry he formed those famous lines, which, with a skill and valour that were admirable, he defended for twelve weeks, thus giving sufficient time to have the town fully victualled, and also to conclude a treaty with the Rajah of Mysore, who pledged himself to continue a supply of provisions—a pledge he forgot to fulfil.

On the 2nd of September, 1760, Lally made a fierce sortie on the advanced posts of Coote, but was driven back with great loss, while seventeen of his guns were taken. Eight days subsequently the last work of the fortified boundary was stormed, and the French were fully enclosed in Pondicherry. Coote had 110 killed and wounded. Among the latter was Major Monson, who had a leg torn off by a cannon-shot.

A body of the 89th Highland Regiment, which had been raised among the Gordon clan in the preceding year at Badenoch, were landed from the *Sandwich*, East Indiaman, and behaved with their usual gallantry. Pressing onward, they burst from the rear, through Draper's grenadiers, in their eagerness to get at the enemy. Tossing aside their muskets, they raised a wild cheer, and with their bonnets in one hand and claymores in the other, threw themselves upon the soldiers of Lally, and cut many to pieces. They were only fifty in number, and were commanded by Captain George Morrison. From that time the operations of Lally were confined to the ramparts of Pondicherry. Several of his cannon were taken by the brave little band of Highlanders. Seven of these were found to be eighteen-pounders, loaded to the muzzle with all sorts of projectiles—bars of iron, jagged metal, stones, and bottles.

As the naval *chef d'escadre*, Count d'Ache, seemed, by sailing elsewhere, to have completely abandoned Lally to his fate, a fifty-four-gun ship, a thirty-six-gun frigate, and four Indiamen, all under the French flag, were left shut up hopelessly in the roadstead.

In the month of October five sail of the line remained to blockade Pondicherry from the seaward, under Captain Robert Haldane, of the *America*, (who died on service there); while Colonel Coote enforced the investment by land. By their dispositions and vigilance, the dense population soon became deeply distressed for want of food, while the incessant rains rendered closer operations impracticable. These abated on the 26th of November, and Coote then directed his engineers to erect batteries for the purpose of enfilading the works of the garrison. Failure of provisions now compelled Lally to expel from the town a vast number of native women and children; and as Coote sternly drove them back again, great numbers of these poor creatures were killed or wounded by the fire of the batteries, which were all the time in full operation. About this time there died of fatigue in the trenches Sir Charles Chalmers, of Cults, a Scottish baronet, who served in the artillery. He possessed only the title, his estates having been forfeited after the battle of Culloden, fourteen years before.

The English force still continued on the aggressive. On the night of the 7th of October, the boats of the squadron pulled into the harbour with muffled oars; and, under the muzzles of Lally's guns, cut out a frigate and Indiaman, with the loss only of thirty men and officers.

By the 26th of September Coote's force amounted to 3,500 Europeans and 7,000 sepoys. The scarcity within the guarded circle of Pondicherry increased daily, till at last the stock of provisions ran out, and the soldiers and citizens were compelled to devour the flesh of elephants, camels, horses, dogs, cats, and even rats. Lally was frequently implored to surrender; but to no purpose, for his

lofty pride and resolute spirit had made him vow that he would perish amid the ruins of the place, yet never surrender it.

The price of a small dog was twenty-four rupees, and in some instances reached as much as twelve crowns; and by the 9th of November, when Coote erected a ricochet battery at only 1,400 yards' distance from the glacis, all hope had died away in Pondicherry.

Four other batteries were now erected—one at 1,100 yards' distance, called Prince William's Battery, mounted with two guns and one mortar, to destroy the cannon on the redoubt of San Thomé; a second, called Prince Edward's, faced the southern works, at 1,200 yards' distance, to enfilade the streets from north to south; a third, called the Duke of Cumberland's Battery, was thrown up 1,000 yards from the north-west bastion, to enfilade the counter-guard; and a fourth, called the Prince of Wales's Battery, was formed near the sea-beach, on the north, to enfilade the great street which intersects the White Town.

All these began firing at once on the night of the 8th of December; and, personally animating his troops, Lally responded by a simultaneous cannonade. A fifth battery, called the Hanover, armed with ten guns and three mortars, opened at 450 yards' distance against the counter-guard and curtain on the 26th of January, 1761; and now driven frantic by their sufferings, all in Pondicherry clamoured loudly for its surrender.

Thoroughly dissatisfied with the state of Indian affairs, enraged at his desertion by the faithless Rajah of Mysore, and, more than all, by the disorderly conduct of his troops, Lally exclaimed with passion—

"Hell has thrown me into this country of wickedness, and, like Jonas, I await until the whale shall receive me into its belly. I shall go among the Caffres rather than remain longer in this place."

On the 5th of January Coote attacked the Redoubt of San Thomé, sword in hand, at the head of his grenadiers and the 89th Gordon Highlanders, captured it, and silenced all its guns; but on the 7th Lally retook it, at the head of 300 Frenchmen, from the sepoys who had been left in charge. Six days afterwards, Coote sent 1,100 men, under a field-officer, to erect a sixth battery, for eleven guns and three mortars. Though its formation proceeded under the clear splendour of a brilliant moon, in their sullen despair the soldiers of Lally never offered any opposition, and never even fired to retard the workers, till by the 14th the ravelin of the Madras Gate was beaten down, and a great breach effected, while the cannon of Pondicherry were effectually silenced.

The siege was now over. On the evening of the 15th the French drums beat a parley, and four envoys came from among the ruined walls with proposals for capitulation.

These were, that the garrison, being in a state of starvation, would surrender as prisoners of war; that the people of Pondicherry should retain all their civil and religious rights; that Coote might take possession of the Villenour Gate on the morrow.

"I demand," asked Lally, "from a principle or justice and humanity, that the mother and sister of Raza Sahib (then in the city) may be permitted to seek an asylum where they please; or that they remain prisoners among the English, and not be delivered into the hands of Mohammed Ali Khan, which are red with the blood of the husband and father, to the shame of those who gave him up to him."

With regard to respecting the churches and permitting free exercise of the Catholic emancipation, Colonel Coote, in the spirit of those pre-emancipation times, declined to reply; and at eight o'clock on the morning of the 16th of January, Lally, with a bitter heart, ordered the white standard of France to be hauled down on Fort Louis; and at the same hour Coote's grenadiers received the Villenour Gate from the Irish regiment of Lally, while the men of the 79th Regiment took possession of the citadel.

Thus fell the capital of the French Indies, after a siege which the skill and valour of Lally protracted, amid a thousand difficulties, for eight months, against forces whose numbers were treble in strength to those he commanded. On the 17th he marched out at the head of his famished garrison, the strength of which stood thus, officers included:—Artillery of Louis XV., 83; the Regiment of Lorraine, 237; the Regiment of Lally, 230; the Regiment of the Marine, 295; Artillery of the French India Company, 94; Cavalry and Volunteers of Bourbon, 55; Battalion d'India and Invalides, 316.

One of their first acts before marching out was to cut their commissary to pieces. The quantity of military stores delivered over to Coote is incredible. There were 671 guns and mortars, 14,400 muskets and pistols, 4,895 swords, 1,200 pole-axes, and 84,041 common shot, with powder in proportion. The whole plunder amounted to £2,000,000 sterling.

The 89th Highlanders formed the new garrison. On the same day that Lally surrendered, his Scottish compatriot, Law de Lauriston, nephew of the

famous financier, on whose assistance he had long relied, was defeated by Major Carnac, at Guya, and taken prisoner, with sixty other officers in the service of France.

Most miserable was the future fate of Lally. After all his exertions, wounds, and services, he was surrendered by the contemptible Court of France as a victim to popular clamour. He was detained for four years in a close prison, and was repeatedly tortured, according to the barbarous law then in force in France. On the 4th of May, 1763, he was removed from the Bastille to the prison of the Conciergerie, at Paris, and his cross and red ribbon were taken from him.

"My God!" he exclaimed, as he clasped his hands. "Oh, my God! is this the reward of forty years' faithful service as a soldier?"

On the 9th of May, 1766, he was ultimately drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, or the Place de Grève; a gag was put in his mouth to prevent him from addressing the people, and he was hastily —almost privately—beheaded in the dusk of the morning.

So perished one of Ireland's bravest soldiers of fortune.

The old 79th (or Draper's) Regiment, lost at the siege of Pondicherry thirty-four officers, whose names were inscribed on a beautiful cenotaph, erected on Clifton Downs by Colonel Sir William Draper, and which he inscribed thus:—"Sacred to the memory of those departed warriors of the 79th Regiment by whose valour, discipline, and perseverance the French land forces in Asia were first withstood and repulsed."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DEFEAT OF THUROT, THE CORSAIR, 1760.

DURING the continuance of this war, the greatest scourge of our mercantile commerce, particularly off the coast of Scotland, was Commodore Thurot, usually known as "The Corsair," whose name was a terror and by-word from south of Berwick to north of Caithness; who actually swept our shipping from the North Sea, and captured Carrickfergus, taking prisoners there nearly the whole of the 62nd Regiment of the Line, at the head of troops composed, according to the *Edinburgh Chronicle*, of drafts from the Scots and Irish in the French service, and who, after a long series of daring exploits, in the course of which he had inflicted immense damage upon the commerce of this country, was eventually doomed to find his last home in the ruined chapel of Kirkmaiden, on the eastern shore of the Bay of Luce, in Galloway.

"This man's name became a terror to the merchants of Britain," says Smollett; "for his valour was not more remarkable in battle than his conduct in eluding the British cruisers who were successively detached in pursuit of him through every part of the German Ocean and the North Sea, even to the Islands of Orkney. It must be likewise owned, for the honour of human nature, that this bold mariner, though destitute of the advantages of birth, was remarkably distinguished by his generosity and compassion to those who had the misfortune to fall into his power; and that his deportment in every respect entitled him to more honourable rank in the service of his country."

A memoir of Francois Thurot appeared in 1760, by Père J. F. Durand, but it is unworthy of credence. His true history is, that he was born at Nuitz, then a village of Burgundy, in 1727, where his father was a surveyor; and after being educated by the Jesuits at Dijon, feeling a vocation for the sea, he travelled secretly to Dunkirk, and at the age of sixteen shipped on board a privateer, which in her first trip was taken by the British. After a few more voyages, on reaching manhood, the *armateurs*, as they were called, or privateer outfitters, of Dunkirk, had no hesitation in confiding to him their vessels; and this trust he rewarded by the capture of valuable prizes, taken while he was a "corsair," which in France means a rover without a commission, while "*armateur*" meant one commissioned by the royal authority, yet not a naval officer.

The peace of 1748 found him compelled to become a merchant captain, and the maker of many successful voyages. In one of these, when at London, he became acquainted with a beautiful young girl who lived at the then remote village of Paddington, and who eloped with him in his ship to France.

The war of 1755 saw him at sea in an armed privateer of his own; and so great were his achievements that Louis XV. made him a captain in the Royal Navy, and with *La Friponne*, corvette, he

had special orders to cruise in the Channel. His favourite emblem or cognisance was a hound pursuing a pack of deer, and this he had engraved on the blade of a long dagger that he constantly wore, and which is now preserved in the Museum of the Scottish Antiquaries at Edinburgh.

With *La Friponne*, he captured upwards of sixty of our merchant ships. The Marshal Duke de Belleisle now gave him two frigates and two corvettes, with orders to intercept some ships then seaward; and supposing that they must be merchantmen, he went in search, but found them to be all heavily armed, and two rated as frigates. They proved to be the *Solebay*, Captain Robert Craig, and the *Dolphin*, Captain (afterwards Admiral) Benjamin Marlowe, each carrying twenty-eight guns. Thurot was alone, having only the *Belleisle*, 46 guns and 500 men, yet he hesitated not to engage those four vessels which had left Leith in search of him.



SURRENDER OF PONDICHERRY (*see page* 112).

coming from Archangel. On this expedition he was attacked by one of our frigates, but handled her so roughly that she was compelled to bear away for Plymouth to refit.

So alert were the privateers of France, that between the 1st of March and the 10th of June, 1757, they captured 200 British vessels; and the whole number taken by them between the 1st of June, 1756, and the 1st of June, 1760, amounted to 2,539 sail. In the same space ours took 994 sail, including 242 privateers.

In May, 1758, Thurot infested the coast of Scotland, which since the Union had been left in a very defenceless state. When almost within sight of Edinburgh, he heard of four sail being seen to the

The battle began about seven o'clock in the morning, off the Red Head of Angus, a lofty and rocky cape, chiefly remarkable as being the point northward beyond which, until 1793, coal could not be carried without paying an enormous duty.

Thurot was first assailed by the *Dolphin*, which fought for an hour and half, when the *Solebay* came up, and all three fought with great bravery till noon, when the Frenchmen sheered off, leaving our two frigates so crippled that they were barely able to creep into Leith. The *Dolphin* had her masts wounded, her main, sprit, and topsail-yards shot away, her sails and rigging torn to pieces, and sixteen of her men killed or wounded. The *Solebay* had her main, maintopsail, and maintopgallant-



BRAVERY OF SAMUEL JOHNSON (*see page* 119).

yards shot clean away; her sails and rigging rendered totally unserviceable, and eighteen killed or wounded; among the latter her captain. The *Belleisle* had eighty killed and wounded.

During the whole of that year, in the North Sea he caused enormous loss to British, and more particularly to Scottish, commerce, till the 3rd of December, when he anchored safely at Dunkirk, covered with wounds and glory. He was presented by Louis XV. to Madame de Pompadour, at Versailles, and all France resounded with the name of François Thurot.

The French Ministry having consulted with him as to the best means of annoying us, an armament was carefully fitted out at Dunkirk. It was to consist of five frigates and a corvette. Of these Thurot had the sole command, with orders to make descents upon the Irish coast, and thus, by distracting the attention of the Government, facilitate the enterprise of M. de Conflans elsewhere. Favoured by a dense fog, he crept out of the roads of Dunkirk on the 15th of October, 1759; and in the evening, after eluding the watchfulness of Commodore Boys, he came to anchor off Ostend with his little squadron, which consisted of the *Marechal de Belleisle*, 46 guns, with 226 sailors and 430 soldiers on board; *La Blonde*, 36 guns, Captain La Kayce, 200 seamen and 200 soldiers; *Le Terpsichore*, 24 guns, Captain Desraudais, *L'Amaranthe*, 24 guns, and *La Bezon*, 36 guns, each with about 170 seamen and 170 soldiers—in all, our account says, 700 seamen, and 1,270 soldiers, under Brigadier Flobert, 230 having been left on the sick-list.

On the 16th he again put to sea, and in the night came upon his old antagonist, the *Solebay*, then commanded by Captain (afterwards Admiral) John Dalrymple; but he ordered all the poop-lights to be put out, and stood on his course in the dark. A few days later saw him menacing Aberdeen.

Along all the coast of Scotland the forts were put in a state of defence; the ancient war beacons were re-erected, muster-places appointed, and, by the request of the Convention of Royal Burghs, 200 stand of arms were issued to every town north of the Tay. The alarm spread to Liverpool, on the west coast, and there twenty companies, each one hundred strong, were enrolled, and a fifty-gun battery erected.

Commodore Boys ploughed the North Sea in vain—he could nowhere find the ubiquitous Thurot, who lost *La Bezon*, which foundered with all hands on board; and, sorely battered by winds and tempests of rain and snow, on the 24th of January, 1760, his diminished squadron threatened the town of Derry in Ireland, but a storm blew him into St. George's Channel, where *La Blonde* had to cast all her guns overboard.

In February, with starving crews, he was in the Sound of Jura, where he procured some cattle and potatoes by a treaty with Campbell of Ardmore, at whose house he and his officers first heard of the terrible defeat sustained by Conflans off Brest. On the 21st of February he sailed, straight for the Bay of Carrickfergus, where he made every preparation for a resolute and hostile landing. In the forenoon his ships were off the Isle of Magee, about two miles and a half from the castle; and, with all their ports open and guns run out, came to anchor at eleven o'clock, within musket-shot of Kilrute Point.

The garrison at this time consisted of only four companies of General William Strode's Regiment (the present 62nd Foot), formed from the 2nd battalion of the 4th or King's, which had landed from Minorca in the preceding year. These companies, however, were raw recruits, and were actually at instruction drill, half a mile distant on the Belfast road, when the boats of Thurot suddenly landed the French infantry. The alarm spread rapidly, as the peasantry were seen flying in all directions. The guards were turned out; the sentinels doubled, and the troops got under arms in the market-place, under Lieutenant-Colonel Jennings, of the 62nd, who sent his adjutant, Lieutenant Benjamin Hall, to reconnoitre. That officer soon returned to report that eight boats were landing French troops, who were getting into position on rising ground, bordered by walls, dykes, and hedges.

Colonel Jennings ordered detachments to secure the gates of the town; but at first the troops had only blank ammunition in their pouches, and ultimately a very small quantity of ball cartridge could be secured for them and the militia, who now got under arms, and were dispatched to Belfast with all the French prisoners, of whom there were many in the castle of Carrickfergus.

By this time the enemy, under Brigadier Flobert, were in full march for that place, preceded by a few hussars mounted on horses picked up in the fields, for which they had brought saddles and harness ashore. The detachments at the Scotch and North Gates, and along Lord Donegal's garden wall, were now fiercely attacked, but maintained their posts till their pouches were empty, on which Colonel Jennings, by sound of bugle, drew the whole into the ancient and half ruinous castle; but before its gates were closed and barricaded, the French infantry poured through the market-place and

assailed them with the bayonet. An entrance was soon forced, but Colonel Jennings, William Knollys, then Viscount Wallingford (who died Earl of Banbury), Captain Bland, and Lieutenant Ellis, of the 62nd, with some gentlemen volunteers and fifty soldiers, drove them back. Lieutenant Hall states that here "he saw great resolution in a few Irish boys, who defended the gate after it was opened, with their bayonets, and those from the Half Moon, who, after their ammunition was gone, threw stones and bricks."

It is recorded by Smollett that while the troops were hotly engaged in the streets, a little child ran playfully between them, upon which a French soldier "grounded his piece, took up the child in his arms, and returning to his place, resumed his musket and renewed his hostility."

Finding himself without ammunition, in an old and defenceless castle, which had a breach fifty feet long in its outer wall, Colonel Jennings beat a parley and requested terms, which were given by Commodore Thurot and Brigadier Flobert, to the following effect :—

That the companies of the 62nd Foot should march out with the honours of war, the officers to be on parole, and the men to be exchanged within a month; the castle not to be demolished, or the town burned, and rations to be provided for the French troops.

The alarm having spread by this time, General Strode began to collect at Newry the regiments of Pole, Sandford, and Anstruther (10th, 52nd, and 58th), together with the 5th Royal Irish Dragoons and Whitby's Light Horse (now 9th Lancers). These tidings, together with the hostility of the people, compelled Thurot to spike the guns, re-embark the troops, and put hastily to sea, after taking two vessels, laden chiefly with linen, out of the Loch of Belfast, and having with him as prisoner the unfortunate Mayor of Carrickfergus.

On the morning of the 28th, about four o'clock, his ships were seen by Captain John Elliot (of the house of Minto), who had under his command the *Æolus*, 32 guns; the *Pallas*, 36, Captain Michael Clements; and the *Brilliant*, 36, Captain James Logie, with 700 men all told. Thurot was then hovering near the Isle of Man; chase was instantly given, and by one o'clock his ships hauled up their canvas and shortened sail. Then began a close and desperate action. Infuriated by all he had undergone by wind, waves, and starvation on this last expedition, Thurot fought with the fury of despair, till a musket-ball stretched him on the deck in mortal agony.

By that time all his ships were more or less disabled. The stately *Belleisle* had her bowsprit, main-yard and mizzenmast shot away; her hull was completely riddled, and she was in a sinking state, when the first lieutenant of the *Æolus* sprang on her deck at the head of his boarders, and hauled down her colours with his own hand, on which the other ships immediately struck. The *Blonde* and *Terpsichore* were added to the Royal Navy, as was also the *Pallas*, which, in 1782, was destroyed off the Isle of St. George.

François Thurot expired in his thirty-ninth year, and before the action was quite over, in the arms of his mistress; and, in the confusion of the time, his body, wrapped in a piece of carpet torn from the floor of his cabin, was cast with other corpses into the sea. The British loss was not above 36 killed and wounded; while that of Thurot, as he had troops on board, amounted to more than 300 men. Captain Elliot carried his prizes into Ramsay Bay; and he and Colonel Jennings received the thanks of the Irish Parliament, with the freedom of the city of Cork, in silver boxes, while the defeat and fall of Thurot was causing great rejoicing in all the northern seaports.

Many corpses were now from time to time washed ashore on the south-east coast of Luce Bay, in Scotland, and among them was one which was at once recognised as that of the terrible Thurot.

It had a ball in the pit of the stomach; it was hastily sewn up in a carpet of silk velvet, and was attired in full uniform, with all the insignia of a commodore of the Royal Navy of France. In one pocket was found a tobacco-box of chased silver, with his name, François Thurot, engraved on the lid; in another was his watch, which became the prize of a domestic at Monreith House, and is now, or was lately, in possession of a gentleman at Castle Douglas. His linen bore the initials "F. T.;" and in his belt was his long, ivory-hilted, and single-edged dagger, having graven on the blade his well-known cognisance—a hound pursuing a herd of deer.

The lord of the manor, Sir William Maxwell, Bart., of Monreith, interred the remains with every honour in his own burial-place at Kirkmaiden. The silver box he bestowed upon Captain Elliot, the victor, who died an admiral; and he retained only the sodden carpet as a relic of the French hero, whose dagger, we have said, is now preserved at Edinburgh. Sir William acted as chief mourner, and was attended by the minister of Penninghame, who with others had witnessed the battle from the cliffs above the sea.

Long previous to this battle off the Isle of Man, the father of Thurot, the old surgeon of Nuitz, had been in receipt of a handsome pension from

Louis XV., as a reward for the warlike services of his son. The grave of Thurot lies within sound of the waves of the Scottish sea, amid the venerable ruins of Kirkmaiden, which are beautifully embosomed among the Heughs, a wooded hollow, by the base of a steep and solitary hill. The place is unmarked by a stone; but though almost forgotten, even in his native country, a recent history of Galloway and Wigton tells us that the peasant girls still remember him in their songs as "the gallant and gentle Thurret," for so they pronounce his name.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BELLEISLE, 1761.

WHILE the siege of Pondicherry was progressing in the distant East, and Thurot was cutting up the commerce of the Scots, there was planned and executed an expedition which made much noise in its time, for the capture and reduction of Belleisle-en-Mer, in the Bay of Biscay, on the south-east coast of Brittany, an island about fifteen miles long, and varying from five to twelve miles broad. It had belonged in former times to a line of the house of Fouquet, who exchanged it in 1718 with the King of France, for the Duchy of Gisors.

The naval armament, consisting of thirty-three sail, carrying 1,634 guns, was under the command of Admiral the Hon. Augustus Keppel, who had among his captains, Adam Duncan (afterwards Viscount Duncan of Camperdown); John Harvey (afterwards Earl of Bristol); the Hon. Samuel Barrington, son of the viscount of that name; Sir Thomas Stanhope; Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Edward) Affleck, who was made a baronet for his valour in 1782; John Storr, a future admiral, who lost a leg in battle with the *Orphée*, French frigate; James Gambier; Clarke Gayton, who fought at Guadaloupe; and George Mackenzie, afterwards commodore at Jamaica.

Admirals Keppel's flag was on board the *Valiant*, 74, Captain Duncan.

The troops, which were under the command of Major-General Studholm Hodgson, were 10,000 strong, and, with some light horse, consisted of the following corps:—Regiment of Major-General Edward Whitmore (9th Foot); Regiment of Lord George Beauclerk, Duke of St. Albans (19th Foot); Regiment of Lieutenant-General William Earl of Panmure (Scots Fusiliers); Regiment of the Hon. J. Stuart, son of Lord Galloway (37th Foot); Regiment of Lieutenant-General Sir John Gray, Bart. (61st Foot); Regiment of Sir Henry Erskine, Bart. (25th or Edinburgh Regiment); Regiment of the Hon. Charles Colville, son of Lord Culross (69th Foot); Regiment of Lieutenant-General William Rufane (disbanded.)

Five newly-raised independent companies were formed into a small battalion, to be commanded by Lord Pulteney. It was too much the fashion in those days to waste the strength of our army in effecting unwise and partial descents on an enemy's coast, rather than combining for one great effort; but the attack on Belleisle was deemed a grand attempt to harass the French on their own soil.

The expedition sailed from St. Helen's on Sunday, the 29th of March, the transports passing through the Needles—that strange cluster of pointed rocks westward of the Isle of Wight—under the convoy of the frigates, to meet the ships of the line; but it was not until the evening of Tuesday that the various officers were informed that the destination of the armament was Belleisle.

Beating against head-winds, it was not until the 7th of April that the French coast was in sight and the wind became fair. The cutters were sent out to reconnoitre the beach, and at midnight the whole fleet came to anchor, and preparations were made for landing. "The citadel of Palais, the capital of the isle," is in London prints of the day described as "a strong fortification, fronting the sea, composed principally of a hornwork, and is provided with two dry ditches, the one next the counterscarp, and the other so contrived as to secure the interior fortifications. This citadel is divided from the largest part of the town by an inlet of the sea, over which there is a bridge of communication. From the other part of the town, that which is most inhabited, it is only divided by its own fortifications and a glacis, which projects into a place called the Esplanade, where the great reservoir is kept. Though there is a fine conveniency for having wet ditches, yet round the town there is only a dry one, and some fortifications which cannot in many places be esteemed of the

strongest kind; indeed, the low country which lies to the southward can easily be laid under water."

A descent was proposed at three different places from our fleet, which was moored in the great roadstead of Palais; while a squadron, under Captain Buckle, cruised off Brest, to prevent Belleisle being succoured from thence. At five in the morning the troops began to leave the fleet, just about sunrise.

"The enemy's attention," says General Hodgson, in his dispatch, "was so distracted with our attempts at landing at different points, where there was the best appearance of our being able to succeed, that it gave Brigadier Lambert an opportunity of climbing up a rock with a corps I had left with him for that purpose."

This rock overhung Port Andeo Bay, on the south-east side of the isle; and Lambert's corps landed under cover of a fire from the *Achilles*, 60 guns, and *Dragon*, 74. The steep nature of the coast at this point had rendered the Chevalier de St. Croix, who commanded in Belleisle, somewhat indifferent to the defence of it; hence the grenadier company of the 19th, led by Captain Paterson, were in full possession of the rocks ere the French were aware of the circumstance. They were soon attacked by a detachment 300 strong, but resolutely held their ground till the rest of Hamilton Lambert's brigade joined them; when the French were speedily driven in, with the loss of three pieces of brass cannon and many killed and wounded, while the British casualties were trifling—only some thirty or so—but Captain Paterson lost an arm.

In this affair a private named Samuel Johnson displayed remarkable bravery. On perceiving a subaltern of his regiment, to whom he felt grateful for some act of past kindness, overpowered by numbers, and about to be bayoneted by a French grenadier, he rushed to his assistance, shot one through the head, then, slinging his musket, he drew his broadsword, slew five more, and, though covered with wounds, carried off the officer, who presented him with twenty guineas, and had him next day promoted to the rank of sergeant.

While this attack and lodgment were going on, another was attempted at a place named Sawzon; but at an hour too late in the day, as the general obscurely states, to do more than give the necessary orders for the landing of the first troops at the rocks.

Lambert having silenced the three-gun battery which commanded the bay, the boats of the fleet, with the 37th and 61st Regiments and a body of marines, were pulled in-shore; but the enemy were seen strongly intrenched on each side of a hill, "which," says the general, "was so excessively steep, and the foot of it so scraped (scarped?) away, that it was impossible to get up to the breastwork." Schomberg has it that "the enemy had taken post on the top of an almost inaccessible mountain where they had strongly intrenched themselves," but that several vigorous efforts were made to dislodge them.

Major Purcell, with the grenadiers of the 61st (200 of the Scots Fusiliers, according to one account), and Captain Osborne, with those of the Edinburgh Regiment, were first on shore, and attacked the enemy with great intrepidity; but being exposed to a dreadful fire from the heights above, they suffered severely. A writer in the *Edinburgh Courant* of that date, who served at Belleisle, states that Captain Osborne drew up his grenadiers in such a position as to enfilade the enemy; but that he was not properly supported by the rest of the troops. In landing, having lost his fusil, Osborne drew his sword, and leading on his grenadiers, got so close to the enemy that, though he received two musket-shots, he exchanged several cuts and thrusts with their officers.

His grenadiers fired a volley and then rushed on with their bayonets; but the intrenchment could not be surmounted, though the officer commanding the French was killed. Major Purcell and Captain Osborne also fell dead, and Brigadier Carlton (afterwards Lord Dorchester) was dangerously wounded. All that followed them shared the fate of the former, or were made prisoners. The flat-bottomed boats and the ships that covered the landing were compelled to draw off, with the loss of 500 men, so terrible was the fire of cannon and musketry from the heights.

All that night and next day the wind blew a gale, damaging many of the boats, and driving some of the transports out to sea. But after the weather abated, and the coast was again reconnoitred by General Hodgson and Admiral Keppel, dispositions were made for another landing on the 22nd of April, at Fort D'Arcy; while, in order to distract the enemy's attention from the real point of attack, two feints were at the same time made on other parts of the island.

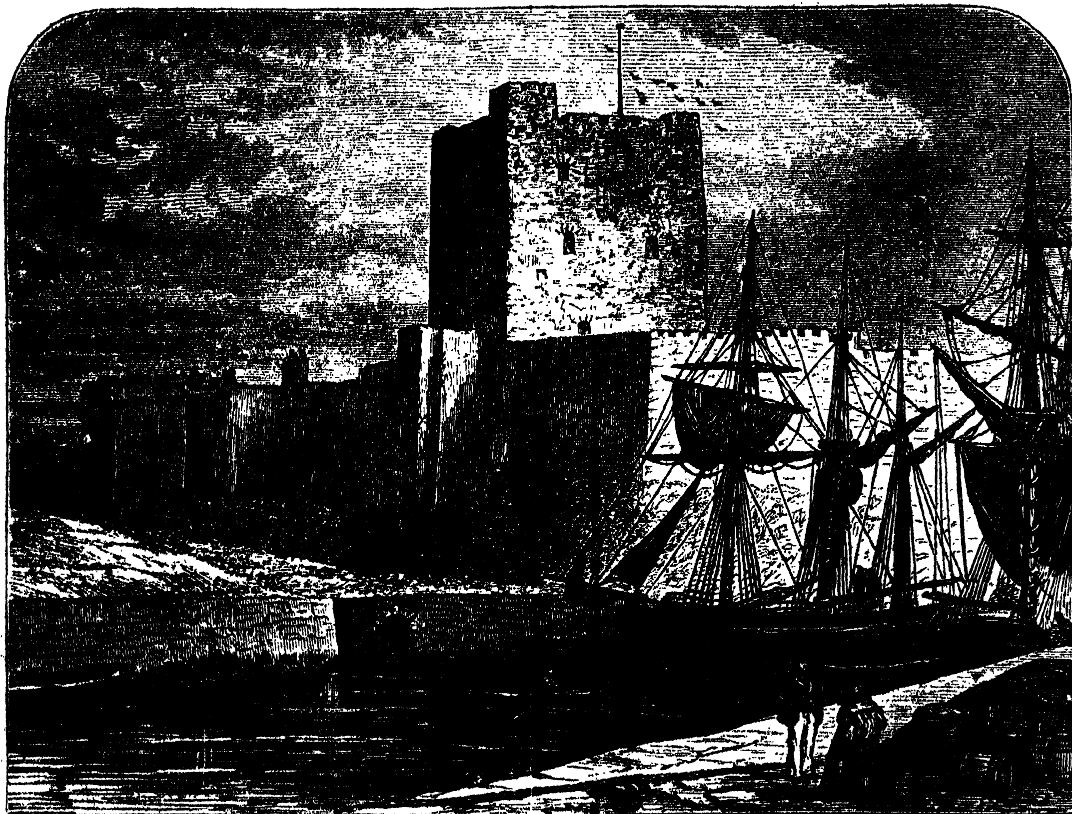
Brigadier Lambert once more effected a landing, at the head of the grenadier companies and the marines, and all the rest of the troops speedily followed; their disembarkation being ably covered by a fire from the shipping, which soon silenced the batteries of the enemy, who, after withstanding many resolute attacks, were driven back from all their intrenchments and defences.

As soon as the Chevalier de St. Croix found that the British had made good their landing, he

collected his whole forces, and fell back upon the fortified town of Palais, and thus laid open the whole country before it. During this retrograde movement, the enemy made a stand in one or two places, but were compelled to retire by the light cavalry.

In Palais, St. Croix, hopeless of succour from Brest, was determined to make his last grand stand against General Hodgson, whose chief difficulty consisted in bringing forward his cannon, which had to be dragged up the rocks, and afterwards for six miles along a deep, rugged, and broken road. All this caused a great loss of time. However, the siege was pressed with vigour, and the garrison, inspired by the known bravery of St. Croix, seemed to threaten a long and obstinate defence. Valour and energy were not wanting on either hand.

The French made several furious sallies; and by these a great number of besiegers were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Among the latter was Major-General Crawford, who commanded in the trenches; but these severe checks operated only as incentives to fresh energy on the part of the British troops.



CARRICKFERGUS CASTLE.

The engineers having reported that their works could not be properly advanced unless six redoubts which the enemy had formed to guard the approach to the town were completely reduced, they were accordingly all attacked on the morning of the 13th of May, and were stormed at the bayonet's point, with equal speed and intrepidity, by a battalion of marines, a corps only recently embodied. A great slaughter was made of the enemy, who fled towards the citadel; and such was the ardour of the stormers that they rushed along the streets of Palais pell-mell with the fugitives, and without an hour's delay preparations were made for the reduction of the stronghold. "This," says Cormick, in his continuation to Smollett's History, "was a place of extraordinary strength, having been built by the famous Vauban, who supplied by art what Nature had left undone to make it almost impregnable; and it was now defended by St. Croix with a show of the most desperate resolution."

Among those who fell in pressing the siege of this place, few were more regretted than Captain Sir William Peere Williams, Bart., of the 16th Light Dragoons, a young man who had shown high talent in Parliament, and had but recently joined

the service. In his ardour to examine the works of the citadel, he advanced too near the foot of the glacis, where he was shot dead by a French sentinel. On his body being borne into Palais, St. Croix, suspecting that he was a person of distinction, sent a drummer with a note to General Hodgson, requesting him to send a party for it; but the unfortunate drummer was shot by an ignorant sentinel, who, for this breach of the laws of war, was ordered to be hanged.

St. Croix conceiving that there was some mistake, sent forth "another drummer, with a polite intercessory note on behalf of the delinquent, who was pardoned in consequence, and the corpse of Sir William was brought back to the camp." St. Croix sent back with it bills to the amount of £240, drawn on Drummond's Bank, which were found in the pockets of the regimentals.

Parallels were now dug, breastworks thrown up, and batteries constructed. By day and night the roar of cannon and mortars shook the rocks of Belleisle without intermission, from the 13th till the 25th of May, when the fire of the enemy began most perceptibly to abate. By the end of the month a practicable breach was made in the citadel, and, notwithstanding that the garrison was indefatigable in repairing the damage, the fire of the British increased to such a degree that a great part of the defences were utterly ruined; and by the 7th of June, the Chevalier de St. Croix, having no prospect of relief, and hopeless of his power to repel a general assault, thought it prudent to capitulate, and his drums beat a *chamade*.

Terms being accepted, our troops marched in next day; and, by obtaining the citadel, they were virtually put in possession of the whole island. The garrison of St. Croix consisted of 2,600 men, of whom 922 were killed or wounded in the defence; while our losses amounted to 13 officers and 300 men killed, 14 officers and 480 men wounded.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF HAVANAH.

The Hon. Captain Barrington, of the Royal Navy, and Captain Rooke, aide-de-camp to General Hodgson, bore to London the news of the capture of Belleisle, and each received 500 guineas from George III. on presenting him with the dispatches and French standards. The victory at Belleisle—though it failed in its ultimate aim, which was to draw the French from Westphalia—was celebrated by bonfires and illuminations over all England and Scotland, and it was a subject of no small

mortification to France; but the capture "was thought by the most intelligent part of the nation dearly purchased with the lives of 2,000 brave men, besides the immense expenditure of naval and military stores."

The *Brussels Gazette* of the 7th of May accuses Admiral Keppel, on what authority we cannot know now, of having refused to receive on board his fleet 400 British prisoners, whom St. Croix had taken in the first descent, and whom he offered to give up, as they were starving "in a dark and unhealthy prison." But such conduct would be incredible in any British officer, and the accusation is doubtless untrue.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HAVANAH, 1762.

GEORGE III. was now upon the throne of Britain. The monarchs of France and Spain, being both of the race of Bourbon, leagued themselves against him and his realms by what was then known as "The Family Compact."

Pitt, the great Commoner, knew of this secret treaty, and urged immediate war with Spain; but his plans were overruled, and he resigned in disgust. The Earl of Bute then became Premier. As Pitt had foreseen, Spain declared war to aid France. But France was stripped of her most valuable West Indian colonies, whilst Spain lost the Havanah and Manilla; and it is the stories of the conquest of the two last-named places we now propose to narrate.

The expedition destined for the Havanah, the principal seaport in Cuba, the key of the Gulf of Mexico, and the centre of Spanish trade and navigation in the New World, required an armament equal to an object so great. It consisted of nineteen ships of the line and eighteen frigates, carrying 2,042 guns, under the command of Admiral Sir George Pocock, K.B., who had served with distinction in the Indian seas; and there were 150 transports, having on board 10,000 land forces. These were to be joined by 4,000 more from America. The troops were under the orders of General the Earl of Albemarle; and the whole armament, which assembled off the north-west point of Hispaniola, was, for the sake of expedition, conducted, with skilful seamanship, through the Old Channel of Bahama, and on the 6th of June arrived in sight of the far-famed Havanah.

The object of their long and perilous voyage, and of so many ardent hopes, was now before them. The appearance of the city at the entrance of the port is one of the most picturesque and beautiful in equinoctial America. The strong fortifications that crown the rocks on the eastern side; the noble internal basin, where more than a thousand ships might anchor, sheltered from every wind; the majesty of the groves of palms, which there grow to a vast height; the city itself, with its white houses, all of the Saracenic and Gothic style, with quaint galleries and deep red roofs, the pillars and pinnacles, towers and domes, half seen and half hidden amid the forest of masts and sails, seen under a clear and burning sun, all conspire to present a most imposing *tout ensemble.*

The north side of the entrance to the harbour is formed by a high ridge called the Cabana, the face of which is almost perpendicular, and crowned by bastions which overlook the city and the sea. At the extreme point of the entrance stands the Moro, or Castello de los Santos Reges. This range of fortifications, together with Fort Principe and the castle of Altares to the west, some ridges of low elevation, and rows of palm trees, encompass the plain on which, on the western side of the harbour, stands the city, in the form of a semicircle, with its Barrios estra Muros, or suburbs, in its rear.

The name of the fortress, Moro, was a word applied to the dungeon-towers of the ancient Moorish castles in Spain, and serves to show us, as Scott mentions in a note to "Marmion," "from what notion the Gothic style of castle-building was originally derived."

The Moro Castle was then, and is still, an edifice of great strength, having two bastions towards the sea, and two more on the land side, with a deep wide ditch cut out of the solid rock. The opposite point of entrance was secured by another fort, frequently called the Puntal, which was girt by ditches, and every way calculated for co-operating with the Moro in defence of the harbour. It had also some batteries that faced the country and enfiladed the city wall. But the latter, and

the fortifications of the city itself, were not in a good condition; the wall and its bastions lacked repair, the ditch was a dry one, and the covered way was almost in ruins. It was therefore thought by some officers that the town should have been attacked by land, especially as it was utterly impracticable to assail it by sea; the entrance to the harbour being subject to a cross-fire from the Moro and Puntal, and defended by fourteen Spanish ships of the line, three of which were afterwards sunk in the channel, across which a boom was thrown.

Either from being ignorant of the real state of the defences, or from seeing objects in a different manner, the Earl of Albemarle resolved to begin with the reduction of the great Moro Castle, the fall of which would, he thought, ensure that of the city. He believed that if he attacked the latter first, his force might become too weak to take the fort, defended as it was by a garrison, and the flower of the male populace, zealous alike to save their own and the public treasure.

On the other hand, it was alleged that, if the city had been attacked, its wall could not have been defended for twenty-four hours. If the earl committed errors, the Spaniards were guilty of greater. Though apprised a month before that George III. had declared war against Charles III., they were not roused from their apathy; and when the British armament was off the shore of Cuba, they had taken no means for defence: scarcely a cannon or musket was fit for use—they were almost without shot of proper sizes for the former, and without cartridges for the latter. All was confusion and alarm when the sails of the hostile fleet were first descried covering all the sea between the Old Channel and the Gulf of Florida. Instead of having their fleet at sea and ready for action, it was retained in the harbour. A naval victory, however dearly bought, might have saved the city; but now, the city and harbour once taken, nothing could save the fleet.

When the troops were ready to land, the admiral, with a great portion of the fleet, bore away to the westward, and made a feint of disembarking; while a detachment, protected by Commodore Keppel and Captain Harvey, of the *Dragon*, 74 guns, approached the shore to the eastward and landed without opposition—a small fort, which might have opposed them, having been previously destroyed by a cannonade from the ships. On this side the main body of the troops were meant to act. They were formed in two columns, one being immediately occupied in the attack of the Moro, and the other in covering the siege and protecting the foragers, who procured water, wood, and provisions. The former column was led by Major-General Keppel, and the covering force by Lieutenant-General Elliot; while a detachment, under Colonel Howe, was encamped near the west end of the city, to cut off its communication with the country, and to divide the attention of the enemy.

Incredible were the hardships sustained by the troops during these operations. The earth was everywhere so thin that it was with the greatest difficulty they could make their approaches under cover; and the want of water, together with the heat, proved most distressing. Fatigue parties had to convey it from a vast distance; and so scanty and precarious was the quantity, that the troops had frequently to be supplied from the casks of the shipping. Through the thick dense woods, that grew in all the rank luxuriance peculiar to the torrid zone, roads of communication had to be cut; and the artillery had to be dragged by pathless ways, from a rough and rocky shore.

In these painful efforts, under a burning West Indian sun, many of the soldiers and seamen, worn with toil, drenched with perspiration, and maddened by thirst, dropped down dead in the drag-ropes, in the trenches, and at their posts, slain by sheer heat and fatigue. Every obstacle was at length overcome, by the happy unanimity which existed between the two branches of the service; and batteries were erected along a ridge on a level with the fort, and from these the bombs were first thrown on the 20th of the month. The ships in the harbour were driven farther back, so that their guns could not molest the besiegers, and a sally made by the garrison was repulsed with great slaughter by the trench-guards.

To aid the troops, on the evening of the 30th of June, the *Cambridge*, 80 guns, and the *Dragon* and *Marlborough*, each of 74 guns, were stationed as near the Moro as ships so large could venture, with orders to dismount the guns, and, if possible, to breach the wall. The governor, Don Louis de Velasco, a captain of the Spanish navy, and his second in command, the Marquis de Gonzales, defended themselves with great bravery. The three ships began their cannonade at eight o'clock in the morning of the 1st of July: and after keeping up a constant fire until two in the afternoon, the *Cambridge*, under Captain Goostrey, was found to be so much damaged in her hull, masts, yards, and rigging, by the shot of the Spaniards, that she had to sheer off out of range; and soon after the *Dragon*, under Captain Augustus Harvey, which had also suffered severely, followed her; and then

the *Marlborough*, after a loss of 162 men killed and wounded. Among the former was the captain of the *Cambridge*.

The crews of the sunken ships were added to the garrison of the Moro, and for many days an unremitting cannonade was maintained on both sides, with fierce emulation. In the midst of this, the principal battery of the besiegers, being constructed chiefly of timber and fascines, caught fire. Dried by the intense heat, the material burned fiercely, and the battery was almost consumed; the labour of 600 men for seventeen days was destroyed in an hour, and had to be begun again. This was a severe stroke of fortune, as it occurred at a time when the hardships of the British were well-nigh intolerable. Increased by rigorous duty, the diseases of the climate reduced the army to half its strength. Cormick records that at one time no less than 5,000 soldiers were quite unfit for service. The provisions were bad, the water more scanty than ever; and as the season advanced, the prospect of success grew fainter. The hearts of the most sanguine began to sink, when they beheld our army wasting away, and remembered that the fleet anchored upon the open shore must be exposed to certain destruction if the West Indian hurricanes came on before the Havanah was reduced.

Daily impatient eyes were turned seaward, looking for the expected reinforcement from America, but none appeared, delays having occurred by the wreck of the transports in the Straits of Bahama. And now another battery took fire, before the first had been replaced; and the toil of the troops was increased exactly in proportion as their strength diminished. Many fell into despair, and died, overcome by fatigue, anguish, and disappointment.

The riches of the Spanish Indies lay almost within the grasp of the survivors, and the shame of returning home baffled made them redouble their efforts. The batteries were renewed; their fire became more equal, and soon proved superior, to that of the fort; they silenced its guns, dismantled and destroyed its upper works; and on the 20th of July the troops made a lodgment in the covered way.

In gaining this advantage, they were greatly assisted by the arrival of some merchant ships bound from Jamaica to England, under the convoy of Sir James Douglas. By these they were supplied with many conveniences for the siege, particularly bales of cotton, which were of the utmost service to the engineers; as they could not otherwise have pushed on their sap, the soil being so scanty on the lower stratum of rock as not to afford sufficient to cover them.

Fresh vigour was now given to the operations of the siege, but an unforeseen difficulty suddenly appeared. An immense ditch, cut in the living rock on which the Moro stands, yawned before them, barring all advance. It was eighty feet deep and forty feet wide.

To fill it up appeared an impossibility; and difficult though the task of mining was, it proved the only expedient. Even mining might have been impracticable, had not a thin ridge of rock been fortunately left, to protect the ditch towards the sea. Over this narrow ridge, though exposed to a fire of cannon and musketry, and showers of hand-grenades, the miners finally passed with little loss, and buried themselves in the wall.

The close approach to the Moro so greatly alarmed the Spanish governor of the city, which takes its name from *La Habana* (or "The Harbour"), that he resolved to attempt something for its relief. Accordingly, on the 22nd of July he had a body of 1,500 men, chiefly composed of the country militia, mulattoes, and negroes, ferried across the harbour. Thence they crossed the hills, and made three separate attacks upon the British line. The ordinary trench-guards, though taken by surprise, defended themselves so resolutely that the Spaniards made but little impression. The attacked posts were speedily reinforced by the covering column, from which four companies of the 1st Royal Scots were dispatched; and the Spaniards were driven down the hill at the point of the bayonet, with heavy slaughter, for many were shot down, some gained their boats, and others were drowned. In this well-imagined but ill-executed sally, they lost 400 men.

Among the officers wounded on this occasion was Andrew Lord Rollo, of Duncrub, a colonel of infantry, who acted as brigadier. This was the last attempt made to relieve the Moro, the garrison of which, abandoned as it was by the city, with an enemy undermining its walls, held sullenly and sternly out; but on the 30th of July, at one in the day, the mines were sprung. A dreadful roar and splitting sound were heard; and when the smoke and dust cleared away, there was seen in the massive wall of the Moro a breach which the Earl of Albemarle, in his letter to the Earl of Egremont, describes as being "just practicable for a file of men in front."

With all their bayonets glittering in the sun, the enemy were seen crowding resolutely about the gap, ready to defend it with vigour.

The Royal Scots, the Regiment of Marksmen, and the 90th Regiment were detailed as the storming party, to be supported by the 56th Regiment, then and still popularly known as the "Pompa-

dours," their facings being purple, the chosen colour of the royal favourite.

Lieutenant Charles Forbes, of the Royal Scots, led the assault, and ascending the breach untouched amid the storm of musketry that swept it, with signal gallantry formed the survivors of his party on the summit, and with the charged bayonet scoured the whole line of the rampart. "The attack was so vigorous and impetuous," wrote the Earl of Albemarle, "that the enemy were instantly driven from the breach, and His Majesty's standard was instantly planted upon the bastion."

The garrison was taken by surprise. The Spanish governor, Don Louis de Velasco, formerly captain of the *Reyna*, a seventy-gun ship, exerted himself to save the fortress, but fell mortally wounded when attempting to rally his men, sword in hand, around the flagstaff. His second in command, the Marquis de Gonzales, captain of the *Aquilon*, 70 guns, was killed; and the King of Spain, to commemorate the fate of the former, created his son Viscount de Moro, and directed that for ever after there should be a ship in his navy called the *Velasco*.

The fall of these two officers augmented the confusion in the ranks of the enemy; 150 Spaniards were shot or bayoneted, 400 threw down their arms and were made prisoners, the rest were either killed in the boats, or drowned miserably when attempting to escape to the Havanah. Thus was the Moro won, with a total loss to the British of only two officers and thirty men of those engaged in the assault, who numbered 39 officers, 29 sergeants, and 421 rank and file.

As Lieutenants Forbes, of the Royals, Nugent, of the 9th, and Holroyd, of the 90th Regiment, were congratulating each other on their sudden and splendid success, the two latter were shot down by a party of desperate Spaniards, who fired from an adjacent lighthouse. Lieutenant Forbes was so exasperated by the death of his friends, that he attacked the lighthouse, at the head of a few of his Scots, and put all who were in it to the sword.

No sooner did the Spaniards in the town and Fort Puntal see the British colours flying over the Moro, than they directed all their fire upon it. Meanwhile the victors, encouraged by their success, were actively employed in remounting the guns of the Moro, and in erecting batteries upon an eminence that commanded the city; and ere long sixty heavy pieces of cannon were ready to open on it.

Lord Albemarle, anxious to spare unnecessary carnage, on the 10th of August sent an aide-de-camp with a flag of truce to summon the governor to surrender, and to make him certain of the destruction that must fall upon the place if he resisted.

"I am under no uneasy apprehensions," replied the Spaniard, proudly, "and shall hold out to the last extremity."

But he was soon brought to reason. The batteries opened fire, "and were," says Lord Albemarle, "so well served by artillerymen and sailors, and their effect was so great, that in less than six hours all the guns in the Puntal Fort and the north bastion were completely silenced."

White flags of truce were now displayed on every quarter of the city, and a cessation of hostilities took place; and as soon as the terms were adjusted, the magnificent city of Havanah, with a district of 180 miles to the westward included in its government, the Puntal Castle, and the ships in the harbour, were surrendered to His Britannic Majesty.

The Spaniards struggled hard to save their men-of-war, and have the harbour declared neutral; but after two days of vehement altercation, they were compelled to submit. The garrison was allowed to march out with the honours of war, and was conveyed to Old Spain. Private property was secured to the inhabitants, with their former laws and religion. The money and valuable merchandise, with the naval and military stores, including 361 brass and iron guns and mortars, which were found in the city and arsenal, amounted to nearly three millions sterling. Nine sail of the line were taken in the harbour fit for sea; two on the stocks were burnt by our seamen.

Thus fell the Havanah; but our loss in the capture amounted to 1,790 officers and men killed in action, exclusive of those who perished by fever, fatigue, and sunstroke.

The ensign of the Moro was brought to London by Captain Nugent, aide-de-camp to Lord Albemarle, with whose dispatches he was entrusted.

Preceded by a troop of light horse, with kettle-drums beating, and French horns and trumpets sounding, in eleven wagons surmounted by Union Jacks, having the Spanish flag beneath, the captured gold and silver was conveyed through the streets of London, and carried to the Tower with great parade. Each wagon was escorted by four marines, with bayonets fixed, and the procession was concluded by a mounted officer carrying the British flag.

As the procession passed through St. James's Street, on the 12th of August, just after Her Majesty had been delivered of a prince—the George IV. of after years—the king, with many of the nobility who were with him, went to the windows above the palace gate to see the trophies, and joined their acclamations to those of the people.

CHAPTER XXX.

CONQUEST OF MANILLA, 1762.

THE losses at the Havanah, though immense and crushing to Spain, were not the only ones she was fated to suffer through her rash alliance with France. A plan for invading her Philippine Isles, that extensive archipelago in the Eastern seas, north of Borneo, was submitted to the Ministry by Colonel (afterwards Sir William) Draper, K.B., of the 79th Regiment, then stationed in India, and he received permission to put it in execution. No man was better qualified by military talent, and the most accurate local knowledge, to give it effect than this spirited officer, who was that *preux chevalier* who ultimately became a judge paramount in all matters relating to military etiquette, and who, in his celebrated letter to Junius, expressed a hope that he would never see officers pushed into the British army who had nothing to lose but their swords.



VIEW OF OPORTO.

The *Seahorse*, 20 guns, under Captain Cathcart Grant, was first dispatched to cruise off the Philippine Isles, and to intercept all vessels bound for Manilla. On the 21st of July, the first division of the fleet sailed, under Commodore Teddinson; and on the 1st of August, Admiral Sir Samuel Cornish and Colonel Draper followed with the remainder. The armament consisted of fourteen sail, ten of which carried fifty guns and upwards. The admiral's flag was on board the *Norfolk*, 74 guns, her captain being the gallant Kempenfelt, who perished in the *Royal George*.

Under Colonel Draper was his own regiment, the 79th—not the present Cameron Highlanders, but a corps disbanded in 1763. He had also with him an auxiliary force furnished by the gentlemen of Madras, consisting of a company of their artillery, 600 sepoys, a company of Caffres, one of Topazees, and one of pioneers. To these were added "the precarious assistance" of two



THE HAVANAH TROPHIES PASSING ST. JAMES'S PALACE (*see page* 125).

companies of Frenchmen enlisted in their service, and some hundreds of unarmed lascars for the use of the engineers and the park of artillery.

At Malacca a great quantity of ratoons were shipped to use as gabions. On the 27th the squadron rendezvoused off the high and woody Isle of Timoan, which is covered with cabbage-palms; and on the 23rd of September came to anchor in the Bay of Manilla, the capital of the Spanish settlements in the Philippine Isles, and which lies on a low sandy point at the mouth of the river Pasig, the water of which is navigable as far as a lake some thirty miles eastward of the town, from which it derives its source, and is prolonged by two long piers into the bay.

In Manilla there was a garrison consisting of the Life Guard of the Governor and Captain-General de los Philippinas; the slender 2nd battalion of the King's Regiment, commanded by Don Miguel de Valdez; a body of Spanish marines; a corps of artillery, under Lieutenant-General Don Felix de Eguilux, whose second in command was Brigadier the Marquis de Villa Medina; a company of irregular Pampangos, or natives of the Isle of Lacon; and a company of cadets. So a sharp resistance was fully anticipated, though, as at the Havanah, the Spaniards were totally unprepared; and the leaders of the expedition resolved to lose no time in striking an effective blow.

Two miles south of Manilla, which is a town of great extent—most of the houses having great quadrangular courts, but dull streets, the basements being generally warehouses without windows—a convenient place for landing was selected, and three fine frigates, the *Argo*, Captain King, the *Seahorse*, Captain Grant, and the *Seaford*, Captain Pelghin, warped near the shore, with ports triced up, to cover the descent.

The 79th Regiment, the marines, 274 strong, a detachment of artillery, with three field-pieces and one mortar fixed in the long-boats, assembled in three divisions under their sterns. Colonel Draper led the centre, Major More the right, Colonel Monson the left; and at six in the evening all the boats pushed off steadily for the shore, where a landing was effected with some difficulty, under the direction of Captains Brereton, Kempenfelt, and the future Sir Hyde Parker. A dreadful surf was rolling in from the seaward; the boats in many instances were flung against each other and dashed to pieces, much ammunition was damaged, and many arms were lost, but fortunately no lives.

The enemy had collected in force, with both cavalry and infantry, to oppose the landing; but, under a brisk cannonade from the frigates, it was successfully achieved: and next day a battalion composed of 632 seamen was landed to co-operate with Colonel Draper, under the command of Captains Collins, Pitchford, and Ouvry.

On the 25th of September, a fort named the Polverista, which the Spaniards had abandoned, was seized as a place for arms; while Colonel Monson was detached with 200 men to reconnoitre the approaches to Manilla, the spacious suburbs of which were now sheeted with fire, as the Spaniards had given them to the flames, and the houses of the natives, built of nipa, covered with leaves, and raised on wooden pillars ten feet from the ground, blazed like tar-barrels.

The Hermita Church, and the priest's house, 900 yards' distance from the city wall, were taken possession of by the 79th Regiment, as to maintain that post was of the utmost consequence: for now the monsoon had broken, the surf was more dangerous than ever; the whole country was deluged by rain; and at times there were the most dreadful thunder and lightning while the artillery and stores were being landed. But though a lieutenant, named Hardwick, was swept away and drowned, the activity of the seamen surmounted every obstacle. As the blinding sheets of rain that fell without cessation compelled the troops to seek shelter anywhere, they frequently occupied scattered houses that were under the fire of the town bastions, and much nearer them than the rules of war prescribe. The battalion of seamen was cantoned between the 79th Regiment and the marines.

Under the command of the Chevalier Fayette, 400 Spaniards with two field-pieces issued forth and began to cannonade the invaders on the 26th; but were roughly driven in by the pickets of the 79th, with the loss of one of their guns.

Colonel Draper now discovered that the fortifications of Manilla, though regular, were not complete. In many important places the ditch had never been finished, the covered way was out of repair, the glacis was too low, some of the outworks were without cannon, and the now half-ruined suburbs afforded shelter to the besiegers.

The garrison consisted of 800 purely Spanish troops; but there were many half-castes; and to their assistance the country had poured in 10,000 Indians, of a race who were remarkable for their ferocity, hardihood, and sublime contempt of death.

The governor, who was also the Archbishop of the Philippine Isles, united in his own person, by a policy that was not without precedent in the colonies of Spain, the command of the forces,

together with the civil power and the ecclesiastical dignity; but, says Cormick, "however unqualified by his priestly character for the defence of a city attacked, he seemed not unfit for it by his intrepidity and resolution."

As it was evident that the archbishop would defend himself to the last, the operations against the town were pushed forward with unremitting vigour; and after batteries for cannon and mortars were raised, the bombardment continued day and night. "The front we were obliged to attack," wrote Colonel Draper, "was defended by the bastions of St. Diego and St. Andrew, with orillons and retired flanks; a ravelin, which covered the Royal Gate; a wet ditch, covered way, and glacis. The bastions were in excellent order, and lined with a great number of fine brass cannon."

As the colonel's force was too small to invest completely a city of the magnitude of Manilla, two sides of it were constantly open to those who poured in provisions, and to the hordes of armed Pampangos, of whose services the Marquis de Villa Medina, commandant of the place, fully availed himself. The attacks of these people from time to time molested rather than obstructed the progress of the besiegers; and, by frequent acts of savage cruelty, provoked the most dreadful retaliation. Several English seamen, when straggling along the coast, were murdered by them. They even perpetrated the same cruelty upon an officer, Lieutenant Fryar, whom Colonel Draper had sent to the city with a flag of truce, accompanied by the nephew of the archbishop, who had been taken prisoner. Fryar's body, we are told, was mangled "in a manner too shocking too mention; and in their fury they mortally wounded the other gentleman, who endeavoured to save him."

On the 1st of October there was a dreadful storm of wind, accompanied by a deluge of rain; the fleet was in great peril, and all communication with it was cut off. And now, to raise the spirit of the people, the archbishop announced "that an angel from the Lord had gone forth to destroy the British, like the host of Sennacherib."

But this illusion was of brief continuance; for, notwithstanding the fury of the tempest, the soldiers and seamen completed a new battery for twenty-four-pounders and for thirteen-inch mortars, the roaring of the waves on the beach preventing the Spaniards from hearing the workmen, who toiled at their task all night.

About three hours before daylight on the morning of the 4th, more than a thousand Pampangos attacked the cantonment of the seamen. They were encouraged by a conviction that the incessant rain would render the firearms useless; and their stealthy approach was favoured by a quantity of thick bushes that bordered a rivulet, by the bed of which they stole unseen in the dark.

Our brave seamen, though taken completely by surprise, and unable, in consequence of the darkness, to learn who or where their assailants were, maintained their ground till daybreak, when a strong picket of the 79th Regiment attacked them in flank, and totally routed them, with the loss of 300 killed. Although armed with only bows, arrows, and lances, they rushed up to the very muzzles of our muskets, and died like wild beasts, gnawing with their teeth the bayonets that pierced them. In this affair Captain Porter, of the *Norfolk*, 74 guns, and many seamen were killed.

At the same time when the Pampangos made this sortie, another was made by them at a different point; the sepoys who occupied a church gave way before them, and the building was instantly occupied by Spanish musketeers of the Royal Regiment. The field-pieces were brought up to dislodge them, and they were driven in with the loss of seventy men; but not before Captain Strachan, of the 79th Regiment, and forty more were *hors de combat*. After this the Pampangos lost heart, and all save 1,800 of them abandoned the city to its fate.

The fire from the garrison now became faint, while that of the besiegers was stronger than ever, and ere long a breach became practicable. In such circumstances it might naturally have been expected that the governor would have offered to capitulate, to save the lives and property of the inhabitants. But no such proposal was made, and, what was still more strange, the Marquis de Villa Medina neither attempted to repair the works nor to make any preparations to defend the breach. Colonel Draper therefore resolved to bring matters to a speedy issue.

At daybreak on the 6th the troops were under arms, and advancing towards the breach in the Bastion of St. Andrew, where a large body of Spaniards appeared; but on a few shells exploding among them, these retired. "We took immediate advantage of this," says Colonel Draper, "and, by the signal of a general discharge of our artillery and mortars, rushed furiously to the assault, under cover of a thick smoke that blew directly on the town. Sixty volunteers of different corps, under Lieutenant Russell, of the 49th, led the way, supported by the grenadiers of that regiment. The engineers, with the pioneers and other workmen, to clear and enlarge the breach and make lodgments, in case the enemy should have been too strongly

intrenched in the gorge of the bastion, followed. Colonel Monson and Major More were at the head of two grand divisions of the 79th; the battalion of seamen advanced next, sustained by other two divisions of the 79th; the Company's troops closing the rear."

In this order, with bayonets fixed, they rushed on with incredible ardour; and as they swarmed up the breach with loud cheers, the Spaniards fired a scattered volley upon them, and retired. But little resistance was offered, save at the Royal Gate, where Major More was shot dead by an arrow, and in the Grand Square, from the galleries and lofty houses of which the Royal Regiment d'Espana fired briskly, and the Pampango archers shot with deadly aim.

In the guard-house above the Royal Gate, 100 Spaniards and Indians, who refused all terms, were put to the sword; and 300 more, who endeavoured to escape over a rapid river, were drowned in the attempt.

The archbishop and principal officers retired into the town-house, where, after a time, they capitulated to Captain Dupont, of the 79th.

The humanity and generosity of the British commanders saved Manilla from a general and justly-merited pillage. A ransom of four millions of dollars only was demanded for this relaxation of the laws of war. The Spanish officers taken were all released upon their parole of honour. They were eighty-eight in number, and among them were some Spanish noblesse of high rank. By that time the King's Regiment was reduced to 261 rank and file. There were taken no less than 556 pieces of brass and iron cannon and mortars, and a vast quantity of all kinds of munition of war.

It was expressly stipulated that all the other fortified places in the island of Luconia, and in all the isles dependent on its government, should also be surrendered to His Britannic Majesty. Thus the whole archipelago of the Philippines fell with the wealthy city of Manilla.

In concluding his dispatch to Lord Egremont, Colonel Draper speaks thus of his favourite corps, the old 79th:—

"May I presume to point out the services of the 79th Regiment, which, from the good conduct of its former and present field-officers, has the peculiar merit of having stayed the progress of the French in India, and not a little contributed to the happy turn and decision of that war, under Colonel Coote; and has since extended the glory of His Majesty's arms to the utmost verge of Asia? Twenty-three officers and upwards of 800 men have fallen in the cause of their country since the regiment left England; numbers of the survivors are wounded. Your lordship's goodness encourages me to mention them as objects of compassion and protection. Captain Fletcher has nine colours to lay at His Majesty's feet."

But the regiment was disbanded, when all corps were reduced to the present 70th Foot, in 1763, when a treaty of peace was signed at Paris; and so ill were the services of the army requited, that in the following year the London papers record that there were no less than "500 reduced and half-pay officers confined for debt in the several gaols of the kingdom."

CHAPTER XXXI.

VALENCIA DE ALCANTARA, 1762.

In 1762, the British were fighting the French by land and sea in every quarter of the globe, or wherever they possessed ships, troops, or colonies; and the spring of the year saw our colours unfurled in a part of Europe where they had not been seen since the days of Galway and Peterborough—the Peninsula.

During the progress of the war the sovereigns of France and Spain had been endeavouring, by arguments and menaces, to induce the King of Portugal to unite with them against Great Britain. Portugal was extremely weak at this period. Its capital had been destroyed by the great earthquake in 1755, when nearly 30,000 inhabitants perished in its ruins; a conspiracy against the king's life followed this disaster, and the little realm had been shaken by civil dissension. Its army was weak in numbers, and deficient in arms and in discipline; but notwithstanding his weakness, and the haughty threats of France and Spain, King Joseph adhered to his alliance with Britain. He urged their Most Christian and Catholic Majesties "to open their eyes to the crying injustice of turning upon Portugal the hostilities kindled against Great Britain, and to consider that they were giving an example which would lead to the utter destruction of mankind;" adding

"that he would rather see the last tile of his palace fall, and his faithful subjects spill the last drop of their blood, than sacrifice the independence of his crown, and afford to ambitious princes, in his submission, a pretext for invading the sacred rights of neutrality."

Before the actual commencement of hostilities, Lord Tyrawley, a peer of great military talent and experience, formerly our ambassador at Lisbon, was sent there, with instructions to examine into the state of the Portuguese forces, and to assist the Ministry with his best advice in the organisation of the army and defence of the frontier. He was also to have command of the British auxiliary forces, consisting of nearly 10,000 men, drawn partly from Belleisle and partly from Ireland, where two regiments entirely composed of Catholics were raised for this service. But Lord Tyrawley, being hot-tempered and impetuous, took some offence at the lack of vigour which he found in King Joseph and his Ministry, whom he charged with want of sincerity; and as these suspicions were supposed to be the result of pride and caprice, he was recalled very early in the campaign, and the command of the British troops was bestowed on Lieutenant-General the Earl of Loudon, under whom Colonels Crawford and Burgoyne, with Lord George Lennox, acted as brigadiers; while the whole allied British and Portuguese force was led by Marshal Count de la Lippe Buckeburg, who had commanded our artillery in Westphalia during the whole course of the war, and given unequivocal proofs of his valour and capacity.

The names of several Scottish officers appear in the Portuguese lists at this time. Among these were General Maclean, who, in 1773, succeeded the Conde Oriolo as Governor of Estramadura, and had been previously Governor of Lisbon; Captain Forbes, famous in those times as the antagonist of Wilkes (he won the highest rank and honours, and died at Brazil in 1808); Colonel John Macdonell, of the Regiment of Peniche; Brigadier Sharpe, Governor of Olivenza and colonel of the Monca Infantry; Major-General Bethune Lindsay; and Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson, commanding the Battalion of Lagos, of which St. Anthony of Padua—or his name at least—figured as full colonel, until it was replaced by that of the Count de la Lippe!

As the French and Spaniards did not deem it possible to cut off Great Britain from the use of the Portuguese ports by naval operations, they attempted it by military ones, and Lisbon and Oporto were the two points aimed at. With this view three inroads were proposed to be made—one to the north; another to the south; and the third in the middle provinces, to preserve a communication between the two former.

The first army that entered upon the execution of this plan was commanded by the Marquis de Sarria. Penetrating into the north-east angle of Portugal, he marched towards Miranda, which, though indifferently fortified, might have made some resistance but for the explosion of a powder magazine, which utterly ruined its defences, enabling the Spaniards to enter by the breaches before they had formed a single battery. The marquis met with still less opposition at Braganza, the city from which the royal family derive their ducal title, as the garrison fled with precipitation, and the magistrates presented the keys to him. Moncorvo surrendered in the same pitiful fashion, and then all the country lay open to the banks of the Douro.

Under Alexander Count O'Reilly, who had drilled the Spanish infantry according to the best system of tactics and exercise then practised in the British service, a detachment made a forced march of fourteen leagues, as far as the city of Chaves, which was immediately evacuated. These successes made them masters of the whole province of Tralos Montes, and caused so much alarm that Oporto was deemed lost. Thus the Lords of the Admiralty prepared transports to carry off the effects of the British factory.

The second column of Spanish troops, which took the central route, entered the province of Beira, and immediately laid siege to Almeida, the strongest and best-provided place on the frontiers of Portugal; while the third column, 80,000 strong, destined for the subjugation of that country, assembled on the borders of Estramadura, with the intention of penetrating into Alentijo. Had these three corps been permitted to make a junction, they must have formed an army which the allied British and Portuguese could never have withstood.

Armed and animated by some British officers with a body of regular troops, the inhabitants seized a strong pass in the mountains, and drove the invaders back to Torre de Moncorvo. In ravaging the country, the Spanish troops perpetrated dreadful outrages upon the peasantry. The latter, naturally revengeful and ferocious, retaliated to the fullest extent; and in every encounter the victors attended to the dictates of rancour and hate.

The column which invested Almeida opened the trenches before that place on the 25th of July, and next day it was joined by 8,000 French auxiliaries. The siege was pushed with vigour, as the fortress was of the greatest importance from

its central situation, and its reduction would facilitate the operations on every side, and ultimately lead to the fall of Lisbon.

On the 25th of August the fortress capitulated, before even a practicable breach had been effected; and 1,500 regulars, with 2,000 armed peasants, were permitted to march out with the honours of war, on condition of not serving for six months against the King of Spain or his allies—94 pieces of cannon, 32 mortars, and 700 quintals of powder fell into the hands of the victors. This rapid career of the latter was not fated, however, to be of long continuance.



MILITARY UNIFORMS, 1762.

It was imperatively necessary to prevent the entrance into Portugal of that column of the Spanish army which had halted on the borders of Estramadura, since that movement would have been almost equal to a victory on their side. The Count de la Lippe, therefore, formed the design of attacking an advanced party of them in a strong town upon the frontier, named Valencia de Alcantara, in the province of Caseros, and on the left bank of the Aird, where he heard they had amassed vast munitions of war.

The conduct of this enterprise he committed to Brigadier Burgoyne, who took with him his own regiment, the 16th Light Dragoons (now Lancers), then mustering only 400 rank and file, under Major the Hon. Hugh Somerville, son of Hugh thirteenth Lord Somerville, and a distinguished cavalry officer of those days.

The orders given to Burgoyne by the Count de la Lippe on this occasion were somewhat peculiar. If he found it impossible to withstand the force of the Spaniards, he was to abandon to them his baggage, provisions, and everything, save what his troops could carry on their backs or on their horses, and to retreat as slowly as he could into the mountains on his left, and thence rejoin the main army.

"I know to how severe a trial I expose the feelings of a gallant officer," added the count, "when I order him to abandon his camp to the enemy; but the nature of the service requires such a sacrifice. Do you execute the orders; I shall take the measure upon myself, and justify you in the sight of the world."

Burgoyne crossed the Tagus at midnight on the 23rd of August, and proceeded by forced marches to Castel de Vide, the troops dismounting from time to time to permit the detachment of grenadiers who accompanied them to ride.

After a five days' march, and in spite of all disappointments and obstructions to which a secret expedition of this kind is so liable, on the night of the 26th the troops left Castel de Vide, the 16th Dragoons taking the lead, and passing the borders of Portugal, approached Valencia de Alcantara, not as Burgoyne had intended, while the darkness left it, but just as the rising sun was beginning to redden its walls and spires.

All was silent and tranquil, however, in the town when the advanced guard of the dragoons, under Lieutenant James Lewis, finding the avenues clear and unguarded, galloped along the main street, sword in hand, followed by the whole regiment. Springing from bed in their shirts, the Spanish infantry, alarmed by the clatter of the hoofs and the ringing cheers of the light dragoons, seized their muskets, and fired a few shots from the windows of their billets. But the 16th pressed on to the great central *plaza*, where they attacked the main guard, and cut down or captured every man. At the same time other parties of the regiment secured the ends of all the streets, while the main body of it formed by troops in the square, where it was attacked by several unformed parties of Spaniards, all of whom were taken or destroyed.



THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY.

There the Spanish Regiment of Seville was annihilated by the sword alone; three stand of colours were captured; Major-General Don Michael de Irunibeni, his aide-de-camp, and a colonel, with many other officers, were taken prisoners; and on the grenadiers coming in double-quick, with their bayonets fixed, all resistance ceased.

The cavalry were then detached to scour the adjacent country, and intercept fugitives. They captured a number of horses, but the Spanish soldiers concealed themselves successfully. One small detachment of the 16th, consisting only of a ser-

geant and six troopers, penetrated to a considerable distance, and unexpectedly fell upon twenty-five Spanish dragoons, led by an officer. mayed by this great disparity of numbers, the seven gallant Britons dashed upon their adversaries with resolution, "and used their broadswords with such terrible effect that in a few moments six Spaniards lay dead upon the road, and the other twenty demanded quarter, and were marched prisoners, with twenty-six horses, into the town."

A quantity of military stores were afterwards seized, hostages were taken for a year's revenue, and then the dragoons and grenadiers retired leisurely across the frontier.

Save fifty-nine men, the whole battalion of Seville was destroyed; while the British loss was only one lieutenant, one sergeant, and three men killed, with twenty privates and ten horses wounded. The conduct of the 16th Dragoons on this occasion was commended by the Count de la Lippe in his public dispatch.

"The field-marshal," he wrote, "thinks it his duty to acquaint the army with the glorious conduct of Brigadier Burgoyne, who, after having marched fifteen leagues without halting, took Valencia de Alcantara sword in hand, made the general who was to have invaded Alentejo prisoner, destroyed the Spanish Regiment of Seville, took three stand of colours, a colonel, many officers of distinction, and a great number of soldiers."

Soon after this the Spaniards poured into Portugal in very great force, and though the steady valour of the British troops did much to keep them in check, some retrograde movements were necessary; and in the beginning of October fifty troopers 16th alone served to cover the retreat of the Jago's Portuguese battalions from the Pass towards Sabrino Formosa, and on many occasions they evinced the most heroic valour.

To arrest the progress of the Spaniards, for whom nothing now remained but the passage of the Tagus, to enable them to take up their quarters in Alentejo, a body of troops was posted on the southern bank of that river, opposite Villa Velha, under the command of Brigadier Burgoyne. The enemy had captured the ancient Moorish castle, and filled it with infantry, while a considerable body of th lry occupied two eminences in a plain near of Villa Velha.

As General Burgo ver sharp and observant —detected that kept no very soldierly guard in this post, and were uncovered in their rear and on the flanks, he conceived a design of falling on them by surprise, and confided the execution of this to Colonel Lee."

On the 4th of October, fifty men of the 16th Dragoons, with a few Portuguese horse, advanced to a deep and rocky ravine two miles up the Tagus, where, on the following day, they were Volunteers and gre- Leaving their place ht of the 5th, these troops forded the river unseen, and making a long detour through unfrequented tracts and lonely passes amid the mountains, the rear of the Spanish camps on the two eminences about two o'clock the following morning.

The grenadiers and volunteers burst in at a rush, and bayoneted the Spaniards in their tents. The yells and execrations of the wounded, the groans and cries of the dying, with a few straggling shots flashing redly amid the gloom of the October morning, gave the alarm on all sides; and getting into their saddles, some of the Spanish cavalry attempted to make a stand, but were charged by the men of the 16th, under Lieutenant Charles Maitland, "who broke in upon the adverse ranks," says the Regimental Record, "and cut them down with a terrible carnage, while the infantry continued the work of destruction with the bayonet, and the surviving soldiers of the army fled without making further resistance. The Spanish magazines were taken and destroyed; six pieces of cannon, sixty artillery mules, some horses, and a considerable quantity of valuable baggage, were captured," while the allied loss was trivial.

"So brilliant a stroke," says the Count de la Lippe, in his dispatch, "speaks for itself; and there is no necessity to lengthen this letter with the well-deserved applause due to Brigadier-General Burgoyne, as well as to Colonel Lee, and the British troops."

These advantages, gained at most critical moments, disheartened even the vast forces of the Spaniards, who began to fall back towards their own frontier, and thus was Portugal saved by British skill and bravery.

There never was, says Cormick, so heavy a storm of national calamity, ready to fall upon an unprovided people as the Portuguese, so happily averted and so speedily blown over. Everything at the beginning of this campaign in Portugal bore the most lowering and ominous aspect to the affairs of Great Britain. As it the sky gradually cleared up, and towards the close of it the fortune of the nation was enlivened with a more brilliant and more unclouded prosperity.

But in the wars of a future time, General Burgoyne was less fortunate than when leading his light dragoons on the frontier of Alentejo.

CHAPTER XXXII.

GRAEBENSTEIN AND BRUCKERMUHL, 1762.

After the glorious battle of Minden, the Seven Years' War still continued to be waged in Germany with varying success, and the British troops had been under fire in the general actions of Warbourg and Kirkdenkern, in 1761, and at the capture of several towns, such as Wesel and Campen; and then followed the successful surprise of the French army at Graebenstein in the following year.

Prior to this, we find in the *London Gazette* of the 17th of November, 1761, a record of one of the most extraordinary requisitions ever made in war:—

"The French have demanded from the country of Eischsfeld and Hohenstein 400 cats; and 180 have been delivered to them. The motive for the demand is, that the mice eat up their magazines."

In April, 1762, the enemy assembled in force near Muhlhausen, while the Allies about the same time got into motion at Eimbeck. In conjunction with Marshal d'Estrées, Marshal Soubise arrived at Cassel to command the French army on the Upper Rhine and the Maine; while the Prince of Condé placed himself at the head of that on the Lower Rhine.

Our British troops, who were in cantonments near Bielevelt, formed a junction with the column of General Sporcken near Blomberg, and encamped on the heights of Belle. On the 20th of June the main body of the allied army marched for Burgholtz, and the gallant Marquis of Granby's corps, forming the vanguard, advanced to Warbourg; so next day saw the army in position near Buhne, under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick.

Under the Marshals d'Estrées and Soubise, the French proceeded to Graebenstein and Meijenbracksen; while a corps under the Marshal de Castries got into position on their right flank, between Carlsdorff and Graebenstein. The latter place, which was fated to be the first scene of hostile operations in the new campaign, was a village on the frontiers of Hesse, and the ground was judiciously chosen, both for command of the country and difficulty of approaching it.

Their infantry consisted of one hundred battalions, while that of the Allies was only sixty.

Their centre occupied an advantageous eminence, and was almost inaccessible, in consequence of several deep ravines; their right flank was covered by the village, a number of deep marshy rivulets, and the column of Marshal de [illegible] In such a position they deemed themselves impregnable, especially as a considerable corps of the allied army, under Lieutenant-General Luckner, had ample occupation in watching Prince Xavier of Saxony, between the Werra and Gottingen.

Prince Ferdinand resolved to avail himself of this fancied security, by making a sudden and furious attack. He dispatched an officer to Luckner, with instructions to leave a corps of Hessian hussars in his rear to amuse the prince, and, by forced marches in the night, to bring his force into position after crossing the Weser, turn the right of the French army, and, without being discovered, place himself in their rear.

The allied army then crossed the Dymel in several columns, between Liebenau and Siegen. The left wing, under General Sporcken, consisting of Hanoverians, moved towards Beverae, for the purpose of forming on the enemy's right; and the orders were to attack that point under Marshal de Castries, while General Luckner—whose presence was not suspected—was to fall upon their rear. Prince Ferdinand was to attack the centre, while the honour of assailing the left wing was assigned to the Marquis of Granby. All the necessary preparations were made with so much judgment, celerity, and order, that the French had no intimation of the design till they were greeted by the sound of musketry in front, in rear, and on both flanks.

It was between two and three in the morning of the 24th of June that Lord Granby's column marched from the camp to an eminence opposite Furstenwald, in order to attack the enemy's left; and by four o'clock the whole line was in motion to the front.

Sixteen squadrons of cavalry halted near Giesmar, to menace the front of the French; while the more furious attack was being made on the right.

The prince, at the head of five columns, consisting of twelve British, eleven Brunswick, and eight Hessian regiments, with part of the Germans of the left wing and our cavalry (among whom were the Scots Greys, the 7th, 10th, 11th, and other Dragoons), moved to Langelberg, and formed before Keltz, fairly in the enemy's front.

The pickets of the army formed the left advance; the chasseurs of the British infantry and

some Hanoverians the right. The moment the firing began, Marshal de Castries found that his right flank had been turned in the night; and, in order to make head against General Sporcken, commenced a sharp cannonade on one hand, and on the other formed up his cavalry to oppose Luckner.

Sword in hand, the allied cavalry advanced at a gallop, broke his hastily-formed infantry, took two pieces of cannon, and, after some severe fighting, wherein many men fell killed or wounded in the ravines and rivulets, the column of Marshal de Castries was driven in great disorder full upon the enemy's right. Amid a roar of musketry, the allied main body, consisting of thirty-one battalions in line, was pressing upon the front; while the Marquis of Granby pushed on from Furstenwald to turn the left.

Finding their once strong situation had now become most critical, the French suddenly broke into as many columns as the rough and undulating nature of the ground would permit, endeavouring to reach the heights of Wilhelmstal; but in doing this they were compelled to abandon all their wagons and equipages at Graebenstein, and a general rout must have ensued, had not General Stainville, on seeing that by the manœuvre of Lord Granby the retreat was cut off, and more particularly that of his own corps, gained the wood of Meijenbracksen with the Grenadiers of France, the Royal Grenadiers, and the Regiment of Aquitaine (or French 19th, a corps old as the days of Henri IV.), and other chosen troops, the flower of King Louis' infantry.

He took this step to cover the retreat, but it cost him dear, as he was resolutely attacked by Granby; and, after a deadly contest, the whole of his infantry, with the exception of two battalions, were killed, taken, or dispersed. The loss of the enemy exceeded 5,000 men. There were taken prisoners 200 officers and 3,000 men.

The losses of the Allies were small in comparison, and no officer of rank fell save Lieutenant-Colonel Townshend, who was greatly regretted by the army.

The French retired till under the cannon of Cassel, and a great many of them rapidly flung themselves across the Fulda.

In following up the fugitives, the 7th and 10th Light Dragoons made many prisoners in the woods of Wilhelmstal, and on the road to Cassel, which was afterwards captured by the Allies. In the *London Gazette*, we are told that "Lord Granby acquitted himself" at Graebenstein "with remarkable valour, and had a great share in the victory."

The colours taken were presented to George III. at St. James's, on the 26th of July, 1762.

A series of successful operations followed this ctory, and the enemy were compelled to abandon ..., till the 21st of September, when a most ... on the height of Brucker-

Bruckermuhl.

Prince Ferdinand had made his arrangements to drive the enemy from Wetter, where they had a strong force, supported by a column under the Prince of Condé. His troops reached their destined positions at the appointed hour. The cannonade commenced at the back of the green and woody hill above Wartzbach, whence the enemy soon fell back. Shortly after the arrival of General Conway they began to retreat in great disorder, and recrossed the Lahn. During this movement their ranks were ploughed up by cannon-shot, and long lines of killed and wounded bodies, maimed, torn, and disembowelled, marked their route.

The Allies then encamped, their posts extending from Hombourg, on the Ohen, to Wartzbach, on the Lahn.

On the 21st of September the fighting began again. The Allies occupied a redoubt on one side of the road, and the French a mill on the other—the *bruckermuhl*, so named from its walls being built of mud. Near their position was the singular eminence of Amoneburg; and their formation was covered by the river Ohen, with marshy banks, broad, but not deep.

The action which ensued here was remarkable for its extreme obstinacy. It commenced when the morning was very foggy, about the hour of six, between two small bodies with a few guns; but, as the engagement grew warmer, the artillery was gradually augmented to twenty-five pieces of heavy cannon on either side. The Allies had originally but one hundred men at this post, but before the action was decided no less than seventeen of their regiments took a share in this now-forgotten battle, one s[illegible]vely relieving the other, as the ammunition [illegible]e exhausted. Thus a constant fire was maintained by these troops without intermission for fifteen hours, from dawn of day till nightfall. Neither side gave way; and this resolute [illegible] for a trifling object left the combatants in the [illegible]rmer positions—the Allies in possession of [illegible] redoubt, and the French of their *bruckermuhl*.

But in the redoubt, says Sir James Campbell, in his Memoirs, there fell Major Alexander Maclean,

of Keith's Highlanders, and many other gallant officers. "The fire was so incessant, and the slaughter so great," he relates, "that it was necessary to relieve the troops in this part of the field every half hour; and I may say without hyperbole that towards the close of the day that which truly served as a redoubt was the dead bodies of the men heaped up for the purpose."

During the defence of the redoubt, the brigade of Guards was ordered to the left, to support a battery of guns on the bank of the river above and below the mill. They came into action at a moment when the Hanoverians had suffered great loss, and expended the last of their cartridges. The grenadiers of the Guards received orders to enter the battery and relieve them, which was done with the greatest bravery, the grenadiers having to march four hundred paces over open ground swept by a storm of grape and musketry, the former from twelve-pound guns. No attempt was made to cross the bridge of the Lahn by either party, although within three hundred paces of the French batteries. Within the limited space of four hundred paces, fifty pieces of cannon poured an adverse fire around that fatal mill.

At a time when the Coldstream Guards were maintaining a fire over the rampart formed by the bodies of the slain, Thomas Viscount Saye and Sele, an officer of the corps, reprimanded a sergeant for uttering an exclamation of horror, and was answered—

"Oh, sir, you are now supporting yourself on the body of your own brother!"

This was his elder brother, Captain John Twiselton, who had just been slain, and added to the fatal breastwork; and the sergeant who spoke was an old and attached servant of the family of Lord Saye.

The loss of the Coldstream Guards on this ~~~~ was only thirty-one of all ranks; that of the Scots Guards amounted to sixty. The total losses of the Allies were 600, and of the French 1,100 men.

At the close of the Seven Years' War, there passed of the British army through Holland, on the 1st of January, 1763, to embark for England, 637 officers, 16,454 soldiers, 506 servants and grooms, 1,666 women, and 7,391 horses.

At this time the standard uniform of the Line was a three-cornered cocked hat, bound with white lace, and ornamented with a white loop and the black cockade of the House of Hanover; the scarlet coats were lined with the facings of the regiment, and laced with white; the vests and breeches were scarlet, and the long gaiters were white. In 1764 the swords of the grenadiers were abolished, and our cavalry first wore an epaulet in lieu of an aiguilet on the left shoulder; their jack-boots were discontinued, and the horses were ordered to have long in lieu of nag tails. All regimental buttons were of flat metal, and numbers were not put upon them till the year 1767.

In the year 1764 Highland music was first played by the bands of the Guards and English regiments; and, according to the *London Chronicle*, "it was no uncommon thing to see a file of English red-coats beating time to the tune of "Over the Water to Charlie."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BUNKER'S HILL, 1775.

We now come to that part of our military history which is the most melancholy after Culloden, the American War, when, rejoicing in our dissensions, both France and Spain took up arms against us, to wreak revenge for old defeats, and hoping to humiliate the "Mistress of the Seas."

Though told by Lord Chatham that it was folly to attempt to force taxes from an unwilling continent in arms, the Ministry were deaf to his earnest warnings and blind to the coming storm. The British troops still occupied Boston, and the British colours still waved above New York; but after ten years of angry diplomacy the actual strife began, and was waged during eight fratricidal campaigns.

So little did the Ministry anticipate the crash that came, that in November, 1774, the estimates were framed upon a peace establishment; and when, in the subsequent February, an increase to the land and sea forces was deemed necessary, only 2,000 seamen and 4,383 soldiers were voted for. From his headquarters at Boston, General Gage saw the elements of rebellion gathering fast; his proclamations were derided, justice was suspended, and open meetings of armed men took

place in every town and village. At last the Ministry discovered that the American colonists could only be put down by force, and an army of 35,000 men was demanded; the recruiting drum went through the towns and villages of England, and echoed up the Scottish glens, but nearly in vain—the war was unpopular with the nation, for it seemed as if brother was about to fight against brother.

The first outbreak was at Lexington, between Boston and Concord, and it formed the prelude to the bloodier day at Bunker's Hill.

The officer at the head of the British troops was Lieutenant-General the Hon. Thomas Gage, a colonel of 1757, a son of Viscount Gage, of Castle Island. Having received intelligence that a considerable quantity of the munition of war procured by the agents of the Provincial Congress was collected at Concord, a town about twenty miles from Boston, he detached Colonel Francis Smith, of the 10th Foot, with some flank companies—the grenadiers and light infantry—900 strong, with orders to destroy the magazine. Embarking in the night, on the 19th of April they proceeded in boats up Charles River, and after landing, marched in silence and secrecy towards Concord, mounted officers being in advance to scour the roads and secure all who might come in their way. But they had not marched far, when it was found by the firing of guns and ringing of bells that the country was

leading off from the opposite side of Concord.



VIEW OF BOSTON.

At five in the morning the major entered Lexington, and found the militia of the town under arms on the green.

"Disperse, you rebels," cried the major, riding boldly forward; "throw down your arms, and instantly disperse."

They obeyed, with evident reluctance, but, as they did so, several muskets were fired at the troops from the neighbouring houses and from behind a wall. More than one man was wounded, and Major Pitcairn's horse was shot under him in

The troops, naturally irritated by this reachery, fired upon the militia, killing wounding some others, on which the rest fled in an instant.

aching Concord, the grenadiers executed



MAJOR PITCAIRN ENTERING LEXINGTON (*see page* 138).

the object in view by destroying the ordnance and stores; after which they quitted the town, and, on being rejoined by the light companies, which had been skirmishing with the scattered militia, the whole began their march back to Boston. But the country was now up in arms, and the rear of the troops was assailed by an increasing multitude of pursuers; while a galling and irregular fire was poured upon their flanks in the most wanton manner, from behind trees, houses, and hedges.

Apprehensive of what might occur, General Gage had detached Major-General Earl Percy, with sixteen companies of infantry, some marines, and two field-pieces, to support Colonel Smith; and they reached Lexington by the time Pitcairn's party had returned from Concord. Lord Percy immediately formed his detachment into a hollow square, to enclose and protect Colonel Smith's men, who were nearly exhausted with fatigue, and are described in Stedman's "History of the American War," "as having their tongues hanging out of their mouths, like dogs after a chase." There a ration was served out to them, and the retrograde movement began, but as before, under an incessant fire from the Americans, who were perfectly concealed, and could send their bullets into the square with impunity, running the while from bush to tree, from flank to flank, and from the latter to the rear, loading in one place and firing from another. The united detachments hailed with joy the spires of Boston, which they did not reach till sunset, with the loss of 65 killed, 136 wounded, and 49 missing. The loss of the Provincials in this affair, which they pompously styled "the battle of Lexington," was only sixty men, two-thirds of whom were killed.

An officer who was engaged wrote thus:—

"The rebels fought like the savages of the country, and treated some who had the misfortune to fall like savages, for they scalped them and cut off their ears with the most unmanly brutality. This has irritated the troops to a very high degree; and if in future contests they should meet with some severities from us, they may thank themselves. We got to Boston in the evening, fatigued with the march and duty of the day."

The fact of the Americans resorting to the scalping knife is specially recorded in Cormick's continuation of Smollett's History; and it was not long before both parties were engaged in a more obstinate conflict. Everywhere men were mustering, arming, and [illegible]ing against the Government; and in man[illegible] they put upon their drums and colours [illegible]

"God, who[illegible]ver, [illegible] us hither, will support us."

The return of the troops to Boston, though they had fully accomplished the duty on which they had been sent, was represented all over the continent as a defeat, and so elated were the colonists with their supposed victory, that nothing was spoken of but driving the Royal troops completely out of Boston; and the militia poured in so fast that an army of 20,000 men, under the command of Colonels Ward, Pribble, Heath, Prescot, and Thomas, who acted temporarily as generals, assembled at Cambridge, three miles westward of Boston, and there ultimately the great Washington took command of the American army.

These five officers formed a line of encampment, the right flank of which extended from that town to Roxburgh, and the left to the river Mystic; the distance between the points being about thirty miles. This line they strengthened with redoubts and artillery; and there they were speedily joined by a detachment of trained colonial troops from Connecticut, under Colonel Putnam, a brave old officer, who had served with reputation in the two preceding wars. Rules and regulations for the government of these gathering masses were published by the Provincial Congress, which on the 5th of May passed a resolution to the effect that General Gage, by the late transactions (*i.e.*, destroying stores collected for war against the king, and resisting force by force), had disqualified himself for ruling as governor; that no obedience was due to him, and that he was to be treated as an inveterate enemy.

General Gage took no notice of this rebellious manifesto. The troops under him were barely sufficient for the purpose of defence; and he waited quietly for reinforcements, which arrived from Britain, under Major-General Sir William Howe, colonel of the Welsh Fusiliers. These came in May, and were followed by some regiments from Ireland; but even then his whole strength did not exceed 10,000 men, being equal to little more than a third of the Provincial army that now blockaded Boston. Yet his troops, if not numerically formidable, were so otherwise from the excellence of their discipline and the high character of the officers who led them.

But though a brave and amiable man, General Gage unfortunately lacked some of the most essential qualities required in a leader—vigour, sagacity, secrecy, and decision. He thus omitted to secure, after the landing of his reinforcements, those heights which command so completely the town and harbour of Boston; and the injury resulting from this neglect was irreparable. For a fortnight the troops remained inactively and ingloriously cooped

up within the narrow limits of the city, subsisting chiefly on salt provisions; and the suffering caused to the people of Boston by this blockade was very great.

"Perhaps this is the last letter you will ever receive from me," wrote a poor tradesman of the city, whose letter appears in the *Edinburgh Weekly Magazine* of 1775; "for before the return of Captain Brown, I may be buried in the ashes of Boston, should not a pitying Providence interfere, and save it from destruction. I have a sick mother, a lying-in wife, and five children, all completely wretched. It would soften the most brutal nature to behold children crying to their parents, and mothers weeping over their starving children."

Proffers of free pardon, and threats of the enforcement of martial law, failing to produce any effect, some plan of defensive operations on General Gage's part became absolutely necessary; but in this that tardy commander was anticipated by the more vigilant and active insurgents.

Near the peninsula of Boston, on the north, is another of similar form, entirely surrounded by deep water, save where it is joined to the mainland by an isthmus somewhat wider and more accessible than Boston Neck. In the centre of this peninsula rose the high and conical summit of Bunker's Hill, then naked and bare. The ascent from the isthmus is easy, but steep on every other side; and at the bottom of the hill towards Boston stands Charlestown, both places being only separated by the Charles river, which is about the breadth of the Thames at London Bridge.

This eminence was sufficiently high to overlook any part of Boston, and near enough to be within cannon-shot of it; and it is impossible to excuse General Gage from neglecting to occupy a post from which he was so likely to suffer annoyance. He learned his error, however, when it was too late. On the morning of the 17th of June, as the mists of night dispersed, he saw a long, low bank of brown earth thrown up for a purpose that no military eye could mistake. It was, in fact, a redoubt, with a breastwork in some places shot-proof, the whole being of great strength, and calculated from its position, and the guns with which it was already mounted, to command the whole inner harbour of Boston, and endanger in some measure the occupants of the town also. And this had been done in the night, with silence, secrecy, and expedition, though the peninsula was surrounded by men-of-war and spy-boats.

The first alarm was given at daybreak, by the crew of the *Lively*, 20 guns, under Captain Bishop, who, in unison with some other ships, commenced a heavy but futile cannonade of this new fortification. From Copp's Hill, in Boston, a six-gun battery was also opened on it about noon, but with little effect; and at the same time 2,000 infantry were ordered to the front, under Major-General Sir William Howe and Brigadier Sir Robert Pigot, with orders to storm these works and dislodge the enemy. The troops detailed for this were the flank companies of the 5th, 38th, 43rd, 51st, and 52nd Regiments, and to these were afterwards added some other flank companies, the 47th Regiment, and the 1st battalion of Marines.

The assault was preceded by a severe fire of cannon and howitzers, the troops halting at intervals to give the artillery time to produce some dire effect. The left wing, under General Pigot, had in its advance to contend with some marksmen posted in the houses of Charlestown, which in this conflict was set on fire, and, being chiefly built of wood, it was soon one mass of red and roaring flame, amid which, in a print of the time, the high square tower of its old church is depicted as standing grimly up. Everywhere, by land or sea, spectators were crowding to witness this conflict. "Far on the left, across the waters of the Charles, the American camp had poured forth its thousands to the hills, and the whole population of the country inland for many miles had gathered to a point to witness a struggle charged with the fate of their nation. Beacon Hill rose from out the appalling silence of the town of Boston like a pyramid of living faces, with every eye fixed on the fatal point; and men hung along the yards of the shipping, or were suspended on cornices, cupolas, and steeples, in thoughtless security, while every other sense was lost in the absorbing interest of the sight."

The Provincials upon the hill, secure behind their entrenchments, and checked by the presence and authority of brave old Putnam, who was now named a general, reserved their fire for the near approach of the British troops, who pushed briskly forward; for now more than one band of armed Americans were seen on the crown of Bunker's Hill, descending by the road at its base, to disappear in the green meadows to the left of the redoubt, and join their comrades. These men were braving the fire which swept the neck of land from the guns of the *Lively* and other frigates. Among them were many husbandmen from New Hampshire, who threw down the rails of two fences, and covering these with some mown grass that lay in the fields, crouched behind this frail defence awaiting the orders of Putnam.

At last a close and incessant discharge of musketry was exchanged on each side, the intrenched Provincials, as soon as they emptied their pieces, being supplied with others ready loaded by the masses who pressed behind them. By this continual blaze of death, wherein each American seemed able to give six shots for one, the assailing troops were thrown into disorder, and actually gave way in some places; for they were accoutred in heavy marching order, and the grass was so deep and thick that it reached to their knees, thus impeding action and progress.

Sir William Howe, who led the right wing, was left nearly alone, it is said, for some seconds, most of the officers around him having been killed or wounded. At this crisis Lieutenant-General (afterwards Sir Henry) Clinton, K.B., came up from Boston during the engagement, and was of eminent service in rallying the troops, and, by a happy manœuvre, brought them once more to the advance and assault: and as the smoke cleared upward the people in Boston could see the serried bayonets and the scarlet ranks pushing on with impetuosity; for the soldiers had been stung with the reflection that they had given way before an undrilled enemy whom they despised. Rushing on now, with an ardour that nothing could withstand, they came cheering and storming up the hill and over the glacis of the redoubt—our stubborn British infantry, in their square-skirted coats, their pipeclayed breeches, long queues, and Kevenhuller hats, their bayonets flashing in the sun—and in less than five minutes the Americans were hurled out of those works which General Gage should never have permitted them to form.

Driven out thus, the foe fled with precipitation; but as no pursuit was ordered, they were suffered to retire unmolested, except in passing Charlestown Neck, which was enfiladed by the guns of the *Glasgow*, 20, Captain Tyringham Howe, and some floating batteries, and there it was that the Americans sustained their greatest loss.

According to their own account, the whole amounted to only 449 men, of whom 145 were killed; but this statement is barely credible. The loss of the British is given by Cormick at 226 killed and 828 wounded; nineteen commissioned officers being among the former, and seventy among the latter. Few were more regretted by the troops than Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie and Major Pitcairn, of the Marines, with Majors Williams and Spendlow, the last of whom died of his wounds after the action, in which he greatly distinguished himself. The Americans also lost some officers of consideration, but they lamented most the death of Dr. Warren, the President of the Provincial Congress, who, while acting as major-general, commanded the party in the redoubt, and was killed fighting sword in hand at their head. Another, who bore the rank of lieutenant-colonel, died of his wounds miserably in the prison of Boston.

The victors captured five pieces of cannon.

Of the British regiments engaged, none are said to have suffered so much as the Welsh Fusiliers, who were fighting under the immediate eye of their colonel, Sir William Howe. No return has been preserved, states the Regimental Record, of the casualties of the corps generally, but it is known that the grenadier company went into action with three officers and forty-six rank and file, and returned with only five effectives, all the rest being killed or wounded.

Traditions remain in America of the slaughter which fell on the gallant 23rd. If we may be permitted to quote a work of fiction in proof of this, Cooper, the novelist, in describing the battle of Bunker's Hill, in "Lionel Lincoln," states that "the Welsh Fusiliers had hardly men enough left to saddle their goat;" and after alluding to the possession of a goat with gilded horns, adds that "the corps was distinguished alike for its courage and losses." In this matter, Mrs. Adams, in a letter to her husband (who was afterwards the second President of the United States), dated 25th of June, 1775, alludes thus to the battle:—

"But in the midst of our sorrow, we have abundant cause of thankfulness that so few of our brethren are numbered with the slain, while our enemies were cut down like grass before the scythe. But one officer of the Welsh Fusiliers remains to tell his story." Probably she meant but one unwounded.

Such was the battle of Bunker's Hill, which was fought while the rich grass lay deep in the meadows of Massachusetts, and the heats of summer were already tinging with brown the miles of forest that have long since passed away. Few battles are fought without mistakes, and one which occurred during the action is supposed to have rendered the day more disastrous for us. During the advance of the troops a supply of cannon-balls was sent from Boston, and as they proved to be of larger dimensions than the calibre of the field-pieces, the latter were of course useless after their first ammunition was expended. Another absurdity was the mode in which General Gage sent the stormers against the redoubt. Instead of being in light marching order, each man was loaded with his knapsack, greatcoat, kettle, canteen, and three

days' provisions, making, with his accoutrements, one hundred and twenty-five pounds in weight!

After this action [illegible] of importance was done on either side. The besieged British in Boston, and the besieging Ar[illegible]ined in a state of mutual inactivity, [illegible]e commencement of 1776, when General Washington began to carry on operations with more vigour; and in March the troops evacuated the town and castle, embarked on board their own ships, and withdrew to another part of the country.

The result of the encounter at Bunker's Hill led to the troops for the future respecting, instead of despising, the spirit and prowess of the armed colonists.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LONG ISLAND AND WHITE PLAINS, 1776.

More troops were now dispatched to America. Among these was a battalion of 1,000 men from each of the sixty-four companies of the Brigade of Guards, formed of fifteen men from each company, besides officers and non-commissioned officers. After being reviewed on Wimbledon Common by George III., this corps embarked for the seat of war, under the command of Colonel Edward Matthew, of the Coldstream Regiment. On the 12th of August they reached Staten Island, then occupied by the army under General Howe; and on the 22nd they disembarked at Long Island, where the British forces were 30,000 strong.

The officers and sergeants were at this time ordered to lay aside their spontoons and halberts, and to be armed instead with fusils; but this alteration was temporary, as after the war the sergeants resumed again the more ancient weapon, and carried it till nearly the accession of Queen Victoria.

It was at that time a subject of great regret that the reinforcements from Britain were not sent out earlier, as General Washington's army had not yet mustered more than 9,000 men, nearly a third of whom were unarmed; consequently, had the field been taken against them in proper time, the insurgents must have been crushed by the force of numbers alone.

On General Clinton joining the army with his corps, active operations were at once commenced.

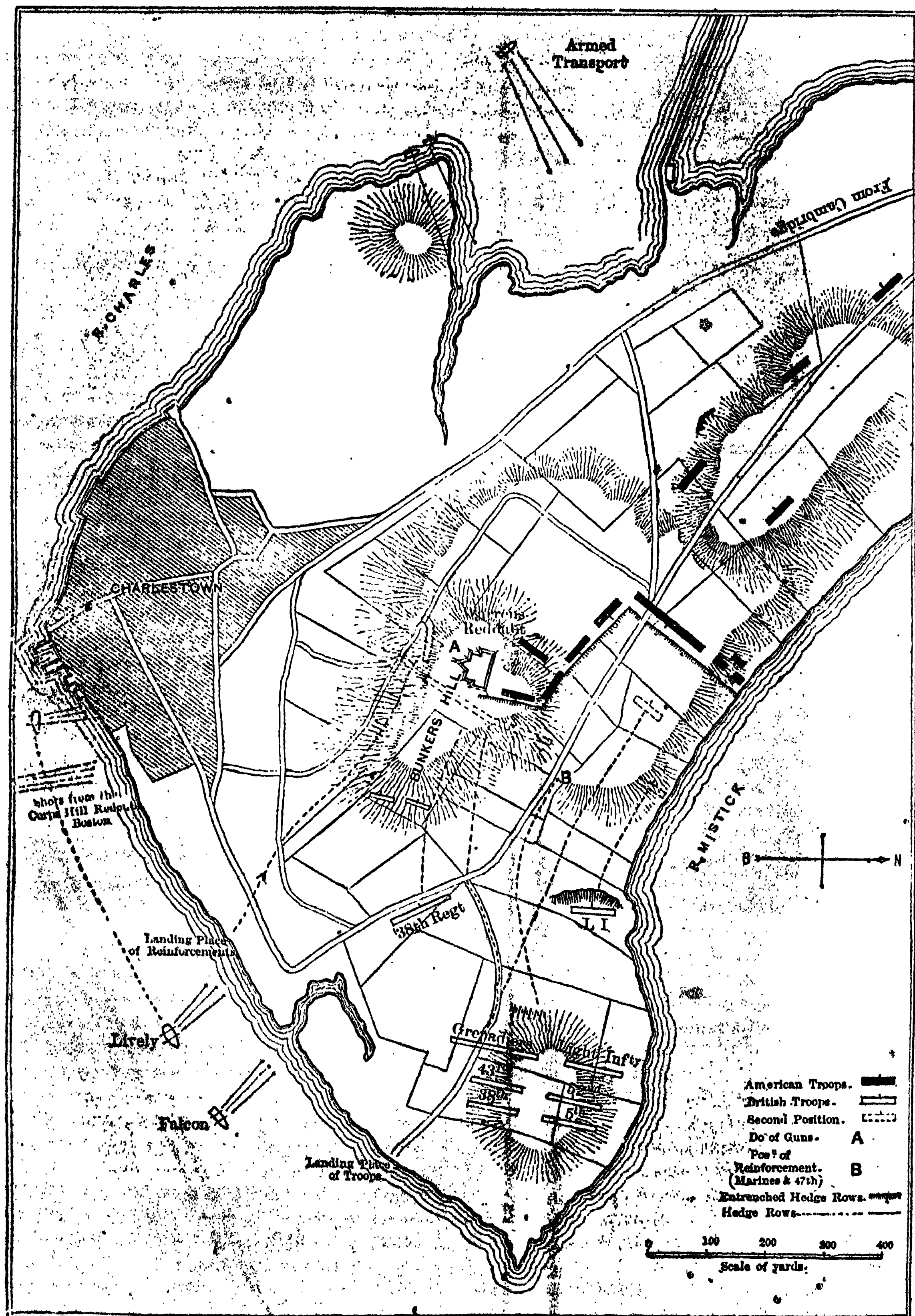
Colonel Donnop's corps of Chasseurs and the Hessian Grenadiers disembarked the same day, at Long Island, in the State of New York. A chain of hills intersects it from east to west, and its southern shore is flat and sandy. The landing was covered by three frigates and two bomb-ketches. The Americans had only small parties on the coast, and these, upon the approach of the first boats filled with troops, retired to some well-wooded heights, commanding a principal pass on the road that led from Flat Bush to their intrenchments at Brooklyn.

Lord Cornwallis was immediately detached to Flat Bush with the reserve, two battalions of light infantry, Donnop's corps, and six field-pieces; but with orders "not to risk an attack upon the pass if he should find it occupied;" which proving to be the case, his lordship took post in a village of log-huts, while the army extended its front from the ferry at the Narrows, through Utrecht and Gravesend, to the village of Flatland.

On the 25th, Lieutenant-General de Heister took post at Flat Bush, with two battalions of Hessians; and after dusk General Clinton's division moved across the country, for the purpose of seizing a pass on the high ground or hills already mentioned, about three miles from Bedford. This movement was for the purpose of turning the left of the enemy posted at Flat Bush.

Two hours before daylight, Clinton's corps was in position and had halted, after which arrangements were made for an immediate attack. One of his patrols, however, fell in with a patrol of the enemy, and took the whole prisoners. From these Clinton learned that the pass in the hills had been abandoned, on which he detached a battalion of light troops to secure and hold it; after which he took possession of the heights with his whole force, in such a disposition as must have ensured success had he found the enemy prepared to oppose him.

The main body of the army, composed of the Guards, and 2nd, 3rd, and 5th brigades, with ten field-pieces, led by Lord Percy, supported General Clinton, who now advanced towards Bedford, which his troops reached about half-past eight in the morning.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL, SHOWING THE FIRST POSITION OF THE TROOPS.

In Lord Percy's rear followed the 49th Regiment, with four medium twelve-pounders.

The whole force detached for this service had now got in rear of the enemy's left, and an attack was commenced by [illegible] troops, both horse and foot, "upon large [illegible] of the rebels having cannon, who," as the general states in his dispatch to Lord George Germaine, "were quitting the woody heights to return to their lines, upon discovering the march of the army."

taken, and all the lines have been ours at a cheap rate."

General Howe, in explaining this retrograde movement, says that as they must have been won by "regular approaches, I would not risk the loss that might have been sustained in the assault, and ordered the troops back into a hollow way in front of the works, and out of reach of musketry."

Lieutenant-General de Heister, on the advance of the British right, soon after daybreak, had begun



LONG ISLAND.

The Americans were soon driven in, and the troops continued advancing to get still farther in their rear; hence the grenadiers and 33rd Regiment, which led the column, soon came within musket-shot of their lines at Brooklyn, which lies at the western end of Long Island, opposite New York, from which it is separated by a channel or sound, about a thousand yards broad.

There the Americans were now 10,000 strong, and they opened a brisk fire of cannon and musketry upon our troops, who, after being within range of the principal redoubt at Brooklyn, reluctantly retired, after repeated orders.

It has been said that, had the troops not been called off, the redoubt must have been

to cannonade the American front, and ordered Donnop's corps forward; while Major-General Grant, with the 4th and 6th brigades, the 42nd Highlanders, and two companies of New York Provincials, attacked their left.

As the Highlanders advanced, Major Murray, who led them, narrowly escaped being taken or slain in the dusk of the morning by an American patrol. He was passing from the light infantry battalion to the regiment, when he was suddenly beset by an American officer, and two soldiers with their bayonets fixed. After keeping them at bay for some time, the claymore was beaten out of his hand, and he was thrown down with his dirk below him; but, being a man of great strength of arm, he

wrenched away the American officer's sword, and beat off the three, before some of the Black Watch, who heard the noise, could come to his assistance.

While the American front and left were now assailed, a heavy fire was kept up by our ships of war on a battery at Red Hook.

General Howe states that it was about midnight when Grant first fell in with the advanced parties of the enemy, "and at daybreak, with a large corps, having cannon, and advantageously posted, with whom there was skirmishing and a cannonade for some hours; until by the firing at Brooklyn the rebels suspecting their retreat would be cut off, made a movement to their right, in order to secure it across a swamp and creek that covered the right of their works; but, being met in their way by a part of the 2nd battalion of Grenadiers, who were soon after supported by the 71st Regiment (Fraser Highlanders), and General Grant's left coming up, they suffered considerably. Numbers of them, however, did get into the morass, where many were suffocated or drowned."

Outflanked and beaten at all points, the Americans now took shelter within their lines, retiring with the loss of 3,300 men killed, wounded, and taken. Among the latter were Generals Sullivan, Udell, and William titular Earl of Stirling, who was born in America, and whose family is now supposed to be extinct; the colonels of the Pennsylvania Rifles, Musketeers, and Militia, and 84 other officers; the total number of prisoners being 1,097. There were also taken on the field and in Governor's Island twenty-six brass and iron guns, a vast quantity of pikes, and other arms.

Lord Stirling surrendered in person to General de Heister, and was sent on board Lord Howe's ship, the *Eagle*.

The loss of the king's troops was 367 of all ranks, killed, wounded, or taken. Among the latter was one officer and twenty grenadiers of the Marines, who mistook the enemy for Hessians, and fell among their ranks.

The British troops now encamped in front of the enemy's lines, and next day, August 28th, ground was broken before them; but finding their position in Long Island no longer tenable, they quitted their intrenchments on the 29th, and in doing so they were greatly favoured by the state of the weather, as the sea, which had been rough, suddenly became calm, and a dense fog veiled all their movements: and it must be admitted that the act of passing 9,000 men, with their artillery, ammunition, provisions, cattle, horses, and carts, over a channel nearly a mile in breadth, without a single casualty, did infinite credit to General Washington, who in person superintended their passage from Long Island to New York.

Our advanced pickets .... in time to fire, but without effect, upon the last of their boats; and then the redoubts and other earthen works were found silent and empty.

For the escape of the Americans there, the naval commander ought to have been held liable, as it was a movement which he should have anticipated, and might have completely baffled by mooring a single ship at least between Long Island and New York, where there is depth of water for craft of the largest size.

The Americans now were posted partly in the environs of the city and partly in Kingsbridge, under the apprehension that if the British landed and advanced from their centre, the communication between their wings would be cut off.

On the 15th of September the troops were placed in flat-bottomed boats, and, under cover of a cannonade from five ships of war, landed on York Island; and as General Washington made no attempt to defend New York, the British quietly took possession of it.

The Americans next morning lost 300 men in attempting to hold a wood that lay in front of their right, and after a sharp conflict fled to their intrenched camp.

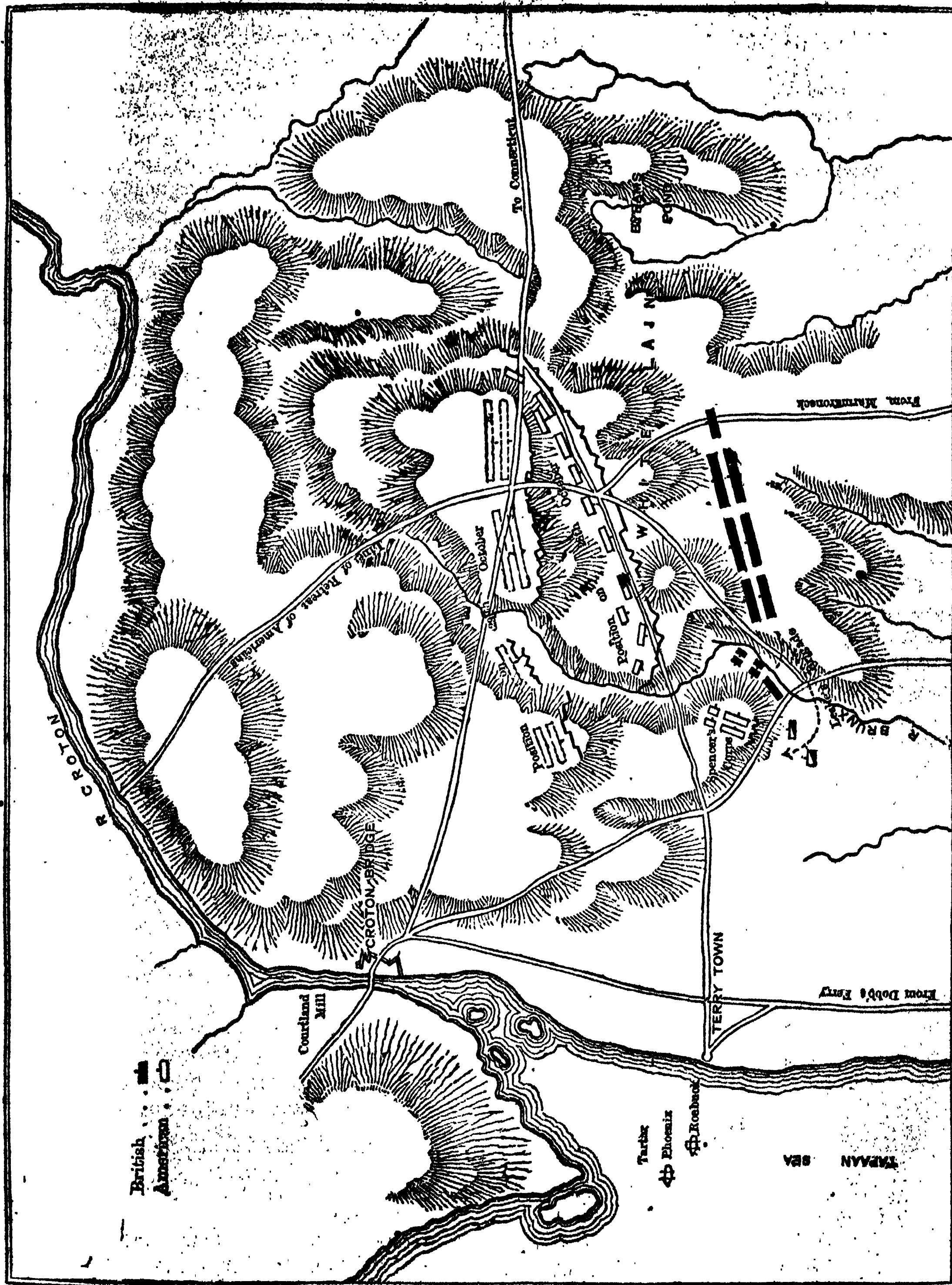
In flat-bottomed boats the greater part of the army again embarked, and after clearing the difficult passage called Hell Gate, or Helle Gatt, which is formed by projecting rocks that confine the East River to a crooked channel, full of dangerous eddies, seven miles from New York, the troops landed on the 12th of October at Frog's Neck. The 21st found them advancing to New Rochelle, where they were reinforced by the foreign troops in our pay, under General the Baron Knyphausen, after which the whole Royal army moved from its encampment on the banks of the Brunx.

Sir William Howe commanded the left wing, Sir Henry Clinton the right. As they advanced in two columns, they fell in with several parties of Provincials, who were quickly driven back to their camp, which was placed on the brow of a ridge of green and undulating hills, and defended by lines formed in great haste.

THE WHITE PLAINS.

The scene of this little encounter is in West Chester County, in the State of New York, and is now intersected by the Harlem Railroad. To the westward of it lies the Broad River, and on its eastward opens the Mamaronick Creek. The village lies thirty miles north-east of New York.

The right flank of the insurgents rested on the Brunx, while their left was thrown back, and but forces had been detached to defend Fort Washington, the lines of Harlem, and Kingsbridge.



posted on ground most difficult of access. The Royal army on this day was 13,000 strong, while that of the Americans mustered 18,000 bayonets; Considering the position of the enemy, General Howe deemed it necessary to proceed with extreme caution; but, in spite of his circumspection, the

Provincials found means to conv[illegible] es over the deep river Brunx tc [illegible] advancing, but in all these the [illegible]

Before midday on the 28th of October, the enemy's advanced parties had all fallen back within their works on the hilly ridge that overlooked the White Plains, before the light infantry and the Hessian Chasseurs, who fired on them briskly. The army took ground to the right, upon the road from Mamaronick, which lay about a mile distant from the centre; the left rested on the Brunx. Both armies being now face to face, it was determined to begin the attack by forcing a piece of rising ground whereon Washington had posted 4,000 men. These were separated from their right flank by the Brunx, the windings of which covered that corps in front from the left of the British army.

As it was thought that this post would prove of great consequence in attacking that flank of the intrenchments, Brigadier Leslie advanced against it, with the 28th and 35th Regiments, and fire and smoke seemed to roll over all the slope, as the Americans were swept from it in utter rout; but the ground, though won, was found to be too distant from the enemy's trenches to be of any avail in attacking them.

The gaining of this point occupied a considerable time, and it was prolonged by the enemy maintaining a scattered and destructive fire from some walls and hedges that were adjacent. In the evening, however, the Hessian grenadiers were advanced to within cannon-shot of the trenches, and the 2nd brigade of British infantry came on as their supports, with two Hessian brigades on their left.

In this position the troops remained under arms all night, in the fullest expectation of a grand and united attack on the camp of the Provincials in the morning. All night the Americans worked hard at their defences, breastworks, and intrenchments; and when day broke, General Howe, perceiving that their position, already strong by nature, had [illegible] strengthened by art, and aware that they outnumbered him by 5,000 men, resolvéd to wait for some reinforcements which he expected from York Island. These, consisting of the 4th brigade and two battalions of the 6th, came in under Earl Percy, and further preparations were made on the evening of the 31st of October for an attack next morning, but the rain fell in torrents during the night, causing a postponement of the assault; and on the 1st of November, Washington, after setting fire to the village of White Plains and every house in his neighbourhood, together with all his forage, quitted his camp for higher and stronger ground. It was immediately taken possession of by the King's troops, whose general, finding that he could not lure Washington to fight him, gave up the attempt, and proceeded against Kingsbridge and the fort which bore his name.

Fort Washington was strong alike by art and nature, and it completely intercepted the communication between New York and [illegible] ient to the eastward and northward of [illegible] n river. It was garrisoned by 3,000 [illegible] all the approaches to it were difficult. [illegible] ions were promptly made for the attack, [illegible] er the command of Brigadier-General Matthew, [illegible] e Guards and other troops, chiefly light infantry, supported by Lord Cornwallis, with two battalions of grenadiers and the 33rd Regiment. These troops crossed the East River in batteaux; and as the enemy's works there extended the breadth of the island, redoubts and batteries were erected on the opposite shore, both to cover the landing of the forces, and scour those works that lay nearest the water.

An attack, which was principally intended as a feint to distract the Provincials, was conducted by Lieutenant-Colonel Stirling, with the 42nd Highlanders, who crossed the stream lower down; but the false attack speedily became a real one.

"On the morning of the 16th of November," says the "Records of the Black Watch," "the regiment embarked, and as it crossed the creek it was exposed to a heavy fire from the heights. Arriving at the shore, the Highlanders leaped out of the boats, and rushed up the woody promontory, climbing by the aid of brushwood and shrubs, and stormed the heights with so much rapidity that they speedily overpowered the determined resistance of the enemy; and 200 Americans, who had not time to escape, laid down their arms."

These hills were so steep, says General Stewart, that the ball which wounded Lieutenant Norman Macleod entered the posterior part of his neck, ran down on the outside of his ribs, and lodged in the lower part of his back. One of the pipers, who began to play when he reached the summit of a hill, was immediately shot, and tumbled from rock to rock downward, till his body reached the bottom.

[illegible] the advantage thus suddenly won, the Highlanders swept over the table-land on the hill, and met the troops under Earl Percy mounting on the o[illegible] having stormed an advanced work.

During these operations Colonel Ræll, who led a column of Baron Knyphausen's troops, having driven the enemy, after a fierce opposition, from all

their defences opposite his line, made a lodgment within 100 yards of the fort; and on his being joined by the rest of the Hessians, under the baron, the garrison, seeing themselves attacked on all hands, and the Guards and Highlanders covering the crest of the hill above them, surrendered as prisoners of war to the number of 2,700 men. The total loss of the Royal troops was 121 of all ranks.

Fort Lee was the next object of attack, but the garrison abandoned it, leaving their stores, baggage, and artillery; and soon after, the army went into winter quarters.

General Stewart records that before the 42nd Regiment left Glasgow, in 1776, to serve in the American War, the men had been furnished with claymores and pistols. "The latter," he continues, "were of the old Highland fashion, with iron stocks. These being considered unnecessary except in the field, were not intended, like the sword, to be worn by the men in quarters. When the regiment took the field on Staten and Long Islands, it was said that the broadswords retarded the men, by getting entangled in the brushwood, and they were therefore sent on board the transports. Admitting that the objection was well-founded as regarded the swords, it certainly could not apply to the pistols. In a close, woody country, where troops are liable to sudden surprises by a hidden enemy, such a weapon is peculiarly useful. Neither does there to have been any objection to the resump- of the broadsword when the service alluded to inated. The marches through the woods of g Island were only a few miles; whereas we have seen that the two battalions of the 42nd, and Fraser's and Montgomery's Highlanders, in the Seven Years' War, carried the broadsword in all their long marches of many hundred miles in extent. In the same manner, the swords were carried in Martinique and Guadaloupe, islands intersected by deep ravines and covered with woods. But on that service the broadsword, far from being complained of as an encumbrance, was on many occasions of the greatest efficacy, when the enemy were to be overpowered by an attack hand to hand. . . . . It has been said that the broadsword is not a weapon to contend with the bayonet; yet facts do not warrant the superiority of the latter weapon. From the battle of Culloden, when a body of undisciplined Highlanders, shepherds and herdsmen, with their broadswords cut their way through some of the best-disciplined and most approved regiments in the British army—drawn up, too, on a field extremely favourable for regular troops—down to the time when the swords were taken from the Highlanders, the bayonet was in every instance overcome by the sword."

But it must be borne in mind that the gallant old Governor of St. Lucia wrote at an epoch when rifled guns and breechloaders were unknown.

CHAPTER XXXV

SARATOGA, 1777.

EVENTS now succeeded each other with great rapidity, and the second remarkable feature of this campaign was the fruitless invasion of Canada by Montgomery and Arnold. Montreal fell before the former; and the latter, marching through the wild backwoods of Maine, joined him before Quebec, where they were beaten back with the loss of Montgomery and 700 killed.

From Germany 17,000 Hessians were called to aid the British forces, whose united strength was now 55,000 men; and 1776 saw the famous and eloquent "Declaration of Independence" issued by the Congress at Philadelphia. At the opening of the third campaign, troops and treasure came from France; and of the Frenchmen, none distinguished himself more than the young and brilliant Marquis de la Fayette.

On the Brandywine river a victory, and the capture of Philadelphia, raised high hope in Britain that the subjugation of the Colonies was at hand; but a great humiliation changed all these hopes to doubts and fears.

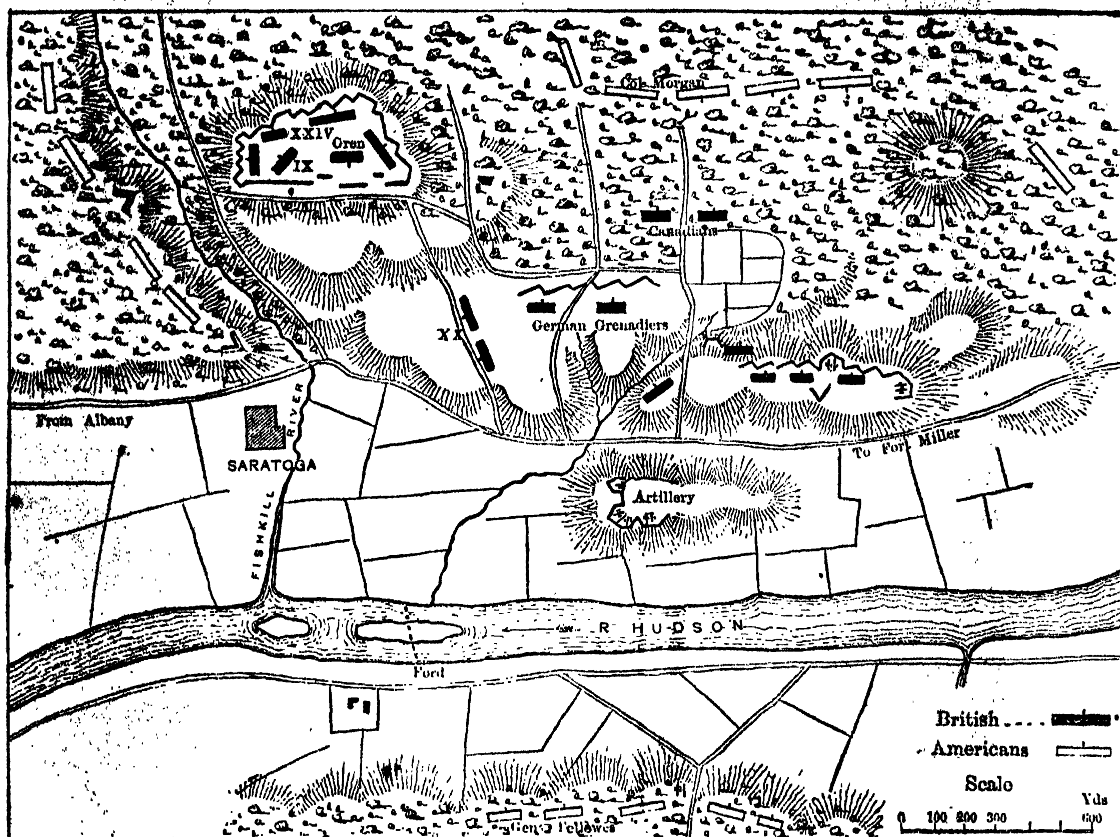
This was the encounter of General Burgoyne at Saratoga.

In the spring of 1777, General John Burgoyne, with the 20th Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Lind, the 9th and Scots Fusiliers, with the flank companies of the 35th Regiment and some other troops, made an expedition into Canada, for the reduction of Ticonderoga; his orders being to proceed by Lakes Champlain and George to the Hudson river, with the view of fighting his way to Albany, and co-operating with the army at New York in the reduction of the revolted States.

The troops employed on this service embarked on board a flotilla, and after a pleasant voyage down Lake Champlain, landed at Crown Point, whence began their march against the great fortress which the Americans had surprised two years before, and which they now abandoned without making any resistance.

The troops now proceeded in the gun-boats to Skenesborough, farther down the lake; and on the afternoon of the 6th of July, the 9th, 20th, and Scots Fusiliers were landed there.

After a toilsome detour among the mountains, they outflanked a stockaded fort, which the Americans set in flames and abandoned. The 20th Regiment pursued a portion of the fugitives as far as Castleton, where the Colonists made a resolute stand, and a sharp conflict ensued, and Major Dyke Acland was severely wounded. His wife, Lady Christian Fox (daughter of Lord Ilchester), a noble woman, whose affectionate solicitude for her husband's safety, and whose endurance of hardship, and courage in the face of peril, were the theme of praise in many an old periodical, and made her the idol of Burgoyne's army, had been landed with the other ladies of the army at the Isle au Noix. Amid the most tempestuous weather she joined him, and at Fort Edward, a village consisting then of some twenty log huts, she had constructed under her own eye a vehicle fashioned by two artillerymen out of an old ammunition-cart; and in this impromptu carriage, she resolved to follow the troops wherever they went, throughout the entire campaign, resolved that, come what might, she should never be separated from her husband, to whom she was tenderly attached.



BURGOYNE ON THE HUDSON.

The flank companies of General Simon Fraser's brigade, consisting of the grenadiers and light infantry, were now placed as a battalion under Major Acland; and their task of harassing day and night the retiring Americans proved a very arduous one, for as our troops advanced, the country became a veritable wilderness, full of retarding obstructions: and the "Records of the 34th Foot" state that "extraordinary difficulties had to be encountered. Felled trees had to be removed from the roads; creeks and marshes had to be passed; forty new bridges had to be constructed, and others to be repaired—one, made of log-work,



FRASER'S FUNERAL (see page 153).

crossed a morass two miles in extent;" while the hardy Yankee marksmen, and the lurking Indian, with tomahawk, rifle, and scalping-knife, hovered for ever on their track, dealing death whenever occasion served, and mercilessly cutting off all who straggled or fell by the wayside.

Most of the floating bridges and rafts for the conveyance of the troops were constructed by Captain John Schank, R.N., a native of Fifeshire, who accompanied Burgoyne's army in the capacity of engineer.

These difficulties were overcome by our troops with their characteristic alacrity; and on the 30th of July their general, who was better known as a writer of tolerable dramas than as a leader in the field, halted on the banks of the Hudson, in the heart of the insurgent provinces; and then some Red Indians and Canadian Volunteers, on whom he relied, lost heart, and abandoned him. On every side he was now hedged in by difficulties. His troops were almost without provisions; and starvation menaced them till the middle of September, when the Hudson was crossed, and on the 19th and 20th ensued the action at Stillwater.

It began at three in the afternoon, as Burgoyne records in his dispatch. The Americans made a vigorous attack upon our slender line, which fought with great obstinacy till sunset, the whole brunt of the affair falling upon the 20th, Scots Fusiliers, and 62nd Regiments, which were engaged without intermission for four hours. The British remained masters of the field, and bivouacked on it during the night.

About this time several letters passed between General Gates and General Burgoyne, relative to the barbarities committed by the savages, whose system of scalping was sometimes imitated by the Americans, or alleged to be so, and hence inflamed our troops against them. Gordon, in his "History of the Rise, &c., of the United States, 1788," does full justice to General Burgoyne, as to the atrocities committed by the Indians, particularly the murder of Miss M'Crea, a beautiful young girl, who was killed by two Indians employed by her lover to convey her to a place of safety.

In the beginning of October, General Burgoyne, in the uncertainty of his situation, deemed it expedient to lessen the daily rations of the troops, a measure to which they submitted with cheerfulness. In this state things continued until the 7th, when, there being no appearance or intelligence of the expected co-operation, it was deemed advisable to make a movement to the enemy's left, not only to discover whether there were any possible means of forcing a passage, should it be necessary to advance, or of dislodging them for the convenience of retreat; but also to cover the forage of the army, which was hourly growing more scarce, and the horses were perishing.

A detachment of 1,500 men, with two twelve-pounders, six six-pounders, and two howitzers, were ordered to move, led by the general in person, seconded by three excellent officers, Major-Generals Phillips and Reidesel, and Brigadier Fraser. To Brigadiers Hamilton and Speight he committed the care of the camp; and some redoubts on the plain near the river to Brigadier Goll, with some German troops.

The Americans, perceiving the British lines weakened by these movements, poured forward a vast column of attack upon the left and centre. Major Acland, at the head of the grenadier companies, sustained this attack with great resolution; but the overwhelming strength of the enemy enabled them to engage the whole line of the Hessian infantry, killing Colonel Breymann, their commander, and compelling all to retire within their own lines.

It was on this occasion that the 62nd Regiment obtained its familiar sobriquet of "The Springers," having acted as light infantry, with whom in those days the command "Spring up" meant to advance.

The troops had scarcely retired within the lines, when the enemy, eagerly pursuing their success, stormed them in various places, under a heavy and well-directed fire of round shot, grape, and musketry; for three years of constant warfare had made the insurgents trained soldiers. Arnold, who led the attack with his usual impetuosity, fell severely wounded; and his troops, after long and repeated efforts, were repulsed, leaving the place covered with their dead and dying.

But the Americans were more successful in another quarter, having forced the intrenchments of the Hessians, whom they totally routed, with the loss of all their baggage, tents, and artillery. The 24th Regiment advancing to their support, was also obliged to give way; and in the dusk of the autumn evening it became apparent that the troops were falling back everywhere. Brigadier Fraser was expiring of a mortal wound; and Burgoyne's favourite aide-de-camp, Sir Francis Carr Clarke, Bart., had been killed by his side.

As the Americans had made a decided lodgment after the defeat of the Germans, Burgoyne felt the necessity of an immediate change of position, and the whole army fell back to the heights in rear of eir former camp, with astonishing order, coolness, and secrecy, amid the horrors of a night so fatally ushered in, and accompanied by circumstances of uncommon peril.

Burgoyne's force, consisting now of only 3,500 men, famine-stricken, worn out with toil and incessant fighting, and without horses or baggage, was now almost completely surrounded by 16,000 fresh and flushed Americans, under General Gates.

We are told that the morning of the 8th of October revealed a sad and solemn scene.

General Simon Fraser, a brave old Scottish officer, had expired in the night, and with his last breath requested that he "should be carried by the soldiers of his own corps to the great redoubt where he had received his death-wound, and be there buried." During the entire 8th, the 62nd and other skirmishers, under Colonel the Earl of Balcarris, were potting away at the enemy, and the artillery exchanging shots, till sunset, when the funeral of General Fraser took place under fire, and under circumstances extremely rare even in war.

The October evening was calm and clear, and the funeral procession, as it entered the great redoubt, with arms reversed and the mournful roll of the muffled drums, was followed by the eyes of hundreds of both armies; but some of the Americans, ignorant of its true nature, poured a constant cannonade upon the spot where the grave was dug. Unmoved by the danger, Mr. Brudenel, the chaplain, while the shot threw the sand and loose soil over his white surplice, read the touching burial service of the Church of England, while the sun sank down, and twilight added to the solemnity of the scene.

"Suddenly," says the "Field-Book of the Revolution," "the irregular firing ceased, and the solemn voice of a single cannon boomed at measured intervals along the valley, and awakened the responses of the hills. It was a minute gun fired by the Americans in honour of the gallant dead. The moment information was given that the gathering in the redoubt was a funeral company fulfilling the last wishes of the noble Fraser, orders were issued to withhold the cannonade with balls, and render military honours to the fallen brave."

General Gates, bent on securing an easy victory, resolved to turn Burgoyne's right flank, and thus enclose him on all sides; but the moment the latter discovered this intention, he quitted his new position on the heights, and fell back to the sandy plains of Saratoga, which were then interspersed with yellow and pitch pine, and bogs yielding dwarf shrubbery and sedge-grass. There he found the passes in his rear already occupied by the ubiquitous Americans. The farther shores of the Hudson, which washes Saratoga on the east, were lined by numerous detachments of troops, which, with the assistance of their armed batteaux, entirely commanded the navigation of that stately river; so that no means of escape seemed left but a rapid night march to Fort Edward, and every soldier, with this intention, was ordered to carry his provisions in his haversack.

Then came tidings that the enemy were already intrenched with cannon at the fords of Fort Edward, and that the high grounds between it and Fort George were also secured and fortified.

The attempt to cut a passage through was therefore considered hopeless; and as the provisions were soon utterly exhausted, on the 13th of October terms of capitulation were proposed to General Gates.

The first article, which was proposed by the latter, and which was too humiliating to be acquiesced in, stated that "General Burgoyne's troops, being exceedingly reduced by repeated defeats, by sickness, &c., their provisions exhausted, their military horses, tents, and baggage taken or destroyed, their retreat cut off, and their camp invested, could only be allowed to surrender as prisoners of war."

"My army, however reduced," replied Burgoyne, nobly, "will never admit that their retreat is cut off while they have arms in their hands."

Another of the harsh but rejected conditions was, "that the troops under General Burgoyne's command should be drawn up in their encampment, and there ground their arms."

"This article is inadmissable in any extremity," was the heroic reply of Burgoyne; "and sooner than this army will consent to ground their arms in their encampment, they shall rush on the enemy, determined to take no quarter."

Eventually a convention was concluded, by which it was agreed that the British army should march out of camp with the honours of war, each regiment with the king's and regimental colours flying, and then lay down their arms; being permitted a free passage from Boston to Europe, upon condition of their not serving again in America during the war, unless in the event of their being exchanged by cartel.

Falling into their ranks for the last time, they piled their arms in front of the camp; and it is said that, in a spirit of generosity, the American general would not permit a single soldier to leave his quarters to witness this humiliating spectacle, which the famished British soldiers enacted in silence and bitterness of heart.

The Congress afterwards acted basely, by suspending the execution of the treaty, and detaining the British troops at Boston, on the meanest and most futile pretences, till the close of the war; or,

as the "Records of the 34th Regiment" state it: "These articles were violated by the American Government; and the brave soldiers who had fought so gallantly, and who did not submit until surrounded by five times their own number, were detained in America."

Including Canadians, Provincials, and the sick and wounded left in the camp hospitals after the retreat from Stillwater, the American writers state that the total number of prisoners taken was about 7,280 men, with thirty-five pieces of cannon of various sizes.

So ended the campaign on the frontier of Canada.

General Burgoyne lived to see the wars of the French Revolution, but he was better known by his dramas, "The Lord of the Manor," "The Heiress," and "The Maid of the Oaks," than as a leader in battle.

Alexander M'Cracken, a Scotsman, who died in 1835, at Colchester, in Connecticut, in his 104th year, was wont, according to a Canadian paper, to boast himself "the last survivor of Burgoyne's unfortunate army."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

OFF BREST, 1778.

About the time our colonies revolted, formidable preparations were made in France for the sudden invasion of Britain, and a scheme for the execution of such a movement had been carefully prepared ten years before by Grant of Blairfinly, a Jacobite refugee, who was a colonel of French light infantry. According to his plan, 6,000 dismounted dragoons, 40,000 infantry, and 4,000 light troops were sufficient for the purpose; so the year 1778 saw 50,000 Frenchmen marched towards the Channel ports from Havre to St. Malo, while England had an equal number of militia under arms.

"The better to arrive at that end (*i.e.*, the conquest of Britain), I believe it would be necessary," added Colonel Grant, "to induce King Charles Edward, who is at Rome, to come forward once more."

The advanced division of the French army was commanded by the Count de Rochambeau, and their main body by the Marshal Duke de Broglie. The great object was to enable the fleet which was lying at Brest, under Count d'Orvilliers, to effect a junction with the Spanish fleet; and an immediate descent on the English coast was threatened, for the purpose of compelling our fleet to keep near it own shores.

The command of the Channel squadron was conferred on Admiral the Hon. Augustus Keppel, who captured Goree, and had distinguished himself at Belleisle and the Havanah; and on the 13th of June he sailed from St. Helen's to cruise in the Bay of Biscay, with a fleet consisting of thirty sail, twenty-one of which ranged from sixty-four to a hundred guns. He had discretionary power to act, for as yet no deed of hostility had been committed by France, though her leaguing with the rebel subjects of the crown might have been deemed sufficient.

On the 17th, when about twenty-four miles south-west of the Lizard, the admiral gave chase to four sail, which were seen to be reconnoitring our fleet; and in the evening the *Milford*, 28 guns, Captain Sir W. Chaloner Burnaby, came up with and brought in the *Licorne*, a French frigate, of 32 guns and 230 men. Admiral Keppel ordered Lord Longford, in the *America*, a sixty-four-gun ship, to stay by her all night. In the morning her crew were observed to be setting fresh sail on her, as if she intended to make off, on which a shot was fired over her, as a hint that she must keep her course with the fleet. In an instant her ports were triced up, her guns run out, and she poured a whole broadside of round shot and small-arms into the *America*, at the very moment when Lord Longford was standing on the poop, remonstrating in a friendly manner with the French captain—for the vessels were within speaking distance.

Four of the *America's* crew fell; and this atrocious piece of bravado was followed by the Frenchman instantly hauling down his colours, probably to save himself from a broadside of the *America*, which must infallibly have sent him to the bottom. However, Lord Longford, with a magnanimity that did him honour, restrained his just resentment, and satisfied himself with ordering the *Licorne* to keep under the stern of Admiral Keppel's ship, the *Victory*.

Meanwhile another French frigate, *La Belle Poule*, had been pursued quite out of sight of the fleet by Captain Samuel Marshal, in the frigate *Arethusa*, a name well known in naval song and story, with the *Alert*, cutter. At night "the saucy *Arethusa*," as the sailors were fond of naming her, came up with *La Belle Poule.* Captain Marshal informed her commander that he had orders to conduct him to the British admiral. With these the French captain peremptorily and contemptuously declined to comply, on which a shot was fired over his deck. As on the previous occasion, the reply was an entire broadside; so both frigates shortened sail, and an obstinate and close engagement ensued for two hours. By this time they had drifted in close to the coast of France, and *La Belle Poule* stood into a small bay, where a number of armed boats came out and towed her into a place of safety; while the *Arethusa*, having had her mainmast carried away, was so disabled that it was with difficulty she was kept from drifting ashore.

In this encounter she had forty-four killed and wounded, and *La Belle Poule* ninety-seven.

On the following day the *Pallas*, a French frigate of thirty-two guns, was overtaken, brought into the fleet, and searched; and from papers found in her and the *Licorne*, Admiral Keppel obtained such accurate information of the strength and destination of the armament at Brest as determined him to return to port for a reinforcement. Accordingly, he came to anchor at St. Helen's on the 27th of June; and with such dispatch were the measures for adding to his force carried out, that he was again at sea by the middle of July, with the addition of ten line-of-battle ships.

In the meantime the French fleet, under Count d'Orvilliers, had crept out of Brest, and immediately on its safe departure general letters of reprisal against the King of Britain and his subjects, grounded on the capture of the *Licorne* and *Pallas*, were issued by the Court of France. As an augur of success, the fleet of D'Orvilliers captured the *Lively*, the same frigate whose guns had been so active at Bunker's Hill. Having been left to watch the motions of the enemy, a fog overspread the sea, and on its clearing she found herself in the centre of them, and had at once to strike her colours.

On the 23rd of July the hostile fleets came in sight of each other.

Admiral Keppel led thirty ships of the line, carrying 2,288 guns and 19,088 men, with nine frigates and fire-ships, in three divisions.

Count d'Orvilliers led thirty-two ships of the line, having on board 2,270 guns, and 21,850 men.

Admiral Keppel threw out the signal for forming line, but his fleet were so much dispersed that night came on before they were in their several stations; and when grey dawn began to steal over the sea and the distant hills of Bretagne, it was found that the French had contrived to get the weather-gage, and that, moreover, they manifested no desire for fighting, their great object being to effect a junction with the Spanish fleet.

For four successive days Admiral Keppel continued to pursue the enemy by chasing to windward, seeking to bring them to action. At length, on the morning of the 27th, the British fleet, by redoubling its efforts, by spreading every inch of canvas, and trimming every ship to perfection to profit by a slight variation of the wind in its favour, was enabled "to fetch the enemy."

Suddenly, however, black clouds came banking up from the windward, and a black squall swept over the summer sea, compelling an instant reduction of canvas; and when the weather cleared up, about half an hour after, the French fleet was perceived to have fallen away to leeward, and was now so near the leading ships of the van, commanded by Sir Robert Harland, Bart. (whose father had been a distinguished naval captain of 1704), that a cannonade began, and was furiously maintained, though the late squall had left a great swell upon the sea, and the ships were rolling heavily.

This was maintained for nearly two hours, while the fleets passed each other on opposite tacks. As soon as they had completely passed the firing ceased, and Admiral Keppel wore his ship to bear down once more upon the enemy, and made a signal for the whole to form in line. But observing that the *Formidable*, 90 guns, and some other ships of the division of Sir Hugh Palliser, Vice-Admiral of the Blue, from the damages they had sustained, were incapable of obeying the signal, and in danger of being cut off as they fell away to leeward, he bore down to join them, and formed his line of battle ahead.

By this time in Palliser's division there were 133 men killed and 365 wounded. Of these, 65 were on board the *Formidable* alone; and many of the vessels had suffered considerably in their hulls and spars.

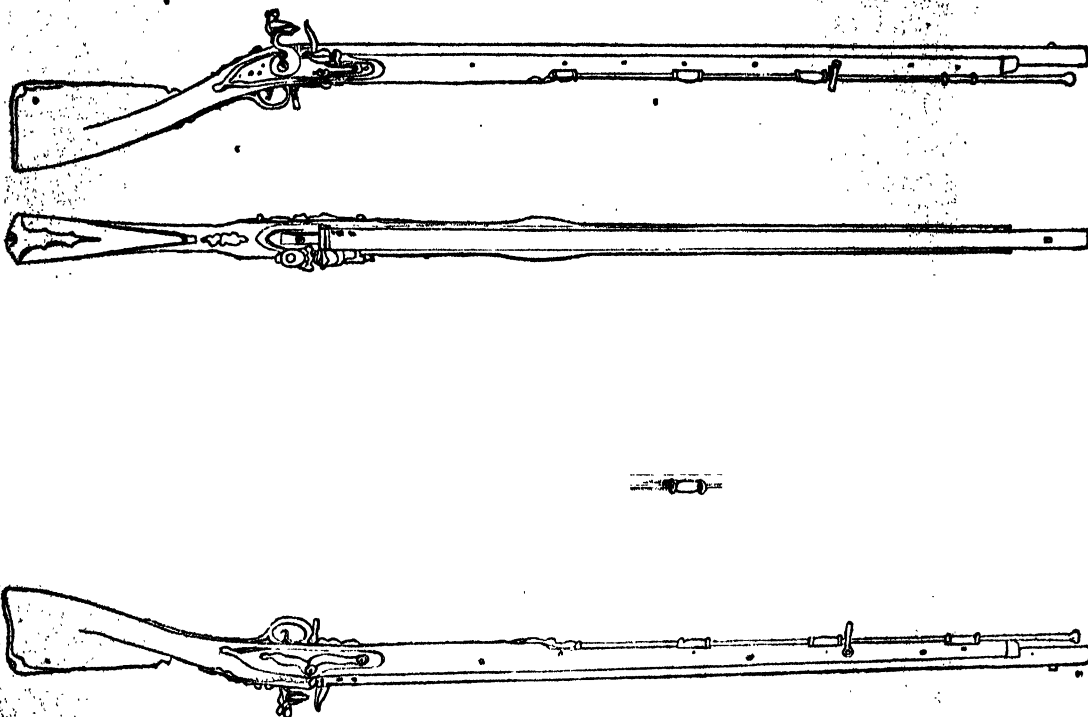
The result of this luckless battle roused public indignation keenly against Admiral Palliser. The latter retorted upon Keppel, who received the thanks of both Houses for his services; while Palliser, for disobedience of orders, was tried and reprimanded, compelled to resign his seat in the House of Commons, and vacate all his offices.

In 1782 the admiral was created Viscount Keppel, and died in October, 1786.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE EXPEDITION TO SAVANNAH, 1778-9.

In the year 1778 an expedition by sea and land was fitted out for the reduction of Georgia, and more particularly to take possession of the town of Savannah, in order to afford support to the loyalists in the province.



THE OLD BROWN BESS OF 1786.

The naval portion of this armament, which sailed from New York on the 27th of November, consisted of five vessels—the *Phœnix*, 44 guns, under Captain Hyde Parker; the *Vigilant*, 20 guns, under Captain Sir Hugh Clobery Christian, K.B.; the *Greenwich*, sloop, *Keppel*, brig, and *Comet*, galley, under lieutenants.

The military force, under Lieutenant-Colonel Archibald Campbell, consisted of the 1st and 2nd battalions of the Fraser Highlanders (or old 71st), two battalions of Hessians, one of Provincials, and a detachment of artillery. The 1st battalion of the Highlanders, with the light infantry, under the command of the Honourable Colonel Maitland (son of the Earl of Lauderdale), landed without opposition at a little distance below the city of Savannah, which is situated on a dry sandy bluff that rises from forty feet above the river of the same name. In those days it was wholly built of wood.

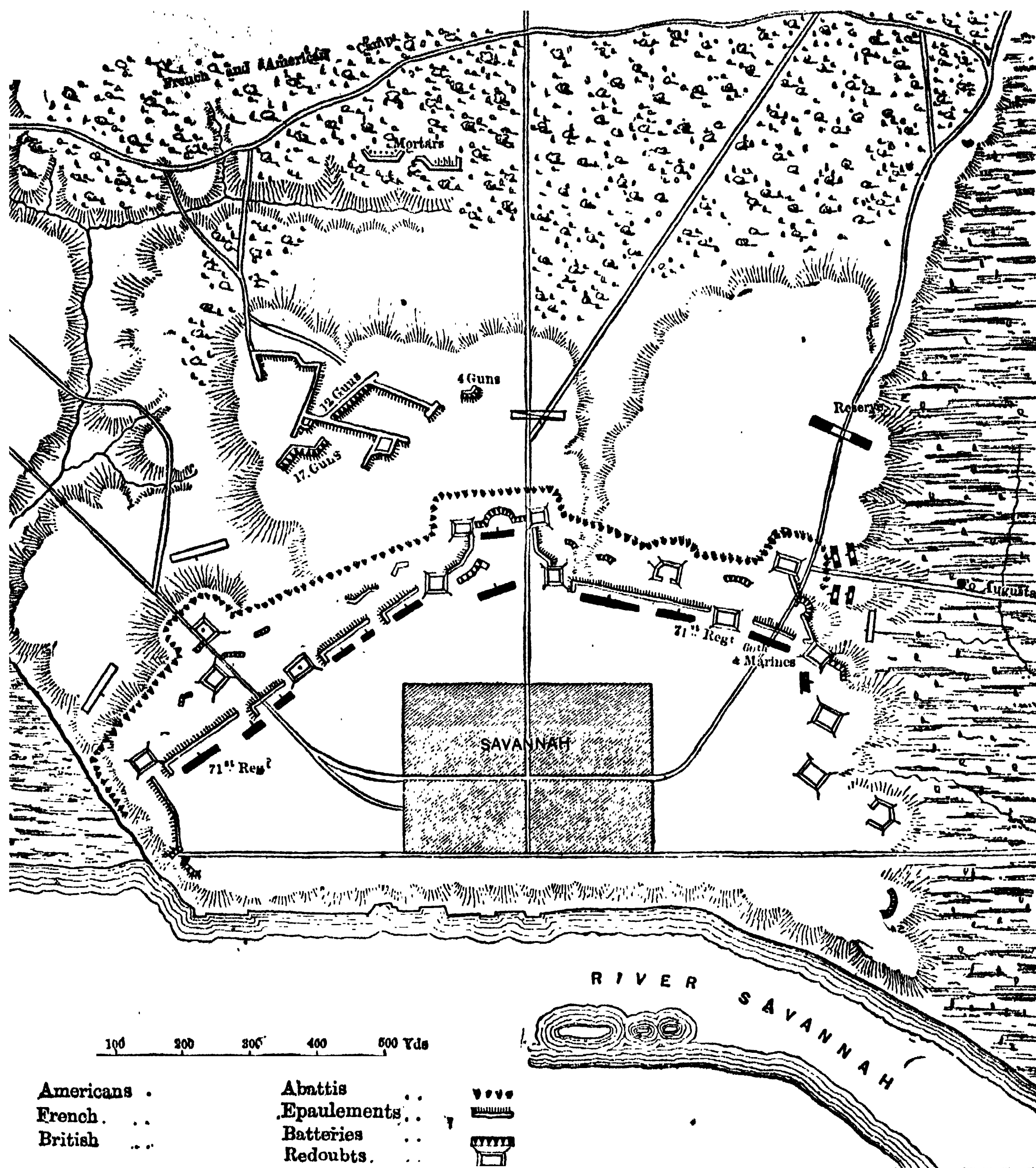
Under Captain Cameron, a body of the Frasers immediately pushed forward to attack a post of the enemy who were in sight at a short distance from the landing-place. As they advanced, a volley flashed among them from the trees and bushes. Cameron and three men fell dead; but the rest rushed on with their bayonets, and hurled the American detachment back on their main body, then drawn up in line on an open plain in rear of the town of Savannah.

The disembarkation of the entire force, with the arrangements necessary for a general attack, were soon complete. Savannah was then an open place, without any natural strength, but bordered on two sides by dense and ancient woods. Forming his troops in line, Colonel Campbell detached a body of light infantry, under Sir James Baird, through a narrow path to turn the enemy's right flank, while the corps which had been Captain Cameron's was

dispatched in a similar manner to menace their right.

The former officer, Sir James Baird, of Saughton Hall, near Edinburgh, was one of the most popular great personal activity, ardent and fearless, he indulged the propensity of the Highlanders to close upon the enemy."

Meanwhile, the main body, under Colonel Camp-



POSITION BEFORE SAVANNAH.

men in the army of Cornwallis; and was a distinguished leader in all light infantry movements. He so insinuated himself into the affection of the Highlanders, says Dr. Jackson, "that no chieftain in his glen ever commanded the devotion of Gillien more unreservedly. They knew his meaning by his whistle, and flew with eagerness to obey. With

bell, remained in front, making demonstrations as if about to attack; and these so occupied the enemy that they did not perceive the flank movements till the firing was heard on their wings, when Campbell instantly advanced, and the Americans finding themselves surrounded, broke and fled in the utmost confusion.

Closing in upon both their flanks, the light troops cut them up terribly. Six hundred were killed, wounded, or captured, while only nine British soldiers fell; and Savannah was taken, with forty-five pieces of cannon, and all its shipping and stores.

Anxious to follow up this remarkable success, Colonel Campbell made immediate preparations for advancing against Augusta, a considerable town of the interior of the province, about 150 miles from the Savannah river. There no opposition was made, and the whole of Georgia quietly submitted to the king's authority. Establishing himself in Augusta, Campbell now detached Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton with 200 bayonets to the frontiers. In the meantime, General Prevost arrived at Savannah to assume the command; but being a less daring soldier than Campbell, he ordered Augusta to be abandoned, and the British boundaries to be narrowed.

Emboldened by a retrograde movement so unexpected, the Americans collected in great force, and hung upon the British rear; and, by disastrous bush-fighting, killed many Highlanders and Hessians, maintaining a constant conflict with the rear-guards, which uniformly repulsed them. But this unmeaning retreat dispirited the Georgian loyalists, and left them alike unprotected and unable to render assistance. They were left also without arms, as General Prevost was unfavourable to the formation of Provincial militia.

The winter months passed in raids and harassing skirmishes; till Colonel Campbell, disgusted at seeing all that he had done so speedily undone, obtained leave of absence, and returned to Scotland, leaving the Fraser Highlanders under Lieutenant-Colonel Maitland.

During the month of February, 1779, the Americans mustered 3,000 men at a place called Brien Creek, for the purpose of cutting off Prevost's foraging parties. Their position was a strong one. In their front lay a deep rice swamp, which could only be traversed by a narrow causeway; and on their flank were thick forests of oak, hickory, and pine trees, accessible only here and there, when the swamps, full of wild grass and long reeds, amid which they grew, became more or less dry and solid. In the rear their position was more open.

As this force occasioned Prevost great annoyance, it was resolved to dislodge it at all hazards; and for this purpose the 1st battalion of the Fraser Highlanders was ordered to attack it in front, under Lieutenant-Colonel Macpherson, an officer still remembered in Scotland as "Duncan of the Kiln," from the circumstance of his having been born in a malt-kiln, in which his mother found shelter when her castle of Cluny was destroyed after the battle of Culloden.

Lieutenant-Colonels Maitland and Macdonald, and one named Prevost, with the 2nd battalion of the Highlanders, the light troops, and Provincials, were ordered to attack the rear, which they were to reach by a circuitous route of many miles, through a rough, woody, and difficult country.

So well were their arrangements made, that in less than ten minutes after Colonel Macpherson's men appeared at the head of the causeway, and opened fire across the swamp in front, the roar of musketry was heard in the rear; and Sir James Baird, with the light troops, "in his usual manner," came storming through the trees, whereever the swampy nature of the ground afforded footing, and in a few minutes the whole of the Americans were overpowered, and their position stormed. Only eighteen Highlanders were killed and wounded, but the other casualties are unknown.

On the destruction of this strong detachment at Brien Creek, the American General Lincoln collected a considerable force on the Carolina side of the river. General Prevost resolved to attack him, and at the head of the same troops who had been so successful at the Creek, he crossed the stream ten miles below the enemy's position. The two battalions of the Frasers were ordered to make a circuit of several miles to attack Lincoln's rear, while Prevost assailed him in front.

They entered a dark woody swamp at eleven in the night, guided by Creek Indians, or Muskhogees, the aborigines of Georgia and Alabama. In the deeper parts the water flowed over their shoulders; their clothes and tartans were soaked, and their ammunition was totally destroyed. In this condition they emerged from the forest at eight o'clock in the morning, and found themselves only half a mile distant from the enemy's rear.

Without waiting for the co-operation of General Prevost, who had not as yet moved one pace from his post ten miles below the stream, this splendid regiment, which was disbanded at Perth in 1783, though unable to fire a shot, rushed, with bayonets fixed and pipes playing, upon the troops of General Lincoln, and by a single charge hurled them from their position in rout and confusion.

With such fury and expedition was that achieved "that they suffered no loss," says General Stewart, "nor did the enemy, from their short stand and quick retreat, suffer much."

Encouraged by this wonderful success, General

Prevost now resolved to penetrate farther into the country, and moved at once upon Charleston with such celerity, that had he attacked it before the garrison had time to recover from their surprise, it must have been taken without much loss. Instead of this, he summoned it to surrender, and time being allowed to consult, tidings came from General Lincoln that he was marching to its relief; and as Prevost was without the appliances for carrying on a siege, and as Lincoln's forces were greatly superior to his own, he was compelled to commence a retreat under very gloomy circumstances, through unfrequented forests, salt water marshes, and morasses, where the men had no means of filling their canteens or allaying their thirst.

Lieutenant-Colonel Prevost, the Quartermaster-General, having gone forth with a party to forage, and being long in returning, it was deemed necessary that, for his protection, Colonel Maitland, with a battalion of the Highlanders and some Hessians, should occupy a hastily-constructed redoubt at Stono Ferry, a most important pass, while the rest of the troops continued their retreat to John's Island. The communication between these points had been maintained by a bridge of boats; but as some of these had been required for the conveyance of provisions, it was now interrupted, and hence Maitland's Highland battalion was quite isolated.

Of this separation the Americans instantly hastened to take advantage, as they had 5,000 men in the neighbourhood; and 2,000 of these were sent forward with a heavy force of artillery. On their advance being reported, Maitland sent out four officers and fifty-six men, under Captain Colin Campbell (of Glendaruel, in Arygleshire), to reconnoitre, and act according to circumstances.

A thick wood concealed the approach of the Americans till they reached an open field where Campbell's party stood. Despite the vast inequality in numbers, anxious to give those in the fort due warning, he instantly poured a volley into the Americans. A storm of lead responded, and the Highland detachment was destroyed. Every officer and non-commissioned officer fell, and in a very few minutes only seven Highlanders were remaining untouched.

"It was not intended," to quote the historian of the regiment, "that the resistance should be of this nature; but most of the party were men who had recently joined from prison, being some of those taken in Boston Harbour; and this being their first appearance before an enemy, they had not yet learned to retreat, nor had they forgotten what had always been inculcated in their native country, that to retreat was disgraceful."

The Americans were struck with astonishment at the behaviour of this small band, and with magnanimity ceased firing. This enabled the seven Highlanders who were untouched to carry off one or two wounded officers, and, accompanied by such of their comrades as were able to walk, to make their way back to the redoubt, whither they were followed by the whole force of the enemy, resolved upon its instant capture, and in this they had partial success.

The Hessians having fallen into confusion in that part of the works which they manned, the Americans forced an entrance; but the 71st having driven back those who had assailed their part of the redoubt, Colonel Maitland was able to detach two companies of his Highlanders to support the foreign troops. "The enemy were instantly driven out of the redoubt at the point of the bayonet; and while they were preparing for another attempt to storm, the 2nd battalion of the Highlanders came up, when the Americans, despairing of success, retreated at all points, leaving many men killed and wounded."

The resistance offered by Captain Campbell's luckless party served greatly to save the redoubt, by the warning and time it gave to their comrades who manned it; and it also gave time to the 2nd battalion to come on and succour the first. The destruction of the bridge of boats certainly caused some delay in this movement. But under a heavy fire of musketry, Lieutenant Robert Campbell and a few Highlanders swam the river, and securing a few boats, brought them over for the conveyance of the battalion; and this brave and zealous officer, who then escaped without a scar, was drowned many years after, when attempting to save an old domestic who had fallen into the sea from a boat, in the Hebrides.

Most honourable was the defence of this redoubt, if a few hastily-formed earth-banks could be so termed, to the Fraser Highlanders, who, though only 520 strong, with 200 Hessians, had to resist 5,000 American troops. Their total loss was only 36, while that of the enemy exceeded 800 of all ranks.

The ferry being thus secured, and the quartermaster-general having come in safe with his foragers, Colonel Maitland marched to Port Royal, where he was left with 700 men; while General Prevost, with the main body, returned to Savannah, where he remained till the month of September, when the Count d'Estaing arrived, with twenty sail of the line, two fifty-gun ships, seven frigates, and

a fleet of transports full of troops, for the purpose of retaking that town.

We have said it was open, yet the back of it was protected by an abattis in a state so rotten and dilapidated as to present little impediment to an attacking force. The garrison consisted only of two companies of the 16th Regiment, two of the 60th, a weak battalion of Highlanders, and another of Hessians, in all 1,100 bayonets. The combined French and American forces amounted to more than 12,000 men.

With such overwhelming odds, it might have been naturally expected that the Count d'Estaing would have made an instant assault; he preferred, however, to make formal approaches, and sent a summons of surrender. Time was given. Thus Colonel Maitland, the moment he heard of the enemy being before Savannah, came on from Port Royal with his detachment to join General Prevost; but as the enemy had taken possession of all the fords and passes on the creeks and rice-swamps, he was obliged to make a circuitous march through perilous morasses and pathless forests. However, his troops overcame every obstacle, and arrived in the town of Savannah at the very time when the general was hesitating what answer he should send to the count.

On Maitland's appearance, a determined resistance was resolved on; and the zeal and talents of Captain Moncreiff, the chief engineer, with the labour of the troops and some negroes, soon completed a line of trenches and redoubts to cover the troops and defend the town. Such was the celerity with which these works were completed, that the French officers declared "they seemed to spring up in a night."

Owing to the weakness of his force, General Prevost was averse to sorties. Nevertheless, before daybreak on the morning of the 24th of September, Major Colin Graham, of the 16th Regiment, with the light company of that corps and the two Fraser battalions, made a dash out, drove the enemy from the outworks, and retired with the loss only of Lieutenant Macpherson and three Highlanders killed and 15 wounded; but leaving 159 of the enemy shot or bayoneted amid their trenches. In the same manner, Major Archibald Macarthur, of the 71st, with the Highland picket, advanced on the enemy with such caution and address in the dusk, that after firing a few rounds, the French and Americans mistaking their object, opened a terrible fusilade upon each other; while the wily major retired without the loss of a man, leaving them to discover their error at leisure.

D'Estaing, now highly irritated, resolved to carry Savannah by assault on the 9th of October. Before daybreak the whole French and American forces were under arms; and the darkness, together with a dense fog that rose from the swampy banks of the river, prevented the brave little garrison from ascertaining the exact point it was intended to attack—for some time at least.

The enemy came on in three great columns, D'Estaing in person leading the right. The left column made too great a circuit, and became entangled among the reeds and water of a swamp, where the guns of the garrison completed its confusion. The other two rushed against the newly-formed works, the fire from which was so effective and severe that they suffered terribly; but the rear ranks filled up the places of those who fell in front. The ditch of the first redoubt was entered, the glacis ascended, colours were planted on the summit, and many were killed around them.

Captain Tawset, of the 71st, who commanded the Highlanders in the redoubt, plunged his claymore into the first man who ascended, but was shot dead by the next.

Captain Archibald Campbell assumed the command, and held his post till succoured by the grenadiers of the 60th Royal Americans, and then the attack was completely repulsed with success, the loss of the enemy being 1,500 killed and wounded, while that of the garrison amounted to 101 only, so skilfully constructed were the earthworks of Captain Moncreiff, an officer who was afterwards killed at Dunkirk, in 1793, when serving under the Duke of York.

Sickness now attacked the defenders of Savannah; and the battalion under the Hon. Colonel Maitland, which had not two men ill when in the field, had soon one-fourth of its number in hospital. The first who perished was the colonel himself; he had been originally a marine officer, but joined the Highlanders, by whom he was greatly beloved.

"Colonel Maitland lived in the trenches with the soldiers," says General Stewart, "and by his courage, kindness of heart, and affability to his men, secured affection and fidelity. His dialect was Scotch—proceeding from a tongue which never spoke in disguise, it carried conviction to all."

His regiment was distinguished from other kilted corps by a scarlet feather. The same badge was adopted in 1795 by the Black Watch; but the first who wore it in battle were the gallant Fraser Highlanders.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SEA-FIGHTS OFF USHANT AND GRENADA, 1779.

On the morning of the 6th of October, 1779, His Majesty's ship *Quebec*, 32 guns, commanded by Captain George Farmer, the cadet of a family of that name long seated at Youghal, in the county of Cork, in company with the *Ramble*, cutter, under Lieutenant George, being fifteen leagues to the south-west of the isle of Ushant, or Ouessant, discovered about daybreak a large French frigate, which proved to be *La Surveillante*, carrying twenty-eight eighteen-pounders and twelve six-pounders, and attended by a heavily-armed cutter.

Captain Farmer was a brave officer, who had distinguished himself on many occasions, and had been the officer commanding at Port Egmont when the Spaniards took possession of the Falkland Islands in 1770, during a time of peace, and the "Universal Magazine" states that "he acquitted himself then, as on every other occasion, with a dignity which did honour to his character and his country."

By ten o'clock in the forenoon the frigates were close alongside of each other; their courses were hauled up, and a furious engagement with cannon, and small-arms from their poops, forecastles, and tops, began. This lasted for three hours and a half till both were totally dismasted, their tops falling into the sea, with the wounded, the dead, and dying in them.

The two ships then fell foul of each other; and as the crew of the *Quebec* were compelled to fire through her fallen sails, which lay in heavy folds over her port-holes, she unfortunately caught fire; and *La Surveillante* was towed out of the danger by the crews of her own boats, otherwise she must have perished too.

In spite of every effort made by Captain Farmer and his crew to extinguish the flames, they could not be suppressed; and they continued to sheet the ship with fire till six in the evening, when she blew up, with her ensign still flying over the stern; and her brave commander, who had been frequently solicited, but in vain, to leave her, perished, with most of his officers and men. Another account states that Captain Farmer threw himself into the sea, when, having been before severely wounded, he was soon drowned.

Previous to this catastrophe, the *Ramble*, cutter, had brought the French cutter to action by eleven o'clock, and continued a close fight with her till two in the afternoon, when the Frenchman set all his canvas and bore away, leaving the *Ramble*, whose sails and rigging were very much cut up, unable to pursue; and Lieutenant George, seeing the disabled state of the two frigates, and that the *Quebec* was on fire, hastened to her relief. But having fallen away to leeward a considerable distance during her share in the battle, and there being but little wind and a heavy swell, she was unable, being crippled aloft, to do more than send a boat to the *Quebec*, and thus saved two midshipmen and fourteen seamen.

Thirteen more were saved by the crew of a Russian vessel, which providentially chanced to be near.

In his dispatch, Lieutenant George mentions incautiously, as a reason for not saving more of the crew of this unfortunate frigate, that the enemy's ship fired on his boat as it passed between the *Quebec* and the cutter. But this circumstance "was afterwards cleared up, much to the honour and humanity of a brave and generous enemy, who, while in the act of towing their ship to windward out of reach of the flames, saved the lives of Mr. Roberts, the first-lieutenant, the second-lieutenant of marines, the surgeon, and thirty-six of the crew."

Lieutenant George evidently, amid the smoke, which, from the conflagration, covered all the sea, mistook the guns of the *Quebec*, which went off as they became heated, for those of *La Surveillante*.

For the bravery and resolution of Captain Farmer in this frigate battle, his eldest son was created a baronet by George III., on the 26th of October, 1779; and an annuity of £200 per annum was settled upon his widow, with £25 yearly to each of her seven children.

Sea-fight off Grenada.

On the 6th of January this year, Vice-Admiral the Hon. John Byron, who had served in the *Wager*, under Anson, in 1740, arrived in the West Indies, with nine sail of the line, and joined Rear-Admiral the Hon. Samuel Barrington, off St. Lucia. After various encounters among the Leeward Isles by single ships, towards the middle of June, a considerable fleet of merchant-men from different parts of the West Indies having rendezvoused at St. Christopher's, Admiral Byron was induced to consider it an object of the greatest importance that

they should be convoyed clear of those waters, and escorted safely so far on the way to Britain. Towards the end of the month, he therefore sailed on this duty, with his whole disposable force.

On his return to St. Lucia, on the 1st of August, he received intelligence that the island of St. Vincent had been captured by the French and Caribs from seven companies of our regular troops, without a shot being fired; a circumstance ascribed to the dread of a general insurrection among the natives, who had never been reconciled to British rule. He learned further that the French admiral, the Count d'Estaing, on being joined by a reinforcement under M. de Motte Piquet, had still further improved the opportunity of his absence by sailing from Fort Royal, with twenty-six ships of the line, eight large frigates, and a squadron of transports, having on board 9,000 troops, and capturing the island of Grenada, compelling the governor, Lord Macartney, with his little garrison of 150 men, to surrender at discretion, and give up 100 pieces of cannon, 24 mortars, and £40,000 worth of shipping.

A writer in the "Scots Magazine" for that year states that the little force of Macartney was surprised in the dark by a detachment of the Irish Brigade, who, "by speaking the same language, were admitted into the intrenchments as friends, and they immediately overpowered our troops by numbers."

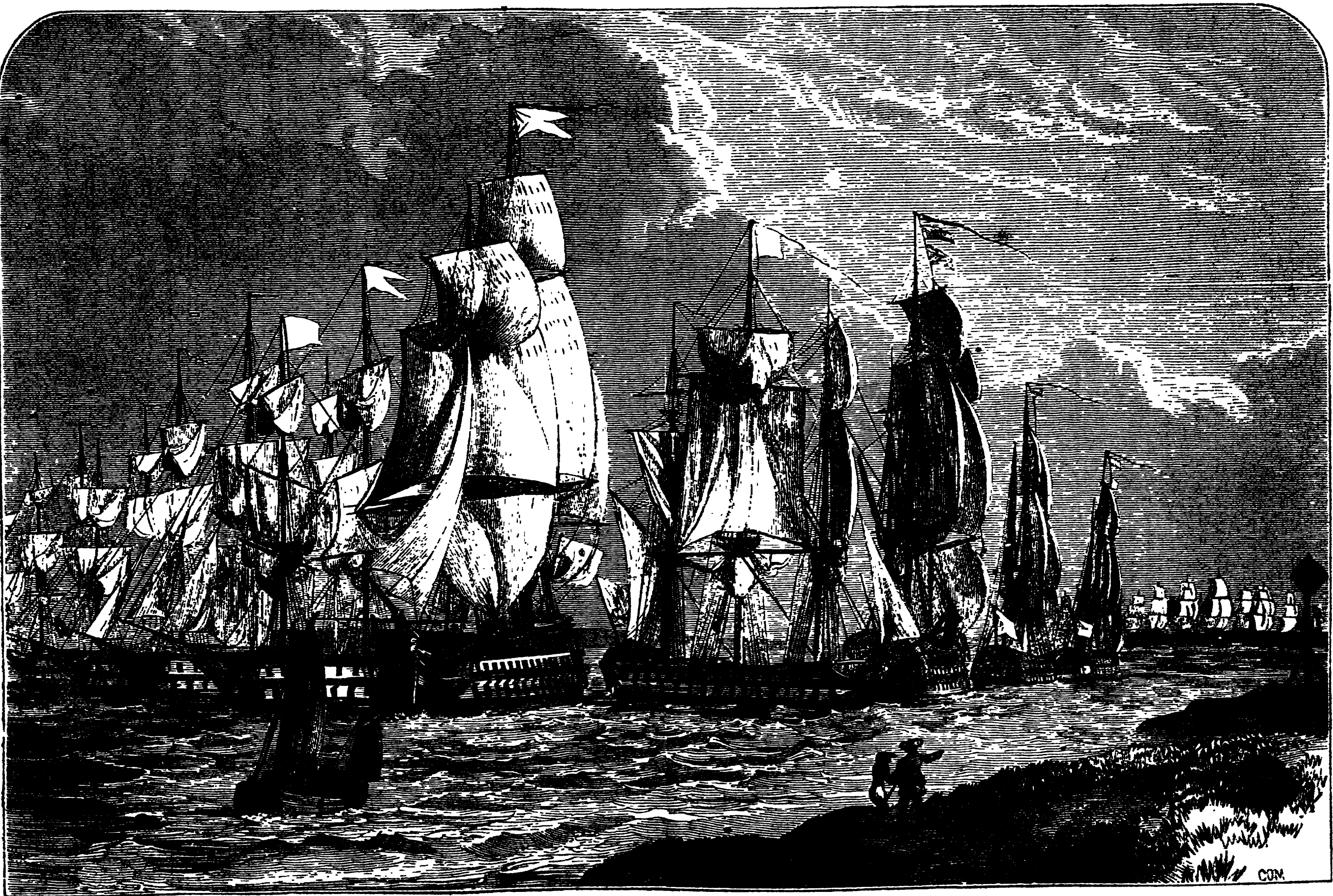
To attempt the recapture of this place, the most beautiful isle of the Antilles, became now the first object of Admiral Byron, who at once sailed towards it.

At daybreak, on the morning of the 6th of July, the enemy's fleet was seen under sail coming out of St. George's Bay, a spacious inlet on the western side of Grenada, and stretching out to the seaward. Their force could not be exactly ascertained at that time, but their white canvas could be seen distinctly towering up against the greenness of the high land which overhangs the bay. It consisted of twenty-two large vessels, ranging from *La Languedoc*, 96 guns, to *L'Amphion*, 54, armed in all with 1,568 pieces of cannon, with a vast force of seamen, troops, and marines.

The fleet of Admiral Byron consisted of twenty-one sail of the line, carrying 1,516 guns, with 11,641 men on board, including the 4th and 46th Regiments, acting as marines; but the *Conqueror*,



GRENADA.



THE FRENCH FLEET OFF GRENADA (*see page 162*).

74 guns, under Rear-Admiral Parker, and four sixty-four-gun ships did not engage. The orders were for the *Suffolk*, 74 guns, under Rear-Admiral Rowley, to lead with the starboard tacks on board, and the *Grafton*, 74 guns, Captain Thomas Collingwood, with the larboard; the *Aridane*, frigate, to repeat signals.

From the manœuvres of the French admiral, who evidently displayed no desire for battle, and whose ships being faster sailers than ours gave him the advantage, should he be compelled to engage, in the mode of attack; Admiral Byron, whose flag was on board the *Princess Royal*, 90 guns, in the centre of the British line, seeing that D'Estaing meant to avoid him, threw out the signals for a general chase, and for the ships to open fire and form as they could get up.

As the French drew into line of battle, their strength and superiority were plainly perceptible; but as the signal for chase was yet flying on the breeze, together with that for close battle, the action commenced partially about half-past seven in the morning, between Vice-Admiral Barrington (an officer who died at Bath, in 1800), in the *Prince of Wales*, 74 guns, supported by the *Boyne*, *Sultan*, *Grafton*, *Cornwall*, *Lion*, and *Monmouth*, all stately three-deckers, with the whole line of the French fleet, whose very superior sailing enabled it to elude every effort of Admirals Byron and Parker to bring on a close and general, and, consequently, more equal engagement.

In this unequal conflict between a single British squadron and the entire force of the enemy, the *Grafton*, Captain Collingwood; the *Cornwall*, Captain Edwards; the *Lion*, Captain the Hon. W. Cornwallis (afterwards an admiral); and the *Monmouth*, Captain Thomas Fanshawe, an officer of singular bravery, sustained the whole fire of the French fleet as they passed it on the opposite tack, and were dreadfully disabled.

The *Lion* was so battered and pierced that she was afterwards sunk as unserviceable at St. Lucia. Her captain, Timothy Edwards, had been posted for his bravery in the action with the *Valeur*, and was popularly known in the fleet as "Old Hammer and Nails," from a habit he had of nailing his colours to the mast before going into action. Once he was knocked down by a splinter, and so much stunned that he was supposed to be dead; but on hearing some of the sailors bewailing his fate, he sprang up, crying—

"It's a lie. Stand to your guns and fire away, my lads!"

"The French squadron tacked to the southward about three o'clock in the afternoon," says the admiral, in his dispatch to Mr. Stephens, "and I did the same, to be in readiness to support the *Grafton*, *Cornwall*, and *Lion*, that were all disabled, and a great way astern; but the *Lion*, being likewise much to leeward, and having lost her main and mizzen-topmasts, and the rest of her rigging and sails being cut in a very extraordinary manner, she bore away to the westward when the fleets tacked, and, to my great surprise, no ship of the enemy's was detached after her. The *Grafton* and *Cornwall* stood towards us, and might have been weathered by the French if they had kept their wind, especially the *Cornwall*, which was farthest to the leeward, and had lost her maintopmast, and was otherwise much disabled; but they persevered so strictly in declining every chance of close battle, notwithstanding their great superiority, that they contented themselves with firing upon these ships when passing barely within gunshot, and suffered them to rejoin the squadron without one effort to cut them off. The *Monmouth* was so totally disabled in her masts and rigging, that I thought it proper to send directions in the evening for Captain Fanshawe to make the best of his way to Antigua, and he parted company accordingly."

Captain Robert Fanshawe was an officer who at a future time greatly distinguished himself in the action with the French fleet on the 12th April, 1782.

When Byron's armament was close in-shore, the French colours could be seen flying upon the fort and batteries at St. George's Bay, which left him no doubt of the enemy being in full possession of the island; and he did not think it practicable to attempt to dislodge them at that time.

As evening fell Admiral Byron formed up the remaining ships of his fleet in line of battle, fully expecting that the Count D'Estaing would attack him next morning; but during the night that officer having crept into the Grenada coast, and got his squadron under the guns of the batteries, thinking it more prudent to preserve his new conquests than to seek to gather laurels, Admiral Byron proceeded with the fleet to St. Christopher's.

The total number of killed and wounded in our fleet was 529 of all ranks. The greatest number of casualties occurred on board the *Grafton*, which had 35 killed, and 63 wounded. There were four officers in each list. The French loss was very great; the lowest estimate makes it 2,700, of which the slain were 1,200. A slaughter so great was attributable to the large number of troops who were crowded on board, and exposed, helpless, to be decimated at long range by cannon-shot.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

FLAMBOROUGH HEAD, 1779.

In the autumn of 1779, there was fought a battle between His Majesty's ship *Serapis* and another armed ship against a superior force, and at serious odds; and the conflict took place within sight of Flamborough Head, that magnificent range of limestone rocks which extends for miles along the Yorkshire coast, in some places rising perpendicularly to the height of 150 feet.

It chanced that on the 23rd of September, Captain William Pearson, of the *Serapis*, 40 guns, and the *Countess of Scarborough*, 20 guns, commanded by Captain Percy, being close in with the town of Scarborough, the bailiff of the corporation sent off a messenger by boat to inform Captain Pearson that a flying squadron of the enemy's ships had been seen from the peninsular height on which the old castle stands the day before, and that they were standing under easy sail to the southward. Though the captain had the homeward-bound Baltic fleet with him, he resolved to go in quest of the enemy.

He made a signal for the convoy to bear down on his lee; but though he repeated it more than once, they still kept stretching out from under Flamborough Head till between twelve and one o'clock in the day, when the headmost ship got sight of the enemy, who was in full chase of them.

The ships of the convoy then tacked, and stood in towards the coast of Yorkshire, letting fly their topsail-sheets and firing guns; while Captain Pearson made all sail to windward, to get in between the convoy and the enemy's men-of-war.

The latter were no other than the squadron of the notorious corsair, Paul Jones, one of the most remarkable naval adventurers of the age. A native of Kirkcudbright, in Scotland, the son of a humble gardener, and originally by name John Paul, he had early evinced a strong predilection for the sea, and ere long became an officer under the Congress, and with a single armed ship, the *Ranger*, kept the whole coast of Scotland and part of England in constant trepidation and alarm; and now, after many delays and disappointments, he had obtained from the French Government the command of the ship *Duras*, 40 guns and 375 men, on board of which he hoisted the American flag, changing her name to *Le Bon Homme Richard*. With a squadron of seven ships, he had sailed from St. Croix on the 14th of August, 1779; and, after being deserted by four of them, he appeared in September in the Forth, opposite Leith, but was prevented by a sudden change of wind from either landing on the coast or attacking the ships of war in the roads, the latter being evidently his chief design. Failing these, he had now come in quest of the homeward-bound Baltic fleet.

At one o'clock his vessels were descried by the look-out man at the masthead of the *Serapis*, and at four they were visible from the deck, and were found to be three large vessels and a brig. The *Countess of Scarborough* being close in-shore with the convoy, Captain Pearson signalled for her to join him, and let the convoy make the best of their way alone.

By half-past five, Captain Percy having joined him, Captain Pearson tacked, and laid the ships' heads in-shore, for the better protection of the now fugitive convoy as long as possible.

The enemy still bearing down, Captain Pearson, says Schomberg, perceived their force to be, not what he had thought at first, but "a two-decked ship and two frigates." By twenty minutes past seven, when twilight was darkening on the sea and the bluffs of Flamborough, the largest ship, which proved to be *Le Bon Homme Richard*, brought-to on the larboard bow of the *Serapis*, within musket-range. As neither of them had hoisted their colours, Captain Pearson hailed, by asking what ship she was.

"The *Princess Royal*," replied Paul Jones, treacherously, or some one else for him, in English, and using the name of a vessel actually in the service.

Dissatisfied with this answer, Captain Pearson asked a few other questions, to which evasive replies were given. He then fired a shot at her. She replied by another, and the American colours were then run up.

As all Pearson's crew were at quarters, and standing by their guns, a few broadsides were promptly exchanged, after which the Chevalier Jones, as he called himself, backed his topsails, and dropped within pistol-shot of the *Serapis'* quarter. Then, suddenly filling again, he made a resolute attempt to board her, but was driven back by bayonet and pike.

The twilight was deepening fast, and Captain

Pearson, in order to get square with the enemy again, backed his topsails; a movement which was no sooner perceived by Jones than he filled, put his helm a-weather, and laid the *Serapis* athwart hawse, where she continued for some little time, the small-arms from the tops, waists, and poops of each ship flashing redly through the dusk the while, till the jib-boom gave way; and then both ships fell round alongside of each other head and stern, so close, that aloft the yard-arms locked and swayed, and below the muzzles of the guns actually knocked against each other, and some of the port-lids were torn off.

In this close situation, almost within arm's length of each other, the action was continued with blind fury long after absolute darkness had settled on the sea; and the red flashing of the cannon was visible to many on the Yorkshire coast till about half-past ten at night.

During that time the *Serapis* was set on fire no less than twelve times, by burning combustibles that were flung on her deck; and it was only with the greatest difficulty and exertion, while the shot swept her deck, that, stumbling over dead and dying men, the crew could get the flames extinguished.

About half-past nine, it chanced that either from a hand-grenade being thrown in through one of the lower-deck ports, or some other accident unknown, a cartridge of powder for one of the guns was set on fire. The explosion was instantly communicated from cartridge to cartridge, and thus blew up every officer and man stationed abaft the mainmast, burning and scorching them dreadfully; and by this dreadful catastrophe all the guns in that part of the ship were useless during the remainder of the action.

All this while it must be borne in mind that the largest of the two frigates was sailing round and round the *Serapis*, raking her with such fatal effect that every man on the quarter and main-decks was either killed or wounded.

At ten o'clock the enemy began to cry for "quarter." Surprised at this, Captain Pearson hailed, asking if they had struck. No answer was given, on which he issued the order—

"Boarders away!"

With pike and cutlass a body of his crew sprang on board; but the moment they were there they discovered that a trap had been laid for them, for a superior force of the enemy were seen crouching in the dark between the guns and under the bulwarks, ready to spring upon them with pikes and pistols.

On this, with a shout of rage, the crew of the *Serapis* retreated to their own ship, and once more flew to their guns. But the remorseless frigate backed her mainyard, while steadily pouring a whole broadside into the stern of the *Serapis*, with the most terrible effect; and the mainmast falling at the same moment rendered Captain Pearson totally incapable of getting a single piece of ordnance to bear upon her in return.

Captain Pearson was now under the necessity, which must ever prove painful and humiliating to a British seaman, of ordering the colours to be struck, on which the firing ceased; and with his first lieutenant he was escorted on board *Le Bon Homme Richard*, where he was received with the courtesy his courage merited, by the famous Paul Jones.

The frigate which had also engaged the *Serapis* was the *Alliance*, 40 guns and 300 men; so every way the contest had been most unequal. Upon Captain Pearson going on board *Le Bon Homme Richard*, he found her in a very distressed condition—her quarters and counter were driven in; the whole of the guns on her lower-deck were dismounted, the carriages having been knocked to pieces by sheer dint of round shot. Her decks were strewn with mangled bodies, and splashed with blood and brains; she was on fire in two places, and had seven feet of water in her hold, where it kept increasing upon them so much that the next day they had to betake themselves suddenly to their boats, as she sunk, with the greatest portion of her wounded on board: and the cries of these poor creatures, as the waves rushed in the lower-deck ports and breaches made by the shot of the *Serapis*, were terrible in the extreme, till the water flowed over her decks, and their voices were silenced for ever.

She had 306 men killed or wounded, only 59 remaining untouched. The loss of the *Serapis* was 117 killed and wounded.

While this obstinate and bloody contest had been waged between the latter and her two adversaries, Captain Percy, in the *Countess of Scarborough*, had been quite as hotly engaged with the *Pallas*, a French frigate of thirty-two guns and 275 men, and the *Vengeance*, 12 guns and 70 men; till, perceiving another frigate bearing down through the gloom, he too was compelled to surrender, after bravely defending the king's ship for more than two hours, and having four-and-twenty killed and wounded.

The enemy carried their prizes into the Texel.

Upon Captain Pearson's return to England, His Majesty conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, in consequence of the bravery and vigour of

his defence. The Royal Exchange Assurance Company presented him with a piece of plate valued at a hundred guineas, and another of fifty to Captain Percy; while the French were so elated by a victory from which they reaped no honour, that the King of France presented Paul Jones with a superb gold-hilted sword, bearing an appropriate inscription, and, through his Minister, requested the permission of Congress to invest him with the military Order of Merit. He performed in after years many brilliant actions in the service of America and Russia; and, after all, was permitted to close an adventurous and extraordinary life in obscurity and penury, at Paris, in 1792.

CHAPTER XL.

RODNEY IN THE LEEWARD ISLES, 1780.

THIS year saw our warlike operations so much on the increase all over the world, that no less than 85,000 men, including 18,779 marines, were voted for the fleet. About this time the new gun called a carronade, or "smasher," came into use for ships and batteries. They were cast at the Carron Iron Works, in Scotland, hence their name, and were the invention of General Robert Melville, an officer who had served under Lord Rollo at the capture of Dominica and elsewhere. They were peculiarly constructed, being shorter and lighter than other cannon, and having a chamber for powder, like a mortar. They were cast in enormous numbers at Carron, and were employed throughout the fighting and mercantile marine of all Europe and America till nearly about the time of the Crimean War. The first of them was presented by the Carron Company to the family of the general, who still preserve it; and an inscription on the carriage records that they were cast for "solid, ship, shell, or carcass shot, and first used against the French fleet in 1779."

During the progress of the war in the West Indies, Sir George Rodney, K.B., an officer who had served with distinction at the bombardment of Havre, in 1759, at the captures of Martinique and Grenada, after defeating Don Juan de Longara and relieving Gibraltar, joined Rear-Admiral Sir Hyde Parker at Gros Islet Bay, in the isle of St. Lucia. There he learned that the enemy's fleet, consisting of twenty-five sail of the line and eight frigates, had for several days been hovering in sight of that beautiful shore, which a traveller has described as "a checkered scene of sombre forests, smiling plains, and towering precipices, with shallow rivers and deep ravines," and where the giant Pitous, or sugar-loaf mountains, are clothed from the waves to the clouds with evergreen foliage.

Sir Hyde Parker, who was afterwards drowned in the *Cato*, when going to command our fleet in the East Indian seas, reported to Sir George that only a few hours before his arrival the French fleet had retired into Fort Royal Bay, in the isle of Martinique.

Rodney hastened the equipment of his armament, and on the 2nd of April appeared off Fort Royal with his whole force, consisting of twenty-three sail, mostly of the line, ranging from ninety to fifty guns, with five frigates, offering the enemy battle; but Admiral the Count de Guichen, Lieutenant-General of the Naval Forces of Louis XVI., did not choose to venture out, notwithstanding that his fleet was far superior in force. Sir George, after two days of defiance, left a squadron of copper-bottomed ships to watch his motions, and returned with the rest to the anchorage in Gros Islet Bay.

On the night of the 15th, the French admiral put suddenly to sea; on the following day his fleet was discovered to the north-west of St. Lucia. Sir George Rodney instantly made the signal for a general chase; and by five in the evening the count's force was seen to consist of twenty-three sail of the line, one ship of fifty guns, three frigates, and two other vessels.

On board of these could be seen many troops, some in white uniforms, others in red. The former were companies from the Regiments of Champagne (or 2nd of the French Line), Touraine (98th), Enghien (100th), Viennois, and Ausenois; the latter, the corps of Dillon (94th) and Count Walsh (of the Irish Brigade), together with the Regiment of Martinique, the Volontaires de Bouillie, and some companies of artillery.

Night coming on, Sir George formed his fleet into line of battle ahead, keeping the while a sight of the enemy, who, by their manœuvres, evidently wished to avoid a battle; though the count, in his

dispatch to the King of France, states that he "employed every manœuvre that appeared to him most advantageous to draw near the enemy, who had the advantage of the wind, which did not permit him to attack them so soon as he could have wished."

When day dawned the British fleet certainly had the weather-gage; and at ten minutes to twelve the admiral made a signal for every ship to bear down, succession the *Couronne*, 80 guns, bearing the flag of M. de Guichen; the *Triomphant*, 80, under Chef d'Escadre the Count de Larde; and the *Fendant*, 74, Captain the Marquis de Vaudrieul, and driving them fairly out of the line; on which the first-named vessel set all her sails and bore right away before the wind, an example which was speedily followed by the whole fleet, the crippled state of some of our ships, particularly the *Sandwich*



ADMIRAL RODNEY.

steer for and engage, yard-arm and yard-arm if possible, her opposite craft in the enemy's line.

On came the British fleet, under a press of canvas; by one the action began, and ere long the roar of 3,400 pieces of cannon, together with small-arms, reverberated over the waves.

Admiral Rodney, in the *Sandwich*, 90 guns, bore into the heart of the French fleet, pouring a dreadful cannonade from his tiers of artillery; his port and starboard guns being both engaged at once, spouting fire and death, as he set a noble example to his officers by crippling and beating in

(after a conflict so unequal with three ships in succession), which for twenty-four hours was with difficulty kept above water, preventing a pursuit. Of this engagement, which lasted till four in the evening, the French give a very different account:—

"The Count de Guichen was in hopes that the combat would terminate in a more decisive manner, his position to the leeward leaving no resource to force the enemy, who was master, to push on the action with vigour, or to slacken it. The surprise of the French admiral was great indeed when, at

half-past four, he saw Admiral Rodney set his mainsail and haul his wind, which was also done by all his fleet. Half an hour after, the foretopmast of the *Sandwich* was seen to fall. The ship seemed to be much disabled, and it was perceived that the admiral had shifted his flag on board of another. The king's ships kept their lights burning, and made their signals by firing guns; but on the 18th at break of day they saw nothing of the enemy, who were not discovered until the 19th, when they were to leeward."

According to Sir George (afterwards Lord) Rodney's dispatches, every exertion was made to put the fleet in order to pursue the French, of whom they got sight on the 20th, and whom they pursued for three successive days. The great object of the Count de Guichen seemed to have been shelter in Fort Royal Bay, Martinique; but finding it impossible to obtain that without another action, he took shelter under Guadaloupe; while Sir George returned to St. Lucia to refit, fill his water-casks, and put ashore his wounded, who were 353 in number, while his loss in killed amounted to 120—in the former list were nine officers, in the latter six.

On the 6th of May Sir George received intelligence that the enemy's fleet had left Guadaloupe, and were seen standing to windward of Martinique. He instantly put to sea, and on the 10th discovered them about nine miles to windward of him, their force being the same as in the preceding action, with the addition of 600 grenadiers, whom the Marquis de Bonillie had embarked on board *La Courageuse*, a thirty-six-gun frigate, commanded by the Chevalier de la Rigoudière.

Still the French admiral studiously eluded coming to general action; but, aware of his superiority



LORD CORNWALLIS.

in sailing, he frequently bore down upon the British with all his ships abreast in line of battle, and then brought them to the wind again, before he came within range of cannon-shot.

Mortified to find that he could not get to windward of this cautious and vigilant enemy, and thereby force him to fight, on the 15th Rodney signalled his fleet to make "all sail possible on a wind," which led the count to think he was retiring; and this emboldened him, when next he bore down, to come much nearer than he intended. Rodney quietly permitted them to enjoy the flattering delusion, until their van ship had come abreast of his centre, when, by a lucky and sudden shift of the breeze, which he knew would enable him to weather the enemy, he signalled for the third in command (who then led his van) to tack and beat to windward of the enemy.

The moment this movement was perceived, the French fleet wore, and literally fled with all sail crowded to their trucks, another change in the wind enabling them to recover their advantage. By seven in the evening Captain Bower, in the *Albion*, 74, which had a party of the 5th Foot on board acting as marines, reached the centre of the French line, and opened a furious cannonade, supported by Rear-Admiral Rowley, in the *Conqueror*, 74, and the rest of the van; but as the enemy were still flying under a press of sail and firing as they fled, none of the rest of the British fleet could take part in the action, which was renewed again on the 19th, when the Count de Guichen, seeing that his rear could not escape being engaged, appeared to have taken the resolution of risking a general action.

As soon as his van had weathered the British, he bore away along their line to windward, and opened a heavy cannonade, but at such a distance as to do little execution; though by one shot Ensign Curry, of the 5th Foot, was killed; a second mortally wounded Captain Watson, of the *Conqueror;* Lieutenant Douglas, of the *Cornwall*, lost a leg; and an officer of the 87th Foot was severely injured on board of the *Magnificent*. But when the van, under Commodore Hotham (who was afterwards created a peer), closed in with the enemy, they ran out their studding-sails to escape, and sailed so swiftly that by the 21st they were completely out of sight, and after that Rodney steered for Barbadoes.

The total loss of the British fleet in these affairs amounted to 188 killed and 567 wounded; while that of the French was 158 killed and 820 wounded, eleven officers being among the former, and twenty-eight among the latter.

CHAPTER XLI.

GUILDFORD COURT-HOUSE, 1781.

During these operations by sea the war was still raging in America between the insurgent Colonists and the King's troops. Sir Henry Clinton took Charleston. Arnold, the commander of a fort on the Hudson river, deserted, and became a general in the King's service. Major André, of the Cameronian Regiment, who arranged the affair, was captured, and cruelly hanged by the American leaders; and the spring of the subsequent year saw a brilliant little battle fought by the King's troops at Guildford, in the province of North Carolina.

The Earl of Cornwallis, then commanding the Royal troops, had retired to Hillsborough, in that State, where he hoisted the King's standard, and invited the people to join him; but on provisions becoming scarce, he was compelled to make a retrograde movement.

On the 1st of February he forded the Catawaba, a deep and rapid river, in the face of the enemy. Under Brigadier-General O'Hara, of the Coldstreams, the passage was gallantly led by our brigade of Guards, who crossed with the most splendid steadiness, and though exposed to a galling fire, which every instant sent some brave fellow rolling helplessly down the stream, reserved theirs until on the opposite bank. Led by Lieutenant-Colonel Hall, the light companies of the Household Brigade first entered the water; they were followed in succession by the grenadiers and Lord Cornwallis's division. Lieutenant-Colonel Hall, of the Scots Guards, was killed, and 60 rank and file were killed or wounded.

"The current was so strong," says Sir Thomas Saumarez, "that the officers and men were obliged to fasten to each other, otherwise they must have been carried down the river."

The Americans, under General Greene, now returned to the province of North Carolina, and having greatly augmented their forces, to more than 7,000 men according to the dispatch of Lord Cornwallis, they took up a strong position twelve miles distant from his troops, who, reduced by many casualties, mustered only 1,445 men, including cavalry.

The Insurgents were anxious to engage, and, notwithstanding this fearful disparity in strength, so were the Royal troops. Both were equally confident of success. On the part of the Americans, says the biographer of Cornwallis, the consciousness of superior numbers, with a perfect conviction that victory would ensure the total ruin of the British, while a defeat might but practically damage themselves, were strong inducements to hazard a battle. On the part of the British, a sense of honour urged the general to stake his very existence on a conflict which he could not decline without an acknowledgment of marked inferiority. Such were the circumstances which made it manifest to every officer and soldier in camp that a decisive action was on the *tapis*, and ere long the keen anticipations thus excited received their full accomplishment.

On the evening of the 14th of March, having fully ascertained that Greene was established at Guildford, the earl moved from his ground at dawn next morning; and his slender advanced guard, commanded by Colonel Tarleton, consisting of the light companies of the Guards, some *yagers* and dragoons, had a sharp encounter with some American riflemen under Colonel Lee.

The latter defended themselves with great obstinacy, retreating slowly, and disputing every foot of ground, till they rejoined their main body, which was drawn up in three formidable lines, a mile and a half distant from the court-house of Guildford.

The position which Greene selected, as well as the disposition of his different corps, displayed both judgment and skill. His first line was formed behind a high rail, where the men were enabled by their fire to command an open space 300 yards in width. A cloud of skirmishers, in hunting-shirts and moccasins, supported it. Each flank reached to woods that grew on both sides of the position. In the rear were woods, full of cavalry and infantry.

The North Carolina Militia, the worst troops in his army, were placed in front; the eighteen-months men and Virginian Militia made up a second line, 250 paces in rear of the first; while the reserve, composed entirely of Continentals, or the regular troops of the Congress, took post beyond range of musketry, and clear of all risk of confusion from the pressure of fugitives. Thus he was ready to follow up with vigour any success the raw militia might obtain, or to cover their retreat, if defeated; or to avail himself of any disorder that might occur among the British, in the excitement of a success and pursuit.

After bringing up a few guns, which replied to those of the enemy, Lord Cornwallis proceeded to form his slender force into two columns of attack. That on the right, under cover of a cannonade, was to be made by the 71st Highlanders, with the German regiment of Bose, supported by the 1st battalion of the Guards. The other, on the left, was to be made by the Welsh Fusiliers and 33rd Foot, supported by the grenadiers and 2nd battalion of the Guards.

The light infantry of the latter and the *yagers* were posted in a wood on the left of the artillery; and behind were stationed the cavalry, only 200 strong, with orders to take advantage of any contingency that might occur.

"About one o'clock," says Sir Thomas Saumarez, "the action commenced. The Royal Welsh Fusiliers had to attack the enemy under every disadvantage, having to march over a field lately ploughed, which was wet and muddy from the rains that had recently fallen. The enemy, greatly superior in numbers, were most advantageously posted on a rising ground, and behind rails. The regiment marched to the attack under a most galling and destructive fire, which it could only return by an occasional volley. No troops could behave better than the regiment and the little army did at this period, as they never returned the enemy's fire but by word of command, and marched on with the most undaunted courage."

The British continued to advance in profound silence, with bayonets fixed and muskets sloped, till within 150 yards of the Americans, when a sudden flash seemed to pass along the line, as the troops cocked, at what is now called "the recover," with all their barrels upright; in another second they were at the aiming position, and poured in their fire deliberately, coolly, and with terrible effect; for when the smoke rose the Americans were seen lying over each other in heaps beyond the railing.

The American fire was close and deadly, yet the assailants were not arrested in their progress for an instant. A British cheer rang along the line, which threw in another volley, and then in splendid array rushed on with the bayonet.

It could scarcely be expected that, though so numerous, a brigade of half-disciplined militia would cross their bayonets with such troops as the 23rd

and 71st Highlanders. The North Carolina men never paused to make a trial, but broke and fled almost before the advancing columns had traversed half the space that intervened between them. In the same manner the regiments which flanked this line, though securely sheltered by the woods, gave ground almost as soon as threatened; while the assailants, scattering in pursuit, soon became involved in an extensive and complicated bush-fight or skirmish.

The first American line, says Sir Thomas Saumarez, fled to the right and left flanks, leaving the British front exposed to the fire of their second, which was formed in rear of some brushwood. Not being able to attack in front, the Fusiliers gained ground to their left to get clear of this obstruction. The first column being thus broken in its centre, and Greene coming on with his second, made the issue of the contest for a moment doubtful; but a judicious movement of the infantry reserve filled up the central gap and restored the line by the Guards and *yagers*.

Attacked now by the bayonet, the second American line was thrown into confusion and dispersed. Two brass six-pounders were captured by the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who instantly turned them on their late proprietors. As before, these inclined to the right and left into the woods; and again the contest became one in which every stump and tree were fiercely contested, and of that broken and irregular nature which gives to regular troops little or no superiority over the rawest levies.

While shouts and yells, with an incessant yet scattered fire, rang through the woods, where the 23rd and 71st were engaged with the fugitives, the 2nd battalion of the Guards, supported by the grenadiers, made a rush upon some of the enemy's guns which impeded the main road, and did considerable execution. Their attack was successful. The gunners fled, or were bayoneted as they crouched beneath the wheels; but ere the guns could be removed, the advance of a brigade of Marylanders, and a heavy charge made by Colonel Washington's dragoons, drove back the Guards with considerable loss—Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, eight sergeants, and twenty-eight rank and file being killed, and nearly 150 of all ranks wounded.

Once again the fate of this most unequal contest seemed doubtful, for though the Guards, rallied by Brigadier O'Hara, who was wounded and bleeding, found shelter among some thickets close by, the centre of the British line was broken; but while General Greene yet hesitated as to what purpose his partial success should be turned to, Colonel Tarleton's dragoons, preceded by a rattling volley of grape from a couple of field-pieces, made a charge, and once more threw them into disorder.

It was now discovered that Colonel Webster, with the 33rd Regiment (Cornwallis's Own), the light infantry of the Guards, and the *yagers*, had gained the right flank of Greene's reserve, the force to which he trusted most. This involved the necessity of his instantly falling back to avoid an attack from the rear. The whole American force now began to retreat. This movement Greene covered by his steady Continentals, and the front they presented was so bold and orderly that no great effort was made to molest them. Sir Thomas Saumarez states that such men of the Welsh Fusiliers and 71st Highlanders "as had strength remaining were ordered to pursue the dispersed enemy. This they did in so persevering a manner, that they killed or wounded as many as they could overtake, until, being completely exhausted, they were obliged to halt, after which they returned as best they could to rejoin the army at Guildford Court-house."

In this action, which began about one o'clock, and lasted till half-past two o'clock, our total loss amounted to 93 killed and 414 wounded, with 26 missing. Unfortunately, too, many of the wounded perished in the night which succeeded the conflict, as the great extent of woody ground over which it was fought rendered it impossible to collect them all for shelter from the torrents of rain that fell.

The loss of the Americans was much greater than ours; but when the relative qualities of the troops are considered, as well as the facilities enjoyed by the two parties of making good their casualties, it may be questioned whether the victory of Guildford was not purchased at too dear a rate.

Continuing to retire in good order, Greene drew up his troops behind a river three miles distant from the scene of action; but Cornwallis was in no condition to improve his success, and was compelled to march towards Wilmington, to supply his army with necessaries. In a letter to Sir Henry Clinton, dated the 10th of April, from the camp at Wilmington, his lordship said, "Our force at Guildford was 1,360 infantry, rank and file, and about 200 cavalry. A third of my army were sick and wounded, whom I was obliged to carry in wagons or on horseback; the remainder without shoes, and worn with fatigue. I thought it was time to look for some place of rest and refitment."

But the prestige of the British arms was gone in America now. The close of the same year which saw the battle I have recounted, beheld Lord Cornwallis, the conqueror of Gates and La Fayette, by the skilful movements of Washington shut up in York Town.

CHAPTER XLII.

DEFENCE OF YORK TOWN, 1781.

By the preparations of General Washington, it soon became evident that they were directed in reality against our army in Virginia. The situation of the Earl of Cornwallis was becoming indeed most hazardous. Washington, at the head of 8,000 American troops, and the Count de Rochambeau, with the same number of French, were rapidly approaching to surround him by land; while the French fleet, under the Count de Grasse, was preparing to blockade him by sea. Hence his lordship selected York Town, at the mouth of the river York, as the best point for at once securing his own troops, and the shipping by which they were attended.

In the month of August the army entered the town, and immediately commenced to fortify it. He determined to occupy the double post of York and Gloucester, on each side of the river, at a point where it narrows to the extent of about a mile across, being both above and below not less than three in width. To reach this station it was necessary that both infantry and cavalry should be embarked, and conveyed with the artillery and stores up the course of the river. No confusion occurred in this movement; the horses were cast overboard into deep water, but swam ashore without injury.

These operations lasted from the 6th to the 22nd of August, by which date the whole army was assembled; and the morning of the 23rd beheld strong working parties cutting out the line of intrenchments, which the engineers had previously devised.

In the meanwhile the cavalry, with a party of mounted infantry, scoured the open country, and swept it of flour, forage, grain, and other necessaries that a blockade might render useful; and the time had now come in which the tides of war and fortune, which had never run much in our favour since this unhappy strife began, were destined to turn, "and Lord Cornwallis, after long and vigorously prosecuting an offensive strife, was doomed to combat, not for glory, but for existence."

Of the capabilities of the two posts selected on the York river, natural as well as acquired, we find a description in the narrative of one who bore a distinguished part in the strife we are about to relate.

"Gloucester is situated on a point of land on the north side of the York river, and consisted at that time of about a dozen houses," says Colonel Tarleton. "A marshy creek extends along part of the right flank. The ground is clear and level for a mile in front; at that distance stands a wood. The space which it occupies is narrowed by the river on the left, and a creek on the right. Beyond the gorge the country is open and cultivated . . . . . York Town, again, before the war was a place of considerable trade. Great part of the houses form one street, on the edge of a cliff which overlooks the river; the buildings stand within a small compass, and the environs of the town are intersected by creeks and ravines. Different roads from Williamsburgh enter York in several directions, and the main route to Hampton passes in front of it."

Hence the facilities for strengthening the post were ample; and a few redoubts commanding the open country, and securing by cross fires the creeks and ravines, placed it beyond the chances of an assault. Colonel Tarleton proceeds to relate that many houses were demolished, and a chain of connected works formed round the town, with their flanks resting on the river. It was a post, he continues, "in every respect convenient for the King's troops. The right rested on the swamp which covered the right of the town; a large redoubt was constructed beyond it, close to the river road from Williamsburgh. The *Charon* and *Guadaloupe*, two small frigates, were moored opposite to the swamp; and the town batteries commanded all the roads and causeways which approached it."

From the records of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, we find that the large redoubt in question was constructed by them; and the defence of it was specially entrusted to them by Lord Cornwallis.

Two other redoubts were placed on the right, at the head of the morass, one on each side of the road to Williamsburgh. The centre was protected by a thin wood, which was felled to form an abattis, with the branches thrown outward. A field-work, armed with guns, commanded the Hampton road. Abattis, flèches, and batteries were constructed at every point deemed vulnerable. The distance between the heads of the swamp and creek, which embraced the flanks of the town, did not exceed half a mile. In front of the line, the face of the

country was broken near the centre by a morass; and excepting this break, the ground was open for 2,000 yards. At every point the field-guns were placed to the greatest advantage by Captain Rochefort, who commanded that arm of the service.

While these defences were in course of erection, the Marquis de la Fayette took up a position near the Chickahominy river, six miles from Williamsburgh, where he quietly awaited the development of plans to which every day lent a more terrible interest. In furtherance of these, a powerful French fleet, under the Count de Grasse, entered the Chesapeake, and proceeded to block up the York river, after sending 3,000 men to succour the Americans who watched the entrance of the bay. The marquis, on this, broke up his camp, and advanced as far as Williamsburgh, to cut off the water communication with New York.

It was now suggested to Lord Cornwallis, that the best hope for the future of himself and his gallant little army lay in instantly taking the field, but he rejected the proposal, in consequence of a communication from New York, in which Sir Henry Clinton assured him of ample support the moment the fleet of Admiral Digby arrived on the coast. He, therefore, instead of attacking La Fayette, continued to complete his line of defences.

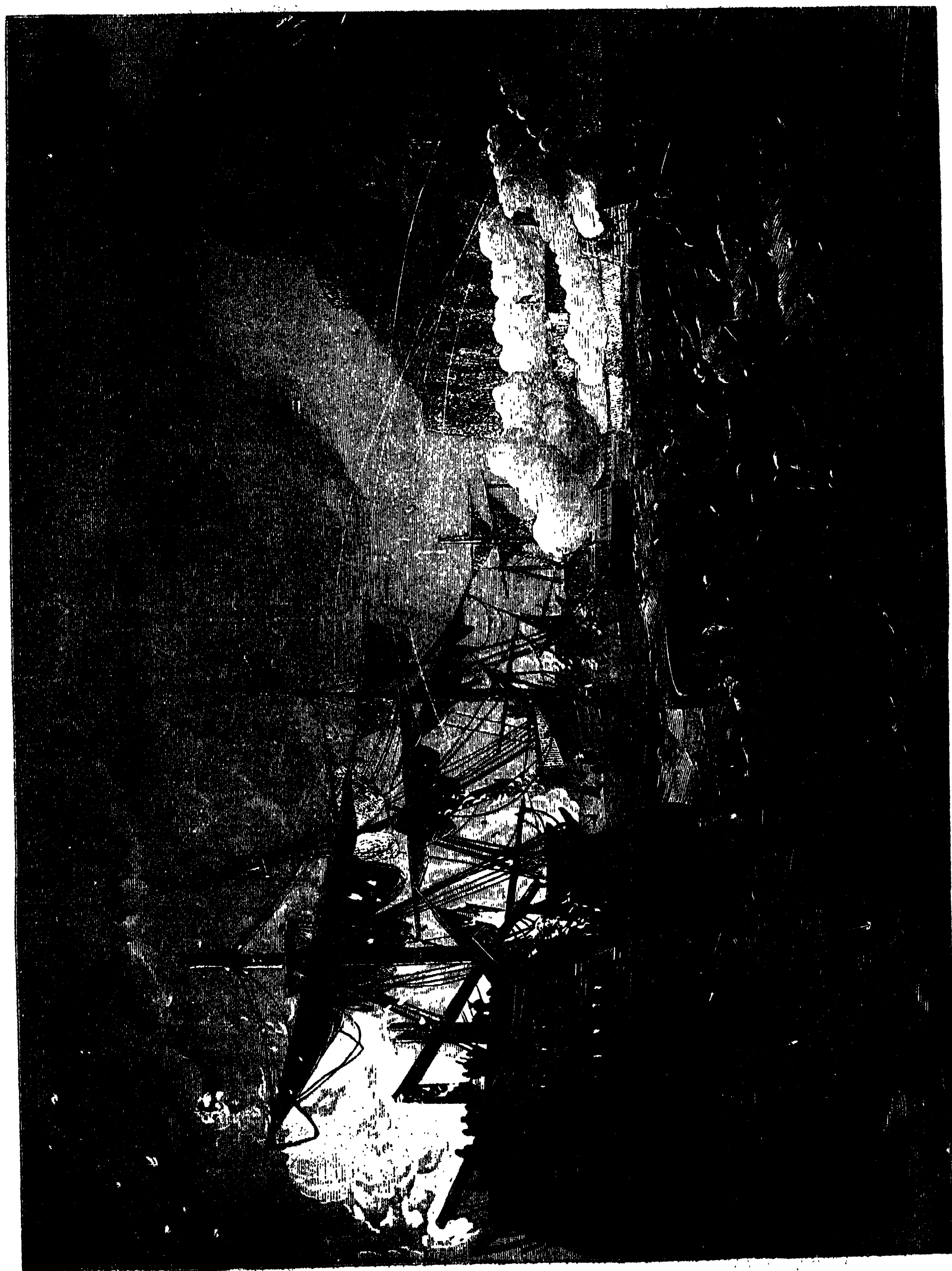
On the 25th of August, Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, with our fleet from the West Indies, arrived off the Chesapeake Bay—a large arm of the sea, between Capes Henry and Charles, on the Virginian coast—and thence proceeded to Sandy Hook, where he was joined by Rear-Admiral (afterwards Lord) Graves, who had five sail of the line; and then took upon him the command of the fleet, which sailed in quest of the enemy.



VIEW OF YORK TOWN.

On the morning of September the 5th, the French fleet was discovered at anchor across the Chesapeake, extending from Cape Henry to the Middle Ground. As soon as the Count de Grasse saw the British, he stood out to sea, forming his line of battle as his ships stretched out from under the lee of the land.

The fleet of Graves consisted of nineteen sail of the line, carrying 1,340 guns, and manned by 11,318 seamen and marines, in three divisions. His



CHAPTER XLIII.

GIBRALTAR, 1781-83.

We have already detailed the capture of this famous fortress, now undoubtedly the greatest in the world, by Sir George Rooke, in 1704, and the futile attempt to recapture it in 1728; thus it now remains to us to depict, if possible, the terrors and the glories of that memorable siege, when it was defended with such consummate skill and valour for nearly three years, against the combined powers of France and Spain by land and sea.

When the Spaniards declared their intention of revengefully taking part in that war which separated the American colonies from our empire, the siege of Gibraltar was one of the earliest measures by which they evinced their ambitious desires and hostile disposition. So early as the 21st of June, 1779, all communication between Spain and Gibraltar was closed by an order from Madrid.

So little did the garrison anticipate anything hostile, that two days before that event the governor-general, George Augustus Elliot, accompanied by all his field-officers, paid a visit to General Mendoza, within the Spanish lines at San Roque, to congratulate him upon recent promotion; but these gentlemen remarked that their reception was cold, and that the Spanish officers seemed embarrassed.

Ere long came tidings that Admiral d'Orvilliers, with twenty-eight French sail of the line, was cruising off Cape Finisterre to form a junction with a Spanish fleet from Cadiz; the mail from the garrison was refused on the land side; British officers resident in San Roque, with their families, were in some instances expelled, in others made prisoners; and all communication being closed, a Council of War was summoned, and preparations made privately for defence of the garrison, as war seemed certain now.

The garrison at this juncture consisted of a body of artillery, under Colonel Godwin, the 12th, 39th, 56th, 58th, and old 72nd Regiments (Royal Manchester Volunteers); Hardenberg's, Reden's, and De la Motte's Hanoverian Corps; with a company of engineers or artificers, under Colonel Green, making a total force of 5,382 men, including officers of all ranks, sergeants, and drummers.

It may be necessary to remind the reader that the promontory of Gibraltar is a tongue of land, consisting of a very lofty rock, rising abruptly to the height of 1,300 feet, presenting a face almost perfectly perpendicular, and at its northern extremity being quite inaccessible. The west side, however, and the southern extremity consist of a series of precipices. The town is built on the former side. From north to south, along the summit of the mountain, there runs a ridge of bristling rocks, that forms an undulating line against the clear blue Spanish sky. The whole western breast of the promontory is covered with fortifications. It is said to have been well wooded of old, but few trees are seen there now. A great part of the rock is hollowed out into caverns, some of which are magnificent in their dimensions, particularly one named the Cave of St. George, which, though having an entrance of only five feet, expands into an apartment of two hundred feet in length by ninety in breadth, with a roof covered by stalactical pendants.

To attempt a description of the fortifications of Gibraltar would be to write a volume; but it was then, and is now, without doubt, the most complete fortress in the world. A century ago it was accounted by our best officers as impregnable. "No power whatever," says Colonel James, in his "History of the Herculean Straits," "can take that place, unless a plague, pestilence, famine, or the want of ordnance, musketry, and ammunition, or some unforeseen stroke of Providence should happen."

An improvement which has especially added to its security is the formation of numerous covered galleries, excavated in the living rock, with embrasures through which to fire down on both the bay and the isthmus which connects the mountain with Spain.

The governor at this important juncture was one well suited for the task before him. The future Lord Heathfield, long and popularly known in the army as "The Cock of the Rock," was the ninth son of Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Stobs, in Roxburghshire, where he was born in 1718. After being educated at Leyden, and attending the military school of La Fère, in Picardy, and serving as a volunteer with the Prussians, he joined, also as a volunteer, the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, at Edinburgh, in 1736, and afterwards became adjutant of the Scottish Horse Grenadier Guards, with whom he served, and was wounded at Minden. He subsequently served as brigadier in France and Germany, and was second in command at the Havanah; and, from being the commander-in-chief of His

Majesty's forces in Ireland, was, at his own request, recalled, and sent to take care of the great fortress of Gibraltar.

At this time it was enacted by the regulations of the service that every sergeant and corporal "must carry a mould to cast bullets, and a ladle to melt lead in, with [illegible] powder-horns (for priming), and twelve bags [illegible] l; and that an officer when dressed for [illegible] l have his hair queued, his sash and gorget on, [illegible] h his espontoon (except in fusilier corps, the officers of which carried fusils), buff gloves, black linen gaiters with black buttons, black garters and uniform buckles."

Foreseeing the impending storm, General Elliot was now unremitting in his preparations to defend Gibraltar to the last cartridge.

According to the History of the Siege published by Major Drinkwater, of the old 72nd or Manchester Regiment, depôts of earth were collected in various places, empty casks were procured and filled, to strengthen or repair the fortifications; while, on the other side, the Spaniards were busy intrenching, and mounting their batteries. Elliot employed 300 Jews and Genoese in levelling heaps of sand near the gardens on the Neutral Ground, to preclude the enemy from having protection from our lower batteries, if they approached; and on the 3rd of July, 180 picked Linesmen were selected to join the Royal Artillery, to be instructed in the use of the great guns.

Ten days after, two line of-battle ships, with the Spanish flag flying, were seen cruising behind the Rock. Next, the port was blocked up by a squadron consisting of two seventy-four-gun ships, two frigates, five xebecs (*i.e.*, armed vessels, with lateen sails), and a number of row-galleys, so judiciously arranged as to keep a vigilant look-out; and from that time the garrison was closely blockaded.

From the fortress the officers could see by telescope the busy Spanish camp, near the pretty white town of San Roque, being daily reinforced with additional regiments of horse and foot; and that numerous fatigue parties were landing enormous quantities of ordnance and stores at Point Malo, till the whole isthmus bristled with the *matériel* of war; and by the middle of August the garrison became confirmed in the opinion that, as the blockade by sea and land was so strict, the object of the Spaniards was to reduce Gibraltar by famine.

A picked company of sixty-eight marksmen, selected from all regiments, was now formed by General Elliot, under the command of Lieutenant Burleigh, 39th Regiment; the engineers were formed into three divisions, and some experiments were made with red-hot shot.

All this while the Spaniards worked without intermission at the batteries; daily, and nightly too, as the number of lights indicated, not less than 500 shovels were busy in the trenches, and filling up with sand the ditch of Fort St. Philip. General Elliot kept a watchful eye on these operations, molesting them as much as possible from Willis's Battery, while proper precautions were taken in the town to render a bombardment less distressing when it began; thus, all the pavement in the northern streets was removed, the towers of all conspicuous buildings were taken down, and traverses thrown up, to render communication more secure.

In October the force in possession of the isthmus consisted of sixteen battalions of infantry and twelve squadrons of cavalry, under Lieutenant-General Don Martin Alvarez de Sota Mayor; but long ere this Elliot's guns had been firing on every object that presented itself within range.

As winter drew on, provisions of every kind became very scarce and dear, and the most common vegetables were with difficulty to be got at any price, and bread was the article most wanted. It was at this period that General Elliot made trial of how small a quantity of rice would suffice a single person for twenty-four hours, and actually subsisted himself on four ounces of rice per day. Coals next became scarce, and the fuel issued was wood from ships broken up; but so strongly had the timber imbibed salt water, that fires were made of it with the greatest difficulty.

To eke out this pittance of rations, the Hanoverian Brigade fell upon a most ingenious method of hatching and rearing chickens by artificial heat, and actually taught capons to sit upon the young broods, with all the care and tenderness of mother-hens. But scarcity of vegetables made scurvy now common in the garrison, whom actual want began to stare in the face; when, in the middle of January, 1780, a brig laden with flour stole into harbour, with the joyful news that the gallant Admiral Rodney was coming to their relief, and had captured, off the coast of Portugal, a Spanish sixty-four-gun ship, with five frigates and seventeen merchantmen, and that, with a fleet of twenty-one sail of the line and a large convoy of store-ships, he should soon be in the bay. His success was quickly followed by another. In the same month a Spanish squadron, consisting of eleven sail-of-the-line, was discovered near Cape St. Vincent, and after a conflict of many hours was completely defeated. Seven were taken, one blew up, two were driven ashore and lost; so that only four were brought into Gibraltar, which was fully relieved by Sir George Rodney, who sailed

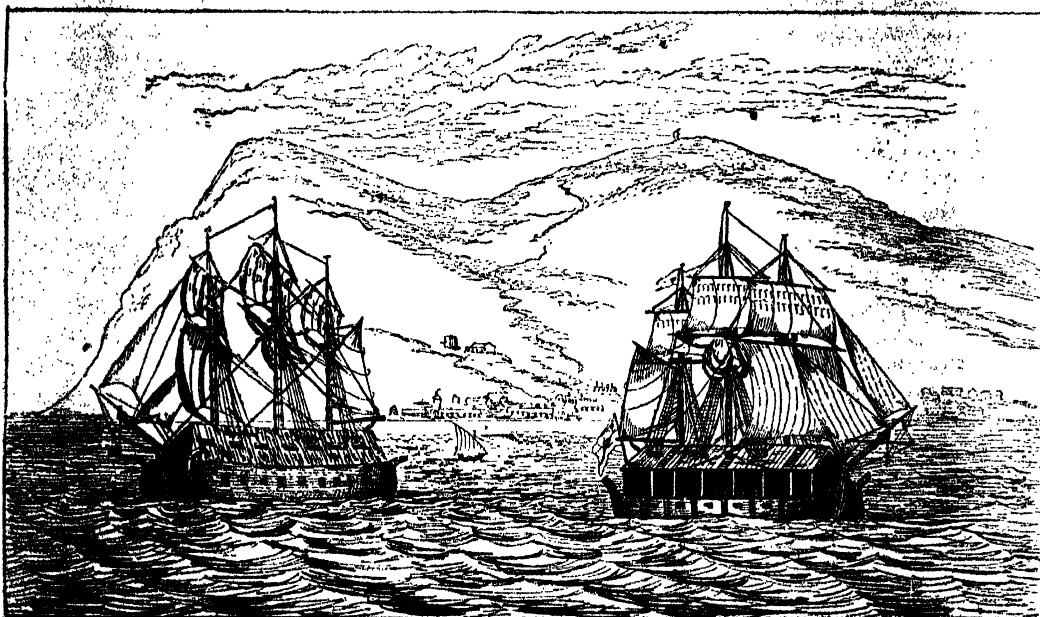
soon after, leaving in the harbour only two ships of the line and two frigates. No sooner had he left the bay than the Spaniards attempted to burn these ships, but without success, though the garrison was again more closely blockaded than ever.

The garrison was now provisioned, relieved of the burden of many invalids, women, and children, whom Elliot sent home with the fleet, and further strengthened by the 2nd battalion of the 73rd Regiment, or Lord Macleod's Highlanders, who landed at the New Mole, 1,052 strong of all ranks, and marched into the casemates of the King's Bastion, with pipes playing and colours flying. By this time the garrison was in a most perfect state for defence, save that scurvy was still prevalent; the stores and magazines were full, and the arrival of the strong Highland regiment had put the troops in the highest spirits; but by the month of August the provisions became bad and decayed. The blockade was more strict and vigilant than ever. Chains of small cruisers covered all the entrance to the Straits, at the entrance of the bay and on every side of the Rock; while the scurvy began to gain ascendancy over every effort of the surgeons; and when a Dane from Malaga, laden with lemons and oranges, came close in-shore during a fog, the governor gladly distributed her whole cargo among the soldiers.

In the growing desperation of their affairs, the officers of the garrison drew up a memorial to the king, setting forth their total inability to subsist upon their pay during this blockade, and the exbitant rate of exchange; adding that even with strictest economy it was almost impossible to live; concluding with a request "that His Excellency would be pleased to lay their prayer in all humility at His Majesty's feet."

Whether this was ever done we are not told; the memorial was followed by a second, but no answer was ever returned to either; but daily the scurvy and starvation grew side by side, while shot and shell were exchanged between the bastions on one side and the fast-growing earthworks on the other. By March, 1781, bread was so scarce that biscuit-crumbs were sold at one shilling per pound, and for many days at a time the soldiers were without even these; and matters were in this state when, on the 7th of April, the *Eagle*, a Glasgow privateer of fourteen guns, beating off a xebec, a fourteen-gun sloop, and no less than eleven gunboats, gallantly fought her way into the bay, with tidings that the fleet under Admiral Darby was close at hand. Then once again the cheers resounded through Gibraltar, and every officer and man worked harder [illegible] at the batteries.

Percei[illegible] this new relief that it was hopeless to try to [illegible] the garrison into capitulating, the S[illegible]mpt the reduction of the place [illegible] effort. Their works were pr[illegible] new vigour; the batteries were supplied with guns of the heaviest metal, and 200 pieces of battering cannon, with 80 mortars, were



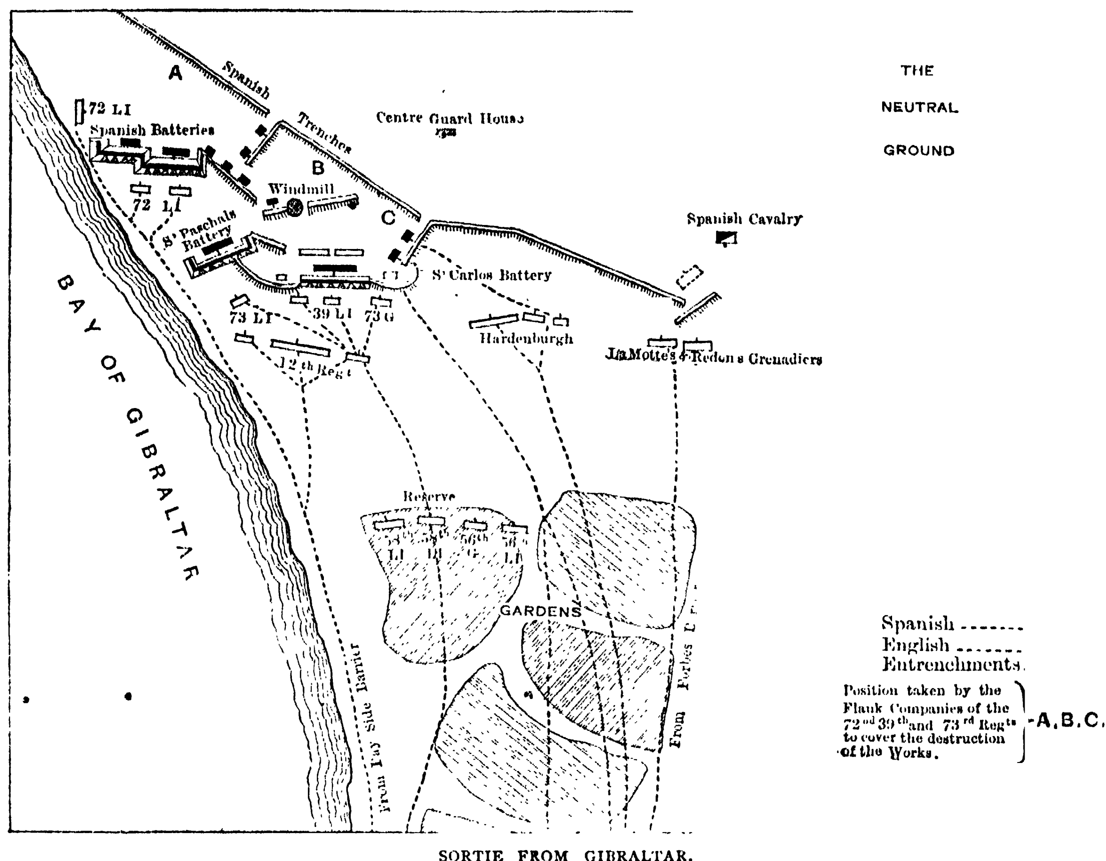
SPANISH BATTERING-SHIPS—PORT AND STARBOARD.

got into position against the fortress, while the most eminent engineers from France and Spain were brought to superintend the approaches of the besiegers. These guns and mortars poured a most dreadful and incessant fire upon Gibraltar; the troops were resolved that this last desperate effort of the Spanish Monarchy should be unparalleled, and the Duke de Crillon, the conqueror of Minorca, was appointed to lead the siege. A number of floating-batteries were constructed, upon a model which, it was imagined, would secure them from being either sunk or fired. In every other respect the preparations were enormous, and all the artillery of Spain appeared to be collected for this single purpose.

More than eighty gun-boats and bomb-ketches were to second the efforts of the floating-batteries, with a cloud of frigates and smaller vessels; while the grand combined fleet of France and Spain, amounting to fifty ships of the line, was to cover and support the attack. Many Spanish princes of the blood and the flower of the French *noblesse*—a *noblesse* as yet unbroken by the Revolution—repaired to De Crillon's camp to witness that which they vauntingly deemed inevitable—the fall of Gibraltar; and on the 13th of September, when the Rock was to be beaten to powder, the adjacent hills of Andalusia were covered by thousands of spectators, as if all Spain had been gathered to see the sight.

But when the sun went down the Union Jack was still floating defiantly on the tower of O'Hara.

Prior to the grand attack a most brilliant sortie was made from Gibraltar on the night of 27th of November, 1781, under General Ross. The following are the heads of the Garrison Orders issued for this occasion:—



SORTIE FROM GIBRALTAR.

"Gibraltar, Nov. 26th, 1781.

Countersign. STEADY.

"All the grenadiers and light infantry of the garrison, and all the men of the 12th and Hardenberg's Regiments, and non-commissioned officers now on duty, to be immediately relieved, and to join their regiments, to form a detachment consisting of the 12th and Hardenberg's Regiments complete, the grenadiers and light infantry of all other regiments (which are to be completed to their full establishment from the battalion companies), one captain, three lieutenants, ten non-commissioned offfcers, and 100 artillery, and three

engineers, seven officers, and twelve non-commissioned officers, overseers, with 146 workmen from the Line, and forty from the artificer company. Each man to have thirty-six rounds of ammunition, with a good flint in his piece, and another in his pocket. No drums to go out, except two with each regiment. No volunteers will be allowed. The whole to be commanded by Brigadier-General Ross; and to assemble on the Red Sands at twelve o'clock to-night, to make a sortie upon the enemy's batteries. The 39th and 58th Regiments to parade under the command of Brigadier-General Picton, to sustain the sortie if necessary."

The officer named was the uncle of the gallant Picton of future years, and was then colonel of the 12th Foot, which, by a singular coincidence, fought side by side with the Regiment of Hardenberg at Minden, and was now brigaded with it for the sortie from Gibraltar.

At midnight the detailed troops were under arms in deep silence; and, on being joined by 100 seamen under Lieutenants Muckle and Campbell, were formed in three columns, the right being under Lieutenant-Colonel Trigge, the left under Lieutenant-Colonel Hugo, and the centre under Lieutenant-Colonel Dachenhausen. The whole sortie party were only 2,225 of all ranks.

The right column was to march against the extremity of the enemy's parallel; the centre to follow, through the Bay Side Barrier, to destroy the mortar batteries; the left to bring up the rear, and advance upon the gun-batteries, all observing the most profound silence.

By the time all was arranged the morning of the 27th was far advanced, and as the moon had then nearly finished her nightly course, her light was waning on the hills and sea. At a quarter before three the sortie began to issue by files from the right of the rear line; but, notwithstanding the profound silence observed, the Spanish advanced sentries detected them amid the gloom of the hour and the sound of the waves upon the beach, and, after challenging, fired upon them.

"Forward!" was the immediate response; and Colonel Hugo, on finding that an alarm had been given, pushed forward his column at a rush for the extremity of the parallel, where he found no opposition, and the pioneers at once fell to the work of filling up, overturning, and dismantling, with shovel and pickaxe. Part of Hardenberg's Regiment, which was under Hugo, mistook the route of the grenadiers, owing to the darkness of the morning, and suddenly found themselves in front of the San Carlos Battery. In this dilemma they had no alternative but to assault it, which they did gallantly, after receiving the fire of the trench-guard. They stormed the great earthen parapet, driving back the enemy; but now Colonel Dachenhausen, with the flank companies of the 39th, finding them in the battery, supposed them, in the gloom, to be the enemy. They were thus fired upon by their own comrades, and many fell severely wounded, the countersign, "Steady," alone preventing further mischief.

The flank companies of the Macleod Highlanders were equally successful, and stormed the gun-batteries with an ardour that was irresistible; the trench-guards gave way on every side, abandoning those works which had cost so much expense and so many months of perilous labour. The woodwork of the batteries, the fascines and platforms, were set in flames, and columns of fire and smoke rolled through the grey sky of the early morning. Trains were laid to the magazines, which were blown up, the greatest exploding with a crash that shook the waters of the bay, and threw into the air masses of blazing timber.

In his anxiety General Elliot came out in person to aid General Ross; and in one hour, with the loss of only four privates killed, Lieutenant Tweedie, of the 12th Foot, and twenty-four others wounded, the sortie was complete, and the detachment returned, after demolishing the works and spiking ten thirteen-inch mortars and eighteen twenty-six-pounders, effecting destruction to the value of £2,000,000 sterling.

National pride, no less than national interest, were now enlisted in the desire to reduce a place which baffled every attack.

Under the direction of D'Arcon, a celebrated French engineer, the floating-batteries already referred to were constructed. They were ten in number, and deemed invulnerable. Their bottoms were of thick timber, their sides of wood and cork, which had been soaked in water, with a hollow space between, filled with wet sand; and, to prevent them from being burned by red-hot shot, numerous ducts of water went through them. A sloping roof, formed of strong rope netting, covered with wet skins, preserved the men on board from the falling shells; and each of these batteries, which carried from ten to twenty-eight pieces of cannon, was manned by picked crews of resolute Spaniards. Guns to the number of 1,000, and 12,000 of the finest infantry of France, came to second their efforts, under the Duke de Crillon.

"'It appeared," says Drinkwater, "that they meant, previous to their final efforts, to strike, if possible, a terror through their opponents, by dis-

playing an armament more powerful than had ever been brought before any fortress. . . . . On the land side were most stupendous batteries and works, mounting 200 pieces of heavy ordnance, managed by an army of nearly 40,000 men, commanded by an active and hitherto victorious general, and animated by the immediate presence of two princes of the blood-royal of France (the Count d'Artois and Duke de Bourbon), with other dignified personages, and many of their own nobility. In their certainty of success, however, the enemy seemed entirely to have overlooked the nature of that force which was opposed to them; for though the garrison scarcely consisted of more than 7,000 effective men, including the marine brigade, they forgot they were now veterans in this service, had long been habituated to the effects of artillery, and were, by degrees, prepared for the arduous conflict that awaited them."

After weeks of incessant but minor cannonading, the grand attack was made on the 13th of September, 1782, when the floating-batteries, under Buenoventura de Moreno, a distinguished Spanish officer, were brought into the requisite position to act in unison with the guns of the ships and shore batteries; and at a quarter to ten the firing began on all sides, exhibiting a scene of which neither pen nor pencil can give the slightest idea. Suffice it to say that 400 pieces of the heaviest artillery were thundering at once against Gibraltar, the defenders of which found the floating-batteries quite as formidable as they had been represented.

The heaviest bombs rolled from their flexible roofs, and thirty-two-pound shot failed to make any impression on their hulls. They were frequently on fire, but the flames were speedily extinguished. Artillery salvoes more tremendous, if possible, than ever were now directed from Gibraltar; incessant showers of red-hot balls of every calibre, of flaming carcases, and shells of every species, flew from all quarters; and as the great masts of the stately ships went crashing by the board, and their rigging became cut and torn, the consequent confusion in the fleets gave fresh hope to the garrison.

By evening the ship cannonade began to slacken; rockets, as signals of distress, were seen soaring into the air, while boats were rowed around the disabled men-of-war, in which our artillery must have made the most dreadful havoc, for, during the short intervals of cessation, a strong, indistinct clamour, the mingled sound of groans, and cries, and shrieks, came floating upward to the ears of the garrison.

By midnight one great battering ship was in flames from stem and stern. The light thus thrown around enabled our artillery to point their guns with the utmost precision, while the giant Rock, with all its grim batteries, was brilliantly illuminated, and the ships and floating wreckage in the bay were distinctly visible. From the depressed guns the red-hot globes of iron seemed to streak the air with red lines as they went on their errand of destruction; and by four in the morning six other battering ships were also in flames, adding to the sublimity and terror of the scene.

The magazines began to explode, and men were heard shrieking amid the flames for pity and assistance; others were seen imploring relief, with gestures of despair. Of these crews only 400 men (out of 5,260) were saved by the humane efforts of the garrison, and chiefly by those of Captain (afterwards Sir Roger) Curtis, of the Royal Navy.

To reply to all the batteries of the enemy, the garrison had only eighty pieces of cannon, with some mortars and nine howitzers. Upwards of 8,000 rounds (more than half of which were red-hot shot) and 716 barrels of powder, were expended by our artillery. What quantity of ammunition the enemy expended could never be ascertained.

Notwithstanding their defeat, they recommenced their cannonade from the isthmus, expending during the remainder of the month from one to two thousand rounds every twenty-four hours, and shelling all night.

The captured prisoners were sent to their own camp, and a captain of the marines (rescued from a battering ship) who died of his wounds, was honourably interred by the grenadiers of the 39th, who fired three rounds over his grave.

Hourly now bodies were cast ashore from the burned wrecks and shattered pinnaces, and many ot them were horribly mutilated and scorched. The combined fleets still remained in the bay, being determined to oppose any relief of the garrison; while additional works were raised on shore, and the fighting continued almost without cessation, till the long blockade was terminated by the announcement of the signature of the preliminaries of a general peace, on the 2nd of February, 1783. The men in the Spanish boat who bought these joyful tidings made their appearance with ecstasy in their countenances, exclaiming, as they went ashore—

"We are all friends! We are all friends!"

It was not, however, till the 10th of March that free intercourse was re-established by the arrival from England of the official intelligence that peace had been concluded; and thus ended the great siege of Gibraltar, which lasted three years seven months and twelve days, from the commencement of the blockade till the cessation of hostilities.

During these long and terrible operations, the

garrison lost 1,231 men of all ranks, expended 8,000 barrels of powder, and 205,328 cannon-balls.

On the 18th of March the Duke de Crillon presented General Elliot with a beautiful grey Andalusian horse; and some days after, attended by a brilliant staff, paid him a visit. He was received by a salute of seventeen guns; and our soldiers, with that fine spirit which is so truly British, received him with three hearty cheers. This is said to have greatly perplexed him, till the spirit in which it was done was explained, and then he seemed highly pleased.

He was much impressed by the ruined aspect of the town. The officers of the garrison were introduced to him by corps.

"Gentlemen," said he, to those of the artillery, "I would rather see you here as friends than on your batteries as enemies, where you never spared me."

He was greatly impressed by the general strength and nature of the works, and particularly by a gallery six hundred feet long, above Farringdon's Battery.

"Those works," he exclaimed to his suite, "are worthy of the Romans!"

After dining with the officers of the garrison, he passed through the camp to Europa, each regiment turning out in succession without arms, and giving him again three cheers. The extreme youth and good appearance of our troops excited his surprise and admiration. To General Elliot he said—

"You have exerted yourself to the utmost of your abilities in your noble defence; and though I have not been successful, yet I am also happy in having my sovereign's approbation of my conduct.

On his return to England, General Elliot was created, in 1787, Lord Heathfield and Baron Gibraltar, and died thirteen years after, at the ripe age of seventy-seven, when on a visit to the baths at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Sir Roger Curtis, who brought home his dispatches after the siege, was knighted by the king, and subsequently made a baronet.

After the peace which followed the independence of America and the successful defence of Gibraltar, all our troops were disbanded to the 73rd, now styled the Perthshire Regiment.

It was during this peace that "county designations" were first given to corps of infantry, in some instances without any apparent reason, as the 55th Regiment, which was raised in Scotland, and chiefly at Edinburgh, in 1755, was called "the Westmoreland;" and many other instances might be cited.

CHAPTER XLIV.

CONJEVERAM, 1780-1.

In pursuing the story of our battles in North America and the West Indies, we must not forget that a strife was being waged by us collaterally in the then, more than now, remote and perilous land of Hindostan.

The ferocious Hyder Ali had, or conceived that he had, some reason to be dissatisfied with the conduct of the British, who neglected to fulfil several articles of the treaty concluded at the end of the last war, by which they engaged to assist him in defending his dominions from the Mahrattas; and, in consequence, he had been on more than one occasion exposed to great trouble by the inroads of that warlike people. Hyder therefore resolved to renew the war as soon as he was in a position to do so.

Hyder was a barbarian in warfare; and a terrible instance of his character was exhibited during the invasion of Calicut, when he offered five rupees for every human head, and sat in state to receive these dreadful trophies, seven hundred of which were laid before him, "without exciting in him the least signs of remorse, till a soldier appeared bearing two heads so remarkably beautiful that he was touched with pity, and gave orders to stop the massacre."

In the summer of 1780, after prayers in all the mosques, and ceremonies in all the Hindoo temples, he marched from Seringapatam, and poured through the ghauts with 28,000 cavalry, 40,000 peons, 15,000 drilled infantry, 2,000 artillery and rocket-men, and 400 Europeans, chiefly Frenchmen and other reckless adventurers, who made no scruple of serving a despot so terrible. He had, however, a complete staff of French officers, to direct operations according to the best rules of war then known; and 100 pieces of cannon of all calibres.

To meet this immense force, the Presidency of Madras was but ill prepared; the exchequer was

empty, the council divided, and the army, consisting mostly of sepoys, only 6,000 strong. As for the forces of their ally, the Nabob of the Carnatic, they deserted to Hyder as soon as his enormous army passed the ghauts.

The Mysoreans captured and plundered Porto Novo on the coast, and Conjeveram, close to Trichinopoly; the people were flying in all directions from fire and sword towards the British frontiers, and his war beacons were seen to blaze by night on the summit of Mount St. Thomas, close to Madras.

As the only place where they could be safe, blacks and whites gathered under the guns of Fort St. George; and the neighbouring villas, the Black Town, and Madras itself, were deserted by their panic-stricken inhabitants.

A fast-sailing ship was dispatched to Calcutta, with letters imploring the governor-general to send aid, and, above all things, money, without which "everything would be lost, and a death-blow given to the British empire in India." As if to complete the troubles at Madras, tidings came of the arrival of a French armament off the coast to recover Pondicherry, which we had taken from Count de Lally (as related in Chapter XXVI.), and to co-operate in every way with Hyder Ali. Embarrassed thus, the Presidency issued the most contradictory orders to the officers who commanded the detached portions of the little army; hence there was no concert in their movements or actions.

One place of rendezvous was named, then another; and the two main divisions, which, if united, might have done service, never formed a junction, and so were cut up in detail.

Under Major-General Sir Hector Munro, a force consisting of 5,209 men, of whom 800 Macleod Highlanders were the only king's troops, assembled in July near St. Thomas's Mount. This force included one battalion of the Company's Europeans, and the grenadiers of another corps. On the 29th of August he began his march for Conjeveram, taking with him only eight days' rice. Colonel Baillie, with a detachment of about 3,000 men, was to form a junction with him at that town, which is a large and handsome one, possessing many great temples, and situated in a beautiful valley through which the Wegawati flows.

After many delays, Colonel Baillie reached Perambaucum, within fifteen miles of Sir Hector Munro's position, where he was suddenly surrounded by the whole of Hyder Ali's army, and a fire was opened upon him from sixty pieces of cannon.

Though worn out by forced marches, and well-nigh sinking with hunger, his troops, sepoys and British, kept their ground with a spirit that has never been surpassed. So close and terrible was the fire of the little band, that even the ferocious Hyder would have given up the contest, it is said, though such seems barely credible, but for the energy of the French staff around him. Baillie's troops repelled charge after charge, and the fire of their platoons made a great slaughter of the dense hordes of turbaned Mysoreans, whom ultimately they repulsed.

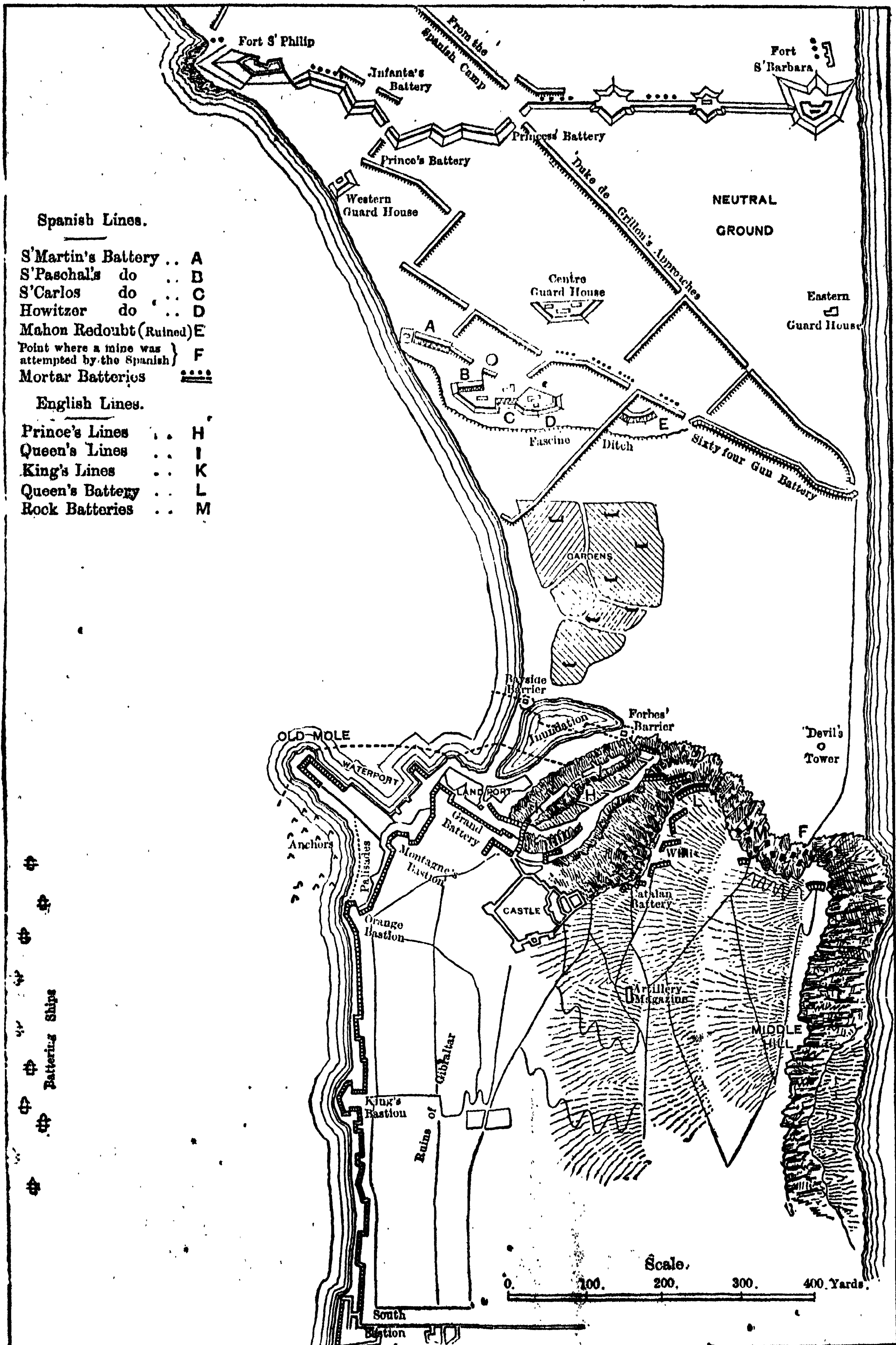
But, notwithstanding this success, and that the detachment of Munro was within sound of Baillie's cannon and those of Hyder, no movement was made to form a junction in the face of an enemy so vastly superior in force, until the 8th of September; when Colonel Baillie wrote to Sir Hector, to request that he would come to his assistance, as, from the losses he had sustained, to join the main body was impossible.

Singular to say, the general did not comply with this request; but after a delay of three days—three days of terrible anxiety they must have been to Baillie—he reinforced him with the flank companies of the 2nd battalion of the 73rd or Macleod Highlanders, under Captains the Hon. John Lindsay and David Baird, the future hero of Seringapatam; two companies of European grenadiers and eleven of sepoys; the whole being under the command of Colonel Fletcher.

The sagacity of this officer having led him to suspect the fidelity of his Indian guides—who in reality were secretly in the pay of Hyder—made him follow a route of his own. Hence he reached his destination in safety; Hyder and his son—the Tippo Sahib of future wars—being unable, from the circuitous march of Fletcher, to molest his slender force. It was, however, unquestionably the duty of Sir Hector Munro to have marched at once towards Perambaucum, and joined Baillie with every bayonet that was available.

Both parties now remained stationary till the 9th, and this inaction encouraged Hyder, who had previously dreaded Munro's intention of placing him between two fires. Enraged by the success of the sagacious Scotch colonel's movement in eluding him, he concentrated his whole mighty force, and closed upon the detachments under Baillie, who in the evening had begun his march to join Munro; but he had not proceeded a mile when he fell in with the Mysorean pickets. Irregular firing now ensued, and was continued for several miles.

About midnight he halted within three leagues of Munro's head-quarters, and his men lay all night under arms, but unmolested by the enemy. On the 10th he resumed his march, ignorant that Hyder had prepared for him a terrible ambuscade in a grove



PLAN OF THE SPANISH ATTACK ON GIBRALTAR, 1782.



FLIGHT OF HYDER ALI (*see page* 190).

and jungle, through which he knew Baillie must pass. There he had raised three batteries—one on each flank, and one in the centre. With singular patience and coolness, the troops of Hyder, lurking in the jungle, silent and still, allowed the British to advance till almost within pistol-shot. Then suddenly a roar as of thunder burst through the grove, when fifty-seven pieces of cannon from the batteries, and field artillery from among the trees, opened a fire of round shot and grape upon the devoted band; and then came the rattling din of the musketry, as they were attacked on both flanks and in front and rear.

Though under this quadruple cross fire, Baillie's detachment, marching in the form of a hollow square, the sick, wounded, baggage, and ammunition being in the centre, still continued to gain ground, and continued to make progress against all the arms that assailed it—horse, foot, and cannon—though a terrible train of maimed and dismembered corpses marked its route.

Personally engaged in this attack on a handful of our troops, were no less than 25,000 cavalry and thirty regiments of sepoy infantry, besides the French. Baillie had only ten guns, but there was extreme difficulty in using them; and in the conflict, Hyder's French officers beheld with admiration the tall and towering figure of Captain Baird, whose Highlanders "performed their evolutions, in the midst of all the tumult and extreme peril, with as much coolness and steadiness as if upon parade."

So the strife went on, from six in the morning till nine, when victory actually began to declare for the little band of British.

The flower of the Mysore cavalry, after many bloody repulses, were entirely defeated. "Hyder determined to retreat," says a French officer in his Journal, "and a rapid movement which Baillie made from the centre appeared to have decided the day. Orders were given to Colonel Lally (nephew of the late count of that name) to draw off his men, and to the cavalry to cover the retreat; when two explosions were perceived in the British line, which laid open one entire face of their column, destroyed their artillery, and threw the whole into irreparable confusion."

Two tumbrils had blown up, thus destroying all the ammunition and many lives. At that moment of confusion and advantage, Tippo Sahib, the son and heir of Hyder, without waiting for orders, at the head of the Mogul and Carnatic cavalry, led on furious charges by successive squadrons, while the infantry poured in their volleys of death between the brief intervals of each charge; and in a very short time the whole of the sepoys were exterminated.

Reduced at last to about 400 men, the European survivors fought their way to a small eminence, and there formed square, the officers fighting with their swords, the men with fixed bayonets, or only now and then expending a cartridge. It was only by a desperate effort that Colonels Fletcher and Baillie, Captain Baird, and the other officers got this despairing remnant to keep together, as they were under a dreadful artillery fire. Every moment they closed their ranks to resist the charges of horse. Of the latter, they repulsed by the bayonet no less than thirteen. Even the wounded, as they lay on the ground, attempted to raise themselves and receive the cavalry on their bayonets.

At length, despairing of succour from Sir Hector Munro, although so near Conjeveram that its great pagoda was in sight—fresh bodies of horse continually pouring in upon them, borne down by numbers, without a man flinching, though many were trod to death under foot by horses and elephants—Colonel Baillie, anxious to save the lives of the few brave fellows who survived, went forward waving a white handkerchief, and demanding quarter.

After some delay the signal was acknowledged, and an intimation given that quarter would be granted; but now ensued a scene which painfully reminds us of that enacted at Gundamuck, when the remnants of Elphinstone's army made their last stand on the Cabul retreat. No sooner had the troops laid down their arms, than they, the sick, and the wounded, were all attacked with remorseless fury, and the most dreadful butchery ensued; a few only were saved by the humane exertions of Colonel Lally and other French officers. "No pen," says the author of the "Narrative of the Sufferings of the Officers and Soldiers who Fell into the Hands of Hyder Ali after the Battle of Conjeveram," "can do justice to these gentlemen, without whose assistance many of our officers must have perished; but their merit will live for ever in the hearts of all who felt or witnessed their beneficence."

One-half of our men were destroyed, and the rest carried away to a horrible captivity. Of eighty-six officers, Colonel Fletcher and thirty-six perished, and thirty-four were dreadfully mangled. Colonel Baillie had one wound, and Captain Baird four. The young soldiers of Hyder Ali amused themselves by fleshing their swords and exhibiting their skill on men already helpless and dying, on the sick and wounded, and even on women and children.

The prisoners were stripped of every particle of clothing, and in this most degrading condition were brought before the exulting and imperious Hyder, whose insolent triumph the British officers

resented with a spirit worthy of the race they sprung from.

"Your son will inform you," said Colonel Baillie, "that you owe the victory to our disaster, rather than to our defeat."

Hyder ordered them from his presence, and sent them instantly to prison. Immediately on hearing of this terrible catastrophe, Sir Hector Munro, whose march, it is alleged, was delayed by want of food, abandoned his tents and baggage, threw his guns into a tank, and fled, rather than retreated, to Madras, followed by clouds of Mysorean cavalry. A great part of the country was laid waste, and within a few weeks from Hyder's first descent, Wandiwash, Chingleput, Vellore, and Arcot were taken or besieged.

Of the two companies of Macleod's Highlanders engaged, 88 of all ranks were slain; 115 were taken prisoners, and of these only 23 were unwounded. Colonel Baillie's wound was a mortal one, and he died soon after. The imprisonment to which the survivors were subjected was protracted and horrible. Captain Baird, in particular, was chained by the leg to another prisoner, as much of the slaughter in Hyder's force was attributed to his company of grenadiers. In this condition he remained three years in the dungeons of Seringapatam. The prisoners "were treated with the most cruel indignity," says Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, "and fed upon sparing portions of unwholesome rice, which operated as slow poison, assisted by the burning heat of the sun by day and the unwholesome dews of night, to which they were purposely exposed to shake their constancy. Daily some of their companions dropped before their eyes, and daily they were offered liberty and even riches in exchange for this lingering torture, on condition of their relinquishing their religion and taking the turban; yet not one could be prevailed on to purchase life on these terms. These Highlanders were entirely illiterate. Scarcely one of them could have told the name of any particular sect of Christians, and all the idea they had of the Mahomedan religion was that it was adverse to their own, and to what they had been taught by their fathers; and that in adopting it, they would renounce Him who had died that they might live, and who loved them, and could support them in their sufferings. The great outlines of their religion, the peculiar tenets which distinguish it from any other, were early and deeply impressed on their minds, and proved sufficient in the hour of trial."

Many of these unfortunate men were strangled by Hyder's order, in the very lust of cruelty, their heads being twisted one way while the body was turned another; and some died of their wounds being permitted to gangrene.

The 1st battalion was then at Gibraltar.

CHAPTER XLV.

CUDDALORE, 1781-3.

The inept Governor of Fort St. George, or Madras, was recalled, and Sir Eyre Coote, who had defeated Lally and Bussy at Wandiwash, and who had taken Pondicherry in the last war, was invited to assume the command, and conduct the strife against Hyder Ali. Peace was concluded with the Mahratta Scindia; the able Popham was recalled from the Jumna, and every preparation was made to crush the career of the victor, against whom Sir Eyre Coote sailed from Calcutta at the head of only 500 British troops, 600 lascars, and 50 gentlemen volunteers, on the 23rd of October. On the night of his departure there arose a dreadful storm, and many alarmists whispered that the great Indian veteran and his little army had gone to the bottom of the Bay of Bengal; for the crisis was a tremendous one, and if the expected French armament reached Madras before Hyder was vanquished, all India might be lost to us. After various operations and harassing movements, on the morning of the 1st of July, 1781, the forces under Coote, greatly increased in strength, advanced from Porto Novo, a seaport on the Coromandel coast, thirty-six miles from Pondicherry, against Hyder, who was encamped at Cuddalore.

He had taken up good ground, and made lines and formidable redoubts, after the plans drawn for him by his French officers. He had three whole days to complete these defences; but during that time Admiral Sir Edward Hughes, commanding our fleet in that quarter, landed some men, guns, ammunition, and provisions for the service of Coote. Yet the disproportion between the two forces about to engage was very great.

Hyder was at the head of twenty-five battalions of infantry, 400 Europeans, nearly 50,000 horse, more than 100,000 matchlock men, peons, and polygars in chain armour, with helmets and round shields, spears and sabres; and he had forty-seven pieces of cannon.

Coote's force did not exceed 7,000 men, and he had but one European regiment, Macleod's Highlanders, now reduced to 500 men, under the command of Colonel James Crawford; Lord Macleod having returned to Britain in consequence of some difference of opinion with Sir Hector Munro, and probably dissatisfied with the mere colonelcy of the regiment he had raised, as compared with his rank in the Swedish army, in which he had risen to be lieutenant-general, after the attainder of his father, the Earl of Cromarty, for adherence to the House of Stuart. He bore the Swedish title of Count Cromarty, was Knight of the Tower and Sword, and died at Huntly, in 1789.

Sir Eyre Coote drew up his little army in two lines; the first of which was commanded by Major-General Munro, the second by Major-General James Stewart. Between the opposing forces there spread a green and fertile plain; and from the vicinity of Cuddalore to the sea, on this morning the air was cool and salubrious.

At nine o'clock the battle began, and, notwithstanding the terrible disparity in numbers, it lasted for eight hours, during which time the enemy made full use of their numerous artillery; yet their whole line was ultimately forced to fly.

Our success in this eventful battle was greatly facilitated by one of those accidents which are common in war. After the enemy's cavalry had been repulsed by dint of musketry and cannon-shot, and while Sir Eyre Coote was deliberating with his officers whether he should attack in front or on flank the chain of redoubts by which Hyder's position was strengthened, an officer who was somewhat in advance observed a newly-cut road through some sand-hills, at a place from which, in the event of an assault in front, they could annoy the flank of the British line. This road Hyder had caused to be constructed only the evening before, with a view, while the British were warmly engaged, of falling on their flank; when his cavalry, by taking advantage of the confusion that was certain to ensue, might rush from behind the redoubt, and put all to the sword without mercy.

Sir Eyre Coote immediately availed himself of this valuable discovery; and filing along Hyder's road by a movement in flank, compelled him to forego nearly all the advantages of his position. As the troops advanced, those of Hyder began to give way. The 73rd Highlanders were on the right of the first line, and led all the attacks, to the full approbation of the general, whose notice was particularly attracted by one of the pipers, who always struck up a stirring pibroch when the din of the musketry became greater than usual.

Sir Eyre was so pleased with the man's ardour, that he galloped up to him, and exclaimed—

"Well done, my brave fellow! You shall have a set of silver pipes for this!"

This promise was not forgotten, and a handsome set of silver bagpipes was presented by him to the regiment, with a suitable inscription graven thereon.

By five in the evening the lines of Cuddalore were completely carried, the batteries stormed, and Hyder defeated, with the loss of 3,000 killed, and many more wounded. Raving in his rage, and rending his clothes, he fled on a swift horse, with all his cavalry; and as Coote had not a single dragoon, he was unable to pursue him. He was next heard of at Arcot; and now he began to have a more correct idea of the spirit and resources of the British.

"The defeat of many Baillies," said he, "will not destroy these accursed Feringhees. I may ruin their resources by land; but I cannot dry up the sea!"

He determined to risk another battle for the defence of Arcot. In the end of August both armies were near Perambaucum, and, consequently, close to the spot where Hyder had been so successful in destroying the troops of Baillie, and forcing those of Munro to retreat. With a superstitious hope of similar success, Hyder was anxious to fight on the same ground, and on the same day of the month; though now repenting bitterly that he had allowed himself to be lured into war by French councils, and deluded by the expectations of a great French force.

General Coote was equally anxious to engage, but indifferent as to time, being only desirous to meet his antagonist with advantage. Both armies were animated by different motives—the soldiers of Mysore by their superstitious anticipations of success; the British by the desire of revenge; for on the ground over which they passed, lay the white, unburied bones of their comrades, with fragments of clothing, red and green tartan rags, rusty cannon-shot, and other débris of a battle-field.

On the morning of the 27th of August, Sir Eyre Coote advanced against Hyder Ali, whose army was drawn up in order of battle on strong and advantageous ground, that was rendered more formidable by the nature of the country, which was intersected by deep nullahs, watercourses, and

rough ravines. His line was formed under a heavy cannonade, which our troops sustained with the greatest fortitude; and the battle, of which we have few or no details, lasted from nine in the morning till sunset, when the army of Mysore gave way at all points, leaving the British in possession of the field and all the strong posts. After such a contest, it is strange that our loss was only 400 men. Major-General Stewart and Colonel Brown lost each a leg, carried away by the same shot.

Sir Hector Munro now returned to Europe. General Stewart was disabled; so Colonel Crawford became second in command, and the Macleod Highlanders, the only British regiment in those wars, had as a leader Captain Shaw. On the 27th of September another battle was fought in the pass of Sholinghur, near Vellore, where Hyder was routed with terrible loss; and the fortress of the latter name, one of the great keys of the Carnatic, then almost reduced to extremities by famine, was saved, and fully relieved. The rains, the monsoon floods, and the rising of the rivers, put an end to further operations; but before Sir Eyre retired, Chittore, Palipett, and other places were retaken.

Preparations were made to attack Cuddalore in the spring of 1783. The garrison there had been recently strengthened by some French and African troops from the Isle of France; but the British army had also been reinforced by the 101st and 102nd Regiments of the Line, the 15th Hanoverians, under Colonel Wagenheim, and 250 recruits from Scotland for the 73rd and 78th Highlanders. There was also one cavalry corps, Burgoyne's, or the old 23rd Light Dragoons.

General Stewart, though minus a leg, took the command in absence of old Sir Eyre Coote. Colonel Stewart, of the 78th or Seaforth Highlanders, commanded the two kilted regiments, which formed one brigade. As many delays retarded the forward movements, it was not until the 6th of June that General Stewart found himself in front of Cuddalore.

The Marquis de Bussy commanded the garrison, and was unwearying in his efforts to strengthen the defensive works, by the formation of armed redoubts and intrenchments in front of the position. No time was therefore to be lost in making the attack, as every day was adding to the difficulties to be overcome, as the marquis was digging a second line of intrenchments in rear of the first, and strengthening the whole by additional redoubts.

On the morning of the 13th of June, an attack was made on three several points at the same moment, the signal for the simultaneous assault being three guns fired from an adjacent hill. In consequence of the cannonade that was in progress, the signal was not recognised, and the attacks were not made at the same time; consequently, the enemy were able to direct their whole force against each attack in succession.

The result was that one of the columns was repulsed and pursued by the French to a considerable distance; but Lieutenant-Colonel Cathcart and Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, "with the precious remains of the 73rd Regiment," rushed forward, and, with great presence of mind, possessed themselves of those redoubts which, in the eagerness of their pursuit, the enemy had evacuated. This movement completely turned the fate of the day, for although Stewart's Highlanders were forced to retire from the more advanced posts they had taken, they retained possession, by bullet and bayonet, of the principal redoubt, and so strengthened the British advance that General Stewart was urged to drive the enemy from the whole of their line of outposts.

This he declined to do, supposing that the French would retire of their own accord within their stronger lines, which they did in the course of the night, carrying off all their cannon except three, which were taken by the British.

The conflict on this day, the 13th of June, lasted from four in the morning till five in the afternoon. Among the British officers slain was the Hon. Captain Lindsay, of Balcarris.

On the 25th of June, De Bussy, having been reinforced with 2,400 men from the fleet of Admiral Suffrien, made a furious sortie from the Fort of Cuddalore; but was repulsed at every point, with the loss of 150 killed, wounded, and taken. Among the latter was a young sergeant, whose appearance and manner attracted Colonel Wagenheim, of the 15th Hanoverian Regiment, who took him to his tent, had his wound dressed, and treated him with much kindness. Many years after, when the victorious French, under Marshal Bernadotte, entered Hanover, Wagenheim, then an aged general, attended his levee. Bernadotte asked him "if he recollected the wounded French sergeant to whom he had been so kind at Cuddalore." The general replied in the affirmative. "That young sergeant," replied the future King of Sweden, "was the person who has now the honour to address you, and who rejoices in having this public opportunity of acknowledging his debt of gratitude to General Wagenheim."

On the 1st of July tidings came of the preliminaries of peace between France and Britain; hence hostilities between the troops of the two countries ceased in India, though they were continued against Tippo Sahib, who had succeeded his father, Hyder Ali.

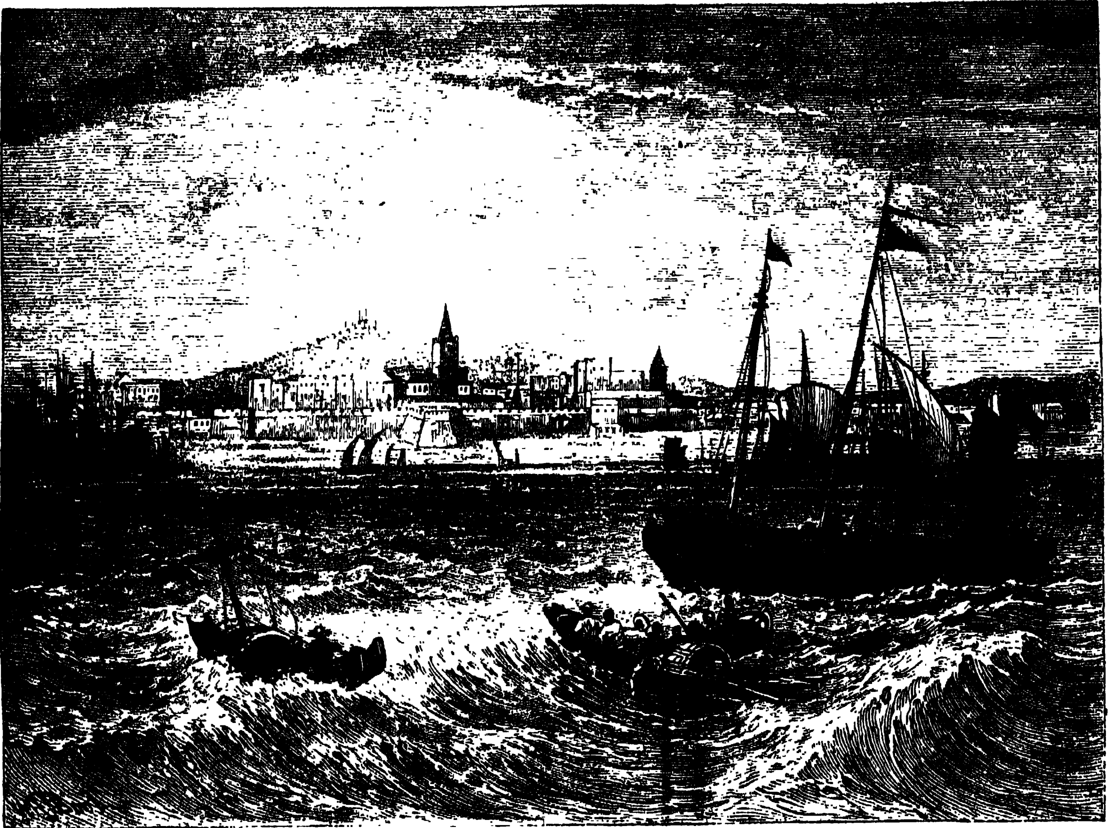
CHAPTER XLVI.

IN THE INDIAN SEAS, 1782–3.

WE must not omit to record that prior to the Peace of 1783 the war in the Carnatic had raged by sea as well as land.

In January, 1782, Admiral Sir Edward Hughes, K.B., an officer who fought no less than five very sanguinary battles with the French in Indian waters, after carrying into execution a design he had formed for the complete reduction of the Dutch settlement at Trincomalee, consisting of a town, fortress, and harbour in Ceylon, sailed thence on the 31st, and on the 8th of February came to anchor in Madras Roads. On that day he received advice from Lord Macartney, the governor, that a French squadron, consisting of thirty sail, was at anchor twenty leagues to the northward of that port.

On the 9th he was joined by three ships of war and an armed transport. Every possible expedition was used to get on board the stores and necessary provisions; but before all was complete the enemy's squadron appeared in the offing, and came to anchor about four miles outside the roadstead.



VIEW OF MADRAS, FROM THE SEA.

The fleet under M. de Suffrein (styled in France, "Bailli de Suffrein de Sainte Tropez, Lieutenant-General of the Naval Forces of His Most Christian Majesty") consisted of seventeen sail, eleven of which were ships of the line, with nine *flûtes* or transports. On board were 7,072 seamen and 870 guns, with 3,457 soldiers, belonging to the Regiments D'Austerie, L'Isle de France (89th of the Line), D'Artillerie, the Legion de Lausanne, the Volunteers of Bourbon, and some sepoys.

Sir Edward Hughes, on the sudden appearance of this armament, immediately placed his ships, with springs upon their cables, in the most advantageous position to defend themselves and the numerous merchant shipping which lay within them in the

roads. For the information of the non-nautical reader, we may mention that a spring is a rope put out at either side of a vessel, and made fast to her cable, while at anchor, for the purpose of changing her position, or steadying her, as may be required.

At four in the afternoon M. de Suffrein suddenly weighed, and stood away to the southward. A detachment, consisting of 300 men of the 98th Regiment, was placed on board the fleet of Sir Edward Hughes, to reinforce the marines. His fleet consisted of eleven sail, carrying 628 guns and 5,120 officers, seamen, marines, and soldiers; but one of the vessels, the *Seahorse*, was a corvette of twenty guns, and the *Manilla*, armed transport, carried only fourteen. Nevertheless, Sir Edward weighed directly, and under easy sail pursued the French all night.

At daybreak next morning he found that the squadron had separated in the dark, for their sails were seen scattered over the horizon. The ships of the line were chiefly about four leagues to the eastward of the British fleet; while the frigates and transports were to the south-westward, and steering directly for Pondicherry. Sir Edward threw out the signal for a general chase in that quarter, in order, if possible, to cut off their transports, which might be the means of compelling M. de Suffrein to give battle, by bearing down to the protection of his convoy. In the course of the exciting chase, the copper-bottomed ships overtook and captured six sail of the convoy, five of which proved to be British ships taken by the enemy, when to the northward of Madras, with all their crews on board. The sixth was a large and heavily-armed French transport, *Le Lauriston*, which was taken by the Hon. Captain Lumley, of the *Isis*, a fifty-gun ship, and proved to have on board 300 men of the Legion de Lausanne, and was moreover deeply laden with shot, gunpowder, and other stores, all destined for the aid of Hyder Ali.



VIEW OF BOMBAY.

As soon as M. de Suffrein perceived that the convoy was in peril, he bore down with every inch of canvas he could spread; and by three o'clock four of the best-sailing line-of-battle ships were within three miles of the sternmost of the British, who were too much scattered for effective service, in consequence of the chase. Sir Edward Hughes made a signal for the pursuing ships to join him, which they did by seven o'clock, after which the hostile squadrons kept each other in view all night.

When day broke on the 17th, the weather proved squally; the sea and sky were alike a gloomy grey colour, the former flecked with white foam, and the winds were baffling and uncertain. Hence the squadrons could not approach each other till the afternoon, when, after several manœuvres, a favourable squall enabled M. de Suffrein to bear down with his whole force on the centre and rear of the British, who, not having the wind, were unable to form in sufficiently close order.

Sir Edward Hughes was now attacked by eight of the enemy's finest ships, about four in the afternoon. The *Exeter*, 64, carrying the flag of Commodore King, the sternmost ship, was a slow sailer, and being somewhat detached from the rest of the squadron, was furiously cannonaded by three French ships. M. de Suffrein, in the *Hero*, a stately seventy-four, opened fire with great spirit upon the *Superb*, 74, which was Sir Edward's flag-ship. Meanwhile the van of the British lay all this time helplessly becalmed, and unable to render the least assistance; yet the unequal action was maintained with great resolution till six o'clock, when a sudden breeze gave the British the advantage of the wind, and they in turn became the assailants, and opened so sharp a fire of cannon and musketry that in twenty-five minutes the enemy hauled their wind, stretched every inch of canvas to the yard-heads, and bore away to the north-east, "after having visibly suffered severely."

It had evidently been the chief object of M. de Suffrein to disable the *Exeter* and *Superb*. These vessels had ninety killed and wounded on board. The mainyard of the latter was cut in two at the slings; and she had four feet of water in the hold, where it continued to rise till the shot-holes were plugged. The *Exeter* was reduced to a mere wreck, having been cannonaded by no less than five ships. But for the prompt assistance given her by Captain Wood, of the *Hero*, she must have sunk, with all her wounded on board.

Towards the close of the action, two large ships of the enemy were seen bearing down to renew the attack upon the crippled *Exeter*, and the master asked Commodore King what was to be done now.

"Done!" exclaimed the commodore. "There is nothing to be done but to fight till she sinks."

In the morning the enemy had disappeared.

The masts of the *Superb* and *Exeter* were so severely wounded that it was dangerous to carry sail on them; and the shot-holes in all the ships that had been engaged were so far under water as to make it impossible to stop them at sea. The admiral therefore stood for Trincomalee, as the only place where the squadron could be refitted.

The total loss in killed and wounded was 127 of all ranks. Among the former were Captains Stephens, of the *Superb*, and Reynolds, of the *Exeter*.

After having his squadron refitted, Sir Edward Hughes sailed from Trincomalee on the 4th of March, and eight days after came to anchor in Madras Roads, without seeing anything of the enemy. On the 30th he was on his way back to Trincomalee with a reinforcement for the garrison, where he was joined by the *Sultan*, 74 guns, and the *Magnanime*, 64, but though the crews of these vessels were sickly, he continued his voyage "without seeking or shunning the enemy."

On the 6th of April he fell in with a French ship from the Mauritius, which had on board dispatches from France, for their commanders by land and sea. The admiral drove her ashore near the Danish settlements of Tranquebar, where the crew burned her and escaped with the dispatches.

At noon on the 8th the enemy's squadron was discovered to leeward, consisting of eighteen sail. The admiral still continued his course, and for three successive days the hostile fleets were in sight of each other. On the 11th the coast of Ceylon came in sight, about fifteen leagues to the windward of Trincomalee, for which place he bore away. By this change of course the enemy won the weather-gage of the British squadron, and by daybreak next morning they were seen to crowd all the sail they could carry, as if in pursuit. As the copper-sheathed ships were coming fast up with his rear, Sir Edward determined to fight them; accordingly, at nine a.m. he drew his squadron into line of battle ahead on the starboard tack, each ship being two cables' lengths (*i.e.*, 240 fathoms) apart.

By this time the enemy, bearing north-by-east, were distant six miles to windward, with all their canvas bellying out upon the breeze. They continued to manœuvre their ships and to change their positions in the line, till fifteen minutes past twelve, when they triced up their port-lids and bore down on our fleet. Their five van ships stretched along to engage that of the British; while M. de Suffrein, with seven other sail, steered directly down on the *Superb*, whose second ahead was the *Monmouth*, 64 guns, and her second astern the *Monarch*, 70 guns.

By half-past one the battle had begun in the van of both fleets; and very soon after De Suffrein, in the *Hero*, 74 guns, her second astern being *L'Orient*, 74 guns, Captain de Pallière, engaged the *Superb* within pistol-shot range, and for nine minutes continued to give and to receive the most dreadful fire. The *Hero*, greatly damaged, then forged ahead to attack the *Monmouth*, which was already closely

engaged with another French ship. This made space sufficient for the enemy's rear to bear up and attack the British centre, where the battle raged with the greatest violence, and all the ships were soon shrouded in smoke to their cross-trees.

By three o'clock the *Monmouth*, after her crew had sustained with splendid courage the attack of two large ships, had her mizzenmast shot away; soon after her mainmast, with all its top-hamper, went crashing over the side. She was thus compelled to bear out of the line and drop away to leeward, and would have been taken by the enemy, had not Sir Edward Hughes, followed by the *Sultan* and *Monarch*, borne down to her relief.

At forty minutes past three, as the wind still blew from the northward, the admiral became apprehensive that the ships might become entangled with the shore; he consequently made signal "to wear, and haul their wind in a line of battle ahead, still engaging the enemy."

Two hours later, the squadron being in fifteen fathoms' water, Sir Edward, fearful that the *Monmouth* in her disabled state might drift ashore, made the signal to prepare for anchoring. On this the French squadron, sorely battered, crippled, and in great disorder, bore away to the eastward; and so ended this battle, off the coast of Ceylon, where the fleet anchored.

The *Hero*, M. de Suffrein's ship, was so much damaged that he had to shift his flag into the *Hannibal*, 74. Just after dark the French frigate *La Fine*, 40 guns, having been ordered to reconnoitre the British squadron, came so close for that purpose that she fell on board the *Isis*, commanded by Captain Lumley, who compelled her to strike her colours; but owing to the darkness of the night, and the disabled state in which the *Isis* had come out of the action, she contrived to get clear off, and escaped.

On the 13th, at dawn, the enemy's squadron was seen at anchor five miles to the seaward of ours, in much disorder, and apparent distress; with the crew of every ship busy in the task of repairing and refitting both rigging and hulls. The two fleets remained in sight of each other thus till the 19th, when the enemy got under sail with the land breeze, and stood out to sea close-hauled.

By noon the wind came from the sea, on which they tacked, and stood directly for the British squadron, which cleared away for action. However, M. de Suffrein seemed to change his mind, for, without coming within gunshot, he tacked again, bore away to the eastward, and by evening his whole squadron had disappeared from the horizon. Sir Edward then bore away for Trincomalee.

The loss he sustained in this action amounted to 137 killed and 430 wounded. The brunt of the fighting fell chiefly on the *Superb* and *Monmouth*. The casualties of the former were 155, of the latter 147. In this action Captain James Alms, an officer who greatly distinguished himself in the *Monmouth*, lost his only son, a lieutenant, who was slain on board the flag-ship. He was in after years captain of the *Repulse*, which was totally wrecked on the coast of Holland.

The losses of the French are stated at 503. At Cuddalore M. de Suffrein took on board 400 French troops to act as marines, and 300 artillerymen to aid in working his guns; and on the 23rd of June Sir Edward Hughes, having completely refitted his ships, plugged all shot-holes, and set up new spars, sailed from Trincomalee to have another bout with the French. Next day he came to anchor in the roadstead of Negapatam, a seaport on the Coromandel coast, of which we had possessed ourselves in the preceding year.

There he was informed that the enemy were at anchor off Cuddalore, and that they had captured the *Raikes* and *Resolution*, two armed transports, laden with the munition of war. At one o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th of July the enemy's squadron appeared off Negapatam. It consisted of eighteen sail, carrying 854 guns, and in the evening came to anchor eight miles to windward of Sir Edward Hughes, who immediately got under weigh; and by three o'clock his entire squadron was at sea, and stood to the southward during the whole evening and night, to get the weather-gage of the enemy.

By daylight on the 6th, the admiral having gained this point, formed his line of battle abreast, and bore away towards the enemy, who weighed and formed their line of battle as they stood to the westward; upon which Sir Edward Hughes signalled his fleet to form line ahead, and for each ship to bear directly down upon any one of the enemy that might be opposite to her, and engage her closely.

Promptly were these orders obeyed, and for a considerable time the battle was warmly and sternly maintained on both sides. The firing had commenced in the French line at twenty minutes before eleven o'clock, but was not replied to by the British till they were sufficiently near for their shot to have a deadly effect; and then, from van to rear, the action was general till thirty-five minutes past twelve, by which time the enemy's ships appeared to have suffered greatly in their masts and hulls, the latter showing a multitude of shot-holes, and vast breaches and scars, whence showers of splinters had been knocked away.

The van ship had been compelled to bear away

out of the line, and the *Brilliant*, 64, which seconded the flag-ship of M. de Suffrein, had her mainmast carried away. At this critical moment the sea breeze set in with unusual violence, and threw both fleets into great disorder. Several of the ships in the British van and centre were taken aback, and "paid round on the heel" (*i.e.*, stern-post), with their heads the contrary way; while those in the rear, whose rigging had suffered least in the action, were able to continue on their former tack, particularly the *Burford*, 70 guns, and the *Eagle* and *Worcester*, two sixty-four-gun ships, which were nearing the enemy's squadron very fast. The latter, during the disorder into which the sudden shift of the breeze had thrown the British, had time to collect, and come to the wind on the larboard tack; those ships that were least disabled forming a line to windward, to protect those which had suffered most.

To remedy the confusion in his fleet, Sir Edward Hughes hauled down the signal "for the line," and hoisted one to "wear," intending to follow it by one for "a general chase;" but at that moment Captain John Gell, who afterwards commanded under Lord Hood in the Mediterranean, hailed the admiral to state that all the standing rigging of his ship, the *Monarch*, 70, had been shot away, and that consequently she was quite ungovernable. The *Hero*, 74, being on the contrary tack, was hauling in with the land, with signals of distress out; while the enemy were endeavouring to cut off the *Eagle*, which was hard pressed by the fire of two of their ships.

Under all these circumstances, he made the signal to "wear" only, and form the line ahead on the larboard tack; while the engagement was still partially waged by those ships that were within range of each other, gun after gun continued to boom over the water, and the work of wounds, death, and destruction continued.

At two o'clock, M. de Suffrein stood in-shore, and collected his ships in a close body, while the British remained much dispersed, and some were so mauled aloft that they failed to obey the helm, so the admiral had to relinquish his hope of renewing the engagement. At half-past four he hauled down the signal for battle, and an hour after came to anchor between Negapatam and Nagon, in the Bay of Bengal, while the French anchored nine miles to leeward.

All night the men in both fleets were busy in securing the lower-masts, sending aloft new spars, and refitting generally; and by nine next morning the British had the mortification to see the enemy set under sail, and return to the roads of Cuddalore, their disabled ships ahead, the most serviceable, with the frigates, covering their retreat.

On this morning Sir Edward Hughes sent Captain James Watt, of the *Sultan*, 74 (an officer who afterwards died of a wound received in a subsequent action), with a flag of truce and a letter to M. de Suffrein, alongside whose ship he ran in the *Rodney*, a disarmed brig, to demand the French king's ship, *Le Sévère*, 64 guns, which had struck her colours to the *Sultan*, but which, while that ship was wearing, had rehoisted them, poured a raking fire into the *Sultan*, and then stood away. M. de Suffrein returned, however, an evasive answer, and alleged that her colours had not been struck, but that the halliard had been cut by a shot.

The loss sustained by the British amounted to 77 killed and 233 wounded. Among the former were Captain Jenkinson, of the 98th Regiment, and the Hon. Dunbar Maclellan, of the *Superb*, a son of Lord Kirkcudbright. The total losses of the enemy were 779. "The death of Captain Maclellan, of the *Superb*," says the admiral's dispatch, "who was shot through the heart with a grape shot early in the engagement, is universally regretted by all who knew him. I had experienced in him an excellent officer in every department of the service." Major Gratton, of the 100th Foot, served under him as a volunteer in the *Superb*.

Finding it impossible to repair at sea the damages sustained by his fleet in the late action, and that the stores of every kind were nearly exhausted, Sir Edward Hughes sailed for Madras, which he reached on the 20th of July.

There he was joined by the *Sceptre*, 64 guns, which had left England with Sir Richard Bickerton, Bart., an officer who was knighted by George III. when steering his barge, in 1773, at a great naval review at Portsmouth. On the 31st of July, to secure Trincomalee from any desultory attempt which the enemy might make in that quarter, Sir Edward Hughes dispatched the *Monmouth* and *Sceptre* with a reinforcement of troops for the garrison; and by the 10th of August these ships rejoined him.

On the 1st of the same month, M. de Suffrein, having refitted his squadron, sailed from Cuddalore to join the Sieur d'Aymar, who he heard had arrived at the Point de Galle, in the Isle of Ceylon, in the *St. Michael*, 64 guns, accompanied by *L'Illustre*, 74, having under convoy the second division of the Marquis de Bussy's troops and artillery. So difficult was it to procure correct intelligence, that the admiral could know nothing of the movements of the enemy till the 16th, when

he was joined by the *Coventry*, frigate, 28 guns, commanded by Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Andrew) Mitchell, who, on the 12th, off the Friar's Hood, on the coast of Ceylon, had fallen in with and attacked the *Bellona*, French forty-gun frigate. He fought her for two hours and a half, till she sheered off and made sail. Captain Mitchell gave chase, but the *Coventry* had suffered so much aloft that he was unable to come up with her till, to his astonishment, he found himself lured almost into the midst of the whole French fleet, which he suddenly discovered at anchor in Batacalo Roads. Two line-of-battle ships instantly gave chase to the *Coventry*, which contrived to elude them. In her conflict with the *Bellona*, she had 15 men killed and 29 wounded.

Immediately upon receiving this intelligence, Sir Edward Hughes hastened his preparations for sea; and by the 20th he was steering southward towards Trincomalee, full of apprehension that, during the absence of his squadron, the enemy might make themselves masters of the harbour. As the wind blew strong from the southward, he did not arrive off Trincomalee till the night of the 2nd of September; and on the following morning, to the intense mortification of the admiral and every man in his fleet, the French squadron, consisting of thirty sail, was at anchor in the bay, and the French colours were flying on the town and all the forts.

He then found that Captain Hay Macdowal, of the 2nd battalion of the 42nd Highlanders, the commandant of Trincomalee, had been compelled to surrender, by capitulation, on the 30th of August —only five days before—to M. de Suffrein and the Baron d'Agault. The Highlanders marched out with the honours of war, with two six-pounders and one mortar in front. They had been conveyed to Madras; and in 1786 were constituted the 73rd Highland Regiment, in which the future Duke of Wellington was an ensign in the following year.

On the appearance of the British squadron off the bay, on the morning of the 3rd, M. de Suffrein got under weigh, and, with fifteen ships of the line, three frigates, and a fire-ship, stood out of the Back Bay with the land breeze, which placed him to windward of the British. Sir Edward immediately signalled to form line of battle ahead at two cables' distance between each ship, and, shortening sail, he edged away from the wind, that all might get the more speedily into their respective stations.

The armament of the French carried 1,092 guns; that of the British, consisting of twelve line-of-battle ships and four frigates, with one fire-ship, carried 946 guns. On board were detachments of the 78th or Seaforth Highlanders, and the 98th Regiment, to act as marines.

At twenty minutes past eight o'clock the enemy began to edge down towards the British line; and Sir Edward Hughes, in order to render the battle a decisive one, endeavoured, by steering away under his topsails, to lure them as far as possible from Trincomalee, until half-past eleven. At half-past two the French cannon opened on the line of our ships; heartily it was returned, and the conflict became general. Two vessels of the enemy made a furious and especial attack upon the *Worcester*, the rear ship. She made a brave resistance, under her captain, Charles Wood, who was mortally wounded; and was nobly supported by the *Monmouth*, her second ahead, which, with all her sails thrown aback, poured in so close and heavy a fire upon them that the attack entirely failed on that side. Five of the enemy's ships now bore down on the *Exeter* and *Isis*, and, by an incessant and powerful cannonading, drove the former, much disabled, out of the line; they then tacked, and, while keeping their wind, fired on the *Isis* and other ships in the van as they passed.

"In the meantime," says Sir Edward, in his dispatch to the Admiralty, "the centres of the two fleets were warmly engaged, ship to ship. At twenty-eight minutes past three the mizzenmast of the French admiral's second astern was shot away, and his second ahead lost her fore and mizzentop-masts. At thirty-five minutes past five the wind shifted suddenly from south-west to east-south-east. I made the signal for the squadron to wear, which was instantly obeyed in good order, the ships of the enemy either wearing or staying at the same time; and the engagement was renewed on the other tack, close and vigorously on our part."

A little after six o'clock M. de Suffrein's main-mast was shot away, and soon after his mizzen went crashing to leeward also. The *Worcester* about the same time lost her maintopmast; and at seven o'clock the whole French squadron hauled their wind to the southward, and for fully twenty minutes were exposed to a severe and galling fire from all the vessels of the British rear, and as they passed away the action gradually ceased. After an encounter so long and desperate, the British were in no condition to pursue the enemy, who by daylight next morning were quite out of sight.

Our total loss in killed and wounded was 334. Among the former were Captain Watt, of the *Sultan*; Captain Clugstone, of the marines on board the *Monarch*; Lieutenants Murray, Ord, Barrett, and Edwards, of the marines; Captains Wood, of the *Worcester*, and Lumley, of the *Isis*. Among the

latter were two officers of the 78th Highlanders—the Hon. Captain Maitland, son of the Earl of Lauderdale; and Lieutenant Hugh Sandilands, son of Lord Torphichen.

The crippled state of the squadron, more particularly of the *Superb*, *Burford*, *Eagle*, and *Monmouth*, compelled the admiral to return to Madras, where he arrived on the 9th.

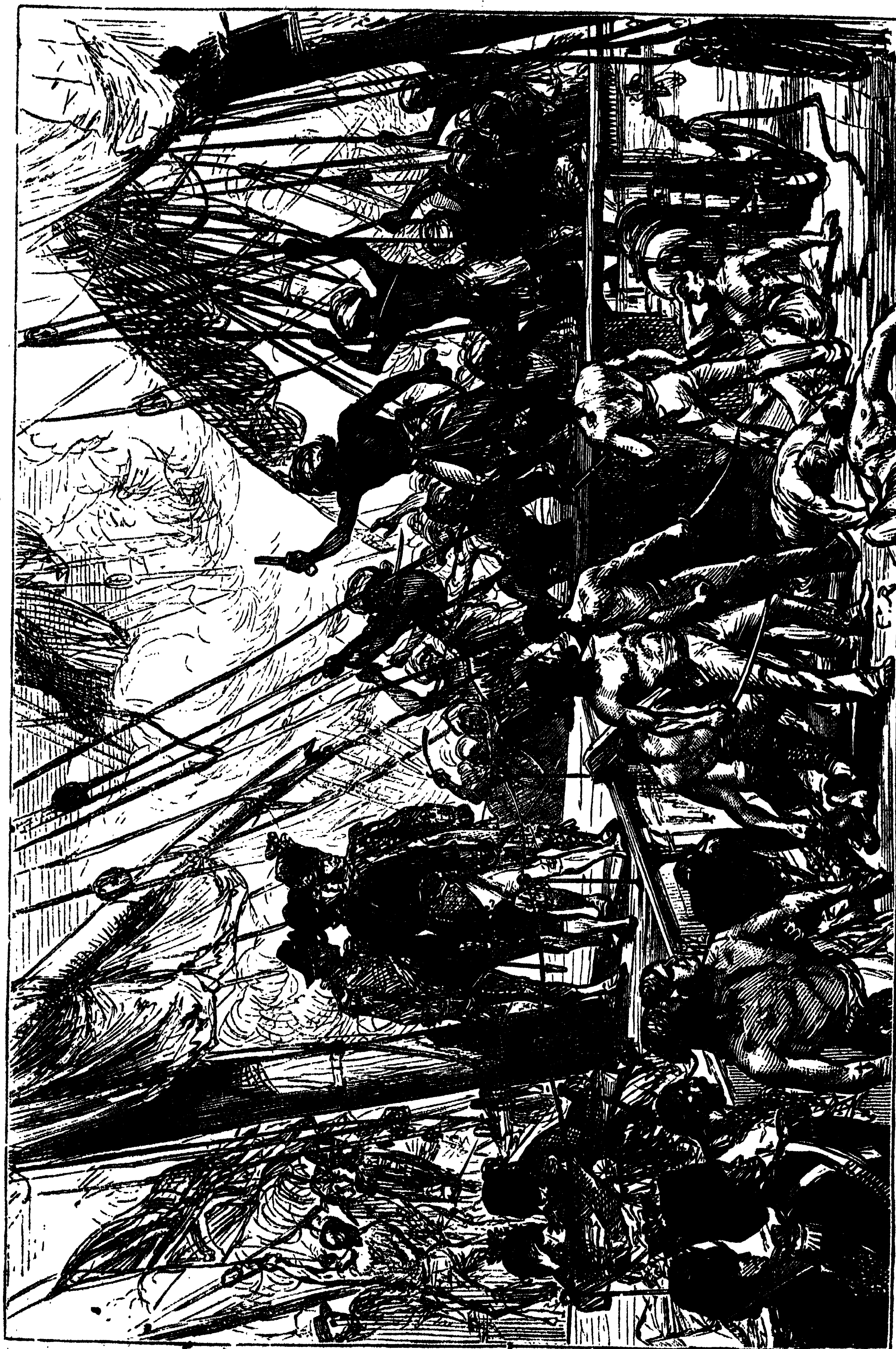
The French squadron returned to Trincomalee on the night of the action, and such was their hurry and confusion lest they should be pursued, that *L'Orient*, one of their finest seventy-four-gun ships, ran on shore in the dark, and became a total wreck. M. de Suffrein was so much dissatisfied with the conduct of some of his captains, that he sent no less than six of them under arrest to the Mauritius. The losses he had sustained were not published in the usual manner at once; but it became afterwards known that they were undoubtedly severe, as the slain amounted to 412, and the wounded to 676. *L'Heros*, the admiral's own ship, had on board 1,200 men when she entered the action; and of these 380 were killed or wounded.

As the monsoon was at hand, Sir Edward Hughes ordered the line-of-battle ships to Bombay; but ere they could clear the Bay of Bengal they encountered a terrific hurricane. "Several boats were lost, with their crews, who were waiting for the officers from the shore; and nothing could equal the scene of horror and distress which soon presented itself. The beach for several miles was covered with wrecks, and with the bodies of the dead and dying."

During these wars one of our last conflicts in Indian waters occurred with the Mahrattas. A treaty of peace having been concluded and proclaimed with that people, the Company's snow, *Ranger*, 12 guns, commanded by Lieutenant Pruen, sailed from Bombay on the 5th of April, 1783, having on board Colonels Norman Macleod, of the 42nd Highlanders, and T. Mackenzie Humberstone, of the 78th Highlanders, Major Shaw, and several other officers, who were on their way to join their regiments in Bengal. On the morning of the 8th they found themselves near the Mahratta fleet belonging to Geriah, and consisting of two ships, a ketch, and eight gallivats. These vessels, without hailing or the least ceremony, surrounded and attacked the *Ranger*, firing on her with the greatest fury. Lieutenant Pruen made a



VIEW OF POINT DE GALLE, CEYLON.



SEA-FIGHT WITH THE MAHRATTAS (*see page* 200).

desperate defence, and fought his little vessel against this vast odds with the greatest bravery for four hours and a half.

For the last hour the two ships and the ketch were lashed alongside the *Ranger*, and in this situation the action was maintained by musketry alone; and the resolute valour of the crew and those officers who were passengers on board, prevented the enemy from boarding till, from the number of killed and wounded, and many of the muskets becoming unserviceable, the fire from the deck of the *Ranger* became so much reduced that further resistance was useless, and Lieutenant Pruen struck his colours.

The instant they were down the exulting enemy swarmed on board, uttering shrill and terrible yells, and commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of all on deck. Major Shaw was shot dead; Colonel Macleod received two wounds in his left hand and shoulder, and a ball through the body. Lieutenant Stewart, of the 100th Regiment, was literally hacked to pieces. Lieutenants Taylor and Seton, of the Bombay Army, and Lieutenant Pruen, also received severe sword wounds; and Colonel Mackenzie Humberstone was shot through the lungs.

The *Ranger* was carried into Geriah, where the subahdar disowned all knowledge of the peace till the 7th of May, when he permitted her to sail with the wounded survivors for Bombay. Prior to this Colonel Humberstone had expired, in his twenty-eighth year. He was one of the most distinguished of our officers in India; in 1781, with only 1,000 Europeans and 2,500 sepoys, he had undertaken to carry on the war in the kingdom of Calicut, and covered himself with honour in many of the actions against Hyder Ali.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE MAGICIENNE AND LA SIBYLLE, 1783.

On the 18th of January this year, His Majesty's ship *Magicienne*, 48 guns, under Captain Thomas Graves, was seen to steer into the harbour of Kingston, in Jamaica, without a single mast standing, and in a sorely battered condition, with a few tattered sails spread on jury spars; after having been in action with two French vessels, during which the most courageous conduct was displayed by her officers and crew. For a narrative of this brilliant affair, we are chiefly indebted to the journal of one of her officers, in a West Indian print of the time, and the *Gazette de France*.

The *Magicienne* formed one of the convoy escorting Brigadier Stewart and 1,600 troops, bound from Charleston, after its evacuation, for service in the West India Isles.

At daylight on the morning of the 1st of January, the *Magicienne* sighted two strange sail in rear of the convoy, and soon afterwards saw His Majesty's ship *Endymion*, 44 guns, Captain E. T. Smith, in chase. She made sail towards them, and repeated to the *Emerald*, 32 guns, the *Endymion's* signal for two strange craft being visible to the north-east. At half-past six the *Endymion* signalled, "A fleet in sight," and hoisted French colours to denote its nationality; and by nine o'clock she brought-to one of the chase, a ship under the Gallic ensign. Soon after the *Magicienne* came abreast of the *Endymion's* prize, the *Celerity*, taken shortly before, and valued at £20,000. She hoisted out and manned her barge, to assist in taking out the prisoners. At half-past nine the *Endymion* signalled, "Chase north-east;" as the French fleet were making all the sail they could spread, to escape the British, except five, which, says the journalist, "hauled their wind toward us."

As the *Magicienne* approached them, her captain perceived the two headmost ships of war, the largest carrying a commodore's pennant at the main-topgallantmast-head, that of the Count de Kerigarian de Locmaria, post-captain, and commander of a king's frigate; so Captain Graves took in his royals and studding-sails, to let the *Endymion* come up with him, as he had no intention of rashly engaging these two ships single-handed, and she was then five miles astern.

He slung his lower-yards, stopped the topsail-sheets, and cleared away fore and aft for action. Three of the ships that were now farthest to leeward, were seen to bear up and follow the convoy, then to wear, and follow the two French ships, *La Sibylle* and the *Railleur*, which were standing straight for the *Magicienne*, with colours flying, ports triced up, and all their canvas bellying out upon the wind.

The *Endymion* now signalled, "Make more sail

in line, headmost ship;" but as the *Magicienne* came within cannon-shot, the Count de Kerigarian and his consort wore, and made all the sail they could from her, firing at the same time their stern-chasers, which they continued to work till brought to close action.

The *Magicienne* now ran up her royals, set her studding-sails, and gave chase, firing her bow-guns as they bore on the enemy, whose ships kept close together, the lesser on the larboard quarter of her commander. The *Endymion* was still five miles astern, and though using every effort to come up with the *Magicienne*, was fast being left behind.

By twenty minutes past twelve the latter was abreast of the sternmost ship; and after a few rounds of cannon and small-arms, her ensign being down and her fire silenced, Captain Graves hailed to know whether she had struck, as her pennant was still streaming out upon the wind. But he could receive no distinct answer; her officers and crew were all in confusion, as she lay aback, with her studding-sails and smaller sails flying about in extreme disorder.

Ere long the *Magicienne* was on the larboard quarter of the headmost ship, and brought her to close action. This lasted for an hour and three-quarters, with her studding-sail booms locked in, the sides frequently touching, the cannon being literally muzzle to muzzle; the men hurling grape and other shot by the hand, and frequently striking at each other through the port-holes with their half-pikes and rammers.

The smaller vessel, taking advantage of this state of matters, made sail, rehoisted her colours, and made off, firing her guns at the *Magicienne* as long as she was within range. At a quarter past two, when the enemy's fire was nearly silenced, and there was every appearance of her becoming a prize, the main and mizzen-topmasts of the *Magicienne* came down; and as they unfortunately fell clear of the enemy's ship, she had thus an opportunity of increasing her distance.

Five minutes after the foremast followed; and the *Magicienne*, deprived thus of all means of pursuing the enemy, lay like a helpless log upon the sea.

"The *Magicienne* had already lost her mizzen-mast," says the *Gazette de France* of the 13th of May, "when a volley of langridge shot scoured the quarter-deck of *La Sibylle*, killing eleven men, and striking down the Count de Kerigarian, who for some time was thought to be dead. The Sieur Descures, post-lieutenant, then took command in his place, re-established the battle which this event had relaxed, and had the satisfaction to see the main and foremasts of the *Magicienne* fall in succession."

La Sybille, now had her canvas spread to the yard-heads, and made off with all speed; while every gun that could be brought to bear upon her stern was fired at her. At half-past three the *Endymion* passed in full chase, her crew cheering vociferously; the enemy being then distant two miles on the starboard beam.

On board the *Magicienne* there were killed three officers and sixteen seamen; wounded, three officers, twenty-nine seamen, and five marines.

Until eight in the evening the *Endymion* continued to pursue *La Sibylle*, which had thirteen men killed and twenty-nine dangerously wounded, with eight more slightly. The count, her commander, had previously sent a solemn challenge to one of our frigates on the North American station.

In the following month there occurred a curious instance of the capture and recapture of one of our frigates.

On Monday, the 10th of February, His Majesty's ship *Argo*, commanded by Captain Butchart, sailed from Tortola, one of the most mountainous and rocky isles of the Virgin group, with General Shirley on board, bound for Antigua. Eight days after Captain Butchart found by the chart that, owing to strong lee currents and head winds, he had got no farther than Sombriero, a desert island in north latitude 18°36′ and west longitude 63°28′. Then a heavy gale came on, a high sea was running; the *Argo* sprung (*i.e.*, cracked, or split) her maintopmast, and just at that crisis two French frigates hove in sight and ran up their colours.

Captain Butchart gave orders to clear away for action instantly; by eleven o'clock, a.m., the headmost frigate was abreast of the *Argo*, and the fighting began with great ardour. Captain Butchart perceived the other frigate, which was a heavy one, coming up very fast with him; and finding it impossible to use his lower-deck guns, from the very high sea that was running, after having attempted to open the ports once or twice, when the waves came rushing in so heavily as to endanger the safety of the ship, he deemed it expedient to make a running fight of it, in hopes of the enemy losing something aloft, by which means he might escape to Tortola.

In the space of about an hour and a half the other frigate came up with the *Argo*, and both now being close to her, the fire of cannon and small-arms became very hot and destructive; but, notwithstanding the superior force of the enemy, Captain Butchart and his crew fought with the courage and resolution of British seamen. Till four in the afternoon the *Argo* faced these two ships, till Captain

Butchart finding that thirteen of his men were killed, and a vast number lying wounded and helpless about the main-deck, unwilling to sacrifice the lives of others, and seeing the futility of further resistance, reluctantly struck his colours. By this time his mainmast had been severely injured by a cross-bar shot, the maintopmast had gone by the cap, the mizzenmast was fractured, and much of his rigging had been shot away.

The frigates proved to be the *Amphitrite* and *Nymphe*, the latter carrying forty-eight guns, eighteen-pounders on the main-deck and nine-pounders on her poop; the former having thirty-six guns, six and twelve-pounders. The *Argo* continued in their possession still five o'clock next morning, when suddenly His Majesty's ship *Invincible*, 74 guns, Captain Saxton, hove in sight, as she was beating up for Jamaica. This occurred a little to windward of Porto Rico.

She recaptured the *Argo*—the two frigates escaping—and carried her into Spanish Town on the 24th of February.

General Shirley had remained on deck with the marines during the whole of the action.

From the violence of the weather, the French had done nothing towards repairing the *Argo;* so she was retaken in exactly the same condition she was in when Captain Butchart struck his colours.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MANGALORE, 1784.

THE British forces in India at this time mustered only 17,800 men. These were the old 23rd Light Dragoons (or Burgoyne's), the Hon. East India Company's Bengal Cavalry, 700 strong, and 9,000 of their European Infantry; two battalions of Highlanders (viz., 2nd battalion of the 42nd, or 73rd, and 78th), the 98th, 100th, 101st, and 102nd Regiments, with 436 artillerymen. The black troops were 30,000 strong.

War was still being waged against the Sultan Tippo, whose abominable cruelties perpetrated on all prisoners caused the deepest rancour to exist in the minds of our troops against him. The hatred which he had of the British was terribly illustrated at Biddanore, where a slender column, under General Matthews, was overpowered and captured on the 27th of January, 1783.

The general was taken in chains to Seringapatam and put to death; how, was never exactly known, but a writer in the "Political Magazine" of the following year asserts that boiling lead was poured down his throat, and that his widow became insane on beholding the cruelties under which he perished. The general treatment of the prisoners was shocking to humanity, and equâlled the horrors of the sepoy revolt. Tippo preserved and retained 210 who were useful artisans, on the pretence that "they had embraced the faith of his people." The fighting men he destroyed by sudden death or systematic cruelty. At first the prisoners were chained two and two, without distinction of rank. In one instance an officer was chained to a seaman who after a time died of dysentery. The officer was obliged to remain chained to the corrupting corpse for three days after the man expired. Chained, stripped nude, bareheaded, and barefooted, they were marched for four hundred miles from the place of their capture. Out of nineteen officers who were taken, seventeen were murdered. Some had their throats deliberately and slowly cut, and some were pinioned, or held, while poison was poured down their open mouths.

These barbarities so exasperated our troops in India, that they resolved neither to give nor take quarter in battle with the Mysoreans.

The command of the troops in Mangalore devolved upon Colonel Campbell, Colonels Macleod and Humberstone being, as already mentioned, at Bombay.

The consequences of General Matthews' surrender at Biddanore were soon apparent. A considerable force was detached by the exulting Tippo to the neighbourhood of Mangalore, where a position was taken up by it. On the 6th of May Tippo's people were attacked there by Colonel Campbell, and defeated with the capture of all their guns, with the loss of only twenty-four Highlanders.

Tippo being now at full liberty to act without restraint or fear of an enemy, marched with his whole army against Colonel Campbell, whose men had now to fight with the terrors of Biddanore before them. Tippo's overwhelming force consisted of 90,000 men, exclusive of a corps of European infantry from the Isle of France, under Colonel

Cassigny, Lally's corps of mixed Europeans and natives, and a troop of dismounted French cavalry from the Mauritius, the whole supported by ninety pieces of cannon.

The troops left in the garrison consisted only of 21 sergeants, 12 drummers, and 210 rank and file of the king's infantry, with 1,500 natives fit for duty, and a heavy sick list.

To give a detail of the events of a siege which lasted from the middle of May, 1783, till the 23rd of January, 1784, would exceed our limits. The place was completely invested, with the exception of an outpost distant about a mile, which, though strong, required too great a force to defend it. The retention of this position was persevered in for some days after the enemy had got possession of certain passes, which nearly intercepted communication with the garrison. On the morning of the 23rd of May, the sepoys who had the defence of this post gave way the moment they were attacked.

The Black Watch, with a corps of sepoys, was ordered to support them; but so sudden was the rout of those in advance that the reinforcement was too late to save them, and the whole retired together within the shelter of the garrison.

"Mangalore," says Macfarlane, in his "History of India," "was contemptible as a fortified place, and would have been scarcely defensible at all except by troops like the 42nd, and an unyielding commander like Colonel Campbell." It is situated on the Malabar coast, and stands on the edge of a salt-water lagoon; and the inhabitants are chiefly Moplas, the descendants of an Arab colony. Its strength consisted then of an upper and lower fort, surrounded by a ditch, in some parts deep and wide, without any bomb-proof casemate or cover; but the true defence was the heroic bravery of the little garrison, undismayed by the vast forces opposed to them. It consisted at this last crisis of the 2nd battalion of the 42nd Highlanders, very weak in number, a few men of the 100th Regiment, and the 1st and 8th battalions of Bombay sepoys, the former being made grenadiers for their bravery here. So great was the unanimity that existed between them and the Highlanders that the latter were wont to call them their third battalion.

"We now arrive at the most interesting moment of the war," says Colonel Fullarton, in his work on British India. "The garrison of Mangalore, under its estimable commander, Colonel Campbell, made a defence that has seldom been equalled, and never surpassed;" and the "Military Miscellany" states that "the defence of Colberg, in Pomerania, by Major Heiden and his small garrison, and that of Mangalore, by Colonel Campbell and the 2nd battalion of the Royal Highlanders, now the 73rd Regiment, we conceive are as noble examples as any in history."

Although the enemy were so numerous, so ably and powerfully supported in their operations by their French allies, every attack was repulsed.

Among the first of the officers slain was Mr. Dennis, the chaplain. While standing behind a breastwork of sandbags, viewing the operations of the enemy, a matchlock-ball passed through his forehead and killed him on the spot. The enemy threw stones weighing 150 lbs. from large mortars. This species of missile destroyed many houses, and when they split on any hard substance did great execution.

A continued bombardment soon made large breaches in the walls, and reduced many places into mere masses of ruin, whence the besieged could not venture to fire their cannon. This silence increased the boldness of the enemy, who made several attempts to enter these breaches, and carry the place by assault, but were always repulsed with terrible loss. In this manner the troops of Tippo continued their attacks till the 20th of July, when both parties seeming equally disposed to relax from their incessant fatigue, a cessation of hostilities was agreed upon.

This was treacherously broken by the enemy, who sprung a mine three days after, while the flag of truce was flying. Hostilities were instantly recommenced, and all attempts to storm were resisted by the bayonet. That weapon was also employed in many sorties made by the garrison in the night, when batteries were taken, guns spiked, and great slaughter made among the Mysoreans. By some unpardonable negligence, sufficient supplies had not been thrown into the place; its gallant defenders were beginning to feel the approaches of famine, and the privations of the garrison became extreme.

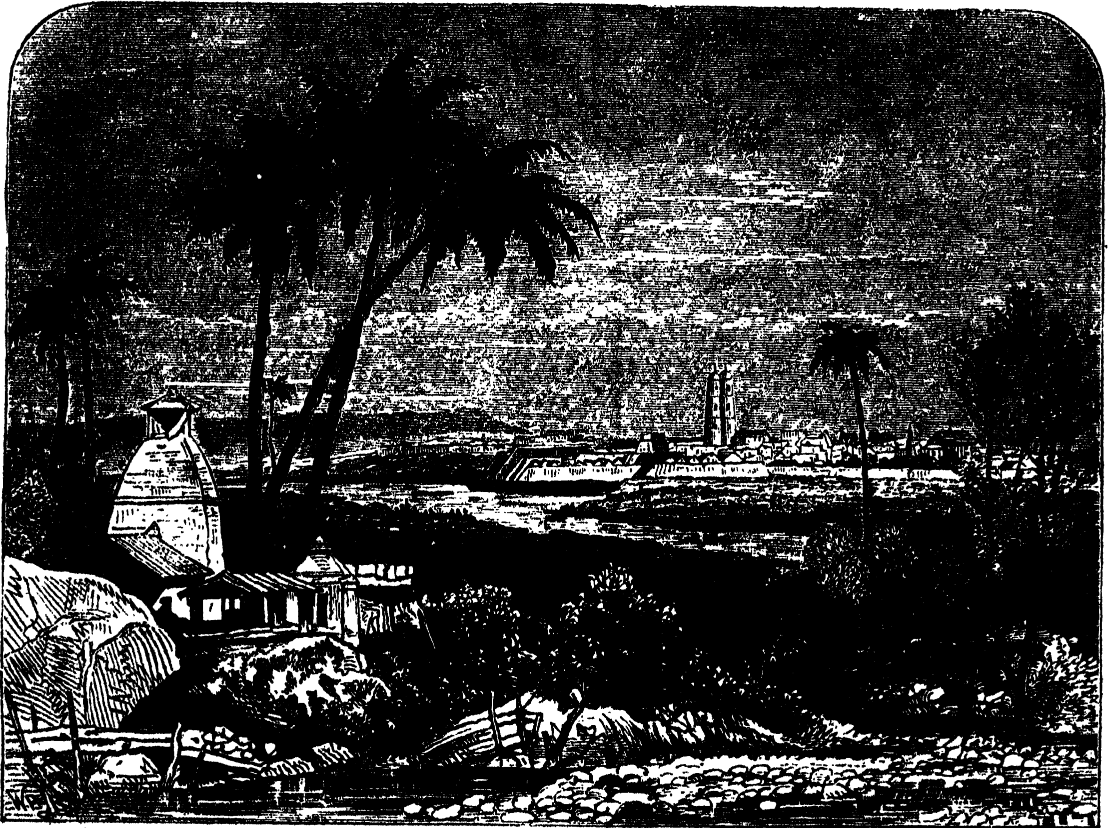
On the 29th another cessation of hostilities took place. By the armistice, Tippo agreed to permit Colonel Campbell to purchase provisions in the country for his starving soldiers; but the tyrant, who never kept an agreement, forbade the people to sell anything to the British, under the penalty of their ears and noses. Thus the garrison were reduced to the horrible diet of horse-flesh, rats, mice, frogs, snakes, and the carrion birds and jackals which came from the woods in the night to devour the bodies of the slain.

Affairs were in this state at Mangalore, when a squadron appeared off the town. These ships were full of troops to succour the garrison, under Brigadier Macleod, who had recovered from his

wounds. This was on the 17th of August. The prospect of relief animated the famishing garrison; but the general, influenced by an honourable regard for the term of the armistice, ordered the ships back to Tellicherry, though Tippo was committing daily infractions of the treaty by repairing old batteries and forming new. Every arrangement was made for the landing of the troops; but after they were actually seen in the boats, they again went on board the transports, which sailed away.

"Permit me to inform you, prince, that this language is not good for you to give or me to receive; and that if I were alone with you in a desert, you would not dare to say these words to me."

The slender garrison was now reduced to nearly one-half its original number, and one-half of the remainder was in hospital. They began to despond. Many of the sepoys became totally blind, and others so weak that they fell down when attempting to shoulder their firelocks. The deaths were daily



VIEW OF SERINGAPATAM.

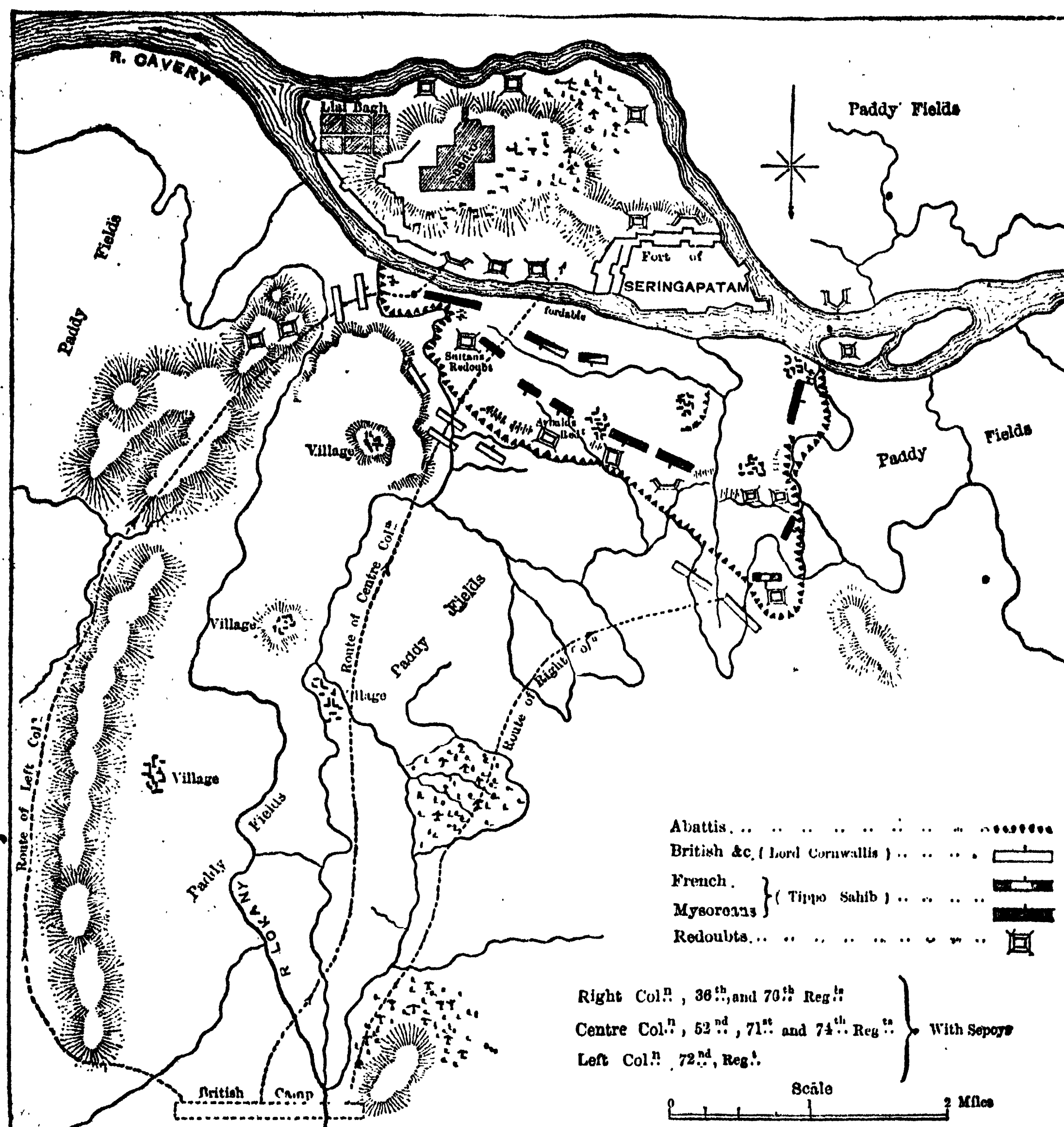
On the last day of December Macleod's armament appeared again; and again he departed, committing the fresh folly of taking the word of Tippo. The latter was keeping the garrison in close blockade, without the smallest supply of provisions. Thus tantalised, their misery and privation became insupportable. Colonel Campbell had an opportunity of acquainting General Macleod that as soon as the ships disappeared the Mysoreans broke all faith by starving the garrison. On this he wrote to Tippo an upbraiding letter, to which he replied, in one written by a Frenchman, "It is one lie" (or *mensonge*).

This fired the blood of the Highlander, who wrote again—

increasing. In consequence of the treaty of peace with France, Colonel Cassigny withdrew his troops, to the great indignation of Tippo, who induced many to desert by the splendour of his offers; but the colonel behaved with great spirit, for, having captured some of the deserters, he ordered them to be shot in presence of two Mysoreans, whom Tippo had sent to intercede for their lives.

It now naturally occurred to Colonel Campbell that there was no use in keeping that single and by no means good position, when all the rest of the coast and country was to be given back to the enemy; and at last, on the 23rd day of January, 1784, he agreed to quit Mangalore if honourable terms were accorded him. This offer was joyfully

accepted by Tippo, who, by war, sickness, and desertion, had now lost more than half of his vast army, before the rotten walls of a place which, somehow, he considered as a charm or talisman, on gone, Colonel Campbell died soon after at Bombay, where a handsome monument was erected to the memory of him and two other officers of the 42nd —Captain William Stewart, of Garth, who died of



ATTACK ON INTRENCHED CAMP AT SERINGAPATAM.

the possession of which the fortunes of his house depended.

The garrison accordingly marched out with the honours of war, and embarked for Tillicherry, another town and port on the Malabar coast, where they landed on the 4th of February.

The losses of the 42nd in action were eighty-eight of all ranks; the other casualties were never given. Exhausted by the sufferings he had undergone, Colonel Campbell died soon after at Bombay,

his wounds on the way home, and Captain Dalzell, of Binns. It was erected at the expense of the East India Company.

With the whole province, otherwise called Koryal, and famous for its exports of turmeric, sandal-wood, rice, copper, and cassia, this seaport and fortress, which Campbell had so gallantly defended, came into the possession of Great Britain finally in 1799. There are other places of the same name in Hindostan.

CHAPTER XLIX.

BANGALORE AND SERINGAPATAM, 1792.

TIPPO SAHIB'S name being omitted from the list of native powers with whom the East India Company were stated to be publicly on terms of alliance, greatly exasperated the jealousy and pride of that irritable despot, who had long meditated the subjugation of Travancore, a principality of South-western Hindostan, towards whose rajah the Government of Madras was bound by ties of the strictest amity. Supposing that, by the omission alluded to, he was free to act as he chose, Tippo prepared by force of arms to assert his right to the rajah's territory, and in the spring of 1790 he burst into Travancore; and though at first repulsed, he succeeded in carrying the lines of Cranganore by assault, in the face of a brigade of British troops, who offered no opposition to his movements. The consequence of this was a declaration of war by the supreme Government, as well as their new ally, the Nizam of Deccan.

It was the intention of the new governor-general, Lord Cornwallis, as soon as hostilities became inevitable, to proceed into the Carnatic, and place himself at the head of the army. On the 12th of December, 1790, he landed at Madras, and on the 27th of January in the following year he joined the army which he had instructed General Meadows to assemble at Velout; where the troops passed in review, the horses and artillery were inspected, and other preliminary steps to active operations taken.

The general plan of the campaign was to reduce the Coimbettore country, and all the adjacent territory that lay below the *ghauts*, or narrow passes between the mountains, and to advance by the Gujelhetty Pass to the siege of Tippo's metropolitan fortress, Seringapatam. Lord Cornwallis somewhat changed these first plans, and resolved on a grander effort, to force a passage to that place through the country to the westward of Madras. The forces consisted of the 73rd and 75th Highland Regiments, with the 77th Foot, and seven battalions of Native Infantry. The roads were much cut up by the torrents of the monsoons, which occasioned great difficulty and many delays in getting the heavy artillery and stores to the front. "Our native troops, as well as the British soldiers, burned with impatience to take their revenge for the atrocious and brutal degradation to which Tippo had subjected their brothers-in-arms during the last war, and even after the conclusion of it," says Macfarlane; and on the 22nd of February the army had marched beyond the Pass of Muglee without interruption. Two days later saw Lord Cornwallis marching on Bangalore, seventy miles from Seringapatam, then a town of great extent, and having a fortress of considerable strength, encompassed by a deep ditch cut in the solid rock, but distant two miles from the modern town of the same name.

After a march of three days, some parties of the enemy's horsemen were in sight, and recognised as Mysorean cavalry, by their caps and shirts of steel that glittered in the sun. These troops seemed to increase in number as the army advanced, and they burned all the villages and destroyed the forage for the purpose of harassing the march of our army, which, when within ten miles of Bangalore, saw the army of the sultan in excellent order in possession of some heights. The Mysorean guns opened a cannonade, while their cavalry made an unsuccessful dash at the baggage. No effectual resistance was made, and on the 5th of March Cornwallis sat down before Bangalore.

On the same day Colonel Floyd, being despatched with part of the cavalry to reconnoitre, was tempted to attack the Mysore rear, which at first gave way, but on being reinforced soon rallied, and compelled the colonel to retreat. On the following day the town was stormed and taken, with the loss of a hundred men. On the 12th three batteries were opened on the fort, at too great a distance to effect a breach; but on the 16th a nine-gun battery began to fire within 250 yards of the wall, and five days subsequently the British carried the fort by assault with little loss, but, while remembering the past atrocities of the Mysoreans, a great carnage of the garrison, of whom 1,000 were massacred by the bayonet alone, and 300, mostly wounded, were taken prisoners.

The fall of Bangalore filled the heart of the tyrant with alarm, and caused him to make arrangements for removing from his capital his women and treasure, and for obliterating the evidences which Seringapatam contained of the brutalities to which our people in his hands had been subjected. As a part of these operations, says Colonel Wilks, in his "Sketches of Southern India," a number of British prisoners, chiefly youths, who had been detained in violation of the treaty of 1784, were murdered by Abyssinian slaves, in order that they might not reveal the horrible secrets of their prison-house.

The 13th of May brought our army, after incredible exertions, in sight of the magnificent city of Seringapatam, defended by the sultan in person, with 45,000 men; and so rapid were the movements of Lord Cornwallis, that Tippo had only reached the place four days before the bayonets of our advanced guard were seen flashing along the banks of the Cavery. The swelling of the latter, a river which surrounds Seringapatam, together with a scarcity of provisions, compelled Lord Cornwallis to retreat to Bangalore; and his march, like that of General Abercrombie, the second in command, who moved on a different line, was exceedingly laborious. They had to make the roads by which they moved; and for fifty miles or more the route of Abercrombie was over steep mountains, where the battering-trains and stores were moved with the greatest difficulty, and no forage could be procured, as Tippo's troops had destroyed it everywhere. Moreover, the periodical rains brought on sickness and disease. The Mahrattas failed to act as allies.

Though this campaign was not attended with the success anticipated, the next, for which Lord Cornwallis made most ample preparations, was opened under auspices more favourable. Early in February, 1792, the eastern and western armies, resuming their former plans of operation, effected a junction under the walls of Seringapatam; the forces of the peishwa and nizam encamping at a little distance, and supplying the British plentifully with stores and provisions.

Tippo was strongly posted to receive them. His front line, or fortified camp, which was situated on the northern bank of the Cavery, was defended by massive redoubts armed with heavy cannon, and by his field-train and army, posted to the best advantage. Along the line there bristled at least 100 pieces of cannon; and in the fort and island, which formed his second defences, there were thrice that number.

Lord Cornwallis did not suffer his troops to enjoy a long repose in this station.

A general attack was to be made on Tippo's lines, with the view of driving him back upon the island, gaining possession of the forts, and so completing the investment of the place. With due caution, orders were issued from brigade to brigade that the troops should be under arms in three columns at nine o'clock on the evening of the 6th. Neither the tents nor the cannon were to quit their ground, as the latter would be useless in the dark, and to strike the former would excite suspicion of some movement; and it was the general's wish to take Tippo by surprise, and get footing among his works, if possible, without firing a shot.

Faithfully and steadily were these orders obeyed. Full of ardour and spirit, the troops stood to their arms, and the columns of attack formed in the dark with a degree of coolness and alacrity that augured well for the future proceedings of the night. The first, under General Meadows, consisting of His Majesty's 36th, or Herefordshire, and 76th Regiments, the Bengal Brigade, and a battalion of sepoys, had orders to turn the enemy's left.

Dr. Alexander Home, surgeon of the former regiment, had been murdered, when a prisoner in Nundydroog, by Tippo's order, in the January of the same year.

The second column, composed of the 52nd Oxfordshire, the 71st and 74th Highland Regiments, the 4th Bengal and 2nd and 21st Coast Battalions, under Colonel Stewart, had it in charge to force the enemy's centre, and to possess itself of all his works as far as the Pagoda Hill on the extreme right; while the third, made up of the 72nd or Seaforth Highlanders, the 5th Coast Brigade, and a battalion of sepoys, had orders to carry by assault both the Pagoda Hill and the redoubt which covered it. Finally, a strong party of artillerymen and lascars, under the orders of Major Montague, followed in rear of all, for the purpose of turning the guns of the enemy upon themselves so soon as the works should be taken. Lord Cornwallis took post beside the second column, though he left the management of the details as much as possible to Colonel Stewart.

Midnight was close at hand; the moon full and cloudless, in all her Indian splendour, shone down on the broad and rapid Cavery, on the high white walls of the fort of Sri Runga, on the palaces and island gardens of Tippoo, the Lall Bang, where his grave now lies, on the great temple of Vishnu, on the great mosque and the straggling suburb called Shuton-Gunjam, when the troops, moving in columns as we have detailed them, arrived in breathless silence at their three respective points of attack.

The centre column passed the *nullah*, penetrated to the lines undiscovered, and then, finding that no force was under arms to oppose them, they advanced right into the sleeping enemy's camp, where all the tents were standing. On they went yet, and ere long, and ere a shot was fired, the royal pavilion rose before them. Then, by direct orders from the general, they broke into three columns, one of which rested on its arms, while the other two passed on. The first crossed the Cavery near a redoubt, but failed to enter it with the stream of terrified fugitives, in consequence of the quickness with which its gates were closed. Wheeling to

the right, it then penetrated through a long street of bazaars, and, traversing the island, arrived at another ford, by means of which communication was kept up with the surrounding country.

This point was defended by a parapet, on which a couple of guns were mounted; but the assailants rushed on with bayonets fixed, and in a moment the guns were their own. There they halted then, having fairly broken the Mysorean position in two, and established a communication between the two branches of the Cavery.

The operations of the second column were not less victorious and rapid. Passing the river, and wheeling to the left, it swept the whole bank till it formed a junction with the corps of Colonel Maxwell, which had in the same manner borne all before it. He, however, had met serious opposition. Having crossed the Cavery at a place where the bottom was rocky and the banks steep, he lost several men by the fire of the enemy ere his landing was made good by the 72nd Highlanders, who formed the van; and doubtless he would have suffered more severely had not the men of Tippo been thrown into utter confusion by the approach of Stewart, with the 52nd and the two other Highland regiments. Thus alarmed for their communications, the enemy fled in great confusion, leaving on the right, as well as in the centre, the abhorred Feringhees masters of their camp.

Meanwhile General Meadows had been advancing on the enemy's left, when he soon found himself in front of a strong redoubt, into which Tippo had thrown the flower of the Mysore infantry. Advancing with the bayonet alone, the grenadiers of the 36th and of the 76th Regiments carried the covered way; but when attempting to enter the gorge they encountered a dreadful fire of grape and musketry, which cut them down in heaps, and compelled all who survived to recoil. Thrice these brave fellows rushed on to renew the attack, and thrice they were repulsed; but as the ammunition of the enemy was becoming expended, a fourth attack was attempted, and proved successful, and, with the fury of madmen, the surviving grenadiers rushed into the work, and 350 Mysoreans perished under their bayonets.

With the view of opening a communication with Lord Cornwallis, General Meadows now turned the head of his column towards the centre; but, as he kept too close to the front of the camp, he passed in rear of the earl, and halted at last on the Pagoda Hill, on the extreme right of the line.

By this mistake Cornwallis was placed in considerable jeopardy, for having broken up his column in three divisions, as already stated, only four companies of Europeans and four of native infantry remained with him. He was now furiously attacked by the left wing of the enemy, which rallied after the loss of the hill, and, on discovering his weakness, strove to overwhelm him ere assistance could arrive. Fortunately, however, the gallant old 52nd, which on penetrating into the island became detached from all support, after dispersing a force of three times their strength, and capturing four guns, came up just as the firing began. In recrossing the Cavery the men had missed the ford, and as the water flowed into their open pouches, their ammunition was destroyed; but supplying themselves from the casks of a native corps, they threw in a flank fire, which totally disconcerted the enemy, who broke and fled. On this Cornwallis occupied one of the captured redoubts with a few companies, and united his force to that of Meadows by filing off towards the hill, just as the morning sun was beginning to gild the summit of its great pagoda.

So ended the exciting business of the night, and, as the day came in with its tropical rapidity, the infuriated Tippo found that all the field-works covering both flanks of his position were full of red-coats, and that they were in possession of a line that stretched directly across the island. The redoubts in the centre of his camp still held out, while that one which had been stormed by the 71st Highlanders, led by Captain Sibbald, who was slain, and in which Cornwallis had placed a detachment of the 74th Highlanders, lay so directly under the fire from the town that to reinforce it was impracticable; hence its defence rested entirely with the brave fellows to whom it had been entrusted, and nobly did they fulfil that duty.

It was named the "Sultaun's Redoubt," and its defenders consisted only of 100 Highlanders and 50 sepoys, under Major Skelly; yet all day did these men resist the attacks "of thousands upon thousands," while exposed to a tremendous cannonade which tore down their defences. They "repelled," says Gleig, "not less than five assaults, each undertaken by a body of fresh troops," in one instance by Tippo's French-European corps.

The other portions of that corps which held the new alignment across the island were twice attacked with great fury between sunrise and sunset, besides having an *alerte* on the following night. No sign of strife, however, was given on the morrow.

Everything had so far corresponded to all that the earl could wish. In the late action his losses were only 535 men killed and wounded, while those of Tippo were 4,000, and eighty pieces of cannon, together with 10,000 who had deserted or been taken prisoners. And now, to show that terror had

been stricken into the heart of the tyrant, there were sent into camp, worn, wan, and emaciated, two British officers, Lieutenants Chalmers and Nash, whom the sultan, in defiance of a capitulation, had kept languishing, hopeless prisoners, in the dungeons of Seringapatam. On their release Tippo presented them each with a shawl to cover them, and 250 rupees.

"The British general," continues his biographer, "relaxed not his energies for a moment. General Abercrombie, whom the tardy movements of the Hyderabad and Mahratta contingents had prevented from taking up the ground originally marked out for him, was directed to pass over to the north of the Cavery, and there to establish himself in a common camp with Lord Cornwallis's corps. It was to no purpose that Tippo strove, first by threatening the baggage, and latterly by menacing the column, to hinder the execution of this manœuvre. Abercrombie made good his progress; and the united armies devoted themselves to the construction of fascines, and the adjustment of other matters preparatory to the commencement of a siege."

By the morning of the 8th, Tippo saw his stately palace and his beautiful gardens in possession of the enemy, and his whole power reduced to the narrow limits of a citadel, the defence of which was even doubtful. The hitherto unsubdued spirit of the son of Hyder now began to sink amid his tottering fortunes; and hence it was that he released his two captives, as a preliminary step to an accommodation.

On the 18th Lord Cornwallis sent a detachment to the southern bank of the Cavery, and made himself master of the island on both sides. The troops employed on this service, in their spirit of zeal and bravery, broke into the Mysorean camp, and cut one hundred men to pieces, thus drawing the undivided attention of Tippo and his officers, who believed that the final blow was now about to be made. But they were deceived; for the earl, taking advantage of the false attack, broke ground in the night before the northern front of the citadel, and completed in a great measure his first parallel ere the day broke. On beholding this work, and the rapid approach of Abercrombie with his Highlanders and sepoys, driving in his outposts, and completing the investment, his alarm grew greater. He saw that a siege was actually begun, and that the only alternative left him was, either to abide the eventful issue, or avert ruin by submission while means were yet in his power.

In a few days more the walls would have been breached by the shot of fifty pieces of cannon, and the whole place made untenable by our red-hot balls, that would have set the wooden edifices in the heart of the citadel on fire. General Meadows had volunteered to lead the assault, and the men were eager to grapple with the enemy in close conflict.

Tippo was as obstinate as he was brave; but neither his bravery nor his obstinacy could blind his judgment; and he now saw, with rage in his savage heart, that further resistance would be futile. He accordingly sent forth *vakeels*, with whom Lord Cornwallis agreed to treat, but pushing on his works all the while; and when the second parallel was completed the last vestige of Tippo's scruples passed away, and peace was sued for, but granted on severe terms:—

1. That Tippo should cede one-half of his dominions to the allied powers.

2. That he should pay three crores and thirty lacs of rupees (about £3,500,000 sterling).

3. That he must release all prisoners of war.

4. That his two sons should be delivered as hostages for the due performance of the treaty.

On the 26th of February the two princes, each mounted on an elephant, richly caparisoned, proceeded from the citadel to the camp of Lord Cornwallis, where they were received by his lordship, with all his staff in full uniform, and a guard of honour.

The eldest, Abdul Kalik, was about ten, and the youngest, Mooza-ud-Deen, about eight years of age. The princes were attired in white muslin robes, with red turbans, richly adorned with pearls. Educated from infancy with the utmost care, the spectators," says Lloyd, "were astonished to find in these children all the reserve, all the politeness and attention of maturer years. The kindness with which they were received by the British commander appeared to afford them the highest satisfaction." Some presents were exchanged on both sides, and the whole transaction exhibited a scene at once novel, pleasing, and interesting, for these two princes were perhaps the last hostages given and taken in war.

On the 19th of March, 1792, the definitive treaty was signed by the sultan, and delivered by the young princes with great solemnity into the hands of Earl Cornwallis; but the sum specified in the second article not being paid, the princes remained for some time under the safeguard and custody of his lordship.

The cloud for a time passed away, and the army, after receiving the warmest thanks of its leader, as well as a donation of six months' batta, broke up, and returned by detachments to the several places from whence it had been drawn.

CHAPTER L.

ST. AMAND, VALENCIENNES, AND LINCELLES, 1793.

On the murder of Louis XVI., Great Britain declared war, and joined the confederacy formed against the regicide Government of France.

A British contingent, under the Duke of York, embarked for the Netherlands. In this were the first battalions of the three regiments of Guards, which previous to their departure were inspected by George III.; and all the regiments of light dragoons detailed for this expedition were augmented to nine troops.



PORTRAIT OF TIPPO SAHIB.

The Prussians were advancing by Bois-le-Duc, while a corresponding movement was made by the Hanoverians, who had been joined by the British under the Duke of York.

In consequence of General Dampierre's repeated attacks on the Prussians, our brigade of Guards, under Major-General Lake, was greatly harassed, and constantly kept under arms in readiness to move.

At midnight on the 7th of May, 1793, they quitted their cantonments at Orcy, near Tournay, and marched to the camp at Maulde, a Belgian village in the province of Hainault, where they halted at daylight, and joined the allied Austrian and Prussian infantry.

The brigade now consisted of four battalions, one having been made up of the grenadier companies and one light company, all of the Guards, under Lieutenant-Colonel James Perrin, of the 1st. Here the Duke of York led them in person.

The Austrians were ordered to dislodge the enemy from St. Amand on the right bank of the Scheldt, and from another village named Vicogne. At nine in the morning the action began, and was maintained during the greater part of the day with vigour on both sides. The Prussians, who had advanced to support their allies, began to be hard pressed by the now numerous force of the French,



RECEPTION OF THE HOSTAGES FROM TIPPO SAHIB (*see page* 209).

and sent for assistance to the Duke of York, who at once advanced with the brigade of Guards through St. Amand, where evidences remained of the deadly strife which had been waged there, by the dilapidated state of the buildings, and vast numbers of wounded and slain—Prussians, white-coated Austrians, and the ferocious *Sans Culottes* of France—who lay in all directions, covered with blood and gashes.

This was about six in the evening.

"With that precision and rapidity in execution which mark all His Royal Highness's military operations," says a print of the time, "the Coldstream, the 3rd (Scots Guards) Regiment, the grenadiers, and the light infantry marched, leaving the 1st Regiment and the Hanoverians in camp."

This force advanced into the forest of St. Amand, where they halted till the arrival of the Prussian General Knobelsdorf, who rode up, and, with a smile, said, in broken English—

"I reserve for the Coldstream Guards the honour—the special glory—of dislodging the French from their intrenchments in the forest. As British troops, you need only to show yourselves there, and the French will retire!"

The general omitted to state that the Austrians had been three times successively repulsed, with the loss of 1,700 men; and he now proposed to the Coldstream Guards the honour of performing, with 600 rank and file, that which 5,000 Austrians had failed to accomplish! The truth was, that on the failure of the Austrians, application had been made to General Knobelsdorf for some fresh battalions, which requisition he made over to the Duke of York. Under Colonel Pennington, the Coldstream regiment moved towards the wood of Vicogne, the Prussian general accompanying it along the *chaussée*. On arriving at the wood, he pointed to the entrance and coolly galloped away.

The French redoubts commanded the *chaussée* leading to the wood; and on the approach of the right companies of the battalion, which had now closed in on the flying enemy, a tremendous fire, at pistol range, was opened upon it from guns wheeled from a battery, and concealed among the bushes and underwood of the forest. On passing a temporary bridge over a broad ditch, the two right companies, under Colonels Bosville and Gascoigne, lost in ten minutes more than half their numbers, and were compelled to fall back on the skirt of the wood. So sudden was their onset that the last division had scarcely crossed a hedgerow separating the *chaussée* from the wood, when the two leading companies found themselves under this severe fire, while those on the left did not lose a man.

General Dampierre, who led the French, had a leg carried off by a cannon-ball, fired from the British artillery, whose cannon at the time he fell were the only ones playing on the enemy. He was borne off the field by his own troops, and expired next day. Ensign Howard, of the Coldstreams, who carried the colours, the sergeant-major, Darby, two sergeants, and seventy-three rank and file, were the losses of the corps in this affair.

According to the "European Magazine" for 1793, Sergeant-Major Darby "performed prodigies of valour. He had an arm broken and shattered by a ball, but yet continued fighting with the most animated and determined bravery. . . . He put to death a French officer who made an attack upon him; but at length had his leg broken by another cannon-ball, in consequence of which he fell into the hands of the French. The Duke of York sent a trumpeter on the 9th to say that the surgeon who attended him should be liberally rewarded for his trouble, and to request that no expense should be spared in procuring him every comfort that his situation would admit of."

The royal duke, who is still affectionately remembered in the army as "The Soldier's Friend," did more, for he desired his secretary to write a special letter of condolence to the sergeant-major's wife, to allay any anxiety she might feel.

In this affair near Tournay, the Austrians lost 700 men, the Prussians 300, and the *Sans Culottes* nearly 4,000 in killed and wounded.

Condé was now blockaded; and, previous to the investment of Valenciennes, it was necessary to attack the fortified camp of Famars, three miles distant from that place. On the 23rd of May, when the morning was clear and serene, the Duke of York led the first column, consisting of sixteen battalions of British, with some Austrian and Hanoverian troops. After a cannonade the cavalry crossed the Roxelle without opposition at an early hour, near the village of Mershe, and, on the advance of a body of infantry, which would have turned the batteries in flank, the enemy retreated to a great redoubt they had constructed in rear of the village of Famars.

General Clairfait attacked the French stationed on the ridges of Auzain, which were obstinately defended; but the Austrians ultimately gained the position. This success enabled the Prince of Coburg to complete the investment of Valenciennes, while the camp of Famars was occupied by the British and Hanoverians. The redoubt in its rear was held by the enemy till nightfall, when they abandoned it, and retired across the Scheldt.

The siege of Valenciennes, which formed one

of the chief objects of the Allies after the defeat of General Dumourier, was entrusted to the Duke of York, who carried it on with great vigour, and part of the town was laid in ashes before the capitulation. Valenciennes is circular in form, but the houses are generally ill-built, most of them being of wood; and high over all towers the church spire of Notre Dame.

At ten o'clock on the night of the 2nd of June, a working party of Guards and Linesmen, 300 strong, with a numerous covering party, under an engineer officer, began the intrenchments. Next day the Earl of Cavan, afterwards a general and colonel of the 45th Foot, was wounded in the head by a shell splinter. On the subsequent days many men, particularly of the Guards, were killed and wounded by shot and shell in the trenches.

In the "Records of the 16th Lancers," we read "that the first picket furnished by the regiment was posted for fourteen hours under an épaulement, and exposed during the whole of the time to a shower of shells. The men were dismounted, with their horses in hand; but the embankment was so well constructed that the only loss was a few horses wounded. At the storming of the breach, the picket, under Captain Hawker, supported the attack."

On the 25th a mine was sprung; then a second and a third within the space of a few minutes. By the time the third threw its cloud of earth and masonry skyward, a practicable breach was effected, and the Duke of York ordered the British and Austrians to make a general assault. The forlorn hope consisted of 150 men of the Household Brigade, under Colonels Leigh and Doyle, with an equal number of the Line; the whole led by Major-General Ralph Abercrombie.

"The troops being in readiness," says Corporal Robert Brown, of the Coldstreams, in his Journal, "they rushed on with the greatest impetuosity and jumped over the palisades, carrying all before them at the point of the bayonet. The enemy, after a stout resistance, left the works in possession of the victors."

The town capitulated on the 28th, and was taken possession of by the Duke of York in the name of the Emperor of Germany; and this political error rallied into unanimity the hitherto hesitating inclinations of the French people. A few days after the surrender, the 16th Light Dragoons narrowly escaped capture or total destruction. When marching towards Cambray, on the 8th of August, they made a circuit on the south side to the village of Bourler, when they suddenly came upon no less than 5,000 French infantry formed in a deep ravine, with cavalry on their flanks.

Major-General Ralph Dundas instantly gave the words, "Threes about—retire—gallop," and the corps escaped with the loss of a few men; "but before facing about, Lieutenant William Archer had the temerity to fire a double-barreled pistol into the French line."

The French had driven the Dutch troops from Lincelles, which they had occupied by an order from the Prince of Orange. On this Major-General Lake was ordered, with three battalions, consisting of the 1st, Coldstreams, and 3rd Guards, to assist the Dutch troops in retaking the place; but the latter had retired by a different road from that taken by the Guards in their advance. On discovering the mistake, General Lake dispatched an aide-de-camp to the Duke of York at Menin, informing him of the perilous position of the Guards, and requesting support. The 2nd brigade, together with some Hessian battalions, were consequently sent to the front; but ere they could come up the affair was over.

Notwithstanding all this, and the vast superiority of the enemy in strength, General Lake made his preparations, and advancing under a heavy fire, attacked a redoubt of unusual size and strength, situated on high ground, in front of Lincelles. The woods were fiercely defended by the enemy, whose flanks were covered by ditches. The 1st (now Grenadier) Guards led the column, which deployed with great celerity, the Coldstreams forming on the left.

Amid a shower of grape, that hissed and tore through their ranks, the line pushed swiftly on, and after two steady volleys made a furious charge, with loud hurrahs, stormed the works, and dispersed the enemy.

"The French, who had been accustomed," says Corporal Brown, "to the cold, lifeless attacks of the Dutch, were amazed at the spirit and intrepidity of the British; and not much relishing the manner of our salute, immediately gave way, abandoning all that was in the place, and in their flight threw aside both arms and accoutrements. We took one stand of colours and two pieces of cannon, with two they had taken from the Dutch."

The adjutant-general reported that "the enemy amounted to 5,000 men, and lost 11 guns and 300 men."

Among the officers killed was Colonel Bosville, of the Coldstreams, whose death was in consequence of his extraordinary height—six feet four inches. A ball passed through his forehead.

In memory of this gallant affair, the three regiments of Foot Guards carry "Lincelles" on their colours.

In this action the whole strength of the Coldstream Regiment of Guards was only 346 rank and file, and the 1st and 3rd Regiments were in the same proportion.

The following General Order appeared on the 19th of August:—

"His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief returns his warmest thanks to Major-General Lake, Colonels Hulse, Greenfield, Pennington, to Major Wright, and the officers and men belonging to the brigade of Guards and artillery under his command, for the gallantry and intrepidity they so evidently showed in the attack on the French redoubts at the village of Lincelles yesterday afternoon."

CHAPTER LI.

VILLIERS-EN-COUCHE, CAUDRY, ETC., 1794.

AMONG the trophies borne on their standards and appointments, Her Majesty's 15th Hussars have the words "Villiers-en-Couche," in memory of the bravery displayed by the regiment there, when serving with the army under the Duke of York.

Early in the spring of 1794, the troops took the field against the enemy's army, to which the infamous Republican Government of France had issued orders, worthy only of the darkest and most barbarous days of ancient warfare, to the effect that no quarter was to be shown to the British and Hanoverian troops.

"England," began this order, "is capable of every outrage on humanity, and every crime towards the Republic;" and, after urging the destruction of all wounded and prisoners, it closed with the words, "Let the British slaves perish and Europe be free!"

The Duke of York issued a counter-order, urging his army to remember "that mercy to the vanquished is the brightest gem in a soldier's character," and to forget or disregard the abominable element which the Republicans sought to introduce in war; but it is to the credit of the French army that neither its officers nor soldiers carried the brutal commands of the Convention into execution, while many of the superior officers positively refused to enforce a decree which was generally disregarded.

The allied army was divided, for the new campaign, into eight columns; and the siege of Landrecies was undertaken on the 17th of April. Two of the columns were commanded by the Duke of York and Sir William Erskine. That part of the French army which they attacked was strongly intrenched, and surrounded by woods, which could only be penetrated with difficulty, yet in the end the French were compelled to give way. Three days after they attacked the advanced posts of the Prince of Coburg, and drove General Alvinzy, who commanded them, back on the main army.

Flushed with this temporary success, they advanced on a large body of Austrians; but these, being supported by Sir Robert Laurie's brigade of British cavalry, forced them to retire. Exasperated by these failures, the French assembled a large force near Cambray, known by the name of Cæsar's Camp, intending, as soon as they had further reinforcements, to risk a general engagement; but the Allies determined to attack them before their strength was increased. In one of these assaults occurred the action of Villiers-en-Couche, which Sir Harry Calvert (in his Journals and Correspondence) thus describes, in a single paragraph, under date the 25th of April:—

"Since Tuesday, as I foresaw was likely, we have been a good deal on the *qui vive.* On Wednesday morning we had information that the enemy had moved in considerable force from the Camp de César, and early in the afternoon we learned that they had crossed the Selle at Saulzoir, and pushed patrols to Quesnoy and Valenciennes. The Duke (of York) sent orders to General Otto, who had gone out to Cambray on a reconnoitring party, with light dragoons and hussars, to get into the rear of the enemy, find out their strength, and endeavour to cut them off. The enemy retired to Villiers-en-Couche on that night, but occupied Saulzoir and Haussy. Otto, finding their strength greater than he expected—about 14,000—early in the evening sent in for a brigade of heavy cavalry for his support, which marched first to Fontaine Antarque, and afterwards to St. Hiliare; and in the night he sent for a further support of four battalions and some artillery. Unfortunately he confided this mission to a hussar, who never delivered it, having probably lost his way, so that in the morning the general found himself under the necessity of attack-

ing with very inferior numbers. However, by repeated charges of his light cavalry, he drove the enemy back into their camp, and took three pieces of cannon. He had at one time taken eight; but the enemy, bringing up repeated reinforcements of fresh troops, retook five. Our loss I cannot yet ascertain; but I fear the 15th Light Dragoons have suffered considerably. Two battalions of the enemy are entirely destroyed."

For their distinguished bravery on that 24th of April, at Villiers-en-Couche, the Emperor of Germany, through the Earl of Minto, Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at the Court of Vienna, transmitted, in November, 1800, to Lieutenant-Colonel William Aylett, and seven other surviving officers of the present 15th Hussars, the Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa, which had been established by the House of Austria in 1757.

Undeterred by the rough lesson taught them by General Otto, the French, on the 25th and 26th of April, assailed the post of the Duke of York with incredible fury.

On the first of these days, in obedience to orders received from the Committee of Public Safety, and subsequently from General Pichegru, General Chapuis, commanding in the Camp of Cæsar, marched thence with his whole force, consisting of 3,000 cavalry, with 25,000 infantry and 75 pieces of cannon. At Cambray he divided them into three columns.

One, of 10,000 men, marched to Ligny, and attacked the redoubt at Troisville, which was gallantly defended by Colonel Congreve.

The second column was then united, and marched, 12,000 strong, on the high road as far as Beausois, and from that village wheeled off to join the first; when the attack recommenced on the redoubt of Colonel Congreve, who kept the whole at bay. The enemy's flank was protected by the village of Caudry, to defend which, they had six guns, 2,000 infantry, and 500 dragoons.

During this period General Otto deemed it practicable to fall upon their flank with his horse; in consequence of which General Mansel, with 1,450 men—consisting of the Oxford Blues, 1st or King's, 3rd or Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards, the 5th Dragoon Guards, the 1st Royal Dragoons, 15th and 16th Light Cavalry, with General Dundas and a division of Austrian cuirassiers, and another of the Archduke Ferdinand's Hussars, under Prince Swartzenburg—after several manœuvres, charged with a mighty rush through the village of Caudry.

Like a living torrent, horse, man, and sword bore all before them!

A vast number of the enemy's infantry were destroyed, and their cannon taken. General Chapuis, on perceiving this attack on the village, sent down a regiment of carbineers as a support; but they came too late, and were charged by the British light dragoons and the archduke's hussars. They were terribly cut up and routed. The charge was then continued against a brigade of fourteen guns, posted on an eminence, beyond a steep ravine, into which many of the front ranks fell; and, as these guns were firing grape, they did great execution.

However, a considerable body of our cavalry, with General Mansel at their head, passed the ravine, closed their files, charged the cannon with inconceivable rapidity, and with brilliant success.

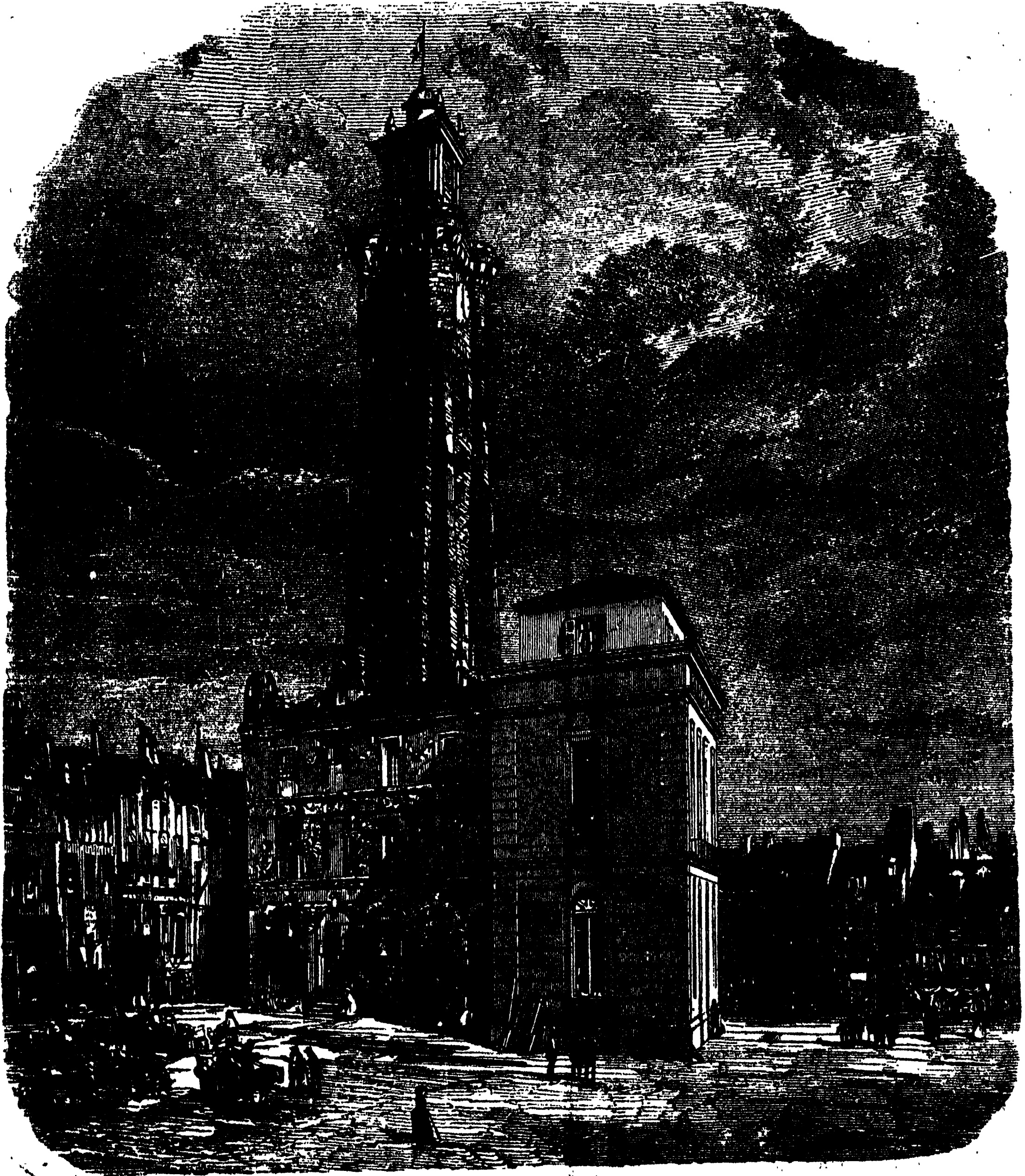
This event decided the day, and "the remaining time was passed in cutting down battalions, till every horse and man was compelled to give up the pursuit from sheer fatigue." It was at the mouth of the battery that the brave General Mansel fell, under a shower of grape shot. One entered his chin and fractured his spine; another broke his sword-arm; a third killed his horse. His son, and aide-de-camp, Captain Mansel, was wounded and taken prisoner. Brigade-Major Payne had his horse shot under him.

The *Evening Mail* of the 14th of May, 1794, states the losses of the enemy at between 14,000 and 15,000 killed alone, which is barely probable. We took 580 prisoners. The loss of tumbrils and ammunition was immense, and in all fifty pieces of cannon, of which thirty-five fell to the British—twenty-seven to the heavy and eight to the light cavalry. So ended a day that redounded to the honour of our dragoons, "who, assisted by a small body of Austrians—the whole not amounting to 1,500—gained a complete victory over the troops of Chapuis, in sight of their *corps de reserve*, consisting of 6,000 men, with twenty pieces of cannon. Had our cavalry been more numerous, or had the infantry come up, few of the French could have escaped.

"The whole army," continues the *Mail*, "lamented the loss of the brave general, who thus gloriously terminated a long military career, during which he had been ever honoured, esteemed, and respected by all who knew him. It should be some consolation to those he has left behind him, that his reputation was as unsullied as his soul was honest, and that he died as he lived, an example of true courage, honour, and humility."

On the preceding day he had narrowly escaped being surrounded, at Villiers-en-Couche, by the enemy, owing to a mistake of General Otto's aide-de-camp, who was sent to bring up the heavy

cavalry, in doing which he mistook the way, and led them along the front of the enemy's cannon, by which the 3rd Dragoon Guards were considerably cut up.



THE BELFRY AT VALENCIENNES.

The "Annual Register" gives the French killed at 3,000 men, including General Chapuis and a great number of officers.

The morning of the 26th of April was a very foggy one (says the Historical Record of the 16th Lancers); all the low-lying grounds about Le Cateau, or Cateau-Cambrises, on the right bank of the Selle, where the British army was in position, were involved in white vapour. Before break of day, a few pistol-shots, and now and then a shout, came faintly out of this vapoury shroud, which covered the hamlets in front of the camp, as the French, full of vengeance for the affairs of Villiers-en-Couche and that of the preceding day, came furiously on.

"So impetuous was the attack of the enemy, that the videttes were instantly driven in, and the 16th were aroused by a few shots fired among their tents; at the same time the officers' baggage was

taken by the French. The temerity of the enemy on this occasion was, however, punished by the 16th and Barco's Hussars (Germans), who charged, killed, and made prisoners a number of opponents; while Prince Swartzenburg requested their trumpeters to sound the assembly, and, if possible, to collect a sufficient force to cut off this column of the enemy. But the French discovered the critical situation into which this rash advance had brought them, and fell back with the utmost rapidity."



PASSAGE OF THE ISSEL (*see page* 218).

The Duke of York, while surveying the scene of this conflict from the summit of a redoubt, observed that the left flank of the enemy was uncovered and open; and thus he instantly dispatched the cavalry of the right wing to take advantage of the occasion with sword and pistol. The movement was completely successful. The enemy were broken, thrown into confusion, and once more hurled from the field, with slaughter, the loss of cannon, and many officers and soldiers made prisoners. In his dispatch, His Royal Highness the Duke of York declared the conduct of the British cavalry to be "beyond all praise;" and it was stated in General Orders that "the Austrian cuirassier Regiment of Zetchwitz, the Blues, 1st, 3rd, and 5th Dragoon Guards, the Royals, Archduke Ferdinand's Hussars, and the 16th Light Dragoons, who attacked and defeated the principal column of the enemy on the right, have all acquired immortal honour to themselves."

Sabre à la main, they pursued the enemy to the very gates of Cambray. In General Orders the following rewards were offered for captures, by the Duke of York, 12th May, 1794:—"For each cannon or howitzer, £20; for each pair of colours, £10; for each tumbril, £10; for each horse, £12."

We shall close the story of the campaign in Holland before recurring to the events which were taking place under our colours elsewhere by land and sea.

The Emperor of Germany having resolved on making a grand attempt to expel the invading French Republicans from the Low Countries, five columns of troops were ordered to advance against them. From fatigue, two of these were unable to arrive in time. The other three, on reaching Moncron, found the enemy too strong to be attacked, and retreated to Tournay. The column led by the Duke of York consisted of seven British, five Austrian, and two Hessian battalions, with ten squadrons of cavalry; these forced the enemy to

evacuate Lannoy, with all its cotton-mills and woollen factories. They afterwards proceeded to Roubaix, six miles north of Lille. With four battalions of the Guards, General Abercrombie pushed on against the enemy, whom he found strongly intrenched. They were cannonaded for some time, and then the flank battalion of the Guards advanced to storm the position, supported by the 7th and 15th Light Dragoons, who gallantly drove the French before them, and took three pieces of cannon.

This was at a place called Mouvaix, which was situated on rising ground, surrounded by palisades, and protected by flanking redoubts. While the Guards were storming these in front, the 7th, led by Lieutenant-Colonel William Osborne, an officer who had been twenty years in the regiment, and was greatly beloved by it, made a détour round the village, followed by the 15th, under Lieutenant-Colonel Churchill. "As the French began to give way before the furious onset of the Guards, and, issuing from among the houses, attempted to escape by the rear of the village, they were charged by the two cavalry regiments with the most distinguished bravery. The 7th were in front on this occasion, and arriving at a *chevaux-de-frise*, a few men of the regiment dismounted, and, though exposed to a sharp fire of musketry, cleared a space for the troops to pass; when the two regiments rushed with terrific violence on the French infantry, broke their ranks, and cut them down with a dreadful slaughter. When the two regiments returned from pursuit the evening was far advanced, and they passed the night in the village."

On the morning of the 17th of May the enemy attacked Tournay; on the same day another corps burst through General Otto's position at Waterloo, and assailed the rear of the British troops, who, by the failure of other portions of the allied army to perform a share in combined movements, were left to the whole might and power of the enemy's overwhelming numbers.

The slender force of the Duke of York was soon compelled to give way, and a detachment of the 16th Light Dragoons, under Lieutenant W. H. Pringle, escorted him to the column under the veteran General Otto.

In June reinforcements came for the army, under the command of the Earl of Moira, who, as the French occupied all the country about Ostend, had to effect a junction with the Duke of York by the way of Malines. The troops now marched through West Wesel towards Rosendale; on the 16th of September they crossed the Maese, and on the 21st and 22nd of the same month repulsed the enemy in their attempts to advance.

The passage of the Wesel was opposed by the British army for a time with success; but in the unusually severe winter of 1794-5 the waters of that river and the Maese were completely frozen. Then the overwhelming legions of the French Republic crossed both streams, and carried all before them. Under these circumstances, an enemy in arms against them of ten times their force, the whole population either secretly or openly hostile, the British began to cross the Issel, with their sick and wounded in deplorable numbers, "to which were added, by the false indulgence of the Government at home, a helpless multitude of women and children."

The sufferings of these unfortunates were dreadful during this memorable retreat. Hundreds were frozen in the abandoned wagons, while others perished by the wayside. The doors of the peasantry, through the barren and desolate country over which they passed in the dead of winter, were invariably shut against them; nor was it without the execution of some of these people that any supply of food could be procured. The 16th of January, 1795, was a day memorable for its hardship and distress. The troops had marched at the usual hour, and by three in the afternoon reached Welaw, where it was intended to halt for the night; but circumstances were such as to make it necessary to march fifteen miles farther! Besides suffering from the severity of the weather and fatigue, the troops had been all day without a morsel of food. For some miles their rôute lay over a sandy desert. The high keen wind carried the drifted snow and sand with such violence that the human frame could scarcely resist its power. The cold was intense; the water which collected in the hollow eyes of the men congealed as it fell, and hung in icicles from their eyelashes; the breath froze, and lodged in icy incrustations about their haggard faces, and on the blankets and coats which they wrapped about them. Hundreds of men and women lost sight of the columns after dark, and, dropping by the wayside, slept to wake no more.

By eleven at night the troops reached Brickborge, but the houses were already filled with Hessian soldiers, who brutally opposed all admission with the bayonet; and this was occurring in the very land our troops had come to save from pillage and slavery!

"In the march through Holland and Westphalia," says General Stewart, "when the cold was so intense that brandy froze in bottles, the Highlanders, consisting of the 78th, 79th, and the new recruits of the 42nd—very young soldiers—all wore the kilt, and yet the loss was out of all comparison less than that sustained by other corps."

In fierce pursuit were 50,000 Frenchmen; but, notwithstanding fatigue, distress, the snow, and starvation, our soldiers never lost their courage, firmness, or discipline, and conveyed to Deventer, on the 27th of January, all their artillery, ammunition, and most of their stores.

At Gildermalsen the enemy made an attack with such fury that our outposts were driven in. A regiment of their hussars, dressed in a uniform similar to that worn by the emigrant regiment of the Duke de Choiseul in our service, pushed on, treacherously shouting "Choiseul—Choiseul!" and got close to the 78th Highlanders undiscovered; but were met by the light company of the old Black Watch, whose fire scattered them in an instant, while their infantry came on singing the Carmagnole March.

On the 24th of February the flashing of musketry through the drifting sand and snow announced that the rear-guard had been overtaken by the enemy; but such was the resolution and bravery of our people, that the foe was repulsed and the retreat was continued, till the shattered army reached Bremen, on the 28th of March.

There the flank battalions of the Guards joined the army, and there the head-quarters were established for a little time.

"The conduct of our troops in this terrible retreat," says Brenton, in his "Naval History of Great Britain," "excited the admiration even of the proud and insolent Republicans. A squadron of small frigates and sloops of war, under the command of Captain Sotheby, of the *Andromache*, with a number of transports in the rivers Elbe and Weser, received the gallant remains of this band of heroes on board at Bremen and Cuxhaven. The last division of them were collected and preserved by the attention of Colonel Barnet, of the Guards, and Colonel Boardman, of the Scots Greys. Among them were few who had not lost a limb, either from the casualties of war or the inclemency of the weather, and numbers of them were reduced to skeletons. This last division was conveyed to England by the Hon. Captain Jones, in the *Sibyl*, 28 guns."

And so ended our campaign in Holland, where the Dutch, for a time, received the French as liberators.

CHAPTER LII.

CORSICA, 1794.

On the Revolution taking place in France, the inhabitants of Corsica were admitted to the citizenship, and sent deputies to the National Assembly; but in 1794 Paoli, thinking the opportunity favourable for rescuing his country from the French yoke, invited Lord Hood, then with the armament at Toulon, and who had failed in a recent attempt against Corsica, to invade it anew.

Lord Hood, as a preliminary step, determined to dispatch two officers on whose judgment he could rely to Corsica, to ascertain exactly how the opposing parties in the island stood, and to report as to the eligibility of such an enterprise. One of the officers selected for this important mission was Lieutenant-Colonel John Moore (the future hero of Corunna), who had recently joined the army of Sir David Dundas, as Commandant of the 51st Regiment; the other was Major Koelher; and they left the land and sea forces in Hyères Bay, off Toulon, on the 18th of February, 1794. They effected a landing with some difficulty, for the coast was entirely in the possession of the enemy, and succeeded in uniting themselves with one of the irregular bands then in arms under Paoli. By this means they reached the camp of the Corsican general, under whose protection they spent several days; and the result of his observations and inquiries led Moore to conclude that a compliance with Paoli's request would lead to the reduction of Corsica.

He sent his report to Lord Hood and to Sir David Dundas, and, retiring as he had come, took shelter in the little isle of Roussa, where he waited patiently till the fleet should arrive to relieve him. The report he made was so clear and explicit that the scruples of the admiral vanished. He stated "that the enemy were indeed pressed, but that a reinforcement of 8,000 men, under the convoy of two frigates and several smaller vessels, was daily expected from Nice; so that if strenuous exertions were not used to cut off or prevent that supply, Paoli must again abandon his country, and its people once more receive the yoke of France."

It was on the morning of the 23rd that this

intelligence reached Lord Hood. That evening he weighed anchor, and, sending a frigate to receive Colonel Moore on board, held his course, with sixty sail, towards Corsica. But a storm coming on, he was compelled to take shelter in the harbour of Porto Ferrara, which he reached with difficulty at a late hour on the 29th." The transport with the Scots Royals on board was driven into port in the Isle of Elba, where she was compelled to remain several days.

On the 6th of the subsequent month, when the damage sustained in the late gales was repaired, and fresh supplies were brought on board from Leghorn, the fleet again set sail; and all the transports, under the convoy of the *Fortitude* and *Juno*, frigates, came to anchor in the Gulf of Fiorenzo, under the lee of the great granite mountains of Corsica.

Next evening there were landed the 2nd battalion of the 1st Royals, and the 11th, 25th, 30th, 50th, 51st, and 69th Regiments, on the shore of the gulf, which runs fifteen miles up into the country. The troops proceeded at once to take possession of certain heights which overlook and command the town of San Fiorenzo, while the frigates continued firing for two hours and a half in the vain hope of destroying the defences of the enemy. They were eventually compelled to sheer off out of range of the French batteries, and leave to the troops the task of their reduction.

There were three works which commanded the proposed anchorage ground, namely, the Tower of Martello, the Convention Redoubt, with its batteries, and the Tower of Fornelli.

On the 8th, the Royals and 51st were detached, under Colonel Moore, with a small howitzer and a six-pounder, carried on the shoulders of a detachment of seamen, against the Fornelli Tower. After traversing for eight miles, among the most savage mountain scenery, a district totally destitute of roads, they reached the granite rocks that overhung the tower, but found the distance between too great for such light artillery to be of the least service; consequently the battalions retired. Their shot could not have reached across the ravine that yawned between the rocks and the tower, while the descent was so precipitous that the goatherds themselves never ventured to penetrate into the abyss.

Head-quarters were now established in front of the Convention Redoubt, against which batteries were erected, as it was considered the key to all the works in that part of the island. It was built upon an isolated hill, about 250 feet from the sea, and could only be battered from the summit of a steep crag at the distance of 1,000 yards, and to the top of that crag the breaching-guns were dragged by the seamen of the fleet.

Both men and officers laboured assiduously at this task for four days, and at length got six guns into position. On the fifth they opened fire, and kept up a cannonade, without a moment's intermission, throughout that and the following day, in the evening of which the enemy's works were seen to be ruined, and their replies to our guns became faint and intermittent, so Sir David Dundas resolved to try the effect of an assault without further delay.

For this service he detached the Royal Scots, the 25th, or King's Own Borderers, the 50th, and 51st; the whole to be under Lieutenant-Colonel Moore. On the morning of the 17th, when day had not yet lightened the summits of that great chain of mountains which, beginning at Bastia, traverse the island to its southern point, the troops got quietly and silently under arms. The Royals and 25th moved to attack the advanced post of the redoubt; the 50th marched against the centre of the work, and the 51st proceeded along the sea-shore.

After traversing some very rocky ground, covered with fragrant myrtle bushes, the whole of the troops arrived in the immediate vicinity of the redoubt, and quite unseen by the enemy. The words of command were softly issued, the bugles rang out the "advance," and, without firing a single shot, the troops swarmed into the redoubt from three points, and by their bayonets alone hurled the French and Corsicans down the steep hill in their rear. Within the space of five minutes the British colours were flying on the redoubt, and its commandant, with a considerable portion of its garrison, was disarmed and taken.

The enemy soon after abandoned the town of San Fiorenzo, with the towers and batteries along the gulf, and retreated to the Tower of Tichine, situated on a high mountain between Fiorenzo and Bastia, an important seaport, and the capital of the whole island.

Speaking of these events, Sir David Dundas records in his dispatch, "The conduct of Lieutenant-Colonel Moore, and of the officers and soldiers under his orders, was firm and judicious, and merits every commendation."

A movement was now made by sea on Bastia, which is a lofty but ill-built, old-fashioned town, protected by a citadel of considerable strength, and by a series of minor fortifications, amid which rise the cathedral and the chapel of the Santa Croce. Here a considerable resistance was made; but the fire from the shipping proved so severe, and the batteries on the land side were so well served, that

on the 21st of May the tricolour descended on the citadel, and Bastia threw open its gates on capitulation.

There remained in the hands of the enemy only the town of Calvi now. It is distant thirty-three miles from the capital, and is situated on a lofty, insular tongue of land, which forms one of the most beautiful harbours in the island. It was strongly fortified and well garrisoned. Between it and Bastia there intervenes a mountain range of great steepness, difficult of passage for horses, and quite impracticable for artillery. To surmount this obstacle the admiral and the commander of the troops, who was now Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Stewart, came to the conclusion of transporting them and their stores by sea. Thus, on the 19th of June, the whole were disembarked at a little place called Port Agra, a bay near Calvi; and on the same evening active operations were begun by the occupation of the height named the Sierra del Capuccine, and the position being distant only three miles from the enemy's advanced works, a close reconnaisance was immediately executed.

The latter convinced Sir Charles that the reduction of Calvi would prove the hardest work the troops had yet encountered in Corsica; nevertheless, batteries were promptly erected, and, the mountain passes being seized, the seamen were employed to drag the guns and mortars up the rugged face of an almost perpendicular cliff.

There were two principal redoubts which, with batteries communicating, covered the approaches to the town, and rendered the harbour and roadstead a perilous place for a hostile squadron. Against these, named respectively the Mollmochiso and Mozello Forts, the first attacks were directed, with a combination of skill and courage which could not fail in leading to the best results. The former work, after sustaining an incessant cannonade, was menaced on the 6th of July with an assault; and the enemy, conscious of their inability to resist it, abandoned the redoubt.

Fresh exertions were now made to reduce the Mozello by opening a fire from two points at once; and a practicable breach having been made on its western side on the 18th of July, the light infantry and the Royal Scots, led by Colonel Moore, "proceeded with cool and steady confidence, and with unloaded arms, towards the enemy, forced their way through a smart fire of musketry, and, regardless of live shells thrown into the breach, or the additional defence of pikes, stormed the Mozello; while Lieutenant-Colonel Wemyss, with the Royal Irish Regiment, and two pieces of cannon, under Lieutenant Lemoine, equally regardless of opposition, carried the enemy's battery on the left, and forced the trenches without firing a shot."

This was one hour before daybreak.

Calvi was no longer defensible after the fall of these works. The governor, however, withstood a renewal of the cannonade, which continued throughout the next and part of the succeeding day; but by noon on the 21st further resistance became futile, and his drums beat a *chamade.*

Most honourable terms were granted to him, in consequence of the valour of his defence; and Calvi, with its dependencies, submitted to the British arms.

An assembly of the deputies afterwards agreed to unite the island to Great Britain, which was performed with the solemnities customary on such occasions. Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto, took, in His Majesty's name, the oath prescribed "to maintain the liberties of Corsica according to the constitution and the laws."

On the 20th of June "Te Deum" was sung in the cathedral of Bastia, accompanied by a royal salute; and prayers were offered up for His Majesty by the bishop at the altar, "by the name of George III., King of Great Britain and Corsica. In the evening the town was illuminated, and the people demonstrated their loyalty and joy by every means in their power."

So Corsica became, for a time, a portion of our mighty empire, not without an earnest desire on the part of the king and people to render the islanders prosperous and happy. A strong body of troops was quartered there for its protection; Lord Minto was appointed viceroy, and two battalions of the natives were added to our army, as the Royal Corsican Rangers, the last of which was disbanded in 1818.

Corsica did not, however, long remain an appendage of the British crown. The natives became elated with the brilliant career of their countryman, Napoleon Bonaparte, and determined to renew their connection with France. On this the British quitted the island, which has ever since continued a French province.

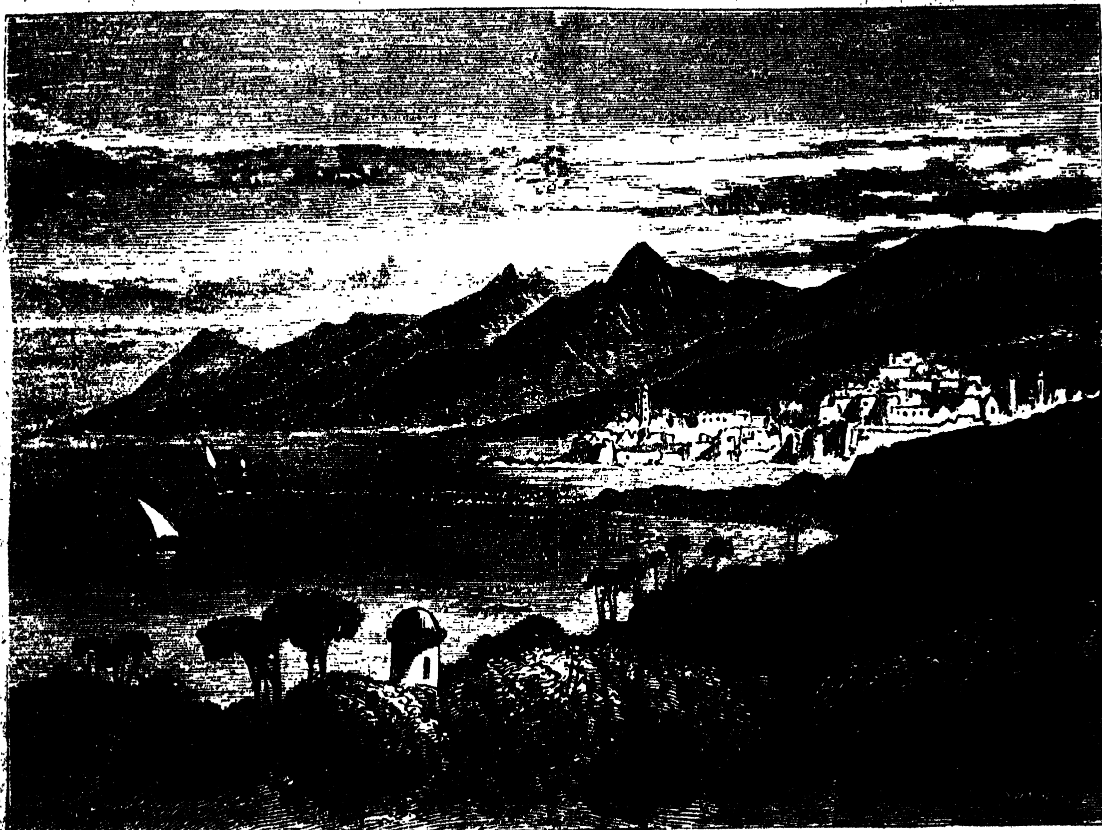
It is singular that "Corsica" was not emblazoned on the colours of any of the regiments which served with such valour in its reduction.

Sir David Dundas, the commander of the troops in that service, was afterwards appointed quartermaster-general. The son of humble parents in Edinburgh, he had been originally intended for the practice of medicine; but obtained a subaltern's commission in the Engineers, and afterwards became a field-officer in the Dragoon Guards.

CHAPTER LIII.

OFF USHANT, 1794.

We now begin to approach the most stirring period of our naval and military annals, "the scenes and perils," says Creasy, "which are yet fresh in the memory of many living—the menaced invasion of 1798; the renewed threats in 1801, and the still more formidable crisis of 1805. No Englishman who is worthy of the name can recall those times —the times of Howe, of Jarvis, of Calder, of Collingwood, and (greatest of all) of Nelson—without feeling a glow of patriotic pride at the deeds then done, the perils then averted, the conquests then achieved, and the humiliation of the strongest and fiercest foe by whom Britain was ever assailed; and at the preservation of this island, unscathed and inviolate by hostile fire or sword, while every other country in Europe was swept by the desolating storms of war."



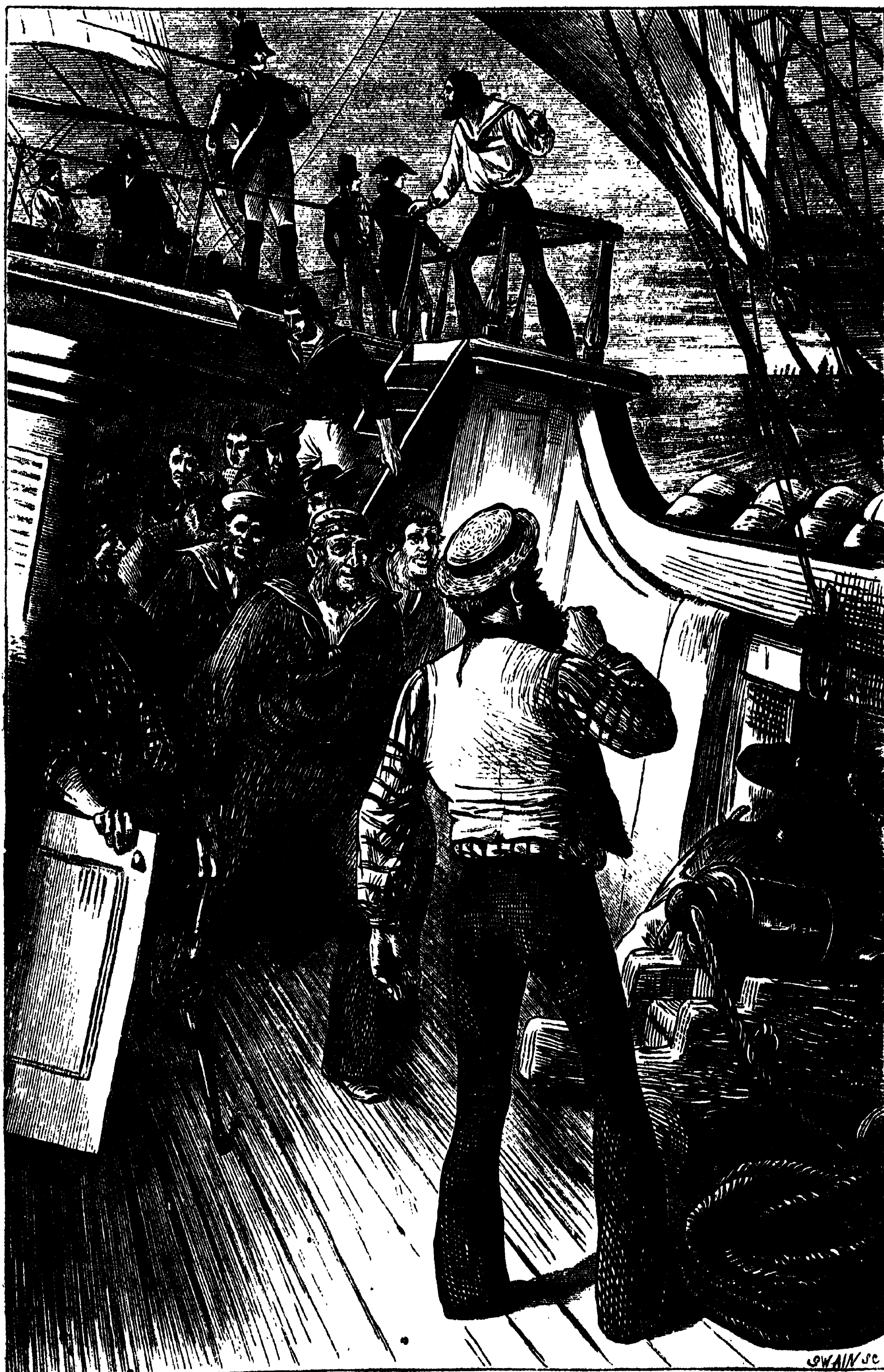
VIEW OF BASTIA.

The attack of the French mobs upon hereditary sovereignty alarmed all Europe; and when the blood of the royal family of France stained the scaffold, Britain, Holland, Spain, Austria, Prussia, and other states declared war against the new French Republic, and in 1793 that strife began which was to last with little interruption, for twenty-two years.

Twenty-one sail of the line and several frigates, in addition to those already in commission, were on the 2nd of February ordered to be got ready and fitted for sea with the utmost expedition. At this crisis the British navy consisted of 156 ships of the line; 23 of fifty guns, 140 frigates, and 95 sloops—in all 414 sail.

The year 1794 saw some brilliant encounters with the enemy by sea. Among these, few were more gallantly fought than the action off Ushant, on the memorable 1st of June.

Most stately was the fleet which had been cruising off Brest and Ushant during the past month of



BEFORE THE FIGHT OFF USHANT.

May, under the veteran Earl Howe, one of Britain's most able admirals. He had with him the *Queen Charlotte*, a three-decker, of 110 guns, carrying his own flag, his captains being Sir Roger Curtis, one of the heroes of Gibraltar, and Sir Andrew Douglas, one of that old Scottish race whose swords have never failed their king or country; the *Royal Sovereign*, 110 guns, carrying the flag of Admiral Graves, the conqueror of the Count de Grasse; and the *Royal George*, also 100 guns, with the flag of Sir Alexander Hood; the stout old *Barfleur*, 98 guns, which had the white flag of Sir George Bowyer, and whose captain was Cuthbert Collingwood; the *Impregnable* and *Queen*, each of 98 guns; and nineteen other ships of 80 and 74 guns; and in addition to this armada of two and three-deckers were seven frigates.

The fleet was formed in three squadrons.

The van was led by Admiral Pasley, in the *Bellerophon*, 74, in after years the "prison ship" of the great Emperor.

The centre was led by Earl Howe, in the *Queen Charlotte*, 110 guns, with 900 men.

The rear by Sir Alexander Hood, K.B., Admiral of the Blue. The frigates *Niger*, *Pegasus*, and *Aquilon*, were attached to each squadron, to repeat signals.

The result of the Revolution was that at this time a scarcity almost amounting to famine pressed sorely upon the French, who looked eagerly forward to the arrival of a convoy, consisting of no less than 350 sail, from various American ports, laden with West Indian produce. At the same time the Republican Government had fitted out at Brest, under Rear-Admiral Villaret Joyeuse, a most formidable fleet, to cope with any that we might send to sea. So now Earl Howe's first object was to capture or destroy the American convoy; and, secondly, to fight, if necessary, the Brest fleet, which otherwise might blockade our Channel ports, and incommode our commerce. After escorting a fleet of merchantmen clear of the Lizard, he had steered for Ushant, where he lay on the watch; and while cruising there he learned on the 19th, from an American ship, that the Brest fleet had actually left the port some days before, and that it consisted of twenty-five ships of the line and fifteen frigates and corvettes, under Villaret Joyeuse, and the Conventional Deputy Jean-bon St. André, the three largest vessels being *Le Terrible*, *Le Montagne*, and *Le Républicain*, each of 120 guns and 1,000 men.

On the 17th this armament had passed near the British fleet unseen in a dense fog; but they had heard fog-signals—beating of drums and ringing of bells. Villaret on the 19th fell in with the Lisbon convoy, consisting of Dutch vessels, and captured twenty of them, an omen of good fortune which animated the seamen more effectually than a hundred harangues from the Citizen Deputy would have done; and then he proceeded to effect a junction with a squadron from Rochefort.

At this time the French navy was almost destitute of trained and experienced officers. The old commanders had emigrated, been deposed, were murdered or guillotined, before the talents of their successors had been developed. "Our admirals," says Creasy, "did not act like the pedantic and procrastinating generals of Austria and Prussia, who, by trifling with opportunities, and forbearing to press advantages, gave the Carmagnoles of the French armies time to add discipline and organisation to their natural valour. The French navy was promptly assailed, while yet in the disorder which the Revolution had caused, and it never afterwards during the war, was allowed to recover from the effects of the blows that were then so promptly dealt."

Earl Howe obtained accurate information of the enemy's movements; and from the crews of some captures he made, he learned that the French intended to use red-hot shot, and that their officers had resolved to fight at close quarters.

On the morning of the 28th, when about 140 leagues off Ushant, the enemy were descried at some distance to windward. This was about six in the morning, when the sun was breaking redly in the east, and a breeze blowing fresh, south by west, causing the ships to roll heavily. On perceiving the British fleet, they hoisted their topgallant-sails and bore down in loose order, but soon after hauled again to the wind, and began to form in order of battle.

Our fleet still continued in order of sailing, save the van, under Admiral Pasley, which lay to windward of the whole, and were fast coming up with the French. About ten a.m., Lord Howe made that signal ever so welcome to a British fleet, to "prepare for action," for the *Bellerophon* to shorten sail, and the ships to get in compact order.

The hostile squadrons continued imperceptibly to approach each other, and when but a few miles apart, the French suddenly hauled to the wind on the port tack and lay to. A three-decker was then observed to hail each ship in succession, on which Earl Howe signalled for the fleet to wear, and coming-to on the same tack as the French, he pressed to windward in two divisions, with the weather one in advance as a flying squadron. The crews were now piped to dinner, and in their grog, mid three cheers, drank "Confusion to the French, and a glorious victory to Old England!"

The number of men and guns in the action that ensued was 2,228 guns and 20,900 men in all; but the French were superior to us by one ship, 60 guns, 4,002 lbs. of metal, and 6,182 tons.

Towards the close of the day, Admiral Pasley, in the *Bellerophon*, came up with the rear ship of the enemy's line, a three-decker, on which he commenced a fierce and resolute attack. She was *La Revolutionnaire*, 120 guns. For more than an hour he maintained the unequal contest, for she had 1,000 men on board, while Pasley's seventy-four had but 615; and when the mainmast of the *Bellerophon* fell, he was compelled to fall away to leeward and rejoin the fleet. Her antagonist, which had suffered even more severely, put before the wind. The *Audacious* came up at this time, and continued to engage the same ship for two hours without intermission, when the mizzenmast of *La Revolutionnaire* went by the board, her lower-yards and maintopsail-yard were shot away, and in this situation she fell helplessly athwart the hawse of the *Audacious;* but afterwards getting clear, she let fall her courses, and stood away before the wind, at a time when Captain Parker was unable to follow, as his sails and rigging were cut to pieces.

As the night which came on was extremely dark, he could not discern the lights of the fleet, and when day dawned nine of the enemy's ships were discovered to windward of the *Audacious*, whose situation became alarming when two of these gave chase; but, by the activity of her officers and men, she was enabled to preserve her distance, and they could perceive the great ship with which they had been engaged overnight lying like a log upon the sea, totally dismasted. Some prisoners on board the *Audacious* informed Captain Parker that under the Monarchy she had been named *Le Bretagne.*

On the 29th a partial engagement took place between the hostile fleets, in which some of the enemy's ships were severely handled, and the weather-gage kept by the British. For the two following days thick foggy weather prevented any operations, though at intervals the ships were in sight of each other, and not many miles distant, gliding from one bank of mist into another.

Such were the preludes to the great encounter on the 1st of June, when, in latitude 47 degrees 48 minutes north, and longitude 18 degrees 30 minutes west, with the sea rolling gently before a south-west wind, the fleet of France was seen by the British, early in the morning, steering in line of battle on the starboard tack.

At a quarter past seven Earl Howe signalled that he should attack the enemy's centre, under their commander-in-chief, and a few minutes afterwards that he should break through their line, and engage to leeward. Pending these manœuvres, the crews were piped to breakfast; after which the drums beat to quarters, and the ships heaving cleared away for action, the ports were triced up, and in few minutes another signal was seen to flutter out from the admiral's ship. Each ship was to steer for and engage independently the ship opposed to her in the French line. To carry out this some new arrangements were necessary, so that the vessels should be equally matched. "These being speedily effected, the line of the British was dressed as perfectly as it could have been done at Spithead; and the signal for close action flying at the masthead of the *Queen Charlotte*, Lord Howe emphatically closed his signal-book, as if he considered that for the present it would no more be needed."

About half-past nine the French van, under Admiral Bouvet, opened a distant fire upon ours, particularly on the *Defence*, 74, Captain Gambier, which forged ahead of the line, while, on the contrary, the leading ship, the *Cæsar*, 80 guns, had thrown her maintopsail aback, and others were lagging astern under too little sail.

Bearing boldly straight ahead, the *Defence* was the first to break through the French line, passing between the *Mucius Scævola* and the *Tourville*, two seventy-fours, and, owing to the French astern not being attacked, was soon placed apart and surrounded by a concentrated fire, of which she became the centre or vortex. With all her guns engaged, and every musket blazing from tops and poop, she defended herself vigorously; till the *Mucius*, after a few broadsides, found it convenient to stretch out to windward of the *Marlborough*, under the Hon. Captain Berkeley, and the *Tourville* also made sail, but not until the *Defence* had all her spars shot away, the mainmast falling in-board, and choking up the deck with lumber; and at one p.m. she was taken in tow by the *Phaeton*, after fifty-two of her crew had been killed or wounded.

The *Queen Charlotte*, with the signal for close battle flying, surging through the waves under a press of bellying canvas, steered direct for the port quarter of the *Montagne*, 120 guns, the flag-ship of Villaret Joyeuse. In passing she received the fire of the *Vengeur*, and, as she shot ahead, that of the *Achille*, another seventy-four, whose hull she shattered by one crashing broadside. Thence she bore right under the towering stern of the *Montagne*, so close, it is said, that the great tricolour which waved on the flagstaff touched her rattlins. She raked the Frenchman fore-and-aft with a storm of iron, while to starboard she plied fast and furiously the *Jacobin*, 80 guns, as that ship lay under her

lee. While dropping astern the *Jacobin* replied with such guns as her crew could get to bear on the *Queen Charlotte*, the foretopmast of which was shot away.

Nevertheless, she continued pouring her battery into the huge French flag-ship, which, singular to say, kept her lee ports shut until, at about a quarter to ten, she forged ahead, her decks drenched in blood, and strewed with the bodies of 100 killed and 200 wounded men.

The *Marlborough*, the *Royal George*, the *Queen*, and the *Brunswick* were the only ships which, in addition to the *Defence* and flag-ship, pushed through the enemy's line.

The *Brunswick* followed closely astern of the admiral, receiving, as his ship did, the fire of the *Achille* and *Vengeur*. Her three starboard anchors got hooked in the rigging of the latter; and Stewart, the master, asked Captain Harvey if he "should cut her clear."

"No," replied the captain; "we have got her, and shall keep her fast."

Almost muzzle to muzzle, the cannonade was as close as it was deadly; and the Frenchman's small arms, together with his thirty-six-pounder poop-guns loaded with langridge shot, made dreadful slaughter on the quarter-deck of the *Brunswick*. Many officers fell killed and wounded, and Captain Harvey had his sword-hand shattered.

Through the smoke the *Achille* bore down, her gangways and outer rigging black with a swarm of boarders, armed with pistol, pike, and cutlass. The captains of the five aftermost guns on the lower deck on the starboard side, rushed with their men to those on the port side; they increased their loading with cross-bar shot. Steady aim was taken, the port-fires fell, and these dreadful missiles swept the crowded gangways of the *Achille* and brought down her foremast, the only spar she had remaining. A few more broadsides plunged through her, and then the colours were struck, as she rolled helplessly in the trough of the sea; but as the crew of the *Brunswick* were unable to take possession of her, the tricolour was hoisted again, and she began to make off, with her spritsail set. As Captain Harvey, wounded and bleeding, when struck by a double-headed shot, was borne into his cabin, he cried—

"Persevere, my brave lads, in your duty. Continue the action with spirit, for the honour of our king and country; and remember my last words—'The colours of the *Brunswick* shall never be struck!'"

He died of his wounds on the 30th of June.

The two ships swung clear of each other, the *Vengeur* tearing away the three anchors of the *Brunswick*, and receiving some terrible broadsides from the *Ramillies*, which now came into action. After this the water poured in so fast at her larboard ports that 400 of her crew were rescued by the boats of the *Alfred*, *Culloden*, and *Rattler*, after which she went down, with her killed and wounded, the latter crying, "*Vive la République!*" to the last.

Plunging into the thickest of the fight, Admiral Pasley, in the *Bellerophon*, bore within musket-shot of the *École*, 74. "As the *Bellerophon* surged through the deadly space between, she received a destructive fire from the three advanced ships of the French, which she returned with a well-delivered cannonade;" but about eleven o'clock the admiral lost a leg, and was borne from the deck.

Admiral Graves, in the *Royal Sovereign*, engaged the *Terrible*, a three-decker, of 120 guns, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Bouvet.

"At twenty-three minutes past nine a.m.," says the minute Mr. James, "after having been struck by several shots from the French van ships, the *Royal Sovereign* commenced firing at the *Terrible*, whose battery promptly opened in return. The distance, however, at which the *Royal Sovereign* had brought-to for engaging was considered too great, and her signal to engage closer was made, and kept flying some time. At a few minutes before ten a.m., Admiral Graves was badly wounded and carried off the deck; the command in consequence devolved on Captain Henry Nichols. At thirty-eight minutes past ten the *Terrible* had her main and mizzen-masts shot away, and immediately bore up, in doing which she yawed so much that the *Royal Sovereign* raked her repeatedly. Seeing the enemy's van ships preparing to run, the *Royal Sovereign* now hoisted the signal for a general chase, and set courses, spritsail, jib, and staysails, in pursuit of the *Terrible*, whereupon the *Montagne* and *Jacobin*, both apparently fresh and unhurt, came to the assistance of the latter."

Eventually they were beaten off, when the *Royal Sovereign* hauled up, as well as the disabled state of her sails and rigging would permit. In obedience to the signal then flying to "stay by prizes," at forty minutes past two p.m., not knowing the *Amerique*, 74 guns, was in possession of the *Russell*, Captain Payne, she fired several shots at her.

Captain Pakenham handled his ship, the *Impregnable*, 98, in gallant style, and fought *Le Juste*, battering her in such a manner that on encountering a broadside from the *Queen Charlotte* she struck her colours.

In the confusion of the battle the *Mucius Scævola*, in seeking to avoid the fire of the *Defence*, fell

heavily on board the bows of the *Marlborough*, and engaged her, so the brave British ship was beset by two double-deckers at once. As if these were not enough to contend with, the *Montagne*, in crossing her stern, swept her deck with a murderous broadside. Loaded with langridge shot, her cannon scattered death and destruction over all the ship. Captain Berkeley fell wounded, and the command devolved upon Lieutenant John Monkton, who maintained the unequal contest till the *Aquilon*, frigate, 32 guns, came to his assistance; but not until he had twenty-nine killed and ninety wounded lying on the decks.

Finding their line forced in many places, the French began to give way, and their admiral, on being attacked so furiously by the *Queen Charlotte*, bore up in great confusion, followed by all those ships that were able to spread canvas. Upon the smoke being borne away by the wind, eight or ten of their ships were seen, some totally dismasted, and others endeavouring to creep off under their spritsails.

Six of these, *Le Sans Pareil* and *Le Juste*, 80 guns each, and four seventy-fours, were captured, and there were found on board of them 690 men killed and 580 wounded. According to the French accounts, upwards of 300 men were killed in the *Montagne* alone.

A distant and irregular firing was maintained at intervals between the fugitives and the British fleet till about four in the afternoon, when we abandoned the pursuit.

Our total loss was only 68 killed and 129 wounded; of the former seven and of the latter forty were officers.

On the arrival of Earl Howe at Spithead every honour was paid him. The royal family visited him on board his battered flag-ship; the king presented him with a diamond-hilted sword valued at 3,000 guineas, and a costly gold chain to be worn round the neck. Admiral Graves received an Irish peerage; Vice-Admiral Hood was created Viscount Bridport; while Admirals Bowyer, Gardiner, Pasley, and Curtis were made baronets of the United Kingdom.

Such is the story of the glorious 1st of June, 1794.

"The French soldier," says a popular writer, "knows that the standard he bears into battle has waved on many a victorious field; but the French seaman has no such ardent remembrance to animate him; he fights on an element which has always proved disastrous to France. But the English sailor loves the sea; for he knows how the power and fame of England are associated with the sea, and how her navies have ever ridden upon its bosom victorious, and how her triumphant flag has floated proudly on every shore!"

CHAPTER LIV.

A FRIGATE BATTLE IN 1795.

One of the most spirited of the many gallant actions between frigates, during our long war with France, was that fought between the *Blanche*, a British twelve-pounder thirty-two-gun frigate, commanded by Captain Robert Faulknor, and the *Pique*, a French thirty-six-gun frigate, Captain Conseil, off the Isle of Guadaloupe, in 1795.

The captain of the *Blanche*, when serving at the capture of Martinique, was tried by a court-martial (but acquitted) for killing one of his quarter-masters for disobedience during the engagement. He was the son of Captain Robert Faulknor, who took *La Courageux*, 74 guns, in 1761.

About daybreak on the morning of the 4th of January, the *Blanche* discovered the *Pique* lying at anchor just outside the harbour of Point-à-Pitre, the commercial emporium of Guadaloupe, on the south-west coast of the Grande Terre district.

At seven a.m. the *Pique* got under weigh, and began to make an offing by letting fall her topsails; backing the mizzen occasionally to keep near a schooner which accompanied her. At half-past eight the *Blanche* cleared away for action, and made sail to meet them both, until nearly within gun-shot of Fort Fleur d'Espée, when, finding the *Pique* disinclined to leave the cover of its batteries, the *Blanche* which had been defiantly hove-to, made sail to board a second schooner, which was seen running along the well-wooded shore of Grande Terre.

At half-past twelve, when the two frigates were about three miles apart, the *Pique* filled her yards and made sail towards the *Blanche*, which shortly after had brought-to the schooner. The latter proved to be an American, laden with wine and brandy, from Bordeaux, and bound to Point-à-Pitre,

which, with all the Isle of Guadaloupe, was then in our possession. Taking the schooner in tow, the *Blanche* steered towards the Saintes, a group of rocky isles that lie between Guadaloupe and Dominica.

At two in the afternoon the *Pique* crossed the *Blanche* on the opposite tack, and, displaying the tricolour, fired four shotted guns.

towards Marie-Galante (one of the Little Antilles), the brown barren mountains of which were barely visible at the horizon.

At seven p.m., observing the *Pique* still lingering under Grande Terre, Captain Faulknor wore his ship and stood towards Dominica. An hour after the French frigate was descried astern, about six



LORD HOWE.

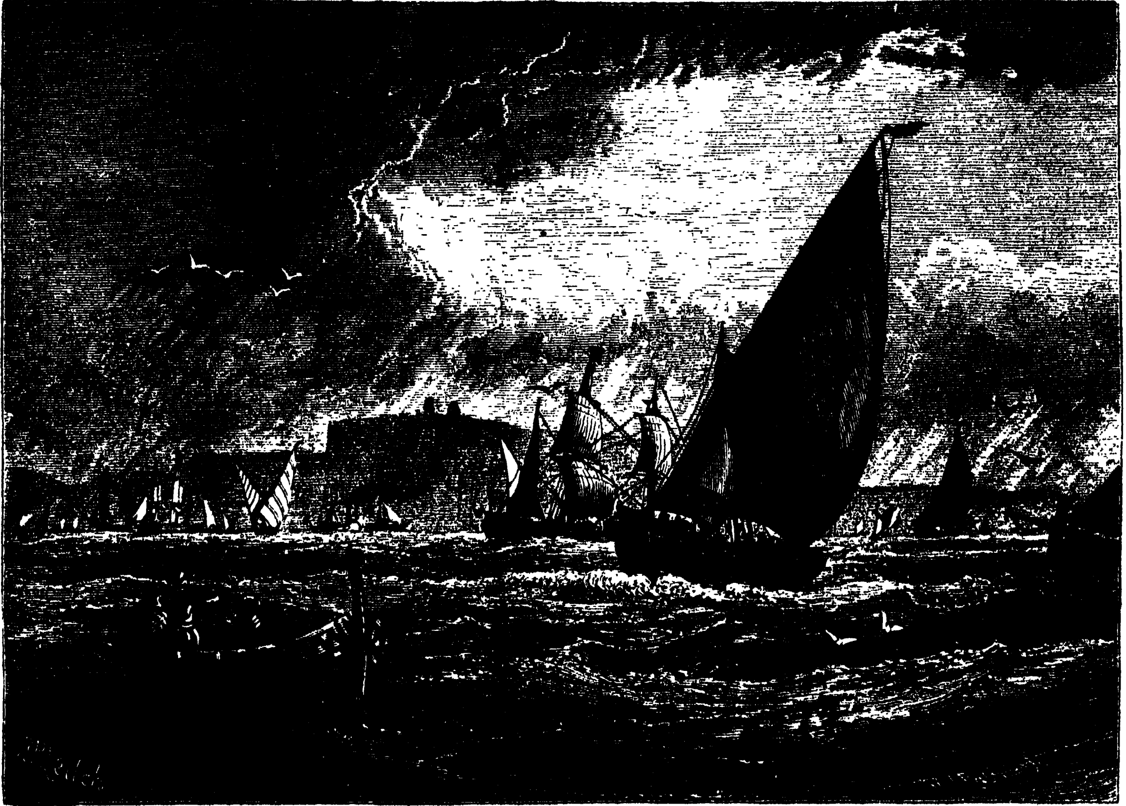
Considering this as a deliberate challenge, the British frigate fired a single shot to windward. At half-past two, when the sky was bright and the sea smooth, finding that the *Pique* was standing towards her, the *Blanche* shortened sail, as if awaiting her; but at half-past three the former tacked and stood away.

Tired of this coquetting, and hoping to induce the *Pique* to follow him, Captain Faulknor, an officer of bravery and experience, trimmed his ship under her topsails and courses, and stood away

miles distant, standing in pursuit of the *Blanche*, which instantly cast off the American schooner she had in tow, and, tacking, made all sail to close with her.

Midnight had barely passed when the *Blanche*, on the starboard tack, passed under the lee of the *Pique*, which was then on the port tack, when every rope and spar could be seen distinctly under the clear starry light of a West Indian sky. The ships exchanged broadsides in passing, but they were as yet too far apart to do damage.

At half-past twelve, having got nearly in the long white wake of her antagonist, the *Blanche* tacked suddenly; and before one o'clock on the morning of the 5th, when within musket-shot of the starboard quarter of the *Pique*, the latter wore, *i.e.*, turned her head away from the wind, with the intention of crossing her opponent's bows and raking her ahead. To prevent this, Captain Faulknor gave orders to "wear ship" also; and then the two frigates, in the first hour of the morning, became closely engaged, broadside to broadside.



CAPE ST. VINCENT.

The *Blanche*, after fighting her guns for an hour and a half, shot ahead, and was in the act of luffing up to port to rake the *Pique* ahead, when the main and mizzen-masts of the former, having been wounded, went crashing over her side to leeward. The *Pique* next ran foul of the *Blanche's* larboard quarter, and made several attempts to board. These the British crew resisted with success; and the larboard quarter-deck guns, and such of the main-deck guns as could be brought to bear, were fired with terrible effect into the *Pique's* starboard bow.

Meanwhile the small-arm men of the latter, perched in the tops and lower rigging, were blazing away in the starlight, while a fire was returned from some of her quarter-deck guns run in amidships, fore and aft. Amid this truly infernal scene of destruction, the carnage, in a space so small, was very great; and at three in the morning, while assisting with his own hands Second Lieutenant Milne and others of the crew to lash with such ropes as were at hand the bowsprit of the *Pique* to the capstan of the *Blanche*, so that escape should be impossible, preparatory to a more secure fastening by means of a hawser, a musket-shot pierced the heart of the young and gallant Faulknor, who fell to rise no more.

On the death of the captain becoming known, a yell came from the crew of the frigate, and more resolutely and grimly than ever did they work their guns to avenge him.

Soon after his fall the lashings broke loose, but the *Pique* again fell foul of the *Blanche* upon her starboard quarter. In an instant, with cheers of triumph and derision, the British sailors lashed her bowsprit to the stump of their own mainmast. Clutched in this fashion, the *Pique* was towed before the wind by her resolute enemy, now commanded by Lieutenant Frederick Watkins, after-

wards Captain of the *Néréide*, and the captor of Curaçao. Again and again, with axe and cutlass, did the Frenchmen seek to slash through this second lashing; but standing shoulder to shoulder the marines of the *Blanche* poured a storm of bullets on the spot and swept them away.

The fire of musketry that came from the forecastle and tops of the *Pique*, together with that of her quarter-deck guns levelled forward, proved very destructive to the *Blanche*, which was without stern ports on the main deck. In vain had her carpenters striven to cut down the upper transom beam, so no alternative remained but to blow it away by dint of cannon-shot. Bucket in hand, the firemen were summoned to the cabin, where the captain lay dead and still amid the roar of conflict about him, and two guns were levelled against the stern frame.

This discharge made a clear breach on both sides of the rudder-case, and the firemen soon extinguished the blaze it had occasioned in the woodwork; and thus two twelve-pounders from an unexpected point played havoc along the deck of the *Pique*.

At a quarter-past three in the morning the mainmast of the French frigate (her fore and mizzen-masts having previously come down) fell over the side. In this utterly defenceless state, without a gun which, on account of the wreck of her masts, she could now bring to bear, the *Pique* sustained the raking fire of the *Blanche* until quarter-past five a.m., when some of the French crew from the bow-sprit-end called aloud for quarter. "The *Blanche*," continues James, in his "Naval History," "immediately ceased her fire; and every boat in both vessels having been destroyed by shot, Lieutenant Milne, followed by ten seamen, endeavoured to reach the prize by means of the hawser that still held her; but their weight bringing the bight of the rope down in the water, they had to swim a part of the distance."

So ended this most spirited and gallant duel between these two frigates.

Besides her thirty-two long twelve and six-pounders, the *Blanche* mounted six eighteen-pounders; and having sent away in prizes two master's mates and twelve seamen, had on board only 198 men and boys. Of these she lost Captain Faulknor, Midshipman Bolton, and six seamen killed, and twenty-one wounded.

The *Pique* had two carriage-guns, six-pound carronades, less than her complement, thirty-eight in all; but along her gunnel were a number of brass swivels. The strength of her crew is variously given. Vice-Admiral Benjamin Caldwell states it at more than 360, while the French affirm it to have been no more than 360; however, "head money" was paid for 265 men taken. The *Pique* had, it appears, 76 officers and men killed, and 110 wounded, "a loss," says James, "unparalleled in its proportion."

Among the wounded mortally was Captain Conseil, of the *Pique*, which, it must be admitted, her crew fought in a most gallant manner, only surrendering when their ship was a defenceless hulk, and themselves reduced to a third of their original number. "On the part of the British officers and crew," says our naval historian, "consummate intrepidity was displayed from the beginning to the end of this long and sanguinary battle. Indeed, a spirit of chivalry seems to have animated both parties; and the action of the *Blanche* and *Pique* may be pointed to with credit by either."

The master of the former frigate, David Milne, was afterwards captain of *La Seine* (as her name imports, a prize), and captured, after a gallant action, *La Vengeance*, a French frigate of fifty guns.

The *Blanche* was afterwards totally lost, in the year 1799, when conveying troops from the Helder.

CHAPTER LV.

OFF L'ORIENT, 1795.

ON the 16th of June, 1795, a squadron of ships under the flag of the Hon. William Cornwallis, Vice-Admiral of the Blue, was cruising off the coast of France. He was an officer who had greatly distinguished himself on many occasions, particularly in the action off Grenada, in 1779, in the following year off Monte Christi, and elsewhere.

Being in with the land near Penmarch Point, the promontory of Audierne Bay, in the department of Finistère, the *Phaeton*, thirty-eight-gun frigate, under the Hon. Robert Stopford, having been sent ahead to look out, signalled, "A fleet in sight."

Upon the *Phaeton* bringing-to, the vice-admiral made the signal to haul to the wind on the starboard tack. By this time thirty sail were in

sight; and, according to a signal from the scouting frigate, among them were thirteen line-of-battle ships, fourteen frigates, two brigs, and a cutter. They were to leeward of the British squadron, and sailing on a wind with all their canvas set.

The squadron of Admiral Cornwallis consisted of only eight sail of the line, two frigates, and a sixteen-gun brig, so it was impossible to face this French fleet, which gave immediate chase; but, owing to the lightness of the wind, they did not get within gun-shot during the whole day.

The *Brunswick* and *Bellerophon*, two seventy-four-gun ships, the first commanded by a Scottish peer, James Lord Cranstoun (who distinguished himself as captain of the *Belliqueux*, in the actions between Hood and the Count de Grasse), and the latter under Lord C. Fitzgerald, afterwards Baron Lecale, in Ireland, being very dull sailers, were repeatedly in danger of being intercepted and cut off; but the admiral ordered the *Mars* and *Triumph*, under Sir Charles Cotton and Sir Erasmus Gower, to keep between them and the enemy, and bring up the rear, as he was determined not to abandon any of His Majesty's ships, even before a force so superior.

Next morning, when day dawned, the enemy had got well up with our little fleet, and were found upon both quarters, as if determined to make a vigorous attack; however, it was not until nine o'clock that one of their leading ships opened a fire upon the *Mars*, together with a frigate which kept more to leeward than the rest, and when she ranged up on the port quarter of the *Mars* she yawed and fired frequently.

From her stern-chasers, the *Mars* replied to them both by a well-directed cannonade, the shot in many instances passing through the enemy from stem to stern; thus in about half an hour the van ship of the French dropped the action, but another took her place, and the line-of-battle ships that were to leeward came up in succession, maintaining a harassing fire all day, till seven in the evening, when show was made of a more serious attack on the *Mars*. This determined the admiral to bear up with the whole squadron to her support; when, to the surprise of all, the French armament, just as the sun was setting, bore away and made all sail for France, declining to engage.

This unexpected retreat is said to have been hastened by a ruse of Admiral Cornwallis, who caused signals to be made as if a superior British fleet was in sight, which caused the French admiral to relinquish a pursuit which the British were quite ready to turn into a close battle.

"Indeed," says Cornwallis, in his dispatch, "I shall ever feel the impression which the good conduct of the captains, officers, seamen and marines, and soldiers in the squadron has made on my mind; and it was the greatest pleasure I ever received to see the spirit manifested by the men, who, instead of being cast down at seeing thirty sail of the enemy's ships attacking our little squadron, were in the highest spirits imaginable. I do not mean the *Royal Sovereign* alone; the same spirit was shown in all the ships as they came near to me: and although (circumstanced as we were) we had no great reason to complain of the conduct of the enemy, yet our men could not help repeatedly expressing their contempt of them. Could common prudence have allowed me to let loose their valour, I hardly know what may not have been accomplished by such men."

The damage sustained by our squadron was trivial; none were killed, and only twelve men on board the *Mars* were wounded. But though the French fleet relinquished the pursuit of Admiral Cornwallis, who came to anchor in Cawsand Bay, they did not return to port, but continued at sea; and this affair formed the preface to the severe engagement which took place on the 22nd of the same month.

At dawn on the morning of that day, the *Nymph* and *Astræa*, the look-out frigates ahead of the Channel Fleet commanded by our Admiral of the White, Alexander Lord Bridport (the gallant Hood of previous naval battles), made the signal of the enemy's fleet being in sight.

The force under Lord Bridport was twenty-two sail, carrying 1,454 guns. His own flag was on board the *Royal George*, 110 guns: and among the officers serving under him were Curtis, of Gibraltar fame; Sir Alan Gardiner; Sir Snape Douglas, who, in the great battle of the 1st of June, 1794, had won the highest commendations for valour; Lord Hugh Seymour, Admiral of the Blue; and Captain (afterwards Sir Henry) Harvey, who commanded the *Ramillies* on the same occasion.

In Bridport's squadron were the *Queen Charlotte*, like the flag-ship, of 110 guns; five of ninety-eight guns; the *Sans Pareil*, 80 guns; five seventy-fours; six frigates; two fire-ships, and one hospital ship, the *Charon*.

Though superior in force, the French fleet, of thirty-two sail, wished to avoid coming to action, which Lord Bridport observing, caused him to hoist the signal for a general chase. The weather being calm and the wind light, the pursuit and flight continued during the whole of that day and the ensuing night; and early on the morning of the 23rd the six headmost ships, when the long low

coast of the Morbihan and all its scattered islets, were rising from the sea, rapidly came up with the enemy, bringing the wind with them.

These were the *Irresistible*, *Orion*, the *Russell*, and *Colossus*, all seventy-four-gun ships; the *Sans Pareil*, 80, and the *Queen Charlotte*, 110 guns, carrying the flag of Sir Roger Curtis, Rear-Admiral of the Red; and before six the action began, and was continued without intermission for three hours.

Ere long the hostile ships were close in-shore—so close that some forts from thence opened a cannonade upon the British, particularly on the *Queen Charlotte*, which her captain, Sir Andrew Snape Douglas, an officer of high valour (the captor of the *Dumourier* and *St. Jago*, register ship, worth a million of money), steered in between the fire from the land and that of the enemy's leading line-of-battle ship, which he completely cut off, and compelled to strike, with the loss of only thirty-six of his men killed or wounded.

The soldiers of the 118th Regiment of the Line, a corps recently embodied, were scattered in detachments throughout the squadron, and did good service by the fire of musketry they maintained from every available quarter.

In this action the ships occasionally passed each other, as they got a start by a puff of wind. A Scotch sailor on board the *Colossus* played the bagpipes in the foretopmast-staysail netting during the whole battle, "the martial notes of the pipes sounding strangely over the water, with amusing and cheering effect," in the intervals of the firing.

Lord Bridport, in his dispatch, particularly mentions the bravery and manly spirit of Captain William Domett, of the *Royal George*; and testifies "to the public zeal, intrepidity, and skill of the admirals, captains, and all other officers, seamen, and soldiers," during this short but sharp engagement, which ended at nine in the morning by the capture of *L'Alexandre* and *Le Formidable*, two splendid seventy-fours, and *Le Tigre*, 80 guns, with 500 killed and wounded men on board.

The rest of the enemy's fleet made all sail, escaped into the harbour of L'Orient, and came to anchor under shelter of the fortifications which defend it, and are of a somewhat formidable character.

The loss sustained by the British in this action amounted to only 31 killed and 113 wounded; of the former two were officers and of the latter nine.

The captured ships were added to the Royal Navy; and Lord Bridport, after distributing the prisoners among his squadron, found that the ships had suffered so little as to require no refitting, and consequently repaired once more to his post in the Channel.

CHAPTER LVI.

CAPE ST. VINCENT, 1797.

WHILE the armies of Republican France were proving almost everywhere triumphant on the Continent, the fleets of Britain rode victoriously in every sea; and by two brilliant victories in this year appeared more than ever to vindicate her old claim to the dominion of the ocean.

Admiral Sir John Jervis, K.B., who had for some time been blockading Cadiz, having received intelligence from Captain Foote, of the *Niger*, then stationed off Carthagena, that the Spanish fleet, under Don José de Cordova, had put to sea, sailed immediately in quest of it, with fifteen ships of the line, four frigates, a twenty-gun corvette, an eighteen-gun brig, and a ten-gun cutter.

He had with him old Trowbridge, of gallant memory, in the *Culloden*, 74; Admiral Parker, in the *Prince George*, 98; Captain (afterwards Sir Robert) Calder, in the *Victory*, 100, which carried his own flag; Sir Charles Knowles, in the *Goliath*, 74; Collingwood, in the *Excellent*, 74; and one whose name was yet to be greater than all, Horatio Nelson, as commodore, in the *Captain*, 74 guns.

The fleet bore altogether 1,414 pieces of cannon.

With high hope and gallant expectation in every heart, the seamen of Jervis, at dawn of day on the 14th of February, when on the starboard tack, Cape St. Vincent (known to the Portuguese as Cabo-de-Sao-Vicente) rising high and rocky against the horizon east by north, about twenty-four miles distant, descried the Spanish fleet, consisting of forty sail, extending from south-west to south, with all their canvas shining in the morning sun. After a time, the wind being west by south, the weather became hazy.

Among the Spanish ships were the *Santissima Trinidad*, 130 guns, a veritable floating castle; the

Conception, *Salvador del Mundo*, *Manecano*, and *Principe de Asturias*, 112 guns each; one of eighty, and nineteen of seventy-four guns, with seven frigates and one twelve-gun brig.

At half-past six Captain Trowbridge, in the *Culloden*, signalled, "Five sail visible in the south-west quarter." At forty minutes past ten a.m., amid the deepening haze, Captain Charles Lindsay, in *La Bonne Citoyenne* (a French prize, of twenty guns), made a signal to Sir John Jervis, reporting the strength of the enemy, on which he ordered the ships to form in order of battle.

Formed in the most compact order for sailing, and in two lines, the fleet came on under a press of canvas, and with such speed that, as the admiral states in his dispatch, he "was fortunate in getting in with the enemy's fleet at half-past eleven o'clock, before it had time to collect and form a regular order of battle."

The five ships first discovered by the *Culloden* were at this period separated from their main body, which was bearing down in loose order to join them. It appeared to have been the first intention of Sir John Jervis to cut off those five ships before the main body of the fleet could arrive to their assistance. With this view he signalled the swiftest sailers to give chase; but on observing the near position of the main body, he afterwards formed his ships into a line of battle ahead, as most convenient.

At twenty minutes to eleven the admiral signalled to pass through the enemy's fleet, which was done. The separated ships attempted to form on the larboard tack, says Southey, in his "Life of Nelson," either with a design of passing through the British line or to leeward of it, and thus rejoining their friends. Only one succeeded in doing this, being so shrouded in smoke after the firing began as to be completely hidden.

Ten minutes after the passage through the line was effected, the *Culloden* began to fire on the enemy's leading ships to windward; and as ship after ship came up the action soon became general.

The regular and spirited cannonade of the British was but feebly returned by the enemy to windward; and they were completely prevented from joining their companions to leeward, and compelled to haul their wind on the larboard tack. "Admiral Jervis having thus fortunately obtained his first object," says Captain Schomberg, "now directed his whole attention to the main body of the enemy's fleet to windward, which was reduced at this time by the separation of the ships to leeward to eighteen sail of the line. A little after twelve o'clock the signal was made for the British fleet to tack in succession, and soon after the signal for again passing the enemy's line; while the Spanish admiral's design appeared to be to join the ships to leeward by wearing round the rear of the British line."

Nelson, whose station was in rear of the latter, perceived that the Spaniards were bearing up before the wind with an intention of forming their line, going large (*i.e.*, with the breeze abaft the beam), and joining their separated vessels, or else of getting away without an engagement. To prevent either of these schemes, he disobeyed the last signal without a moment of hesitation, and ordered his ship to be wore, and stood on the other tack towards the enemy.

In executing this bold and decisive manœuvre, he found himself alongside of the Spanish admiral, Don José de Cordova, in the *Santissima Trinidad*, 130 guns; while close by were the *San Josef*, 112; the *Salvador del Mundo*, 112; the *San Nicholas*, 80; the *San Isidro*, 74; another ship of the same calibre, and a first-rate. Notwithstanding this terrible disparity of force, the gallant Nelson did not shrink from the contest.

Trowbridge, in the *Culloden*, immediately came up and supported him bravely; and for nearly an hour they maintained an unequal contest amid these mighty Spanish arks, which were crowded with men and spouting fire and death from all their red portholes, while a blaze of musketry rolled incessantly along their upper decks.

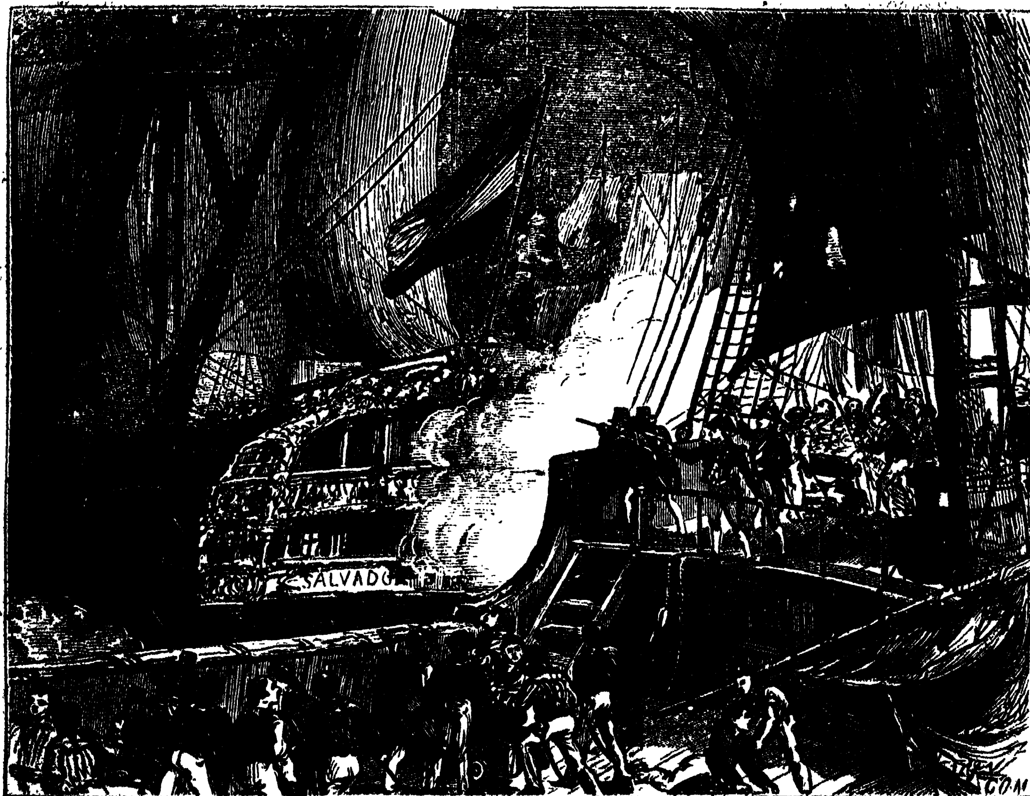
The *Blenheim*, 90 guns, under Captain Frederick, now bore in between them and the enemy, and gave them a little respite, and time to replenish their lockers with shot, by pouring in her fire upon the Spaniards. The *Salvador del Mundo* and *San Isidro* were fired into with great spirit by Captain Collingwood, in the *Excellent*, 74 guns. The red and yellow standard of Castile and Leon descended from the high, gilded poop of the *San Isidro*, and Nelson thought that the *Salvador* had also struck. "But Collingwood," as he states, "disdaining the parade of taking possession of beaten enemies, most gallantly pushed up, with every sail set, to save his old friend and messmate, who was, to all appearance, in a critical situation."

For Nelson, in the *Captain*, was at that time under the concentrated fire of the *San Nicolas*, 80 (or 84), a seventy-four, and three other first-rates. The *Blenheim* was ahead and the *Culloden* astern, sorely crippled. "Collingwood ranged up, and, hauling up his mainsail just astern, passed within ten feet of the *San Nicolas*, giving her a most tremendous fire, and then bore on for the *Santissima Trinidad*."

The *San Nicolas* luffing up, the *San Josef* fell on

board of her; then Nelson resumed his station abreast of them, and close alongside. His ship, after the dreadful cannonade she had undergone, was now incapable of further service, either in the line or in the chase. She had lost her foretopmast; her wheel was shot away, and not a sail, shroud, or rope was left. Finding her in this state, the commodore resolved on a bold and decisive measure; and this was, whatever might be the sequel, to board his opponent sword in hand. The boarders were summoned, and orders were given to lay the ship closer alongside the enemy.

Nelson's captain, Ralph Willet Miller, so judiciously directed the course of the ship that he laid her aboard the starboard quarter of the Spanish eighty-four, her spritsail-yard passing over the enemy's poop, and hooking in her mizzen shrouds. When the word to board was given, the officers and seamen destined for this perilous duty, headed by Lieutenant (afterwards Sir Edward) Berry, together with a detachment of the 69th or South Lincolnshire Regiment, then doing marine duty on board, led by Lieutenant Charles Pierson, all poured tumultuously into the enemy's ship, Berry dropping on the poop from the spritsail-yard. Nelson was aware that the attempt was hazardous, and thought that his presence might animate his brave shipmates, thus he resolved to share in the enterprise. A soldier of the 69th, with the butt-end of his musket, smashed the upper quarter-gallery window, and jumped in, followed by the commodore, from the fore-chains of his own ship; and others came with pike and cutlass as fast as possible. The doors of the cabin were made fast, and the Spanish officers were resolutely firing their pistols at them through the window; but the doors were soon forced, and the Spanish brigadier fell while retreating to the quarter-deck. At the head of his boarders, seamen and soldiers mingled, Nelson rushed on, and found Captain Berry in possession of the poop, the Spanish ensign hauling down, and where he arrived just in time to receive the sword of the dying captain of the *San Nicolas*, who had been mortally wounded.



BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT.

Passing onward to the forecastle, he met some Spanish officers, and received their swords. The British were now in full possession of the ship, and Nelson had been but a few minutes in taking measures for the security of his hard-won conquest, when suddenly a fire of musketry and pistols was



NELSON RECEIVING THE SWORDS ON BOARD THE 'SAN JOSÉF' (*see page* 236).

opened upon her from the admiral's stern gallery of the *San Josef*. The two alternatives which instantly presented themselves to the decisive mind of Nelson were to quit the prize or board the three-decker; and, confident in the bravery of his seamen, he resolved on the latter. Placing sentinels of the 69th at the different ladders, he directed Captain Miller to send more men on board the prize, and gave instant orders for boarding the *San Josef* from the *San Nicolas*.

"Westminster Abbey or victory!" cried he, as, sword in hand, he led the way.

Berry assisted him into the main-chains, and, as he was in the act of clambering up, a Spanish officer looked over the rail of the quarter-deck, and said—

"We have surrendered."

In less than a minute Nelson, at the head of his boarders, was on the poop, when the commandant advanced, and, inquiring for the British commander, knelt on one knee, presenting his sword by the blade, and apologising for the non-appearance of the admiral, who, he said, was lying dangerously wounded in his cabin.

At first Nelson could scarcely persuade himself of the reality of this second instance of good fortune; he therefore desired the Spanish commandant, who had the rank of brigadier, to muster the officers on the quarter-deck and to communicate to the crew the surrender of the ship. All duly appeared, and the commodore had the capture of the *San Josef* confirmed by each officer delivering his sword in succession.

As he received them, one by one, he handed them, says Southey, "to William Fearney, one of his old Agamemnons, who with the utmost coolness put them under his arm; 'bundling them up,' in the lively expression of Collingwood, 'with as much composure as he would a faggot, though twenty-two sail of their line were still within gunshot.' One of his sailors came up, and, with an Englishman's feeling, took him by the hand, saying he might not soon have such another place to do it in, and that he was heartily glad to see him there."

Of the *Captain's* men, twenty-four were killed and twenty-six wounded. Nelson received only some bruises. The moment he returned to his own ship he signalled for boats to assist in disentangling her from the prizes; and, as she was rendered incapable of further service until entirely refitted, he shifted his pennant for a time on board *La Minerve*, frigate, and in the evening to the *Irresistible*, 74, where it remained until the *Captain* was again fit for service.

The Spaniards had still some eighteen ships which had suffered little or no injury, and that part of their fleet which had been separated from the main body in the morning was now coming up under a crowd of canvas; so Sir John Jervis hoisted the signal to bring-to.

He also ordered Captain Calder to lay his own ship, the *Victory*, on the lee quarter of the sternmost ship of the enemy, the towering *Salvador del Mundo*, and threw in so disastrous a fire that the Spanish commander, on seeing the *Barfleur*, 98, under Vice-Admiral Waldegrave, bearing down to enforce the attack, struck his flag. Meanwhile the van of the British fleet continued to press vigorously the *Santissima Trinidad*, and others which composed the rear of the now flying Spaniards. It was affirmed that the last-named ship had struck; she was, however, dreadfully shattered, and it was only with the utmost difficulty that she was towed into Cadiz.

It was four in the evening when Admiral Jervis signalled to bring-to; but the action was not over till five o'clock, as his dispatch states, and a strong line was formed for the protection of the disabled ships, and of the four prizes—the *Salvador del Mundo* and the *San Josef*, each of 112 guns; the *San Nicolas*, 84, and the *San Isidro*, 74.

The loss sustained by the British in this memorable battle amounted to exactly 300 officers and men killed or wounded; that of the Spaniards in the ships which were taken numbered 693. Those which escaped must have suffered considerably. Among the killed was the General Don Francisco Xavier Winthuyren, *Chef d'Escadre*, who had lost his right arm, when taken in the *Leocadia*, frigate, during the preceding war, by the *Canada*, Captain Sir George Collier.

When the firing ceased, Nelson went on board the ship of Sir John Jervis—that famous old *Victory* in which he was fated to breathe his last. He was received on the quarter-deck by the fine old admiral, who took him in his arms, and said that he could not sufficiently thank him. The sword of the Spanish rear-admiral, which Sir John insisted upon his keeping, he afterwards presented to the Corporation of Norwich, saying that "he knew no place where it could give him or his family more pleasure to have it kept, than in the capital of the county where he was born."

In a narrative of the battle, published in June, 1797, we are told that not a gun burst on board the British fleet; and, as a sample of the heavy firing, the *Culloden* expended 170 barrels of powder, the *Captain* 146, the *Blenheim* 180, and all other ships in proportion.

The day subsequent to the action, while the British fleet was close under Cape St. Vincent, refitting and getting the prizes under sail, twenty-two Spanish ships of war suddenly hove in sight, and bore down in order of battle, as if resolved to engage again; but the British had barely beaten to quarters ere they hauled off, and made sail for Cadiz.

To secure his prizes and refit, Sir John Jervis was forced to put into Lagos Bay. There the squadron experienced the tail of a tempest, which, had the ships encountered it fully on the open sea, might have proved fatal to many a brave man who had escaped the perils of the battle off Cape St. Vincent. Captain Robert Calder brought home the dispatches, and received the rank of baronet. He was a native of Elgin, and had been born at Muirtown, his father's mansion, in the memorable year 1745.

Parliament voted thanks to the fleet; and the admiral was made a peer of Great Britain, by the titles of Baron Jervis of Meaford and Earl St. Vincent. Vice-Admirals Thompson and Parker were made baronets, and Commodore Nelson received the Order of the Bath, and the Freedom of the City of London in a gold box worth a hundred guineas. The victory was celebrated by a round of great guns from the Tower in London, and from the Castle in Edinburgh.

Very different were the emotions in Spain, and the awards to the Spanish fleet. Don José de Cordova was dismissed the service by Charles IV., and most of the flag-officers were degraded.

"I went this morning to visit the Spaniards," wrote the chaplain of the *Prince George*, three days after the battle, "and to witness a scene of desolation too melancholy to dwell on. Everything is shattered to pieces, and every countenance exhibits dismay and despair. One of the surviving captains, upon my expressing concern for the slaughter of his brother officers, assured me that he envied their lot, and that he should have welcomed death, under the pressure of such national disgrace. Individually no blame could attach to him or the other commanders of the ships we have taken; they defended themselves most gallantly, till they became mere water-logs, and no longer obedient to the helm. It would seem that they were wholly unprepared to receive us, and when they first descried us not a gun was loaded or a bulkhead knocked down.

"With regard to my own feelings during the action, which lasted five hours and a half, they were various. The cockpit is my appropriate station—a station which, in my opinion, demands more fortitude than any other in the ship. When the firing commenced, my sensations, I will acknowledge, were somewhat unpleasant; there was a solemnity which awed, if it did not frighten. We waited with anxious suspense, unknowing what was passing above, except the tremendous and incessant roar of the cannon, which stunned and deafened us. Our attention was soon called away to other objects. A seaman whose thigh had been dangerously wounded by a splinter was brought down to us, and he was shortly succeeded by others, wounded and dying. It was a scene I can never forget; but it is the most painful I have to remember. During the intervals I could be spared from the amputations, I went upon deck, but there the scene was altogether different. Our seamen were in their element; they fought with the utmost contempt of danger and death, and the only difficulty was to restrain their impetuosity. Every lad," adds the letter, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Herald* for 1797, "seemed to take as much interest in the battle as the commander-in-chief himself; and when any of the enemy's ships struck, enthusiasm resounded through the whole fleet, and the cheers were repeated even by the wounded in the cockpit. I never felt myself so much an Englishman as on this proud day."

CHAPTER LVII.

FRIGATE BATTLES, 1796.

In December, 1796, the *Terpsichore*, frigate, commanded by Captain Richard Bowen, who in the same year so gallantly captured the Spanish ship *Mahonesa*, was cruising off Cadiz, when, at daylight on the morning of the 14th, he descried a large frigate lying on his weather-quarter; and as the wind was then blowing hard, and the sea running high, short, and covered with foam, he immediately turned and made sail, setting up his topgallant-masts and yards; and the moment the

Terpsichore was ready, he tacked after the stranger in hope of bringing her to action.

The instant he was seen to tack, she made all sail and kept her wind, but as the latter headed the British frigate, he failed to come within gunshot of her. Soon after crossing her Captain Bowen tacked and chased with various success, sometimes gaining at others losing ground; while the wind was from the south-east, with sudden squalls, and very variable. About two in the afternoon she wore, and stood to the east-north-east, which brought her nearer the pursuer, who continued the chase under his courses only till two next morning, when, drawing in with the land about Cabo San Marco, Captain Bowen "wore ship, gave up the chase, and lay with head off shore."

About eight a.m., she was visible again from the masthead. He made all sail once more, tacked after her, and as the wind was round in the south-west, he had her on the lee bow, which gave him some hopes; but observing that she had made sail for Cadiz, he became doubtful of catching her before she got in, particularly as the fore and mainmasts of the *Terpsichore* had been sprung during the chase of the preceding day. However, Captain Bowen bore on, with all the canvas he could venture to spread, by ten o'clock, in the darkness of the December night, was alongside of her.

When the crew of the French frigate—for such she proved to be—found that they had no hope of getting off, they hauled up their courses, hove-to, and ran out their guns, and allowing the *Terpsichore* to overtake her, quietly awaited her fire.

"When we came upon her weather quarter," wrote an officer who was on board, "we hailed her several times; not receiving any answer, and drawing up within ten yards, we 'tipped her a Terpsichore' (a technical term for our broadside), which laid about forty of those brave Republicans low."

She now hoisted the tricoloured flag, and a broadside of eighteen guns blazed out at once in reply; and for an hour and a quarter the cannonade and fire of small-arms was maintained in the dark between the two frigates, till the enemy suddenly struck.

When the firing had completely ceased, and the British were about to house their guns, the French treacherously fired a cannon double-shotted. Both the balls came up by the chess-tree of the *Terpsichore*, killing a boy, maiming four seamen, and dangerously wounding in the shoulder the captain's brother, Lieutenant George Bowen, who was also hurt in the head and feet by flying wood splinters.

The prize proved to be *La Vestale*, frigate, from Toulon, bound for Brest, of thirty-six twelve and and thirty-six-pounders. She had her captain and forty seamen killed, and about a hundred wounded, besides twelve men that went overboard with her foremast, just as Captain Bowen's boat went alongside to take charge of her.

His loss was only four killed and eighteen wounded.

The affair of the *Terpsichore* and *Vestale* was deemed one of the best fought frigate actions during the naval campaign of the year, especially when it is borne in mind that of his small complement of 250 men, he had two lieutenants, three midshipmen, the boatswain, and forty others absent, in hospital or away with prizes, while *La Vestale* had on board 300 men all told.

The master with eight sailors took charge of the prize; and, on being left to their own resources, found their situation somewhat perilous. The ship was in only four fathoms of water, upon a lee and rocky shore, the black waves running mountains high; all her masts and bowsprit gone, the gun-deck full of dead and dying men, no cables or anchor clear; the French prisoners, released from discipline, all drunk and disorderly: yet the master and those eight seamen made a shift to bring her up in less than three fathoms of water, and rode out the stormy night about two miles from shore, to the north-west of Cape Trafalgar, where the bottom was full of sharp rocks.

The *Terpsichore*, from her crippled situation and slender crew, all of whom were required to repair her own damages, could render the prize no assistance, but remained by her until she was moored; and when day dawned Captain Bowen anchored near, in hope of a favourable start to tow her off.

In the evening the wind began to abate a little, and the *Terpsichore* got under weigh with her prize in tow; but as the tow-rope got foul of a rock, it was cut to extricate both ships from imminent danger, and once more the prize, with the master and eight seamen, and all the French prisoners, was left to chance. The frigate stood off for the night, intending to pick her up in the morning; but the moment the *Terpsichore* was out of sight the prisoners, by a preconcerted plan, easily overpowered the slender prize-crew, set up a pair of sheers, and prepared to hoist out the launch and escape ashore.

Some Spanish boats now came off to them, and aided by the crews of these, they hoisted some canvas on the sheers, and steered along the shore for Cadiz, into which place the crew of the *Terpsichore*, when day dawned, had the mortification to

see her towed with her colours flying. During all these operations Captain Bowen never had his uniform off. He remained on deck—where all his meals were brought to him—night and day, being without a single officer to assist him; his brother, Lieutenant Bowen, being in his cot dangerously wounded, and all the others out of the ship.

"I hope," wrote an officer of the *Terpsichore*, "we have only to lament her loss to us as a prize, and that our exertions will entitle us to as much credit as if we had brought her into Gibraltar. To have destroyed her was far more than we could manage without the wounded sharing in the calamity, and that would have been cruel and disgraceful to the English character. We had lost one of our cutters alongside of her, and had only another boat remaining serviceable; therefore our only alternative was to take the chance of the wind to bring her off, and that proved against us."

La Vestale was afterwards taken, in 1799, by Captain Cunningham, of the *Clyde;* but two years before that the gallant Captain Bowen fell in the attack on Teneriffe.

About the time of this encounter off Cadiz, Nelson fought one of his most gallant frigate battles off the Isle of Corsica. It is related that, in 1793, when the British and Spanish squadrons were off Toulon, Captain Nelson, on seeing the latter manœuvre, remarked—

"If ever we should happen to have a war with Spain, I should not for a moment hesitate, with an English sixty-four-gun ship, to attack a Spanish three-decker, and be sure to take her;" and on the night of the 19th of December, 1796, Nelson showed that he could be as good as his word.

Having been dispatched by Sir John Jervis, in the *Minerva*, frigate, Captain George Cockburn, and with the *Blanche*, to Porto Ferrajo, to bring some naval stores which were left there to Gibraltar, on his way he fell in with two Spanish frigates, the *Sabrina* and *Ceres*, the former of forty guns, twenty-eight of these being eighteen-pounders, on the main-deck. Leaving the *Blanche* to attack the *Ceres*, Commodore Nelson ordered Captain Cockburn to bear down on the larger vessel, which carried a poop-light.

At ten minutes to eleven the *Minerva* brought her antagonist to a close action, which was maintained resolutely till half-past one next morning, when the colours of the *Sabrina* were struck; but not until she had lost her mizzenmast, and had 164 killed or wounded out of 286, while the *Minerva* had only thirty-nine killed and wounded; but all her masts were shot through and her rigging much cut. Some of the 11th Regiment were serving on board as marines.

The commander of the *Sabrina*, who was her only surviving officer, and who proved to be Don Jacobo Stuart, a descendant of the Duke of Berwick, had barely been conveyed on board the *Minerva*, when another Spanish frigate came up and compelled her to cast off the prize, which she had taken in tow, and on board of which Nelson had placed Lieutenants Culverhouse and Hardy. Ordering these officers to steer southward, Nelson, at half-past four a.m., engaged this new adversary, which, by five, wore and hauled off; but now a Spanish squadron of two ships of the line and two frigates came in sight.

When day dawned, the *Blanche*, Captain D'Arcy Preston, from whom the *Ceres* had slipped, was seen far to windward, and the *Minerva* escaped only by the anxiety of the enemy to recover their own ship.

Lieutenants Culverhouse and Hardy managed the prize with such judgment that, by steering a different course and hoisting British colours above the Spanish, they attracted the attention of the admiral, who pursued them with his squadron; and after a stout resistance of one of his frigates, the two officers were obliged to yield the prize, after her masts had gone by the board. Meanwhile, though frequently within cannon-shot, it required all the skill of Captain Cockburn to get off with the crippled *Minerva*. The *Blanche*, which in the interim had attacked the other frigate, and compelled her to haul down her colours, was obliged to sheer off on the approach of the two three-deckers and join the *Minerva*.

As soon as Nelson reached Porto Ferrajo, he sent his prisoner under a flag of truce to Carthagena, having previously returned to him his sword. This he did in honour of the great gallantry which Don Jacobo Stuart had displayed, and inspired perhaps by some emotion of respect for his royal and unfortunate Scottish ancestors.

"I felt it," said he, "consonant to the dignity of my country, and I always act as I feel right, without regard to custom. He was the best officer in Spain, and his men were worthy of such a commander."

By the same flag of truce Nelson sent back all the Spanish prisoners that were at Porto Ferrajo, for whom he received in exchange his own men that had been taken in the *Sabrina*.

Commodore Nelson, in his despatch, speaks in the highest terms of the bravery of Captain Cockburn and all his officers, and of the high state of discipline and efficiency on board the *Minerva*.

CHAPTER LVIII.

OFF THE SCILLY ISLES, 1796.

On the morning of the 8th of June, 1796, two of our frigates—that fashion of ship which was the most beautiful and stately of "Old England's wooden walls"—were seen seventeen leagues westward of the Scilly Isles. They proved to be the *Unicorn*, 32 guns, Captain Thomas Williams, and the *Santa Margarita*, 36 guns, Captain Thomas Byam Martin, a vigilant and active officer, who at a subsequent period took, after a brilliant action, *L'Immortalité*, 40 guns, when commanding a ship of the same weight of metal.



VIEW OF CADIZ.

As the dawn brightened three large ships loomed into sight, three miles distant on the lee-beam; and, Captain Martin, who first made them out to be French frigates, signalled to Captain Williams to make all sail and join him, and to come within hail. The former then informed him of the strength of the enemy. "The statement of their superiority encouraged him in his eager pursuit," says Captain Martin, in his dispatch to Admiral Kingsmill, at Cork, "having said that he would attack the largest ship, and desiring me to engage the next in strength. This noble example inspired every person with confidence of success, and each ship steered for her opponent; but the enemy, determined to evade an action, and bore away under a press of sail, the smallest ship making off to windward."

At nine in the morning "they found themselves in a close bow and quarter line," and continued to run before the *Unicorn* and her consort in that position, the largest ship being under easy sail. They were fast being overtaken, and supposing they would soon be brought to action, Captain Williams signalled to clear away for battle; the hammocks were brought up and stowed, the bulkheads sent down in the usual fashion, the ports and magazines opened, the fire put out in the galley, and then the drums beat to quarters.

Nearer drew the chase, and the corvette, which detained the other ships, hauled, as we have said, to



PALACE OF JUSTICE, BRUGES.

windward, and passed the weather-beam of our frigates in long-shot range; but afterwards she steered in the same course with her consorts, evidently to afford support to whichever might need it most.

At one p.m. the two frigates hoisted French colours in proud defiance, as ours had already done the

crosses of the Union. The largest ship showed a commodore's pennant, and at the same moment commenced a well-directed fire with her chasers. The Fren[illegible] to the surprise of C[illegible] brought-to, for the [illegible] that was passing on the contrary tack.

The largest vessel was now discovered to be the *Thames*, 36 guns, and 320 men (formerly one of His Majesty's ships), now commanded by Citoyen Fraden; and the craft of which the *Unicorn* was in chase was *La Tribune*, 44 guns and 320 men, bearing the broad pennant of Citoyen Moulston, commander of a division. On her main deck were twenty-six twelve-pounders, on the fore and quarter-deck sixteen long sixes and forty-two-pound carron-[illegible]e had just been launched. The corvette was *La Ligere*, 24 guns (nine-pounders)

[illegible]ore Moulston continued to wait for [illegible], the *Unicorn* approached them both, [illegible]tarded in her progress by the effects of [illegible] At four p.m. the *Thames*, being the stern-[illegible] bore round to avoid the fire of the *Unicorn*, and to pour a broadside into the bows of the *Santa Margarita;* while Captain Martin, manœuvring his ship with the greatest judgment, laid her alongside his antagonist.

The superior and well-directed fire from Captain Martin's guns soon put the *Thames* in his possession; as he silenced her battery, her colours were struck, and a prize-crew put on board. On seeing his consort captured, the commodore made all the sail he could, hoisting royals and running out his studding-sails, and, by a very sudden and injudicious movement, sought to gain the weather-gage of the *Unicorn*, which at that time was pursuing him towards the entrance of the Irish Channel; and both vessels soon passed close to the Tuskar Rocks, a group off the coast of Wexford, consisting of four great and dangerous masses, about two furlongs in extent, on one of which a lighthouse now guides the mariner to the southern entrance of St. George's Channel.

[illegible] in the two ships, aided by [illegible] of the French commander, kept [illegible] exciting running fight for [illegible] this period the *Unicorn* [illegible] as the French directed most of their efforts to cripple. "We were for some time," says her captain, in his dispatch to the admiral, "unluckily deprived of the use of our maintopsail; but on its falling to less wind after dark, we were enabled to use our super and royal steering sails, which, by slow degrees brought us so near his weather quarter as to take the wind from his canvas, when, at half-past ten at night, after [illegible] pursued him two hundred and ten miles, [illegible] alongside of our antagonist, gave him [illegible]d close action, [illegible] with great impetuosity on both sides for thirty-five minutes, when, on the clearing up of the smoke, I observed that the enemy had dropped on our quarter, and was close-hauled, by a masterly manœuvre, to cross our stern and gain the wind."

This, however, Captain Williams prevented by instantly throwing all his sails aback, and thus giving his frigate strong stern-way, by which he passed the Frenchman's bow, regained his situation, and once more poured in his round shot and musketry. The effects of the fire soon put an end to all further manœuvring, by completely dismantling the enemy's ship; her resistance gradually ceased, and her crew called out that they had surrendered.

The commander of the *Tribune* proved to be John Moulston, an American, who had been sixteen years in the French navy; and when brought on board the *Unicorn*, he was found to be severely wounded. The squadron he commanded, consisting of *La Tribune*, *La Proserpine*, the *Thames*, and *La Ligere*, had only left Brest two days before. The second-named ship had parted from the rest in a fog.

"I will not attempt to find words to convey to you, sir," concludes Captain Williams, "the sense I feel of the conduct of the officers and ship's company under my command, for if it was possible to say anything that could add to the glory of the British seamen, I have ample field for doing so in the situation I held this day. Indeed, nothing less than the confidence of the most gallant support from them, and the high opinion I entertain of our second, the *Santa Margarita*, could induce me to risk an action with a force apparently so much our superior; and while I congratulate myself upon the happy effects of their valour in the capture of two of the enemy's frigates that have done so much mischief to our commerce during the war, and on their present cruise were likely to do so much more, you may easily conceive what my feelings are, when [illegible]nform you that this service is obtained without [illegible]oss of one of the brave men under my [illegible] My happiness will be complete if I find that the *Santa Margarita* has been equally fortunate."

The losses of the *Tribune* were thirty-seven men killed and seventeen wounded; thirteen of these severely.

The losses of the *Santa Margarita* in capturing the *Thames* were only two seamen killed, the boatswain and two seamen wounded; while the latter had thirty-two killed and nineteen wounded, many of the latter so severely that they died.

The little squadron of Commodore Moulston was a very unlucky one, for, five days after the capture of those two ships, Captain Lord Amelius Beauclerk, in His Majesty's ship *Dryad*, when cruising, with Cape Clear bearing west by north, twelve leagues distant, at one in the morning discovered a strange sail standing towards him from the southward; but, on nearing, she hauled her wind and tacked, making off with a press of sail, and the sea whitening in foam under her bows.

Lord Beauclerk instantly bore after her in pursuit; all day the chase continued, till nine in the evening, when he brought her to close action, and in forty-five minutes compelled her to strike, when she proved to be the missing frigate *La Proserpine*, carrying twenty-six eighteen-pounders, twelve long nine-pounders, and four thirty-two pounders, with 348 men, under Citoyen Pevrieu; and, in this instance, as in the other two, the disparity in casualties was very great, for Lord Beauclerk had only seven men killed and wounded, while *La Proserpine* had lying on her deck thirty slain and forty-five severely injured.

For his services in this naval campaign, Captain Williams was knighted, though no reward seems to have fallen to Captain Martin. Lord Beauclerk died an Admiral of the White, and G.C.B.

CHAPTER LIX.

NAVAL EXPLOITS, 1796-7.

On the 15th of July the *Glatton*, 54 guns, commanded by Captain Henry Trollope, sailed from Yarmouth Roads, in order to join a squadron under Captain Savage, then cruising in the Texel. The *Glatton* had only 350 men on board, and was one of those Indiamen which had been purchased by the Government, and armed with sixty-eight pounder carronades; and these were a species of gun with which Captain Trollope had been particularly successful during the war.

Next day, at one o'clock p.m., when four leagues off Helvoet, he descried a squadron with its topsails barely visible at the horizon; and owing to light winds and calms, it was seven in the evening before he was near enough to make out that it consisted of six frigates, one of which, the commodore's ship, appeared to mount fifty guns, two others about thirty-six guns, and the three smaller twenty-eight guns. There were also a very fine brig and cutter with them.

As they did not reply to his signals, Captain Trollope suspected they were enemies, and, heedless of their numbers and strength, he cleared away for action, beat to quarters, and bore down on them.

From their manœuvring, it was ten at night before he got close alongside the third ship of the enemy's line, which, from her size, he supposed must be the commodore. He hailed her, and on being replied to in French, ordered her colours to be struck. In reply to this, fire flashed from all her port-holes, and her broadside came crashing into the *Glatton*, whose guns repaid her with interest, at twenty yards' distance. The action now speedily became a general one.

The two headmost ships of the enemy tacked, and one of the largest placed herself alongside the *Glatton;* the other on her weather-bow; and the sternmost placed themselves on her lee-quarter and stern, literally surrounding and sweeping her by a terrible cross-fire of cannon and musketry.

"In this manner," reported Captain Trollope to Admiral Macbride, commanding at Yarmouth, "we were engaged on both sides for a few minutes, our yard-arms nearly touching those of the enemy on each side, but I am happy to acquaint you that in less than twenty minutes we beat them off on all sides; but when we attempted to follow them we, much to our regret, found it impossible. I have no doubt, from the apparent confusion the enemy were in, we should have gained a decisive victory; but unfortunately, in attempting to wear, we found every part of our running rigging cut to pieces, and the major part of our standing rigging also."

Except the mizzen, every stay in the ship was cut through, thus endangering the fall of the masts, which, with the yards, were severely wounded; but every unwounded officer, seaman, and marine, were soon at work, knotting, splicing, and refitting, during the entire night; but it was seven in the morning before the ship was in tolerable enough order to engage again. The enemy, who had suffered but little aloft, though severely in their

hulls from the smashing sixty-eight pounders of the *Glatton*, appeared in the morning in a close line; yet though the disabled state of the *Glatton* must have been plainly apparent to them, they did not care to come within range of her again, but bore away towards Flushing.

Until nine o'clock on the morning of the 17th, the *Glatton* followed them till they were within three leagues of that port, Captain Trollope having hope, as he tells us, of meeting with some of our cruisers to enable him to destroy them; but as it came on a tough gale from the west, and his battered ship being in bad working order, he was forced to haul off shore and seek the offing. He then bore back to Yarmouth Roads.

"I cannot conclude this report," he states, "without recommendihg to your notice in the strongest manner, Robert Williams, my first lieutenant, who gave me every assistance in his power on the upper deck; as also Lieutenant Schomberg, second lieutenant, and Third Lieutenant Pringle, who commanded on the lower deck; and also Captain Strangeways, of the marines."

The latter was severely wounded by a musket-ball in a dangerous part of the thigh; and though it could be extracted, and a tourniquet was put upon him, he insisted on ascending again to the main deck, where, sword in hand, he remained at his post encouraging his men, amid all the uproar of that midnight battle, till he grew faint from loss of blood, and was again carried below.

It is a very remarkable circumstance that in this hot action, in which so many guns were turned upon her, the *Glatton* had not one man killed, and besides the captain of marines, only another wounded, Corporal William Hall, who also received a bullet through one of his thighs. "Our small loss," says Captain Trollope, "can only be attributed to their firing totally at our rigging to disable us, in which they too well succeeded; and as H.M.S. *Glatton* was unfit to keep the sea from the damage she has received in her masts, yards, and rigging, I have thought fit for the good of his service to come to Yarmouth Roads."

[illegible] Strangeways died soon after his wound. The merchants of London presented Captain Trollope with a piece of plate valued at a hundred guineas, and he was afterwards knighted by the king.

On the 13th of January in the following year, 1797, the *Indefatigable*, 44 guns, commanded by Sir Edward Pellew, Bart., and the *Amazon*, 32 guns, under Captain Robert Carthew Reynolds, when about fifty leagues south-west of Ushant, at half-past twelve in the day, discovered a large vessel, in the north-west quarter of the horizon, steering under easy sail towards the coast of France.

The wind was westerly, and blowing hard. The atmosphere became thick and hazy, making the sails and outline of the stranger loom very large to the eyes of the watch on deck. Sir Edward signalled to the *Amazon* for a general chase, and followed it by the signal, "An enemy in sight."

By four in the afternoon he had gained upon the stranger sufficiently to make out that she had two tiers of guns, with her lower-deck ports closed, and that she was flush-built, without a poop. At a quarter to six Sir Edward brought her to action—a close one, that was well supported on both sides for fully an hour, when the *Amazon* came up under a press of sail, but unavoidably shot ahead of the enemy, who very nearly ran on board of her, and seemed to be very full of men from the terrible musketry fire she maintained, from both of her sides at once.

As soon as some repairs necessary on the rigging had been effected, and the *Amazon* had reduced her canvas, both ships commenced a second attack on the two-decker, placing themselves, after some raking broadsides, on each of her quarters, within pistol range; and thus they fought, in the dark, without a moment's intermission, for five consecutive hours.

The two British frigates then sheered off a little way to secure their masts, which were damaged; but the battle was resumed at a quarter to six a.m., and did not close until half-past four p.m. that day. Ten hours of greater fatigue were scarcely ever experienced by seamen than were endured by those of the *Indefatigable* and *Amazon*. The sea was high, and rolling around them in foam, so that the men on the main deck frequently were fighting up to their waists in water, as sea after sea was shipped through the port-holes.

Some of the guns, by the rolling and pitching, broke their breechings four times over; some of them tore out the ring-bolts, immediately after they were loaded. All the spars were wounded, and the maintopmast of the *Indefatigable*, which was totally unrigged, was only saved by the alacrity of her officers.

At twenty minutes past four in the morning, the clouds which partially obscured the moon passed away. She shone out more brightly than usual, and Lieutenant George Bell, who was looking out on the forecastle of [illegible] *Indefatigable*, reported "land in sight." He had scarcely gone aft to tell Sir Edward this, when the white foam of breakers become visible to the look-out. The ship was

then under the enemy's starboard bow, and the *Amazon* as near her on the larboard.

Not an instant was to be lost, every life now depended on the prompt execution of Sir Edward's orders; the ships crippled, close in on an enemy's coast—a lee shore—and a French prison before all who might escape death among the breakers. The exact part of the land could not be ascertained in the moonlight; but it was supposed to be Ushant, or some portion of the Bay of Brest. With incredible [illegible]y, the tacks were hauled on board, and sail made to the southward.

Before day broke, breakers were again visible to leeward, so the two frigates wore to the northward, on the other tack. The officers were then satisfied that the land they had seen could not have been Ushant, and all waited the approach of day with the most intense anxiety.

When it stole in and lit the winter sea, the frigates were in twenty fathoms' water, and their crews beheld, with generous commiseration, as Sir Edward relates in his dispatch to Mr. Evan Nepean, "the enemy, who had so bravely defended herself, lying on her broadside, and a tremendous surf beating over her. The miserable fate of the brave but unhappy crew was, perhaps, the more sincerely lamented by us, from the apprehension of suffering a similar misfortune."

The *Indefatigable* could yield the drowning Frenchmen not the least assistance. She had at that time four feet of water in her hold; and had, after the battering she had undergone from the strange ship, to encounter a wild sea with a strong wind dead on the shore. But Sir Edward now ascertained by the chart his situation to be that of Audierne Bay, and that the fate of all on board depended on their being able to weather the Pen-[illegible] Rocks, near Point l'Abbé, in Finisterre, which, "by the blessing of God," Sir Edward tells us, they did by eleven in the forenoon, exhausted though all were with the long chase, the battle, and the events of the subsequent night.

While his ship had hauled her wind to the southward, the *Amazon* hauled hers to the northward. Captain Reynolds, notwithstanding every effort to save her, found her masts, yards, rigging, and sails so miserably cut up that, with three feet of water in the hold, it was impossible to work off a lee shore, on which she struck fatally at five in the morning. The crew—all save six, who went off in the cutter and were drowned—were saved by making rafts of the wreck; but immediately on landing they were made prisoners.

The loss sustained on board the *Indefatigable* was only nineteen wounded, chiefly by splinters. Among these was Mr. Thompson, the first lieutenant. The *Amazon* had three killed and fifteen badly wounded.

The enemy's ship proved to be *Les Droits des Hommes*, 76 guns, commanded by Captain the *ci-devant* Baron le Crosse, manned by 1,600 seamen and soldiers, of whom 170 perished among the breakers, exclusive of those who fell in action.

CHAPTER LX.

CAMPERDOWN, 1797.

Brilliant though our naval campaigns were, they occurred in a season of gloom and distress. Holland had deserted her alliance with Britain; the latter stood alone against all the powers of Europe; and when the Bank of England stopped cash payments, and the ill-paid navy became mutinous, the distress and gloom seemed to deepen.

The French had a large army and powerful party in Holland, from whence it was determined to fit out an expedition against Ireland; which, in revenge for the succours afforded to the Royalists in Bretagne, was either to be severed wholly from Britain, or subjected to the ravages of war. The Directory gave orders to embark a body of troops on board a fleet, under the command of General Daendels, and no doubt was entertained that many of the discontented Irish would flock to his standard; but the chief difficulty was to have it unfurled on Irish soil.

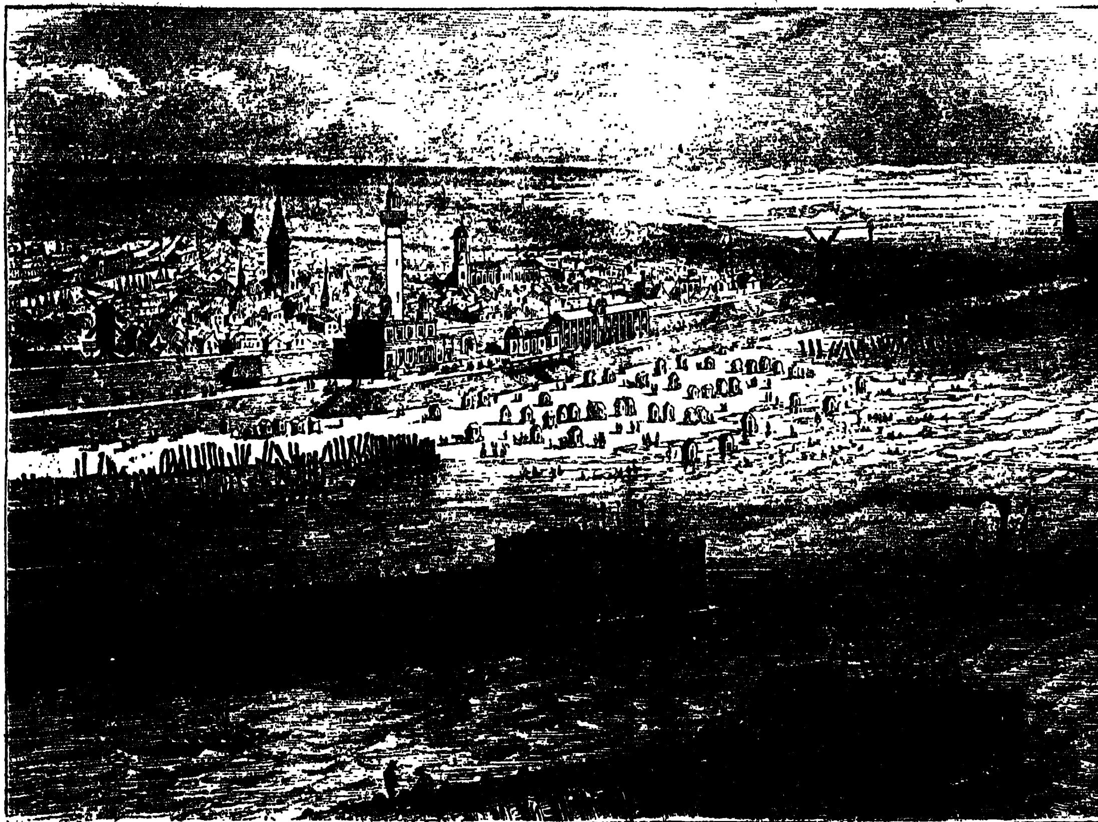
On the first intelligence of these preparations, the Board of Admiralty sent a powerful fleet to the North Sea, with orders to intercept the enemy. During the whole summer the Texel, where the Dutch armament lay, was successfully blocked up by Admiral Adam Duncan. This celebrated seaman, was an officer of great experience and resolute bravery, who, by his tact and address, prevented the dangerous spirit of mutiny from spreading in

his ship, the *Venerable*. The second son of Duncan of Lundie, in Forfarshire, he had entered the na so far back as 1747, and had served with hon in many battles, particularly in the glory won by Rodney over the Spaniards off Cape St. Vincent, where his ship was the first in action.

Although he assumed such a position off the Texel as enabled him to discover all the motions of the enemy, yet, in consequence of repeated procrastination and delay, no occurrence took place till autumn, when he was compelled to return to Yarmouth and refit; leaving, however, Captain Trollope, with a small squadron of five sail, to watch the Texel, the entrance to which is the south channel, then well fortified by many batteries, among which there was one mounting thirty-six thirty-six-pounders, and another twenty-four twenty-four pounders.

No sooner was his departure known at Amsterdam than the Dutch Government, which, in consequence of the advanced season, had brought the troops ashore, issued instant injunctions for the fleet to put to sea and achieve something. This movement was duly notified to Admiral Duncan by a signal from a vessel stationed at the back of Yarmouth Sands; so, with joyous alacrity, his whole got under weigh with a fair wind, and in the the last of their sails had melted out o

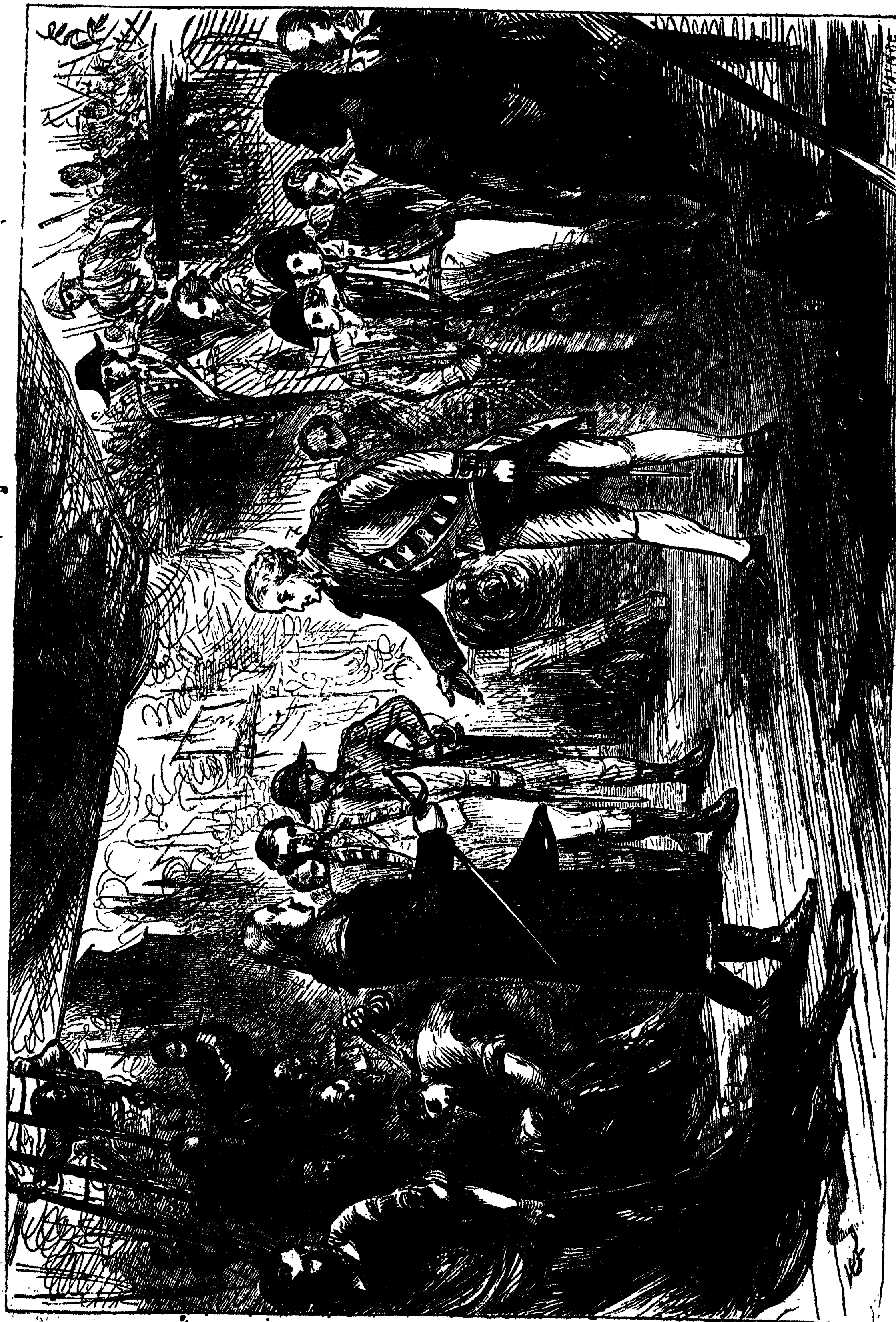
The Dutch fleet was under De Winter, an officer who had frequently distinguished himself as a general under Pichegru, and was supposed to be well acquainted with naval affairs. He had left the Texel with a squadron consisting of twenty-six sail, carrying 1,266 pieces of cannon, and 8,762 men.



VIEW OF OSTEND.

The force of Admiral Duncan amounted to sixteen sail, ranging from seventy-four to fifty-gun ships, having on board, including the frigates, 1,110 guns, and 8,916 men.

Of all the officers on board the British fleet at that time, few were more beloved than Duncan, unless we except Nelson; and certainly no man was more stately or commanding in appearance. "He was, without exception," says an officer who met him at a public dinner, "the finest man in his person I ever beheld. Imagine a man six feet two inches in height (I think he was six feet four), with limbs of proportionate frame and strength. His features were nobly beautiful; his forehead high and fair; his hair white as snow. His movements



SURRENDER OF DE WINTER.

were all stately, but unaffected, and his manner easy, though dignified. One of the most delightful traits of the nature of the gallant old man was, that he took the earliest occasion to turn towards his home and affections. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I give you the health of the best woman in the world—I give you my own wife, Lady Duncan!' The room shook with cheers, and I saw the veteran's eyes become moist with tears of fond recollection."

His flag was on board the *Venerable*, 74, with the starboard, or weather division; while Admiral Onslow, in the *Monarch*, 74, led the larboard, or lee division.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 11th of October, Duncan got sight of Captain Trollope's squadron, with signals flying for an enemy to leeward. The admiral instantly bore up, making the signal for a general chase, and in less than an hour came in sight of the Dutch armament forming in line on the starboard tack to receive him, with the country between Camperdown and the three villages of Egmont and the sand-hills known as Egmond-op-den-Hoef lying about nine miles to leeward. The coast was crowded by thousands of spectators, who, says a print of the time, "had the mortification of observing the entire destruction of their fleet, without the possibility of affording it any relief."

Fearing that the Dutch ships, which were built for their own shoaly seas, might get so close in-shore that ours could not follow them, Admiral Duncan made a signal to prepare for action; to shorten sail and form in compact order; then to bear up, break the Dutch line, and engage to leeward, each ship choosing her own opponent: and by these means he got between them and the land, which they were fast approaching. In clearing away for action, all the bulkheads, and even the cabin chairs, were flung overboard, "with everything that might be in the way of working the guns, or occasion splinters."

His signals were obeyed with remarkable promptitude. Vice-Admiral Onslow, in the *Monarch*, bore down in the most gallant manner on the enemy's rear, followed by the whole of his division, the *Russell*, *Montague*, and *Powerful*, all ships of seventy-four guns; and four of sixty-four, the *Director*, *Veteran*, *Monmouth*, and *Agincourt*.

The Dutch were drawn up in two lines, the three admirals, De Winter, Story, and Reyntier, with their special flags flying, and all with their topsails aback. A little after twelve Admiral Onslow broke through the enemy's line, and passed under the stern of the Dutch Vice-Admiral Reyntier, engaging him to leeward.

Meanwhile Admiral Duncan, intending to engage the Dutch commander-in-chief, was prevented by the *States-General*, a seventy-six-gun ship, under Rear-Admiral Story, bearing a blue ensign at her mizzen, shooting close up to him; but the dreadful fire of the *Venerable* soon drove Story out of the line, after which Duncan fell alongside De Winter, in the *Vryheid*, 74. Each admiral was nobly supported by the ships of his division.

"At twelve," says an officer of the *Ardent*, 64, "our fleet was closely engaged with the enemy. The roaring of cannon was tremendous, and lasted two hours and a quarter, when we had the pleasure of seeing one of the Dutch ships with her poop all in a blaze, and one of their admiral's ships totally dismasted. In about ten minutes after, several of them struck their colours to us, the remainder making off as fast as they could; we being now within six miles of the land, and the wind blowing fresh. If we had not been so close to the enemy's coast, I have no doubt we should have brought the whole to England. Our loss is great; we have 140 killed and wounded on board of us. One of the men's wives insisted on firing the gun where her husband was quartered, though frequently requested to go below; but she could not be prevailed upon to do so, till a shot carried away one of her legs and wounded the other."

At the beginning of the action it is said that De Winter, on perceiving the movements of Duncan, had also hoisted the signal for his fleet to take close order, but that, owing to the thickness of the smoke, it was seen by only a few of the captains.

Captain Schomberg states that by one o'clock the action was general, and that every ship was engaged save two or three of the enemy's van, which slipped off without the smallest apparent injury, and returned quietly to the Texel next day. With unabated fury the battle went on for two hours and a half, by which time all the masts of De Winter's ship had gone by the board. However, she was defended for some time after in a most gallant manner. At length, finding further resistance vain, Admiral De Winter, being, it is said, the only man left on the quarter-deck who was not killed or wounded, struck his colours to the *Venerable*. About the same time the Dutch vice-admiral, dismasted and dreadfully battered, struck to Admiral Onslow.

[illegible] paper states that by this time the [illegible] "presented a shocking spectacle in the inside, being covered with blood and brains." With these ghastly memorials the shrouds and rigging were literally clotted.

At one time the *Ardent*, whose captain was killed, had no less than five Dutch ships upon her at once; and she must have been sunk, had the *Venerable* not come to her assistance. The latter had many of her men killed by their crowding to the portholes and cheering whenever they saw any of the enemy strike.

The two first broadsides of the Dutch are described as having been terrible; but after they were received, on an average we fired three guns to their one.

Admiral Duncan, on finding himself in only nine fathoms of water, and but five miles from the land, had his attention so much occupied in getting his crippled ships off shore, that he was not able to distinguish the number which were actually captured; and as the wind blew constantly from the seaward, our fleet was much dispersed.

The ships secured were seven sail of the line, two of fifty-six guns, and two large frigates; the *Delft*, 56 guns, Captain Veerder, foundered. One of the frigates was also lost; the other drifted to the Dutch coast, and was retaken.

A conflict more bloody had not been as yet recorded in the naval annals of Britain, since the old Dutch wars at least. The loss sustained in killed and wounded on board of only nine ships of Admiral Duncan's fleet was upwards of 700; but the only officer of note killed was Captain Burgess, of the *Ardent*. The carnage on board the Dutch ships must have been terrible, if we are to judge by that on board the two which bore the admirals' flags, each having not less than 250 killed and wounded. Among the latter was Vice-Admiral Reyntier, whose injuries were such that he died soon after in England.

Admiral de Winter was a man of considerable bulk and stature; and it is said that when he came on board the *Venerable*, after the first exchange of compliments, he said in French—

"It is a matter of some surprise to me how two such gigantic objects as Admiral Duncan and myself have escaped the general carnage of the day." He lamented bitterly that amid that carnage, which, says Captain Brenton, "literally flooded the decks of the *Vryheid* in blood, he alone should have been spared."

After the action Admiral Onslow passed under Admiral Duncan's stern, three hearty cheers being exchanged between the ships. The former officer was then publicly thanked by the latter for his gallant conduct from the stern gallery. All the other ships then passed in succession, their crews saluting with those hearty triple cheers which Britons alone give, and never so well as in such a glorious hour as that.

After the cessation of the contest, the admiral mustered the crew of the *Venerable*, and, kneeling on the deck in their presence, "returned thanks to the God of battles for the splendid victory with which He had crowned their arms." The same authority adds that he and De Winter played a friendly game of picquet together on the night after the latter came on board the flag-ship.

The action was not over until half-past three in the afternoon, according to an officer of the *Belliqueux*, 64, whose crew, like those of other ships, spent the subsequent night in knotting, splicing, and refitting rigging and spars, and bending new sails, the old being torn to ribbons. At half-past twelve, he adds, all hands were called to bury the dead.

"The purser read the burial service over one lieutenant, a midshipman, and nine brother tars, who were immediately launched into the deep, tears streaming from all our eyes."

We are told that at the beginning of the action, the captain of the *Belliqueux*, John Inglis, a veteran Scottish seaman, on becoming perplexed by some of the admiral's signals, closed his telescope, and shouted to the sailing master—

"Hang it, Jock! doon wi' the helm, and gang richt into the middle o't!"

Few events caused more ardent demonstrations of joy in London and elsewhere than the battle of Camperdown; and the excitement of the audience at Drury Lane was beyond all description when, on the curtain rising, they saw before them a model of the *Venerable*, fully rigged, floating on a transparent sea, with her rigging full of lamps.

On the 16th of October, the admiral anchored with his prizes at the Nore. On the following day His Majesty created him a peer of Great Britain, by the titles of Baron Duncan of Lundie, and Viscount Duncan of Camperdown, with augmentations to his coat-armorial, one of his supporters being a sailor bearing a Union Jack. His eldest son was created Earl of Camperdown in 1831; and at his new family mansion in Forfarshire (bearing the name of that old Dutch village near Alkmaer) there is still preserved the standard which Admiral de Winter struck when the *Vryheid* lay dismasted under the guns of the *Venerable*. There also is the sword of De Winter, as a letter from the present Earl of Camperdown informed the author.

The veteran admiral retained the command of the North Sea Fleet till 1804, when he retired into private life. Four years subsequently he offered his sword and his services to Government; but being struck by apoplexy, he had to hasten home to Scotland, and died at Kelso, in his seventy-third year.

CHAPTER LXI.

OSTEND, 1798.

In the May of this year there was prepared an expedition to Ostend—one, which, says a writer, "may be added to the list of injudicious attempts made at various times by Britain on the Continent, without any object of importance or national advantage to be attained."

It consisted of the four light companies of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, two light companies of the Coldstream, and the two of the 3rd Guards, with the 11th Regiment, and the four flank companies of the 23rd and 49th Foot; in all only 1,200 men, under General Coote, with six guns.

Their orders were simply to destroy the basin, gates, and sluices of the great Bruges Canal, and thus intercept the navigation between Ostend and Holland, of which the invading French might avail themselves, as they had captured Ostend in 1794; after which, however, the Flemish merchants had transferred their business chiefly to Hamburg and Copenhagen.

The command of the light infantry battalion devolved on Colonel Calcraft, of the Coldstreams; Colonel the Hon. Edward Finch, who commanded the light company of the 1st battalion, having been accidentally wounded at a field-day on Barham Downs, previous to the embarkation.

On the 14th of May, this small force destined to invade Flanders sailed from Margate in transports, with a few men-of-war, under Captain Home Popham; and by five o'clock on the morning of the 19th, the troops, with the miners, artillery, wooden petards, tools, and stores, including 400 barrels of gunpowder, were landed on the flat, sandy beach at Ostend—all, at least, save the four companies of the 1st Guards, which, luckily for themselves, as the event proved, were on board the *Minerva*, frigate, which lost her situation in the squadron on the night of the 18th.

Ostend had not then the large battery called Fort Wellington; but it possessed then, as now, its old fortifications, which are of great strength, an earthen mound and a moat round the town, the approach to which m[illegible] be rendered very difficult, by the power possessed by a garrison of laying the whole of the adjacent low country under water.

The wind was blowing hard when the troops effected their landing, which was done so quickly, that most of them were ashore before their arrival was discovered. While the boats were taking them off, the *Vigilant* cut a vessel out from under the Lighthouse Battery, the persons on board of which assured General Coote that there were but small bodies of troops in Ostend, Newport, and Bruges; hence he was confident of fulfilling the orders he had received, even though the surf should cut off his retreat. By daybreak, the French artillery on the batteries opened on the shipping, which returned their fire with spirit; Captain Mortlock, of the *Wolverine*, Lieutenant Edmonds, in the *Wasp*, and Lieutenant Norman, in the *Biter*, with the *Hector* and *Tartarus*, throwing in shot and shell with great precision.

Above the low flat banks and line of grassy batteries, flames began to shoot skyward, thus showing that Ostend was on fire in several places, and ere long great damage was done to the shipping moored in the basin. Captain Home Popham ordered all the gun-boats that had been anchored eastward of the town to creep in shoreward, as near as possible, while the troops were disembarking, to cover that movement; but the water was too low to enable them to get as near as their commander wished, though one, named the *Asp*, lay for a considerable time within three hundred yards of the batteries.

At twenty minutes past ten, a concussion in the air, and a mighty cloud of dust and stones that rose upward, announced the first explosion to the naval squadron, who greeted it with a ringing hurrah. The shock was so great that the roofs of many of the houses in Ostend fell in.

The country people looked on with astonishment at the daring of our troops, and never doubted but that an army many thousands strong was landing. The details of the whole expedition are very meagre, but the activity of this small body of troops was incredible. In a very short space of time, the sluice-gates were blown up and so totally destroyed that not a drop of water remained in the canal, the whole tide of which rushed into the sea; a vast [illegible]ber of boats lying in the basin, destined for the invasion of Britain, were given to the flames with other shipping; while, by the destruction of the [illegible] a fleet of transports and batteaux which were g[illegible]ut at Flushing, and were to have been brought for the purposes of invasion by the inland navigation to Ostend and Dunkirk, thereby to elude our cruisers were rendered totally useless.

As Colonel Ward, of the Guards, reported, "It will be a long time before their works can be repaired, as they were five years finishing, and were esteemed the most complete of the kind in Europe."

Such expedition had the troops made in this work, which completely destroyed the inland navigation there, and shattered to ruin the famous erections of Saas, that, with a very small loss, they were all ready to re-embark at noon; but the wind having increased to a gale, and a furious surf rolling along all the flat and open beach, rendered it impossible for them to reach the shipping.

A position was therefore taken upon the sandhills above Ostend, where, for the whole of that day and the subsequent night—a time passed in considerable excitement and anxiety—they lay under arms, while the enemy were gathering in force from all quarters; and by dawn they found themselves completely cut off, and attacked on every side by an overwhelming force of the Republican troops.

Nevertheless, they made a gallant defence, and poured several rounds upon the enemy. The fire of the latter was heavy, and in a very few minutes Colonel Hely, of the 11th, a veteran in his seventieth year, was killed; General Coote, Colonel Campbell, of the 3rd Guards, Major Donkin, of the 44th, and Captain Walker, of the artillery, fell severely wounded. After more than sixty rank and file had fallen, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Ward, who had taken the command, seeing the folly of further resistance, capitulated, and the whole of his little force laid down their arms as prisoners of war; and exasperating this must have been when the white sails of our squadron were visible close by, towering above the flat low scenery.

On hearing the firing, "I went in-shore in the *Kite*," says Captain Popham, "for the purpose of giving every assistance, and had the mortification to see our army surrounded by the enemy's troops." These are described as being "a column of 600 men to our left; an immense column in front, with cannon; and a very large column on the right." These were the 40th and 94th demi-brigades, under Keller, from Bruges.

He then ordered all the shipping to anchor farther out, and sent a flag of truce by Colonel Boone, of the Guards, and Captain Browne, of the *Kite*, to the French commandant, with a letter, expressing a hope that "the prisoners would be treated with that attention which is due to officers and men executing the orders of their sovereign." He sent the officers the little baggage they had left on board the ships; and asked that all the prisoners might be permitted to write home, as otherwise it would be impossible for their friends to know who were wounded and who had fallen. He also proposed to exchange the captured for the same number of French officers and men then prisoners in Britain.

The captives were marched to Lisle, but were soon after exchanged and landed at Dover: and thus ended an expedition which, save for the destruction of the flat-bottomed boats, must have been viewed with regret, even at that time; as whatever damage was done to the sluices or canals between Bruges or Ostend could be of little benefit to Britain, and an injury, not to France, but to Flanders.

CHAPTER LXII.

ROSS AND VINEGAR HILL, 1798.

THE evil example of the French Revolution nowhere bore more dangerous fruit than in unfortunate Ireland, where, so early as 1780, however, the Volunteers, influenced by the success of the American insurgents, leagued themselves together to secure the reform of a Parliament—a league which ended in their own dissolution. Then came the United Irishmen, whose real purpose was the separation of Ireland from the British Empire. A secret correspondence was maintained with France, where an infamous rabble was deluging the land in the blood of its own people, and where, ere long, the Republic, though destitute of money, contrived to keep a million of men in arms; where every place was filled by soldiery alone, and the palaces of the Bourbons were occupied by upstart ministers, who "covered their Republican ferocity" with scarlet cassocks, rose-coloured stockings, and crimson robes richly embroidered.

Ere long a day was fixed when Ireland was to rise in arms; and perhaps there is no nation in Europe whose history exhibits such a uniform

series of oppression, misfortune, and misery, the result of that incapability of union for open resistance, and of stern perseverance, which form a part of the Irish character, though as soldiers they are second to none in the world. The island has always been split into hostile districts, where septs and creeds denounced vengeance against each other; for Ireland has ever been a house divided against itself.

The projects of the conspirators were separation from Britain, and probably a union with France. A system of representation, founded on the custom of the ancient Saxons, was prepared and completed by the talent and energy of Theobald Wolfe Tone, a Protestant graduate of Trinity College, and practising barrister, with a secrecy worthy of the *vehmgerichte* of Westphalia. By an ascending scale of representation, from decennaries and hundreds, to baronies, provinces, and at length the whole kingdom, such an interchange of opinions took place, and such a force was prepared, as had never before been witnessed in the face of an existing government in modern times.

A Directory of five presided over the whole. The two chief of these were Lord Edward Fitzgerald, brother of the Duke of Leinster, and Arthur O'Connor, nephew of Lord Longueville, and boasting of a descent from Roderick O'Connor, the petty king of Connaught. So conscious were the members of this confederacy of their own power, and such the dread that some had of foreign domination, that they expressly stipulated with their French ally for limited assistance only; and very limited it proved in the end.

Through the treachery of one who was to be a colonel among the insurgents, their schemes were made known to the Ministry, and the 22nd of March saw the arrest of the delegates. The remaining leaders, however, had determined on a general insurrection, particularly in the province of Leinster, and fixed on the 23rd of May for that event, and meditated an attack on the camp of Laughlinstown, the artillery park at Chapel-izod, and Dublin Castle, at the same time; but were anticipated in their attempts by the vigour of Lord Camden, who, on his authority as viceroy, put certain districts under military authority, and superseded the ordinary legal tribunals by courts-martial.



ATTACK ON THE WEXFORD REBELS.

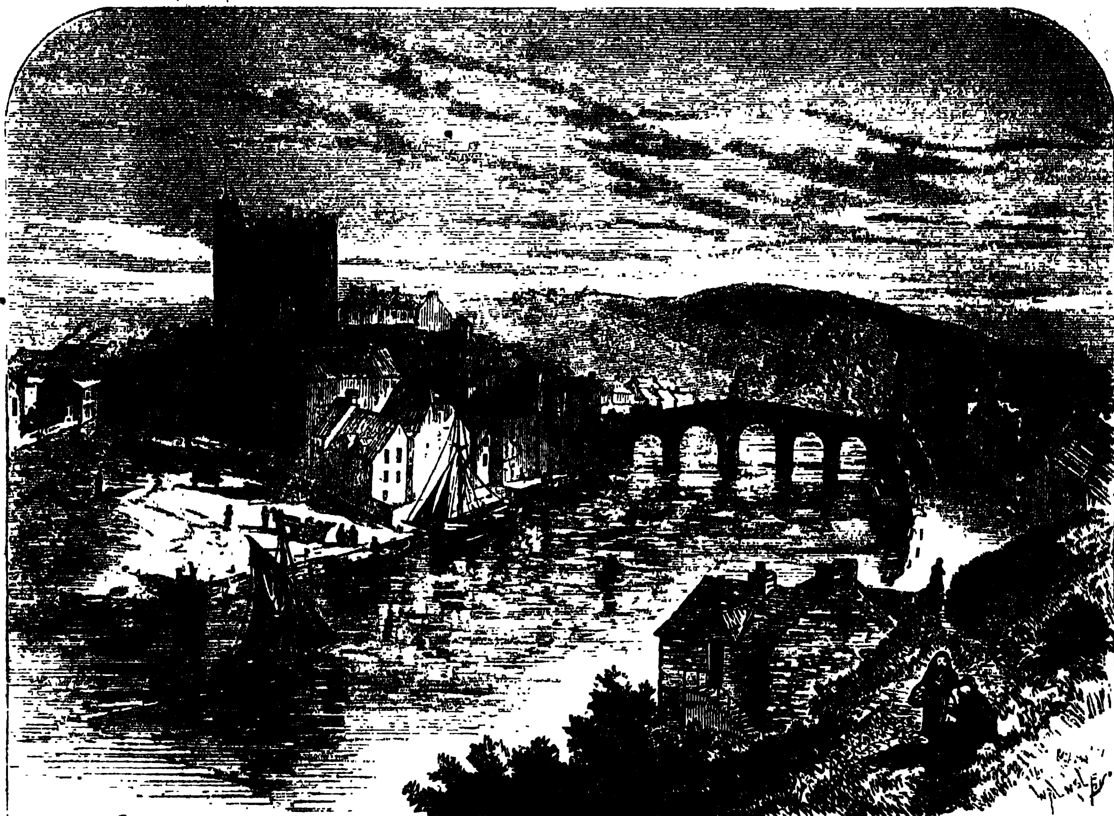
Many of the leaders were thus secured, through

the treachery of their followers; and those who were not as yet arrested were overwhelmed with dismay. On the day subsequent to that appointed for the general insurrection, there was an abortive revolt at Naas, in Kildare. There an assault was made by a half-armed rabble on the town and gaol; but as their scheme had been discovered, they were instantly attacked by the 4th Dragoon Guards, the Ancient British Fencibles, and the Armagh Militia, who shot or bayoneted 140 of them, and took three of the leaders, who were executed.

Near Kilcullen a more numerous body was routed by General Dundas; and on the preceding day a detachment consisting of 500 insurgents who had ventured to advance as far as Rathfarnham, was dispersed by Lord Roden, with only thirty-five dragoons. Many were cut down in their flight, and two of their leaders, Keough and Ledwick, were reserved for public execution.

Another body was attacked on the Hill of Tara, and routed, with the loss of 350 killed, by three companies of Lord Reay's Highlanders and a few Yeomanry.

These wretched attempts were not countenanced by the boasted general rising; for Ulster, in which province alone there were enrolled 150,000 United Irishmen, remained timidly aloof. Discontent had taken deep root in the people's hearts; and these two affairs were small and pitiful. The inhabitants of Wexford and Wicklow, being taught to expect immediate assistance from France, rose in arms, and experienced a transitory success. So general was the dissatisfaction in the former county, that the whole male population rose in a single night.



VIEW OF ENNISCORTHY.

Father John Murphy, who had been educated in Spain, and was priest of the parish of Kilcormick, collected his forces by lighting a great fire on the Hill of Corrigrua, which was immediately answered by a similar beacon on an eminence called Boolavogue. After disarming the Protestants and burning their houses, a savage mode of warfare too often resorted to by both parties, they advanced to the village of Oulart; and as their numbers had now swelled to nearly 14,000, they, though chiefly armed with pikes, began naturally to acquire confidence. A solitary subaltern of the 82nd Regiment, who fell into the hands of the insurgents, was murdered by them with great barbarity.

On hearing of this and other atrocities, the

troops in Wexford were ordered to march and disperse them. Accordingly, a detachment of the North Cork Militia, only 109 strong, under Lieutenant-Colonel Foote, with some Yeomanry Cavalry, advanced on the 27th of May against the rebels, then posted on the side of Oulart Hill. The attack by this small force appeared eminently successful at first; but, encouraged by the apparent trepidation of the enemy, they climbed the hill to pursue the fugitives, and were thus lured among hedges closely lined with musketry, and every man of the party perished but the commanding officer, a sergeant, and three privates. Colonel Foote had pike wounds in the breast and arms.

On the subsequent day Father Murphy issued circular notes to all men capable of bearing arms. These were written in red ink, and summoned them to meet him instantly for the purpose of attacking Enniscorthy; and such was the reputation he had won by the destruction of Foote's detachment, that great numbers rushed to his standard, yet so many had left it that after all he had not more than 6000 men to lead. Having said mass on Ballyorrill Hill, and burned a few Protestant houses, his forces were soon after seen on the Newtown Barry Road, formed in a great straggling column about a mile in length; while another party posted on a neighbouring eminence advanced at the same time, and endeavoured to throw the approaching troops into disorder by driving herds of cattle before them.

At this time the hopes of the Irish were great, as it was well known that the French were preparing two expeditions, one at Rochefort and the other at Brest, which the reports of spies represented as destined for the invasion of Ireland.

At Newtown Barry the insurgents were gallantly and successfully opposed for a considerable time by about 340 men, who occupied the principal outlets. But as a number of disaffected persons were supposed to be in Enniscorthy, it was deemed advisable to evacuate it; and this was no sooner done than it was taken possession of by the rebels, who began to form an intrenched camp on Vinegar Hill, the eastern section of the steep rising ground on which the town is situated. Batteries were thrown up, and all military affairs were regulated by a committee of priests—Fathers Murphy, Roche, Kearns, and Clinchy. The latter was always conspicuous, as he rode a large white horse, and wore broad white cross-belts, with an enormous sabre.

There were twenty priests in the camp, where the rebels soon swelled to 10,000 men. Sentinels, videttes, and out-pickets were posted, and all the appearance of regular troops affected. But the great mass were totally unacquainted with the use of arms; and the motley appearance of the tents, which consisted of old quilts, blankets, and tattered carpets, gave to the whole the grotesque appearance of a gipsy camp.

The ruins of a windmill they converted into a prison, where they placed as prisoners those who were inimical to them. These they tried by a summary court-martial, by whose sentence they were frequently shot or piked in front of the rebel line. Several Protestant women who fell into the hands of their scouting parties were subjected to the greatest outrage; though one of their leaders, called General Patrick Sutton, did all in his power to restrain such atrocities.

Irruptions were made in various directions, to inure their followers to military exploits. Under the direction of Father Kearns, a detachment of rebels seized on the town of Barris, and burned all the houses belonging to the yeomanry; but he was repulsed in an attack on the Mansion House, notwithstanding that his reverence had provided himself with a mortar.

About this time they formed an additional camp on the Hill of Forth, usually called the Three Rock Mountain, in Wexford; and on this place the detachment marched from Enniscorthy, headed by Father Murphy, bearing aloft a large crucifix. In the course of a few days they were lucky enough to surprise a party of the Meath Militia, and a detachment of the Royal Artillery, with two mortars; while Major-General Fawcett, who had marched with eighty soldiers of the 13th Foot, and a few militia, to support these troops, on hearing of their defeat, was compelled to fall back on Duncannon Fort.

On the day of these occurrences, Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, when he heard of them, advanced against the rebels with 200 of the Donegal Militia and 150 Yeomanry Cavalry; but he soon found himself and his little party exposed to a galling musketry fire from behind rocks, hedges, and houses. The howitzers which had been taken that morning were brought next into action; and some of the luckless matrosses, who had been spared expressly for the purpose, were compelled, with pikes at their throats, to throw shells from them [illegible]g their brother soldiers.

At the same time a number of stray horses were [illegible]aded and driven along the road for the purpose of embarrassing the troops; and this stratagem, which failed elsewhere, was successful here, for, unable to act, the yeomanry wheeled about and retired.

On this the rebels, with exultant yells, rushed

down the mountain side to cut off the retreat of the militia, which they would have effected beyond doubt but for the resolute bravery of the detachment, which repulsed them by a well-directed fire, and then fell leisurely back on Wexford.

The latter town being situated at the mouth of the Slaney, not far from the camp at Vinegar Hill, and only three miles from that on the Three Rock Mountain, proved the next point against which the rebels proposed to turn their arms. The victorious result of the recent skirmishes, the acquisition of the two howitzers, together with the arms, accoutrements, and ammunition of their prisoners, served to increase their numbers and their courage; "while," says Stephens, "the spirit of fanaticism was kept alive among the ignorant multitude by means of exhortations. The faith of some of them is reported to have been raised to such a ridiculous excess as actually to believe that the balls of heretics could make no impression on a true believer."

While they were meditating the assault of Wexford, Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell abandoned the town with his party; and a deputation from such of the inhabitants as chose to remain arrived at the Three Rock Mountain to announce that a white flag, in token of submission, had been hoisted on the town-house.

Under "General Roche," lately a sergeant of yeomanry cavalry, a column armed with pikes, muskets, scythes, and pitchforks was put in motion to take possession of Wexford; and Mr. Keough, who, from being a private, had attained the rank of captain-lieutenant of the 65th Regiment, was rash enough to permit himself to be made governor by acclamation. All the prisoners in the gaol were liberated; and one of them, Mr. Harvey, was put at the head of the rebels, by the following commission:—

"At a meeting of the commanders of the United Army, held at Carrickbyrne Camp, on the 1st of June, 1790, it was unanimously agreed that Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey should be appointed commander-in-chief of the United Army of the county of Wexford, from and after the 1st day of June, 1798.—(Signed, by order of the commanding officers of the camp), NICHOLAS GRAY, Secretary.

"It was likewise agreed that Edward Roche should, from and after the 1st day of June, be elected, and hereby is elected, a general officer of the United Army of the county of Wexford.—(Signed by the above authority), N. GRAY."

Flushed with apparently uninterrupted success, they resolved on greater enterprises, and formed their forces into three divisions—one under the command of Mr. Harvey, with Father Roche as second, to encamp on Carrickbyrne Hill, for the purpose of attacking New Ross; a second, under Captains Doyle and Redmond, was to advance from Vinegar Hill, and capture Newtown Barry, which is situated in a defile, surrounded by mountains that are high and steep, and which would not only give them the command of the Slaney river, but would open up a communication with their adherents in Kildare and Carlow; while the third, led by a so-called General Perry, was destined to attack Gorey—and such was their confidence, that ultimately they resolved to march upon Dublin.

But after the capture of Wexford they were doomed to reverses; and as their operations were without method, and they had hitherto been victorious over little detachments, by accident and superior strength alone, so now they were to be crushed on the first appearance of an effective force.

They captured Newtown Barry; but were driven out afterwards, with great slaughter, by a very small body of yeomanry. They were also foiled, about the same time, in an attack upon Gorey; but a large body posted on Ballymore Hill succeeded in defeating Colonel Walpole, who, rashly despising such adversaries, advanced to the attack without proper precautions, and fell into an ambush at Tubberneering. The colonel, being attired in full uniform, and mounted on a tall grey horse, was a conspicuous object for the enemy's marksmen. He fell, and his detachment, composed chiefly of recruits, retired in confusion, leaving two six-pounders and a howitzer behind.

These were turned upon them, and their destruction would have been complete but for the energy of Colonel Cope, of the Antrim Militia, who rallied his command so as to impede the progress of the rebels. But Gorey was entered, Arklow evacuated, and it was with difficulty that General Loftus, who had been advancing with a small detachment to support Colonel Walpole, could escape across the Slievebuoy mountain.

Meanwhile, a strong body of the insurgents was posted on Carrickbyrne Hill, six miles distant from Ross, which, by its commanding situation, was calculated to increase their power and popularity. They marched against it by parishes or baronies, as they had not attained the organisation of regiments and companies. During the route they frequently halted at churches and chapels, where mass was celebrated at the head of each column by the priests, who freely asperged the multitudes with holy water. They then formed, with some appearance of order, on the summit of Corbet Hill, a mile and a half distant from Ross; but, notwith-

standing their numbers, the capture of the town seemed an object of some difficulty, as it was garrisoned by 1,200 effective troops, besides 150 yeomanry, commanded by Major-General Johnson, and was still surrounded by the old walls and bastions which had echoed to the cannon of Oliver Cromwell.

The troops, who were all Irish, save the 9th Dragoons and the Midlothian Fencible Cavalry, had been for some time prepared for the attack, and were judiciously posted. The infantry and artillery were in line on the south and east sides of the town, which stands on the left bank of the Barrow, a stream there about three hundred yards wide; the cavalry were on the quay; and the volunteers manned the bridge.

About five in the morning of the 5th of June, the insurgents 30,000 strong, advanced against the town in an irregular manner, loading the air with yells and discordant howls. One-fourth were armed with muskets, and the remainder with pikes. They had now four small field-pieces, and a few swivel-guns, and their valour and enthusiasm were keenly excited by the presence of a number of priests among them, clad in glittering sacred vestments, and bearing crucifixes.

One of the crowd preceded the rest, waving a white handkerchief; but was somewhat improperly shot by an advanced sentinel. On being searched, he was found to be the bearer of a letter from Mr. Harvey to General Johnson, demanding the surrender of Ross to the Wexford forces, who came, it said, "flushed with victories." Coming on with their native courage, the Irish took possession of the outer posts, and opened fire with one of the field-pieces taken at the Three Rocks, by means of a luckless matross, who was tied to it lest he should escape; but one of the rebels, conceiving that he purposely made the elevation too great, put a pistol to his head, and blew out his brains.

Their first onset was a furious one; but they were repulsed at the Three Bullet Gate by a squadron of Lord Rossmore's corps, the 5th Royal Irish Dragoons, formed in 1688, but disbanded in this same year for lukewarmness, and now, since the Crimean War, represented by the 5th Royal Irish Lancers. Rallying, however, the insurgents captured a piece of artillery, and turning it against the cavalry, fought a passage into the town, notwithstanding that many guns were planted in the cross lanes, to sweep the main street.

One of the rebels, a barber, was either so ignorant of the nature of artillery, or, by intoxication, was so insensible to fear, that he stuffed his hat and wig into the muzzle of a cannon, and cried, "Come on, boys; her mouth is stopped!"

In another moment the gunner's match convinced him of his error.

Such was the weight and impetuosity of the attacking column, that the main body of the garrison, overborne by numbers, and perhaps intimidated by the recent successes of the Irish at Enniscorthy, the Three Rocks, Wexford, and Tubberneering, fled over the bridge with precipitation, to the Kilkenny side of the Barrow.

Major-General Johnson, an officer who had seen much service during the war in America, full of indignation at the sudden panic of the troops, rode up to them, and furiously asked them if they "meant to forsake their leader and countrymen." Three cheers responded to him; and placing himself at their head, he advanced against the Three Bullet Gate, which was still held by a little band of regulars, to whom he announced that reinforcements were coming on from Waterford. Charging forward, he cut a column of the enemy to pieces, completely turned their rear, and manned the trenches on the outside of Ross in such a manner that no new force could enter the town.

The assailants, who had not improved their first advantage, but consumed the time in pillage and intoxication which they ought to have occupied in securing the victory, fled at the utmost speed, first to Corbet Hill, and then to Carrickbyrne, leaving 2,600 killed and wounded behind them. This signal success was not attained by General Johnson without loss, for Lord Mountjoy, Colonel of the Dublin Militia, fell in the first onset, while one ensign, four sergeants, and eighty-four rank and file were killed, and one captain and fifty-seven men were wounded.

There were recaptured here a five-inch howitzer, on a ship-carriage, an iron four-pounder, a two and a three-pounder, and fourteen swivel guns; and there were taken an immense number of pikes, many muskets, and a great variety of standards.

On the day of their repulse at Ross, some of the insurgents, full of vengeance, perpetrated a dreadful massacre on several loyalist prisoners, whom they had confined at a place called Scullabogue, where a layman named Murphy was in command. More merciful than his followers, he strove in vain to prevent this atrocity; but was only able to save one woman.

The insurgents now deposed their general, whose feelings and education quite unfitted him for sharing in their rancorous excesses. Father Roche presided at their new camp on Lacken Hill, where

he summoned the adjacent parishes to repair to his standard; while Father Michael Murphy acted as general at Gorey: and as his followers were flushed with their success at Tubberneering, he determined to march on Arklow, although it was held by a numerous garrison. Dublin was to be his next move; and the capture of that city, would, he thought, decide the fate of the island. So great was the consternation there, that the wife of the viceroy, and many ladies of distinction, had fled to England.

General Needham occupied Arklow, now a sea-port town on the Avoca, but then a mere fishing hamlet. He had with him 1,500 troops, consisting of the 22nd Light Dragoons, the Cavan Militia (brought from Dublin in cars and hackney coaches), the Belfast Cavalry, and other corps. At four in the afternoon of the 9th of June, the rebels appeared before his position in two immense columns, as if they meant to attack it on both flanks. They were 20,000 strong, and had with them two six-pounders, which were neither injudiciously posted nor ill-served. The troops were intrenched, and well-supported by artillery.

The attack was fiercely made, with pike and musket, and with whoops and yells and tumultuary clamour, and for two hours it was sustained; but the steadiness of the little band of king's troops, and the regularity of their fire—more especially that of the cannon—rendered all the attempts of the wild Irish stormers abortive, and they were unable to penetrate into the body of the place.

One party was soon defeated, and furiously charged by the Fencible Cavalry, under Colonel Sir William Watkin Wynne, of Wynnstay, in Denbighshire, who gave no quarter, but slashed and hewed them down on every hand; while another column, which had advanced on the side of the Charter School, led by Father Michael Murphy, of Ballycavan, made a number of successive but abortive attacks on a barricade, whence they were driven by incessant volleys of musketry and grape shot.

At length Father Murphy, after delivering an exciting harangue, advanced once more, bearing a standard on which a cross was emblazoned; but he was soon after torn to pieces by a cannon-shot, on which his troops—if they could be so termed—instantly dispersed and fled in disorder towards Coolgreney.

This was about eight in the evening. They found means to occupy a formidable position on Limerick Hill, which they instantly abandoned on the approach of General Dundas. A cartload of ammunition taken here was delivered over to the Dunbarton Fencibles.

The uniform adopted by the rebel chiefs was green faced with white or yellow, and laced with gold. They wore white vests, buckskin breeches, half boots, and cocked hats adorned with cock neck-feathers and green cockades.

Undeterred by their reiterated misfortunes, a body of the insurgents, some 20,000 strong, took post on some high ground near the banks of the Slaney, called Vinegar Hill, and by a series of useless skirmishes continued to sustain a failing cause. Luckily for the troops, this position was neither defended by heavy artillery, nor fortified by flanking redoubts. Against this place, General Lake, calling in numerous detachments, and being joined by the Loyal Cheshire Militia, which had landed from England two days before, began his march, and his mode of attack was well calculated to terrify the insurgents, who, when the troops came in view, swung off upon a gallows a poor sergeant and soldier, who were prisoners in their hands; but they were shortly after cut down stealthily by a little piper, who was deemed too insignificant to put to death.

The forces were divided into four columns, under Generals Dundas, Eustace, Duff, and Loftus, while a fifth, under General Johnson, carried the town of Enniscorthy. The rebel position was menaced in front and on both flanks at the same time, yet, notwithstanding this, from its natural strength, they were able to defend it gallantly for nearly an hour and a half; and it was not until they were fairly surrounded that they gave way, leaving behind them three brass six-pounders, one three-pounder, seven one-pounders, and two mortars, all of calibre so small as to seem like toys in the present day.

In the uphill charge, the Earl of Ancrum, Lord Roden, and other officers greatly distinguished themselves; but as a civil war is always more bloody than a foreign one, the slaughter of the luckless Irish, even at the hands of their native militia, was merciless and immense. No quarter was given, and all who escaped the bullet fell under the bayonet; while so small was the loss of the king's troops, that not above one hundred were killed or wounded. Many murders and outrages doubtless infuriated the troops; and as an instance of the hate each party bore the other, the ration bread issued to a Scottish Fencible regiment at Rathcoole was found to have been poisoned.

The only person of note who fell at Vinegar Hill was Father Clinch, of Enniscorthy.

A great number of insurgents fled along the eastern bank of the Slaney; some others entered Wexford, and some dreadful scenes of murder ensued at the passage of the bridge; while a third

and more numerous body, under two priests named Murphy, and a third called Roche, reached the Three Rocks, where they held a Council of War, and afterwards proceeded across the mountains to Kilkenny.

An ineffectual attempt was made by the rebel governor of Wexford to obtain capitulation; but, as the offer of pardon to the garrison was accompanied by a stipulation that the chiefs should be delivered up, the insurgents nobly preferred the chance of death to the guilt of treachery, and abandoned the

That body of the rebels which penetrated into the county of Kilkenny by the Scullagh Gap, burned the village of Kil Edmond, and proceeded to Goresbridge, under the leadership of Father Murphy, of Ballyvogue.

Advancing in column, they were met by a party dragoons commanded by Lieutenant Dixon, who was compelled to retreat, as they brought several pieces of cannon and a swivel gun to bear on his post, which he strove in vain to hold against such a multitude of assailants. But their success



VIEW OF ARKLOW.

town, which was immediately occupied by Major-General John Moore.

The latter had in his corps a battalion of Highlanders, named the Dunbarton Fencibles, which he kept constantly near his own person, and employed as light infantry among the mountains. By his recommendation, a detachment of this regiment was detailed as a guard over 400 rebel prisoners, sent, singularly enough, to Prussia, "as the service required confidential and trustworthy men." For the same reason, says General Stewart, a party of this regiment, under Captain Graham, then quartered at Dublin, was chosen to accompany the magistrates when the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald was apprehended.

was of short duration, as the next chapter will show.

The two peers who so greatly distinguished themselves in the uphill charge were both very young men.

The Earl of Ancrum, K.T., was afterwards sixth Marquis of Lothian, and Colonel of the Edinburgh Militia. He came of a race of soldiers, and died in 1824.

Robert, second Earl of Roden, and Knight of St. Patrick, whose father had been Auditor-General of Ireland, was also an officer of militia, whose mother was the last surviving daughter, and eventually the heir, of the Earl of Clanbrassil. He died in 1820.

CHAPTER LXIII.

CASTLEBAR AND BALLINAMUCK, 1798.

About the 26th of June, when their numbers were 5,000 men, they were advanced against by Major-General Sir Charles Asgill, then at the head of only 1,100 horse and foot. He found them in position at Kilconnel Hill, near Goresbridge, with ten pieces of cannon, two swivels, and a great quantity of ammunition, arms, and cattle, which, together with their colours, were all subsequently taken. He had under his orders a party of the 9th Dragoons, 200 of the Downshire, and detachments of the Wexford and Wicklow Militia, and a few yeomanry.

He attacked and in a few minutes totally defeated the insurgents, of whom 1,000 perished, including Father Murphy, who was captured and hanged, almost on the field.

"Our loss," observes Sir Charles Asgill, in his dispatch to Lord Castlereagh, "consisted of only seven men killed and wounded. The remainder of the rebels were pursued into the county of Wexford, where they dispersed in different directions."

With a barbarity worthy of the days of Cumberland, the body of Father Murphy was publicly burned; and, with a zeal that was alike indecent and indiscreet, his head was exposed on the market-house of Tullow, by General Sir James Duff.



THE FRASER SENTINEL (*see page* 261).

A body of insurgents which assembled soon after at Whiteheaps was dispersed by General Needham and the Marquis of Huntly, who, at the head of the Gordon Highlanders, "acquired," says Stephens, "great credit during his residence in Ireland, by uniting humanity with courage, and compassionating the failings of the deluded multitude;" and a noble letter from the Dean of Ferns to this effect is inserted among the earliest records of the 92nd Regiment.

The spirit of rebellion in the South, which had assumed all the tone of a religious war, was now

completely subdued; and in the North it had never been formidable. The insurgents found means to keep possession of Antrim for a few days. By dint of cannon and musketry, they were driven out, but not till Lord O'Neil had fallen, at the head of the Irish militia. They were also repulsed in an ill-concerted attack on Carrickfergus; at Ballynahinch, where they determined to make a stand, under a Scoto-Irishman, named Munro, they received a total defeat, and the insurrection was completely quelled. Then followed courts-martial on Mr. Harvey and all the leaders.

That luckless gentleman had taken shelter in one of the two Salter Islands, which lie about three miles from Waterford. They were then the property of a Mr. Grogan, who, with his wife and child, accompanied Mr. Harvey in his concealment. One of the isles was then inhabited by an old man, who was seized by a party of Orange yeomanry, and questioned as to the hiding-place of Mr. Harvey. As he persisted in denying all knowledge of his movements, they gave him a hundred lashes, and under the agony of this infliction "he conducted them," according to a writer in the *Herald and Chronicle* for that year, "to a cavern in the most remote part of the island, the mouth of which was stopped with stones. These, on being removed, discovered a dark and subterraneous passage, on penetrating which, they came to a large room formed by Nature in the rock, where they found Mr. Harvey, Mr. Grogan, his wife, and child, seated by a lighted lamp. The scene that took place between Mr. Grogan and his wife was truly affecting."

Mr. Harvey was hanged over the bridge of Waterford.

Mercy was nowhere shown to the vanquished, and posterity will remember, with horror, that torture, which had never been used in the British Isles since it was last adopted at Edinburgh by the orders of William III., was in some instances resorted to by individuals to extort confessions of guilt; "and, what is still more shocking, this barbarous and inhuman custom was not only permitted, but is said to have been palliated by men in high authority" (Stephens). Some of the chiefs, O'Connor, Neilson, and M'Nevin, who expected to have been landed on some neutral coast, were closely confined, with others, at Fort George, in Scotland, where they remained till the peace.

The French Directory, which had hitherto contemplated this civil strife with tranquil satisfaction, now seemed eager to revive it, by transmitting a force which, however contemptible, might have had a formidable influence in Ireland had it landed previous to the conflict at Vinegar Hill. Lord Cornwallis, who had now succeeded to the arduous office of lord-lieutenant, suddenly received intelligence that three French frigates had, under British colours, entered Kilalla Bay, that spacious inlet between the counties of Mayo and Sligo, and on the 22nd of August landed a French force consisting of 1,260 rank and file, a large proportion of officers, and three pieces of cannon, under General Hombert.

At this time the troops in Ireland consisted of twenty-two regiments of cavalry and forty-five of infantry, regular and fencible troops; two battalions of English and thirty-seven of native militia; six companies of invalids, and a corps of 200 volunteers, horse and foot.

The expedition disembarked on the western side of the inlet, and marched at once upon the little episcopal town of Kilalla, the cathedral of which, with an ancient round tower whence the streets diverge, overlooks the sandy bay from a flat-headed eminence. The garrison of the place, consisting of only fifty yeomen and fencible men, after making a vain attempt to oppose the entrance of the French vanguard, were made prisoners.

General Hombert lost no time in calling upon the Irish people to join him, assuring them that this force was but the advanced guard of a powerful army. But the particular quarter of Ireland to which chance or design had carried him happened to be but little affected by the revolutionary spirit; and hence the manifestoes of the general failed to produce the effect he expected, as the people remained passive and inactive.

Lieutenant-General Lake now hastened to put himself at the head of the troops. Detachments were summoned from all quarters, while Lord Cornwallis assembled a strong corps at Athlone; and at the same time Dublin, Wicklow, Wexford, and Meath were overawed by the establishment of numerous posts, capable of affording each other mutual support; and a field force of not less than 7,000 men was brought to bear by different routes upon the enemy.

Hombert, an officer who had distinguished himself under Hoche in the terrible war of La Vendée, took up his quarters in the bishop's palace, on which he hoisted the alluring symbol of a green flag, charged with a harp and the motto "*Erin gu Bragh*," but a few of the Catholic peasantry alone joined him—1,500 according to one account—and these he clothed in uniforms, and armed with muskets or pikes.

He assumed a bold countenance, issued proclamations, and established a provisional government of twelve persons; nor was it deemed prudent to

molest him till a force that was certain to crush him was drawn together. He summoned every individual from eighteen to forty to join him, in the name of the Irish Republic, and gave orders for raising twelve regiments of Irishmen "to secure the happiness and independence of ancient Hibernia."

The British troops were formed at this time in two grand divisions: one, under General Lake, at Tuam; the other, under the Marquis of Cornwallis, in Athlone. There were certain lesser detachments, such as a body of 2,000 men, under General Taylor, at Baylis, and another about 500 strong, under Sir Thomas Chapman, at French Park. Rumours were afloat of the departure of a squadron from Brest; Dublin was asserted to be on the eve of rising. The men of the Mayo mountains were also about to rise; and it became necessary to strike at General Hombert ere his little corps swelled to the dimensions of a formidable army under his able leadership.

In the meantime Major-General Hutchinson anticipated Hombert, by having obtained possession of the principal town in the county of Connaught; but, on the other hand, the invaders completely deceived the major-general by advancing through Barnagheeby instead of Foxford, and thus experiencing no obstacle whatever on the way to Castlebar. Hombert relied chiefly on his little band of Frenchmen; yet at Castlebar he contrived to post his newly-clad levies on the flanks, in such a manner as to protect the former from the heaviest fire of the enemy.

The scene of the encounter to which he was now in full march, Castlebar, or Aglish, is in the county of Mayo, and consists chiefly of a hill, Mount Burren, at the north-west extremity of the town, where the British troops were drawn up, according to Sir R. Musgrove's Memoirs, thus:—

The first line consisted of the Kilkenny Militia, the skeleton of the 6th Foot, and a subaltern's detachment of the Prince of Wales's Fencibles. The Fraser Fencible Highlanders formed the second line, with a small corps of Galway Foot Yeomanry. Four companies of the Longford Militia were drawn up in a valley to the rearward, and a little to the left of the Kilkenny Regiment.

The cavalry, consisting of the 1st Fencibles and part of the 6th Dragoon Guards, were stationed in rear of the first line, and some mounted Yeomanry were posted in different quarters. Two curricle and some battalion guns, under Captain Shortall, were posted in front, commanding a rising ground, over which the enemy—whose exact strength was never ascertained—must pass; and two more curricle guns were posted in the centre of the town, under Lieutenant Blundel, of the artillery.

About eight o'clock in the morning of the 27th of August, the French with their allies were seen advancing in column; and some of the peasantry who accompanied them made an ineffectual attempt to divert the fire of Captain Shortall's guns, by driving a number of cattle, with goads, whoops, and yells before them. On this, General Hombart, after reconnoitring, halted under cover of a rising ground, and sent forward a party of his best sharpshooters, who rapidly manned some hedges in front in extended order, and attempted, while opening a galling fire, to outflank our troops.

Eventually, the fire of the opposite lines was spent instead of being reserved, a mistake of which the enemy immediately took advantage; for their main body rushed forward, and the sharpshooters evincing a design to penetrate into the rear, the detachment whose duty it was to support the cannon retired, and they were abandoned to the enemy.

James Earl of Ormond (Hereditary Chief Butler of Ireland), at the head of the Kilkenny Militia, Thomas Earl of Longford, and the Earl of Granard strove in vain to rally their men, who were doubtless cold in the cause; but they were pursued with alacrity, and the Royal Irish Artillery who had gallantly defended the bridge by means of a single gun, were at length charged by the cavalry, and nearly cut off to a man.

The last who gave way were the Fraser Highlanders. In Musgrove's "History of the Rebellion," the following instance is given of intrepid execution of a duty entrusted to "a Fraser sentinel, whom his friends desired to retreat, but who heroically refused to quit his post, which was elevated and with some steps leading up to it. He loaded and fired five times successively, killing a Frenchman at every shot; but before he could charge the sixth they rushed on him," and his body was dreadfully mutilated by the Irish.

Had the whole of the soldiers at Castlebar behaved with the firmness of this poor clansman of Lovat, the French invasion would have ended on that day.

The loss sustained on this occasion has been variously estimated; but it would seem to have been stated by the officer commanding at 600 men and eight guns, "and the suspicion of disaffection among the Irish part of the troops made the calamity still greater. Castlebar, a place of some importance in consequence of its situation, now became the head-quarters of Hombert, who was joined by many deserters from the Irish militia, and who acquired the odium of his allies by his

scrupulous regard for the lives and property of individuals obnoxious to them.

To take advantage of the prestige won by his petty victory, he marched with his whole force through Swineford and Tubbercurry, towards Tuam, as if with the intention of reaching Dublin, which was now only eighty miles distant; but his career did not extend beyond that town, for the new lord-lieutenant, the Marquis of Cornwallis, having determined to take the field in person, collected troops to oppose him. On this Hombert, aware that his force must cease to be formidable the moment that it discontinued acting offensively, with noble generosity sought to save from vengeance such of the Irish as had joined him, although in no single instance did their conduct merit his esteem.

In the meantime the troops were advancing with hasty steps against those invaders who seemed to have taken possession of all Connaught, and on the 8th of September they were overtaken at Ballinamuck, a village in the county of Longford, by a column under General Lake. Lieutenant-Colonel Crawford, who commanded his advanced corps, which was composed of Baron Homspesch's Hussars and the 1st Fencible Cavalry, hung so close on Hombert's rear that he could not escape, "although," as his dispatch says, "they drove the country, and carried off all the horses."

After four days and nights of incessant marching, Lake's column, consisting of the 6th Carbineers, a squadron of the 23rd Light Dragoons, the Roxburgh Fencible Dragoons, the 3rd Light Infantry Battalion, Lord Reay's Highlanders, the Kerry Militia, the Northampton and Prince of Wales's Fencible Infantry, and the Monaghan company of light infantry, mounted behind dragoons, came in sight of the enemy.

The latter were first overtaken by Crawford, who summoned their rear-guard to surrender; but as they made no response, he attacked them, upon which 200 men threw down their arms, and in expectation that their comrades would do the same, Major-General Craddock and Captain Pakenham rode up to them, but a fire of cannon and musketry was opened, and the former officer was wounded.

They were now attacked by the light infantry, under Colonel Innes, and part of the Armagh Militia, with whom they fought for fully an hour; till the remainder of Lake's column came up, when they surrendered at discretion, and their Irish allies fled to the bogs and mountains in every direction, throwing aside their arms and French uniforms by the way.

There were taken here Hombert and two other French generals, named Sarazin and Fontaine, 19 other superior officers, 96 sous-officers, 78 grenadiers, 440 fusiliers, 33 carbineers, 60 chasseurs, and 41 cannoniers—so mixed was the force—in all only 842 men, with 100 horses, three four-pounders, and six wagons. There were also captured 96 Irishmen, with three styling themselves generals—Roach, Blake, and Teeling.

A great and useless slaughter was made among the fugitives.

A month had scarce elapsed when a small squadron carrying a reinforcement for Hombert was met by Sir John Borlase Warren, off Tory Island, near the coast of Donegal, on the 17th of October. It consisted of one ship of the line, eight frigates, a schooner, and brig. A general chase was made. It continued all day and all the following night, though the weather was boisterous and a tremendous sea was rolling, in consequence of which the *Anson*, 44 guns, Captain Durham, lost her mizzenmast.

At five on the morning of the 12th, the enemy were descried to windward, the line-of-battle ship, *Le Hoche*, 84 guns, with her maintopmast gone. Notwithstanding, they all bore down and formed line of battle in close order on the starboard tack. Our squadron was then spread far apart, but the admiral signalled to close, the *Robust* to lead, the rest to form in succession.

At twenty minutes past seven, Captain Thornbury commenced the action, supported by Captain de Courcy, in the *Magnanime*, 44 guns, and after a five hours' obstinate running fight, three were taken, *Le Hoche*, *La Bellone* and *La Coquette*, 40 guns each, and *L'Ambuscade*, 36 guns; and soon after Captain Moore, in the *Melampus*, which had separated from the fleet at midnight, hove in sight with another prize, *La Resolve*, 40 guns, with 500 seamen and soldiers on board. Among the prisoners were a General l'Hardi, and the famous Theobald Wolfe Tone.

The loss sustained by the enemy amounted to 668 killed and 118 wounded; and that of the British to only 3 killed and 35 wounded.

The disabled state of the ships, in addition to the severe weather they encountered, caused some alarm for their safety. H.M.S. *Robust* and *Le Hoche* put into Lough Swilly, where they refitted; while the *Magnanime*, with *La Coquette* and *L'Ambuscade*, were obliged to proceed round the north of Ireland, and after stopping at Belfast to repair their damages, reached Plymouth.

The admiral, Sir John Borlase Warren, afterwards commanded with distinction in the Mediterranean. He belonged to the family of Warren's Court, in the county of Cork.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE NILE, 1798.

ENGAGING in a fruitless attempt to open a path to the conquest of India, Napoleon spent two campaigns in Egypt and Syria. With a great fleet and army he sailed from Toulon, took Malta on his way, and landed at Alexandria. Passing onward to Grand Cairo, he defeated the Mamelukes in battle near the Pyramids; but his armament had been closely followed by Admiral Nelson.

Napoleon's movements in the East attracted the attention of all Europe, but particularly that of the British Government. Positive instructions had been sent to Lord St. Vincent, then stationed off Cadiz, to select a sufficient number of line-of-battle ships, the nomination of which was left entirely to his own choice; but the name of the commander to whom they were to be entrusted was specifically pointed out. This proved to be Sir Horatio Nelson. The latter was already in the Mediterranean, with a flying squadron under his orders, his flag being hoisted on board the *Vanguard;* but this force was insufficient to cope with an armament so powerful as that commanded by the French Admiral Brueix. Ten sail were detached, under Captain Trowbridge, the moment that a reinforcement from the Channel Fleet enabled Lord St. Vincent to spare such a force; and when these joined Sir Horatio Nelson, then Rear-Admiral of the Blue, he found himself invested with a command of fourteen sail, thirteen of which were seventy-fours, and one a fifty-gun ship, which he admitted into the line of battle. This fleet carried in all 6,968 men when he sailed in quest of the enemy.

Repairing to Naples for information, he next steered for Sicily, where he first heard of the surrender of Malta. He took on board expert pilots, and was the first admiral who ever passed the Straits of Messina with a fleet. On seeing his armament off their coast, the London papers allege that the people who crowded on its headlands shouted—

"God save King George and La Madonna!"

Having learned that after the delay of a week only the French had left Malta, he steered for Candia; and on being assured that their destination was for Egypt, he sailed for that coast, and reached the mouth of the Nile three entire days before the arrival of Napoleon. After an interview with the British consul, supposing his information to be incorrect, he sailed to Rhodes, and from there to Syracuse, from whence, on receiving undoubted intelligence that the French had been for some time in Egypt, he steered again for that coast, and ere long discovered thirteen sail of the line and four frigates at anchor in the Bay of Aboukir, on the 1st of August, and the tricolour flying on the walls.

Their presence there was first communicated by a signal from Captain Hood, of the *Zealous*. Nelson immediately hauled his wind, a movement followed by the whole fleet with the greatest alacrity. The signal was also made to prepare for battle.

For many days previous to this Nelson had scarcely taken either sleep or food. He now ordered dinner to be served; and when his officers rose from table to repair to their various posts, he said—

"Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey!"

The French fleet, under Admiral Brueix and Rear-Admiral Villeneuve, lay moored in the form of a crescent, as near as possible to the island of Aboukir, and protected towards the west by a battery of cannon upon it. The whole of the west side of the bay abounds in rocks and shoals. On the east there are nine fathoms of water. The fleet of Brueix consisted of his own ship, carrying 120 guns, three of eighty guns, nine of seventy-four, and four frigates, ranging from forty-eight to thirty-six guns, carrying in all 10,110 men.

It was Nelson's intention to attack this squadron in the van and centre, as it lay at anchor, according to a plan which he had previously communicated to the captains under his command. His idea in this disposition of his force was, first to secure the victory, and then make the most of it, as circumstances might permit. A bower cable of each ship was got out abaft, and bent forward; the fleet carrying sail and standing inward in a close line of battle for that of the enemy, whose line, describing something like a crescent, or, perhaps, obtuse angle, was flanked by numerous gun-boats, four frigates, and the guns and mortars of the battery already mentioned, on the island.

According to Admiral Brueix' own account, his headmost vessel was moored as close as possible to the north-western shoal, "and the rest of the fleet forming a kind of curve along the line of deep



THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

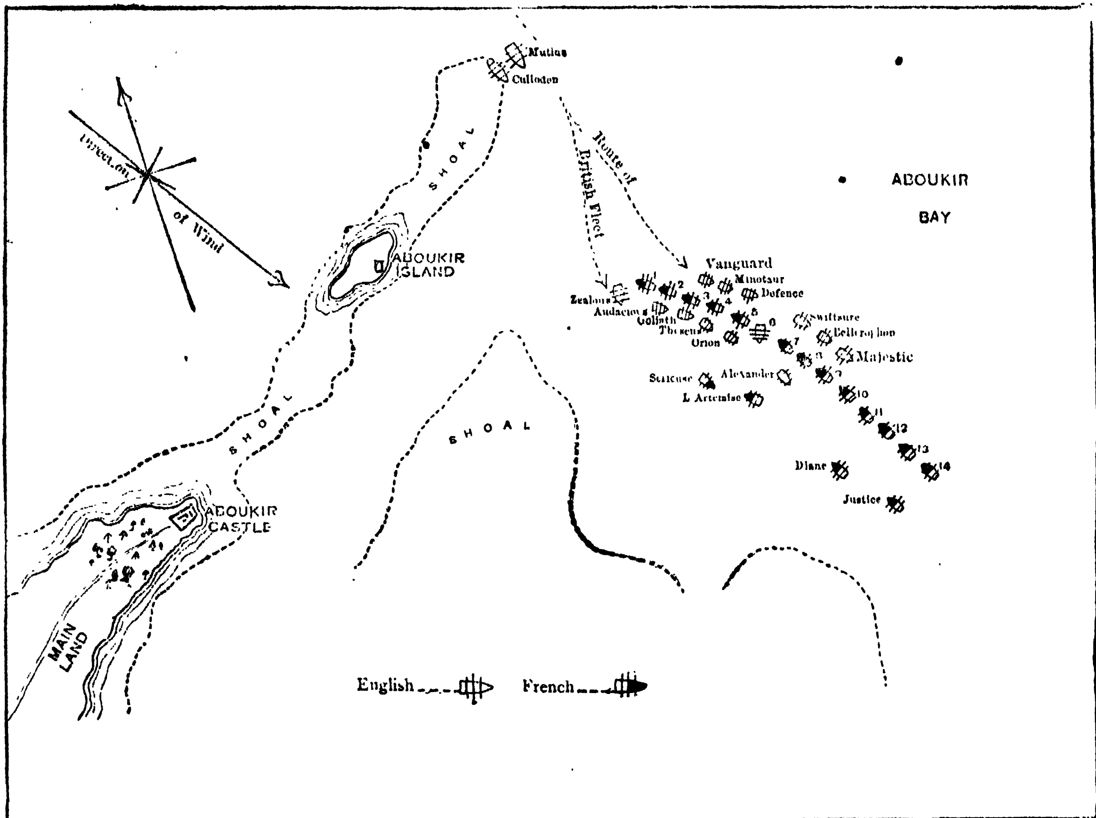
water, so as not to be turned by any means in the south-west."

By Bonaparte's desire, says Southey, he had offered a reward of 10,000 livres to any pilot of the country who would carry the squadron into the ruined harbour of Alexandria; but none could be found who would venture to take charge of a single vessel drawing more than twenty feet. He had therefore made the best of his position in the open bay; the commissary of the fleet assuring him that they were moored in such a way as to bid defiance to any force, even were it double their own strength. Every way the advantage, in numbers, in shipping, guns, and men, lay with the French; but the moment Nelson saw their position, the intuitive genius with which he was endowed displayed itself. He knew that where there was room for an enemy's ship to swing, there was also room for one of ours to anchor. The plan which he intended to pursue, therefore, was to keep entirely on the outer side of the French line, and, so far as he was able, to station his ships one on the outer bow and another on the outer quarter of each of the enemy's.

"If we succeed, what will the world say?" exclaimed Captain Berry, with exultation in his tone.

"There is no 'if' in the case," replied the admiral. "That we shall succeed is certain; but who may live to tell the story is a very different question."

The sun was about to set—the red, hazy sun of Egypt—and darkness about to follow, before there was a possibility of putting his scheme in practice. The fleet bore on, and at thirty-one minutes past six, just as the sun's broad disc began to dip, the action began with an ardour and vigour that baffle description.



BATTLE OF THE NILE.

As our ships advanced, they were assailed by a shower of shot and shells from the batteries on the island, while the enemy opened a steady fire from the starboard side of their whole line, within half gun-shot distance, full into the bows of our leading ships. The wood splinters flew about in showers; the smoke curled high amid the masts and rigging. Many British seamen fell, but the survivors received this terrible fire in silence. On board every ship the men were out on the yards aloft, handing the sails, or ahead making ready to let go those anchors that had been brought forward and bent to the

rope cables. This was a miserable sight for the French, "who, with all their skill," says Nelson's best biographer, "and all their courage, and all their advantages of numbers and situation, were upon that element on which, when the hour of trial comes, a Frenchman has no hope. Admiral Brueix was a brave and able man; yet the indelible character of his country broke out in one of his letters, wherein he delivered it as his private opinion that the English had missed him because, not being superior in force, they did not think it prudent to try their strength with him. The moment was now come in which he was to be undeceived."

A French brig had been instructed to mislead the British, by manœuvring so as to decoy them towards a shoal lying off the Isle of Bekier; but Nelson either knew the peril or suspected some deceit, and so the lure proved unsuccessful. Captain Thomas Foley led the way, in the *Goliath*, 74 guns, outsailing the *Zealous*, which for some minutes disputed the post of honour with him. He had concieved that if the enemy were moored in a line with the land, the best plan of attack would be to lead in between it and them, as the guns on that side would most probably neither be manned, shotted, nor in any way ready for action.

Intending, therefore, says Southey, to fix himself on the inner bow of the *Guerrier*, he kept as near the edge of the bank as the depth of water would admit; but his anchor hung, and while opening fire he drifted to the second ship, the *Conquérant*, before it was clear or ready to be let go. He then moored by the stern inside of her, and in ten minutes shot away one of her masts. Hood, in the *Zealous*, perceiving this, took the station he intended to have occupied, and from the port-holes of his seventy-four poured such a tempest of shot upon the *Guerrier*, that in twelve minutes he riddled and totally disabled her. The third ship which doubled round the enemy's van was the *Orion*, Captain Sir J. Saumarez. Passing gracefully and swiftly to windward of the *Zealous*, she fired her larboard guns so long as they could be brought to bear upon the *Guerrier*, then passing inside the *Goliath*, by a single broadside she shattered and sunk a frigate, *La Sérieuse*, which annoyed her, sending her to the bottom in an instant with all hands on board, 250 men, and all her spars standing; then hauling round towards the French line, and anchoring inside, between the fifth and sixth ships, she took her station on the larboard bow of the *Franklin*, 80 guns, Admiral Blanquet, and the quarter of *Le Peuple Souverain*, a seventy-four, receiving and returning the fire of both ships.

By this time the sun had set. The *Audacious*, under Captain Gould, was pouring a crashing fire into the *Guerrier* and *Conquérant*, as she moored on the larboard bow of the latter; and when that ship struck she weighed, and then turned her guns upon the *Peuple Souverain*. The *Theseus*, Captain Miller, following next, swept away the remaining masts of the *Guerrier*, and then anchored inside of the *Spartiate*, the third ship of the French line.

While these advanced ships doubled on the latter, the *Vanguard* was the first that came to anchor on the external side of the enemy, within half pistol-shot of the *Spartiate*. Nelson had six colours flying in different parts of his rigging, lest they should be shot away—"that they should be struck no British admiral considers as a possibility"—but Schomberg states that no colours were hoisted on either side, nor was a gun fired, till the ships of the British van were within half gun-shot.

Nelson veered half a cable's length, and immediately opened a fire alike heavy and terrible, and under cover of it the other four ships of his division, the *Minotaur*, *Bellerophon*, *Defence*, and *Majestic*, gliding like mighty phantoms through the gathering gloom, passed on ahead of him. In a few minutes every man stationed at the first six guns forward on the *Vanguard's* main deck lay killed or wounded; and three times the reliefs at those guns were all shot down in succession ere Captain Lewis, in the *Minotaur*, by anchoring just ahead, drew off the fire of the *Aquilon*, the fourth ship in the enemy's line.

Captain Darby steered the *Bellerophon* ahead, and her stern anchor was let go close to the starboard bow of *L'Orient*, 120 guns, the ship of Admiral Brueix, on board of which Casa Bianca was captain, and the weight of ball from the lower deck of which alone was equal to the whole broadside of the *Bellerophon*. As the ships anchored by the stern, the whole line became inverted from van to rear.

Captain Peyton, in the *Defence*, took his station ahead of the *Minotaur*, and engaged the *Franklin*, the sixth in the line, by which judicious movement ours remained unbroken. Captain Westcott's ship, the *Majestic*, got entangled with the main rigging of a ship astern of *L'Orient*, and was dreadfully battered by the three-decker's triple tier of guns ere she swung clear, and closely and fiercely engaged the *Héreux*, the ninth ship on the starboard bow, exchanging fire also with the *Tonnant*.

The battle now presented a scene of unexampled grandeur and terror. By seven the darkness was complete, and there was no light, save that which came from the flashes of the hostile cannon, and

the red, rolling fire of musketry from poops, or tops, or forecastles; but by this time, on a signal from the admiral, the British had hoisted out their battle-lanterns, or distinguishing lights—four hung horizontally at the mizzen-peak.

Four ships of the British squadron, having been detached previous to the discovery of the French, were at some distance when the battle began.

Captain Trowbridge, in the *Culloden*, then foremost of the remaining ships, was six miles astern. As all the others had done, he came on sounding with the lead; but as he advanced the darkness increased the difficulty of navigation, and after having found eleven fathoms of water, ere the lead could be hove again his stately seventy-four was fast aground, nor could all his exertions get her off in time to bear a part in the action, which he could hear and see raging with unremitting fury.

The *Culloden* served, however, as a guide to the *Alexander* and *Swiftsure*, under Captains Ball and Hallowell, which must inevitably have perished on the reef; but entering the bay in safety, they took their stations in the darkness in a manner that was long remembered with admiration. Captain (afterwards Sir Alexander) Ball was one of the first naval officers who wore epaulettes, then deemed by the sea-service military foppery. As Captain Hallowell bore down, he fell in with what seemed a strange ship, and without the required lights, but he would not permit her to be fired on.

"If she is an enemy," said he, "she is in too disabled a state to escape; but as her sails are loose, and from the way she lies, she may be a British ship."

The vessel proved to be Captain Darby's ship, the *Bellerophon*, whose lights had gone overboard. Nearly two hundred of her crew lay about the decks killed or wounded; her masts and cables had been shot away, and she was drifting helplessly out of the line to leeward, so her station was at once occupied by the *Swiftsure*, the guns of which opened instantly on the bows of the French admiral, whose towering stern was raked by the *Alexander* in passing. Captain Ball then anchored the latter on his larboard quarter, pouring a dreadful fire of small-arms on his upper deck.

The last ship which arrived to complete the destruction of this formidable enemy was the *Leander*, 50 guns, which Captain Thomson anchored in such a manner athwart the hawse of the *Franklin* as to be able to rake her and the *Orient* too.

Within a quarter of an hour after the action commenced, the two first ships of the French line had been dismasted, and all the rest had been so terribly mauled that a victory seemed certain; and by half-past eight the third, fourth, and fifth were in our possession.

It was about this time that Nelson received a severe wound from a piece of langridge shot, which struck him on the forehead. Cut from the bone, a flap of skin had fallen over one eye, and as the other was blind, he was in total darkness. As he was falling backward, Captain Berry caught him in his arms; and so great was the effusion of blood that all thought the wound was mortal. When carried below, where the horrors of the cockpit far exceeded those of the upper deck, the surgeon came to him at once, relinquishing a seaman who was under his hands.

"No," said Nelson; "I shall take my turn with my brave fellows."

Nor would he suffer his wound to be attended to until his time came. From its severity he was certain that he was about to die, and desired the chaplain to bear his last remembrance to Lady Nelson; but a burst of joy resounded through the cockpit when the surgeon pronounced the wound to be merely superficial. And now Lieutenant Galway, of the *Vanguard*, appeared with the sword of the captain of *Le Spartiate*, which had struck and been taken possession of by a party of the Royal Marines. The surgeon ordered the admiral to remain quiet in his cabin; but he could not rest, says Southey. "He called for his secretary, Mr. Campbell, to write the despatches. Campbell had himself been wounded, and was so affected by the blind and suffering state of the admiral that he was unable to write. The chaplain was then sent for; but before he came Nelson, with his characteristic eagerness, took the pen, and contrived to trace a few words, marking his devout sense of the success which had been already obtained. He was now left alone, when suddenly a cry was heard on deck that the *Orient* was on fire. In the confusion he found his way up, unassisted and unnoticed, and, to the astonishment of every one, appeared on the quarter-deck, where he immediately gave orders that the boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy."

It was at nine o'clock in the evening that this catastrophe occurred to the great three-decker. Admiral Brueix was dead. He had received three wounds, and stood gallantly on deck till a fourth shot nearly cut him in two. Even then he had strength left to entreat that he might be left to die where he lay. The devouring flames soon mastered the ship, which had been so recently painted that the oil jars and paint buckets lay yet upon the poop.

The mighty glare she shed on all sides, as she became a pyramid of flames, enabled the men on board the two fleets to see each other distinctly. Their different colours were distinguishable; the dismasted hulks of France, and the shot-riven sails of the British.

At ten o'clock the fire reached her magazine, and she blew up with a dreadful shock, that made every ship in the bay vibrate to her keel. Her officers and men sprang into the sea in hundreds, and were seen, some helplessly drowning, others clinging thick as bees to spars and pieces of floating wreck. Many were picked up by our boats, and many even dragged in at the lower-deck ports of our ships, at the very moment the guns were run back to be reloaded. Many of her crew stood the danger to the last, and continued to fire from her lower tier of guns while the ship was a mass of flame overhead.

A silence that seemed awful followed this tremendous explosion. The firing, as if by mutual consent, instantly ceased on both sides, and no sounds were heard but the wild cries of the drowning and wounded, and the splash of the burning brands as they fell hissing into the bay from the vast height to which they had been blown.

Seventy of her crew were saved by our boats; but among the many who perished (she entered the action with 1,010 officers and men) were her captain, Casa Bianca, and his son, a boy only ten years old. She had on board the plunder of Malta, amounting to £600,000 sterling.

Among the ships to leeward the work of death and destruction re-commenced, and continued till about three; and by five in the morning, when the sun shone again on the Bay of Aboukir and the towers of its Turkish castle, the two rear ships of the enemy, *Le Guillaume Tell* and *Le Généreux*, were the only French ships of the line which had their colours flying. At fifty-four minutes past five *L'Artémise*, frigate, struck her ensign, after firing a farewell broadside; "but such was the unwarrantable and infamous conduct of the French captain, M. Estandlet, that after having thus surrendered, he set fire to his ship, and, with part of the crew, made his escape on shore." The poop of *La Sérieuse* alone was visible above water.

The victory was ours; the loss to the French was terrible. The *Guerrier*, *Conquérant*, *Spartiate*, *Aquilon*, *Souverain Peuple*, *Franklin*, *Tonnant*, *Héreux*, *Timoleon*, *Mercure*, all seventy-fours (with 700 men on board each when the action began), were taken; *L'Orient*, 120, and *L'Artémise*, 36, were burned; *La Sérieuse*, 36, dismasted and sunk.

Four of their vessels alone escaped.

The British loss in killed and wounded amounted to 895 of all ranks. Westcott was the only captain who fell. Of the French, 3,500 were sent ashore under a flag of truce, and 5,225 perished in various ways.

During the action the whole shore was covered by crowds of Arabs and Mamelukes, who beheld with exultation the destruction of their invaders; and, to demonstrate their satisfaction, the "European Magazine" of January, 1799, states that they illuminated the whole coast and country, so far as it could be seen, for three successive nights.

On the morning of the subsequent day, the following memorandum was issued by Nelson:

"*Vanguard*, off the Mouth of the Nile,
"2nd day of August, 1798.

"Almighty God having blessed His Majesty's arms with victory, the admiral intends returning public thanksgiving for the same at two o'clock this day; and he recommends every ship doing the same as soon as convenient.

"To the respective captains of the squadron."

The solemnity of this act of gratitude to Heaven seemed to make a deep impression upon the prisoners, who were Republicans and infidels, or worshippers of the Goddess of Reason, and so forth; and some of them remarked "that it was no wonder we could preserve such order and discipline, when we could impress the minds of our men with such sentiments after a victory so great, and at a moment of such seeming confusion."

When the event became known at Constantinople, the Sultan sent Nelson a superb aigrette of diamonds, taken from one of his imperial turbans, with 2,000 sequins to be distributed among the seamen. The sultana, his mother, sent the admiral a rose set with diamonds; the island of Zante presented him with a sword and cane; but the most singular gift he received was his celebrated coffin—an unpleasant memento that stood long in his cabin, and which was made from the mainmast of *L'Orient*, and sent on board by order of Captain Hallowell, of the *Swiftsure*.

Long after the British fleet had departed with its prizes, innumerable bodies were seen floating in the Bay of Aboukir, despite the exertions that were made to sink them, from dread of pestilence as well as from the natural loathing such objects presented. Most of these ghastly relics of the contest were cast upon the Isle of Bekier, and after an interval of three years they were seen by Clarke, the traveller, who assisted in the interment of numbers of them, which the waves had flung ashore

to fester and decay under the hot Egyptian sun; while for no less than the whole coast was covered with wreckage.

The great admiral was now in zenith of his glory; and he was created Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham Thorpe, a pension of £2,000 yearly for his own life and those of his two immediate successors. A grant of £10,000 was voted to him by the East India Company; the City of London presented a sword to him and to each of his captains; and the first lieutenant of every ship was promoted.

CHAPTER LXV.

SERINGAPATAM, 1799.

During the naval campaigns we have been relating, and towards the close of the century, some alterations were made in the clothing and equipment of the land service. The sugar-loaf cap of the Grenadiers had long since been exchanged for the black bearskin, now retained only by the Guards and Scots Greys. The floured and pomatumed heads had also passed away, and with them the three-cornered cocked hat, though the pigtail was retained until 1808; the old Kevenhuller itself being finally superseded in 1800, by a cap with a shade and high brass-plate with the regimental number. The Life Guards alone retained the old head-dress so late as their first campaign in the Peninsula.

In 1791 it was ordered that all recruits on their arrival at head-quarters were "to be supplied with a uniform dress, to consist of a scarlet jacket, trousers, round hat, &c." Field-officers were to wear two epaulettes to distinguish their rank; officers of flank companies to wear wings. For the sergeants, a short pike was substituted instead of the ponderous old halberd. "Troopers are to have an epaulette of copper wire, to guard the whole of the arm from sword-wounds;" and soldiers serving in the East and West Indies were to wear round hats. The latter were broad-leaved, and of the Cromwellian shape.

Hussars first made their appearance in our service in 1793, and the present lancers after Waterloo; but so early as 1794 we had a regiment armed with the lance, named the British Uhlans, formed out of the remains of the French Royalist army, and which, with the Hussars of Choiseuil, Salm, and Rohan, perished in the fatal expedition to Quiberon in 1796.

The last year but one of the eventful and warlike eighteenth century saw the British flag covered with glory in the distant East, the fall of the terrible Tippo, and the final conquest of Mysore.

Hyder Ali, a soldier of fortune, had by dint of his sword won the sceptre of Mysore, and founded a new dynasty; and at his death, his son and successor, Tippo, on assuming the title of Sultan, found himself in possession of vast territories, of enormous wealth, and at the head of an army which had more than once measured its strength with that of Britain in the field. Tippo was inspired by a flaming zeal, that bordered on fanaticism, for the religion of the prophet; his only other emotion was an invincible hatred of the British, whom he viewed as polytheists, and as a mercenary band of spoilers, who, by intrigue and arms, had won an alarming preponderance of power in the East.

Attentive to the affairs of Europe, Tippo once sent a splendid embassy to Louis XVI., when that ill-starred king was in the zenith of his power; and he courted the friendship of the barbarous Republicans who ruled France and waged war with all Europe. But the conquest of Egypt, though it denoted the approach of a victorious ally, was the precursor of Tippo's destruction.

He held a correspondence with the Directory of the French Republic, with a view of obtaining sufficient aid to enable him to expel the English from India, succeeding in which, he and the French were to divide the whole country between them. But, instead of the large army he expected, there came only about a hundred men from the Mauritius; and so much publicity had been given to the proceedings of Tippo Saib, that the British Government deemed it necessary to renew the war against him. The Governor-General made immediate preparations for that purpose. A treaty was concluded with the Nizam, who agreed to dismiss a number of French troops that were in his service, and receive in their place six battalions of British sepoys, who, with the rest of the troops furnished by him, were placed under the command of the great Duke of Wellington, then known only as Sir Arthur Wellesley, senior Lieutenant-Colonel of the 33rd Regiment.

The Mahrattas were bound, as well as the

Nizam, by the terms of their former treaty with Britain, to aid them in all wars against the Sultan of Mysore; but Bajee Rao, (who proved but a weak ruler, was persuaded by Scindia to wait till he saw which party prospered in the strife, so no assistance came from that quarter.

The war was of brief duration. A junction having been effected between the Madras army, under Major-General Harris, and that of Bombay, under General Stewart, the capital of Mysore became



MILITARY UNIFORMS—BEGINNING OF NINETEENTH CENTURY.

the object of their joint attack; and after two or three indecisive actions, the British were once more encamped before the walls of Sri-Runga-Puttum, known to Europeans as Seringapatam; while the infuriated Tippo, unable to procure either the expected assistance from Zemaun Shah on the north of India, or from the French then warring in Egypt, after laying waste the country around, and defending the chief approaches to his city, found himself reduced to the humbling necessity of a siege, with no other allies than the few volunteers from the Isle of France.

Tippo was now in his forty-third year, says an account of him translated from the Persian by Captain A. Kirkpatrick, in 1860. His stature was about five feet nine; his face was round, with keen eyes, that were ever full of fire and animation. He wore whiskers, but no beard; he was inclined to be corpulent, with high shoulders and a short neck. His complexion, even for India, was dark, and his expression was stern. He was slavishly superstitious, passionate, and cruel. We have already detailed his treatment of General Matthews, and those unfortunate officers and soldiers who fell into his clutches at Biddanore.

His history and character, says Macfarlane, in "Our Indian Empire,"* are illustrated by the big, barbarous, life-sized toy which was found in his palace, and is now preserved in London. "This rude automaton is a tiger, killing and about to devour a European, who lies prostrate under the savage beast. In the interior of the tiger there is a rude kind of organ, played upon by turning a handle, like our street hand-organs, and the notes produced are intended to represent the growls of the tiger and the moans of the dying man. By the frequent grinding of the curious, this Mysorean instrument has been sadly deranged and almost worn out; the tiger no longer growls as it used to do, and the man moans very feebly, as the paw of



DISCOVERY OF THE BODY OF TIPPO SAIB (*see page* 275).

the beast is alternately placed on his mouth and removed from it.

His name meant "tiger," and the tigers of the Indian jungles were his peculiar pets. Everywhere, within and without his palace, evidence met the ear and the eye of the depravity of his tastes. There was no doubt of his having barbarously murdered several English prisoners, by having them sacrificed by twos or threes at night. Some had their necks broken, by having their heads twisted one way and their bodies another; and some perished by having a long nail driven slowly into the roof of the skull by a tent-peg mallet. Black as these deeds were, they were gentle and merciful in comparison with some which were perpetrated on certain of our men and youths whom he had captured in the preceding war, thirteen years before; "but this story, which infuriated our troops," to quote "Bohn's India," "is so horrible and revolting that we cannot do more than venture to hint at it."

Now the hour of a terrible retribution was at hand!

His capital was an ill-built place, with the exception of its suburb called Shuton-Gunjam. It had been a fortress since 1610, and had attained its greatest strength and splendour under his father Hyder.

The army which advanced against him was one of the finest that had as yet taken the field in India. It consisted of 4,608 British infantry, including the 12th and 33rd Regiments, and the 73rd and 74th Highlanders; 11,061 native infantry; 912 European cavalry, and 1,766 native horse; 576 European artillery, with 2,726 gun-lascars: making a force of 21,649 men, with sixty field-pieces and forty battering guns.

Under Colonel Wellesley, the Nizam's contingent was 26,000 strong, including 6,500 of our well-disciplined sepoys, and a body of cavalry from the Deccan, or the country south of the Nerbudda river.

From Bombay and Malabar, General Stewart advanced with 6,100 fighting men, 1,600 of whom were Europeans, including the gallant Bombay Fusiliers (now 103rd Foot); while another and a smaller force was gathering in Barahmahal, to co-operate on the enemy's flank, and secure supplies through the pass of Caverypooram, a town in the Carnatic.

It was on the morning of the 5th of April, 1799, that the British army—a curiously-mixed and picturesquely-equipped force—encamped on its permanent ground for the reduction of the great fortress of Seringapatam; and on the same evening the trenches were opened.

Tippo, who was quite unprepared for those sudden movements which brought the foe so soon before his walls, was fully impressed by the conviction that he must inevitably fall. He summoned his chief officers around him, and asked them what they had resolved to do in this emergency.

"To die with you," was the unanimous reply of those brave fellows, as each man laid a hand on his sword; and they were fated to fulfil their promise to the very letter, for few survived to see the bloody end that laid the tyrant low.

He had manned the lines in front of Seringapatam; and the fine fortress, the white walls, the tinted domes and gilded minarets which our troops first saw under Abercrombie, in 1792, were now surrounded by stronger fortifications, for 6,000 men had been constantly at work upon them for six years. He had stored the place with provisions for 100,000 men, and manned the works by a numerous and resolute garrison, nearly 50,000 strong.

To open the trenches, two separate bodies of troops were ordered to parade at six o'clock in the afternoon—one destined to drive the enemy from the bed of a *nullah*, or narrow river; the other to take possession of a small wood, situated on the right of the former, and rather nearer the encampment, which had been occupied by a detachment under General Baird with some flank companies, the enemy having silently retreated from it on the approach of the British.

No officer was more active in the operations against Seringapatam than General (afterwards Sir David) Baird, who was personally, and bitterly, the enemy of Tippo, having been captured at what was called the battle of Perambaucum, by Hyder Ali, who kept him for more than three years chained by the leg to another prisoner, in one of the most horrible dungeons of Seringapatam.

Both the positions referred to were on the 5th occupied by select bodies of Tippo's troops; and to accomplish these important services, His Majesty's 12th Regiment, with 2,000 sepoys, under Lieut.-Colonel Shaw of that corps, marched from the British lines to take possession of the dry *nullah;* while His Majesty's 33rd Regiment, with 2,000 sepoys under Colonel Wellesley, quitted the camp about the same time to occupy the wood on the right bank of the river. It was intended to carry these posts simultaneously, if possible, for the mutual protection of both detachments, as one place was untenable without possession of the other.

Our general camp was three miles distant from

Seringapatam, on rising ground, that sloped gradually up from the city or fortress, with the exception of a few undulations; and the posts to be occupied lay midway between the camp and town.

Scarcely had the two little columns drawn near the points of attack, than they were assailed by showers of rockets, and brilliant but ghastly blue-lights, which illuminated the sky, the wood, and the dry bed of the river, exposing their movements to Tippo's sepoys, who securely poured wounds and death into Shaw's force with terrific effect. Otherwise, the night was exceedingly dark, and his column rushed steadily on, though encumbered at every step by dead, dying, and wounded. Twenty thousand of the enemy are said, by one account, to have been showering these missiles upon them, and that "no hail could be thicker. With every blue-light came a shower of bullets, and several rockets passed through the column from head to rear, causing death and dreadful lacerations. The cries of the wounded were awful."

Each of these rockets consisted of an iron tube, two feet long and three inches in diameter, attached to a bamboo cane a score of feet in length. The tube was filled with combustible matter; and this dreadful missile "passes through a man's body, and instantly resumes its original force; thus destroying or wounding twenty men, independent of innumerable lacerations, caused by the serpentine motion of the long bamboo, which in its irresistible progress, splinters to atoms, when the iron tube assumes a rapid rotary motion, and buries itself in the earth."

At one time, he had no less than 5,000 rocketmen in his service.

Not a shot did the British fire as yet.

"All must be done with the bayonet!" was the caution of brave old Colonel Shaw; but this order had scarcely been passed along the line, when a tremendous roar of musketry was heard on his right flank, in the direction of the wood. This caused him to halt, as the attack became so formidable from the front and on both flanks that it would have been a useless sacrifice of human life to receive it standing. He ordered his men to lie flat on their faces for a few minutes, to avoid the scorching fire which now proceeded from a few yards' distance.

Imagining from their unusual recumbent position that all the advancing force were killed or wounded, Tippo's Mysoreans ventured forward to make sure with the bayonet, and drove back a battalion of sepoys, killing their major.

"Up, 12th, and charge!" was now the order; and the East Suffolk sprang up with bayonets fixed.

"*Feringee bong chute*!" ("The rascally English!") was the shout of the enemy, who fell back instantly, threw out more blue-lights, and resumed their destructive file-firing.

The time was now midnight, and Shaw's column was just preparing to make a vigorous attack with the bayonet, when a few stragglers from Colonel Wellesley's force rushed up to announce that the detachment had been repulsed from the wood—the Sultaunpettah Tope; and that the colonel, with at least a company of the 33rd, was missing. As second in command, Major Shea deemed it his duty to search the wood for his leader, who, in the darkness of the night and unevenness of the ground, had really got separated from his party. The attack then proved a failure. Major Shea fell back on the camp, and reported as missing Colonel Wellesley, who had come in a short time before him with a company of his regiment.

The post was carried next day most successfully by Colonel Wellesley, with the Scots Brigade, two battalions of sepoys, and four guns. It is unnecessary to enter into the progress of the siege in detail. It may be proper to remark, however, that notwithstanding the errors committed by Tippo in defence of the place, no force less than the great combined army under General Harris could have achieved the enterprise. The number and extent of the posts to be occupied on both sides of the river Cavery required the whole strength of the coast and Bombay armies, besides the troops necessary to dislodge the numerous bands of the enemy. As this service was allotted to the Europeans, not by selection, but in the regular turn of duty, many brilliant opportunities were given to display the skill and bravery of the British soldier.

The trenches having been opened and the works carried on in the usual manner, the artillery at length began to make a breach, and after a three days' cannonade having made such an opening in the massive wall that it was reported practicable by Colonel Wellesley, orders were issued for storming the place in the course of the following afternoon. On this occasion a new stratagem in warfare—particularly Indian warfare—was adopted; for it had been determined to give the assault during the heat of the day, as a movement of the kind was not likely to be expected at a period so unusual, and consequently the garrison would be less prepared and less able to resist it.

Meanwhile Tippo shut himself up with seers and impostors, leaving the defence to others. In vain did Colonel Chapuis, a Frenchman, implore

him to quit the capital, and fight in the upland country.

"There," said he, "you may defend your states step by step, and wear out your enemy, who cannot keep the field in the rainy season."

But the *fakirs* had predicted the ruin of the British army. "It is written in the Book of Destiny," said these soothsayers, "that the river Cavery will suddenly rise to an unheard-of height, and sweep away the besiegers, with all their guns and baggage, and drown the unclean infidels in its torrents."

But the Cavery remained a dry and stony bed.

The troops detailed for the storming party were accordingly stationed in the trenches early in the morning. They consisted of the ten flank companies of the European battalions; the 12th, 33rd, 73rd, and 74th Regiments; three corps of sepoy grenadiers, selected from the troops of the three Presidencies; 200 of the Nizam's troops; with 100 artillerymen and pioneers.

In the trenches these were to be supported by the Regiment De Meuron and four battalions of Madras sepoys.

Colonel Sherbrooke and Lieutenant-Colonels Dunlop, Dalrymple, Gardiner, and Mignon led the flank companies; and the command of the entire storming column was assigned to Sir David Baird.

The 33rd Regiment, mustering 413 rank and file, was on the left of the assaulting column, which began to move from the trenches precisely at one o'clock, by which time it was known the natives usually seek shelter and repose from the heat of the sun. Leading the way, the tall and stately Sir David Baird was seen to ascend the parapet of the trenches —"a military figure," says Colonel Wilks, "worthy of the occasion"—and drawing his sabre and brandishing it aloft.

"Now, my brave fellows," cried he, "follow me, and prove yourselves worthy the name of British soldiers!"

Crossing the rocky bed of the Cavery, under a terrible fire of cannon, jingalls, and musketry, the glacis and ditch were soon crossed; and with Baird still at their head, the grenadiers and "Light Bobs," followed closely by the Line regiments and sepoys, went storming up the breach in the *fausse-braye*, firing over each other's heads with bayonets fixed.

Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlop was here wounded when half way up by a *sirdar* of Mysore, who met him scimitar in hand. Parrying a cut with his sabre, the colonel slashed open his antagonist's breast, and mortally wounded him. The *sirdar* made another cut that nearly hewed off the head of the colonel, and falling back into the breach was instantly bayoneted. Dunlop reached the summit, and then fell from loss of blood. The "Asiatic Register" for that year says that, on the fall of certain officers, we presume, "the forlorn hope was led by a Scots sergeant of the light company of the Bombay European Regiment. His name was Graham. He ran forward to examine the breach, and, mounting it, pulled off his hat, and with three cheers called out, 'Success to Lieutenant Graham!' (alluding to his having a commission if he survived); then mounting the breach colours in hand, added, as he planted the staff among the ruins, 'Hang 'em, I'll show them the British flag!' and at that moment a bullet pierced his brain."

Be this as it may, within seven minutes from the time the assault began, the British standard was waving on the outer bastion of the fortress; and at the sight of it, says Charles Grant, the Vicomte de Vaux, "loud acclamations of joy resounded from all parts, and the breast of every British soldier was filled with enthusiasm. The enemy soon abandoned the ramparts after the English had reached them; in about half an hour the fire from the fort had entirely ceased, and the British flag was triumphantly displayed on every part of it."

The firing and general uproar occasioned by the assault reached the residence of the terrible Tippo, who had but lately seen the guards relieved, and, after surveying the trenches through a telescope, believing that nothing unusual would occur, had retired to the palace, and was at that moment amusing himself with his children and courtiers—or astrologers, according to some accounts.

A few minutes after he was informed that Meer Gofhar, Seyd Scheb, Meer Saduff, and other nobles to whom he had committed the care of the breach, were all slain, and the ramparts stormed. He became greatly agitated; he ordered all the troops near him under arms, and his personal attendants to load those carbines which they carried for his use. Accompanied by all these, a select guard, and a glittering band of chiefs, he rushed towards the breach, only to be met by his fugitive troops flying before the van of the British, led by Sir David Baird, who, during a brief halt on the ramparts, had learned the recent fate of some of the British prisoners, particularly the men of the 33rd Regiment. Furious with horror and indignation, Baird was heard to declare—

"If this fact is proved, I shall deliver Tippo over to be dealt with by the grenadiers of the 33rd as they may choose!"

Tippo did all that bravery, rage, and despair could inspire to urge his people to make a resolute stand, but in vain. "When the front of the Euro-

pean flank companies of the left attack approached the spot where the sultan stood" (to quote the "Asiatic Register"), "he found himself nearly deserted, and was forced to retire to the traverses of the north ramparts. These he defended one after another, with the bravest of his officers and men; and assisted by the fire of his people on the inner wall, he several times obliged the front of our troops, who were pushing on with their usual ardour, to make a stand. The loss here would have been much greater on our part had not the light infantry and part of the 12th Regiment crossed the inner ditch, and mounting the ramparts, driven the enemy from them, and taken in reverse those who, with the sultan, were defending the traverses of the outer ramparts."

While a man remained by his side, the desperate Tippo continued to dispute every foot of his palace, fort, and city, until he approached the passage that led to the inner works, when he complained of a weakness caused by a wound received in his youth, and calling for his horse, he sprang into the saddle, sword in hand. Seeing the hated Europeans pouring along the ramparts on both sides now, cheering and firing, he spurred for the gate, followed by his palanquin, and many officers, troops, and servants. It is not known whether his intention was to cut off a small body of our troops who were already in the inner fort, or make his way to the palace, and die in the defence of its threshold, as he suddenly received a musket-ball in the right side, as high as the breast. He still pressed on, when he was stopped in the dark arch of the gateway by a sudden fire from the light company of the 12th, already within the heart of the place; and another ball struck him close to the first. Pierced by wounds, his horse here sunk under him, and his turban fell off, and within and without the archway his people fell over each other in heaps around him, to the number of 300, rendering the avenue impassable.

Covered with blood, and dying now, the fallen sultan was raised by a faithful few and placed in his palanquin, where he lay faint and exhausted, till some of the 12th, climbing over the dead and dying, reached him. A servant who survived the carnage related that one of the soldiers seized Tippo's sword-belt, which was exceedingly rich, and attempted to drag it off; and that the sultan, who still grasped his sword, made a last cut with it, wounding in the knee the soldier, who shot him through the temple, and killed him on the spot.

So many had fallen around him in that dark gateway that nothing as yet was known of his fate elsewhere. Soon after the storm, 300 grenadiers rushed into the palace and were about to plunder it, when they were called off. Those within it immediately shut the gates, while the 33rd Regiment and a native corps drew up in front, as it was supposed Tippo was within. Major Allen was sent forward by General Baird with a flag of truce, to explain to some persons who were on the balconies that no violence should be offered if the sultan would come forth. They replied that he was wounded; that they knew not whether he was in the palace, but would inquire. Believing that this was only a ruse to gain time for the escape of Tippo, a six-pounder was wheeled up to the gate; and Sir David declared "that if the sultan did not instantly make his appearance, he would burst it open."

Again the courtiers declared that Tippo Saib was not in the palace, but that his sons would appear. After a time Major Allen, carrying a flag of truce, entered and brought them forth. "They seemed to hide their depression of spirits," says the Vicomte de Vaux, "yet could not but manifest that they felt their situation. Being asked what servants should attend them to camp, they very nobly replied 'that they had no right to order;' and when the general (Baird) told them they had only to name the persons they wished for, the younger said, with tears starting in his eyes, 'We could have called for many this morning; now, I fear, there are but few remaining!'"

General Baird, who treated the fallen princes with studious courtesy, gave them in charge to Major Agnew, who conveyed them in palanquins to head-quarters.

The sun had now set, and still the body of the tyrant had not been found; but about dark General Baird, in consequence of some information he had received from a chief of rank, came with lights to the dark and corpse-encumbered archway, accompanied by the *killadar* of the fort and some Highlanders, to search for the body of the sultan; and after much labour it was found under a heap of slain, and carried to the inside of the gate. Over and around him there lay seventy dead bodies in a space four feet wide by twelve long. The body was still warm, and his scimitar was firmly clenched in his hand. His dead face wore a stern expression. His magnificent turban, his jacket, and jewel-studded sword-belt, were gone; but an officer who was present, "by permission of the general," states the "Asiatic Register, 1798-9," "took from off the right arm the talisman, which contained, sewed up in pieces of fine flowered silk, an amulet of a brittle metallic substance of the colour of silver, and some manuscripts in magic, Arabic, and

Persian characters, the purport of which, had there been any doubt, would have sufficiently assured the identity of the sultan's body."

The troops of the Nizam beheld the latter with fierce exultation, and cried in their guttural Hindostanee again and again—

"Sri-Runga-Puttum is taken! The tyrant is dead! His sons and family are captives! His treasures are ours!"

The body was placed respectfully in a palanquin, by order of General Baird, whose prison, where he lay, says the "Register," "for nearly four years in irons," was barely three hundred yards from where the sultan was found. The general was said to have been a man of so passionate and impetuous a nature, that the first exclamation of his mother, on learning that he and another officer were in fetters together, as we have elsewhere stated, was—

"Lord pity the man that is chained to our Davie!"

He secured the standard of Mysore. It was of light green silk—the holy colour—with a red hand in its centre, and was never displayed but on the palace of Seringapatam. General Harris sent it to Fort William.

The tidings of Tippo's death filled his sultana and the ladies of his zenana, who were above 600 in number, with consternation; but General Baird sent an officer to assure them of his protection.

"His attention to the sultana," says Vicomte de Vaux, "was truly sincere, and does him equal honour. This lady is delicately formed, and the lines of her face are so placid, that a physiognomist would have little difficulty to pronounce her of a tranquil and amiable temper. Her dress was a robe of white muslin, spotted with silver, from which hung a pastagon, consisting of an emerald and ruby of considerable size, surrounded by a profusion of brilliants. She is about twenty years of age, and for a complete form and captivating appearance rivalled all Mysore."

Among the prisoners whom Sir David Baird found confined in dark and loathsome dungeons were several British officers whose friends had long numbered them with the dead, and a lineal descendant of the last Hindoo king of Mysore, who had been dethroned by Hyder Ali. Three millions of treasure were found in the palace.

Next day Sir David Baird was abruptly commanded to deliver up the keys of the town to Colonel Wellesley, who, as it happened, had no active share in the capture, but who was appointed to the post of governor by his brother, the marquis. "And thus," wrote Baird, in the bitterness of his heart, "before the sweat was dry on my brow, I was superseded by an inferior officer!"

That "inferior officer" was the future Duke of Wellington, whose whole career Sir David lived to see.

In consequence of his services in the capture, he was presented, by the united voice of the army, with the state sword of Tippo Saib, which, we believe, is still preserved at his family seat of Ferntower, in Perthshire.

Many gigantic tigers which Tippo had confined in the place were—according to Major Price's Memoirs—destroyed by a platoon of the 33rd Regiment.

During the siege and assault, from the 4th of April to the 4th of May inclusive, our losses were 22 officers killed and 45 wounded; 181 British soldiers were killed and 622 wounded. The casualties among the native troops amounted to 539.

With the highest military honours, the body of Tippo was interred in the superb mausoleum of the Lall Bang, which he had erected for the remains of his father Hyder, where his tomb is still to be seen. He was followed to the grave by a full concourse of those astrologers and fanatics who had always predicted to him victory; and an awful and picturesque interest was given to the last solemn rites when a dreadful storm of thunder suddenly drowned the booming of our artillery, and the lightning bolts struck the groups about the Lall Bang, killing many natives and Europeans.

General Harris, who commanded at the siege, was raised to the peerage in 1815, as Baron Harris, of Seringapatam and Mysore.

Of Sir David Baird we shall have to write at Alexandria, Corunna, and other battles yet to be related, and which are enumerated on the monument erected to his memory by his widow (who long survived him), on the summit of a romantic hill near Feantower, at Crieff.

Two days before the fall of Seringapatam (says Charles Grant, the Vicomte de Vaux), Tippo held a "durbar," or council, which was attended by all his chiefs, who advised him to cede more territory to his besiegers; but he declined, on the plea that they had already more than half his dominions. The story of Seringapatam cannot be concluded better than by quoting the just catastrophe, which was predictive of the tyrant, by an eminent writer; "He would continue to advance till he came to a point from which there was no receding; and then, like a stag at bay, he would terminate his terrible career of despotism, cruelty, and oppression."

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE HELDER, 1799.

The time now arrived when Holland was to be invaded by an Anglo-Russian army, and when the thirsty sands of the Helder were to drink many a brave fellow's blood.



SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE.

That country remained faithful to her Republican conqueror, who found their loans and resources of every kind continued by means of Dutch wealth and industry, to maintain her aggressive troops and failing credit. Aware of this, and of the importance of the Batavian Republic as a foe or a confederate, the British Ministry resolved to fit out an expedition to restore the old form of government, to renew the old alliance, and diminish the power of France, while restoring the Prince of Orange, then in exile; and had this attempt been made a few weeks sooner, and ere the rigours of a Dutch autumn set in, the result might have been fortunate—but no British Cabinet ever combined war with wisdom.

As 30,000 men were required for this service, an application was made to the Court of St. Petersburg; and the luckless Emperor Paul, "in consequence of

the friendship and the ties of intimate alliance," as well as "their common and sincere co-operation in the present war against the French," on receiving a subsidy from Britain, agreed to supply 17,593 men, six ships of the line, five frigates, and two transports.

Britain began to mass her troops upon the coast of Kent, and it was determined that there should be two separate expeditions; one under General Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and the other under the Duke of York, whose rank as field marshal and dignity as prince of the blood were calculated to confer honour on an enterprise which was to be joined by such of the Dutch refugees as intended taking the field. The Prince of Orange at the same time issued an address to his "dear countrymen," announcing that the moment for their deliverance was at hand.

Southampton was the rendezvous. The first division of the British army embarked on the 13th of August, on board of 140 transports, and sailed from Ramsgate, Margate, and the adjacent ports, under the convoy of Vice-Admiral Mitchell, who was to join the fleet under Lord Duncan, then cruising in the North Sea.

The weather proved very tempestuous, and it was not until the 22nd that the armament reached the Texel Roads. Preparations for a landing were made, but it came on to blow so hard on shore that the fleet again put to sea, the gale continuing with unabated fury for two days. Thus it was not until the 26th that the fleet came finally to anchor; and the disembarkation began near the Helder Point, at the north-east extremity of the low flat peninsula, where a strong fortress defends the entrance and road of Mars Diep.

The boats and launches of the fleet conveyed the troops ashore, aided by bands of Deal boatmen and Sea Fencibles. The reserve, composed of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers and 55th, commanded by Colonel Macdonald, of the latter, were the first that sprung on land.

Such was the ardour of the troops, that many men leaped into the sea and made for the shore, carrying their muskets and pouches above their heads; but several lives were lost during the disembarkation—the 92nd Highlanders alone had one sergeant and fifteen privates drowned.

The troops had scarcely formed and begun to penetrate into the flat sandy country, when they found themselves in action with a considerable body of Dutch and French, horse, foot and artillery, under the command of General Daendels, an officer of experience and intrepidity, a determined enemy to the House of Orange, who had assembled them near Callanstorg, and had only been deterred from opposing the landing by the mode in which Admiral Mitchell had moored the bomb-vessels and gun-brigs to scour the whole beach. All our officers wore orange cockades in their caps.

A warm but very irregular action ensued at five o'clock in the morning, and lasted till three in the afternoon. The British troops took post on a ridge of sand-hills that stretched along the coast from north to south. There Daendels made vigorous efforts to dislodge their right. There a front of one battalion alone could be shown; but the narrowness of the position was on the whole, perhaps, favourable to troops as yet destitute of cavalry and artillery, as the former had not yet left Britain, and the latter were still on board the fleet. The enemy, instead of being able to make any impression, were compelled to fall back and adopt another position, six miles distant in their rear.

They left 500 dead upon the field, and more than 1,000 wounded. Among the former it was at first alleged there lay the brave General Daendels. Our loss was small, and did not exceed 100 killed and 400 wounded. Among the officers who suffered were Colonel Smollett, of the Guards, and Colonel Hay, commanding the engineers, whose leg had been shattered by a ball, and who died while it was being amputated. Sir Ralph Abercrombie, with his whole staff, was under fire during the hottest of the action.

"The seamen, under the orders of Admiral Mitchell, landed all the baggage and stores of the army," says an officer in his letter to a London paper, "and dragged up the field-pieces, rolling forward the casks of ammunition for the use of the troops with amazing dispatch. Parties of them likewise followed the different detachments, and were extremely useful in carrying off to the boats the wounded men. The moment a soldier dropped, some of these noble fellows were ready to take him up; and he was conveyed on board the hospital-ship immediately, where the best care was ready for him."

The defeat of Daendels enabled Sir Ralph Abercrombie to prepare for attacking the Helder, then occupied by 3,000 men, and the brigades of Major-Generals Moore and Burrard were detailed for that purpose; but about eight o'clock on the preceding evening the ships which had been anchored in Mars Diep got under weigh, when the garrison spiked their guns, took to their boats, and evacuated the fortress, which was immediately occupied by the 2nd battalion of the Royal Scots and the Gordon Highlanders, who found in it a numerous train of field and siege artillery.

During these operations Admiral Mitchell was not inactive, as he found means to open a direct communication with the Dutch fleet, and obtained possession of nine men-of-war and three Indiamen anchored in the Nieuwe Diep, carrying 356 guns. Having shipped pilots at the Helder, he got under weigh with his squadron, consisting of nine ships of the line and five frigates, for the purpose of reducing to obedience the Dutch fleet, which he was determined to follow to the walls of Amsterdam, unless they surrendered to the British flag, or yielded to their lawful prince.

Accordingly, at five in the morning orders were issued to clear away for action; the ports were opened, the guns shotted and run out, and, notwithstanding that two ships and a frigate ran on shore, he passed the Helder Point and Mars Diep, and continued along the Texel in the channel that leads to Vlieter, the Dutch being then anchored at the Red Buoy.

The admiral now sent Captain Rennie, of the *Victor*, with a summons to the Dutch admiral; and in about an hour after, on the 30th of August, his fleet, which had mutinied in consequence of the manifesto of the Prince of Orange, was surrendered by Rear-Admiral Storey, who observed at the same time "that he acknowledged no other than the Batavian people and their representatives for his sovereign," but "that the traitors whom he commanded had refused to fight." Thus the whole fleet, without firing a shot, hoisted the colours of the Prince of Orange, which were also flying from the steeple of the Helder; while the Union Jack floated triumphantly in the Texel, in sight of the place where the brave Van Tromp received his death-wound in 1653.

General Brune, an officer of the Bonaparte stamp, now arrived to command the French and Dutch troops, and he circulated the following address:—

"Magistrates of the Batavian Republic,—Behold the shades of Van Tromp, De Witt, De Ruyter, and Barneveldt burst through their sacred tombs, that you may be animated by their spirit, and denounce death against those who are traitors to their country! Be on your guard respecting the Emigrants; oppose yourselves to the impious Orange faction; unite with the people, and overwhelm the British!"

The army, which had hitherto occupied the sand-hills near the Helder, now advanced and assumed a position with the right towards the village of Petten, on the German Ocean, and the left to the Oude Sluys, on the Zuyder Zee; and there Sir Ralph Abercrombie entrenched himself, determined to remain on the defensive only, and to await the arrival of more troops from Britain. By this arrangement a more fertile country lay open to his soldiers, and they obtained plenty of fresh provisions; while the canal of Zuype, immediately in their front, contributed greatly to strengthen their position.

On the 10th of September he was attacked by the enemy, who had collected in strength to dislodge him, at Alkmaar. The forces under General Brune amounted to not less than 25,000 men; those under Abercrombie fell short of 16,000. The former advanced in three columns at daybreak; and in the grey light their masses were seen to loom darkly as they came on in the sombre blue uniforms now adopted by the French and Dutch.

That of the latter nation, led by General Daendels, directed its attack on the village of St. Martin; the centre, commanded by General Demonceau, marched against Crabbendam and Zuyper Sluys; while the left, which was entirely composed of Frenchmen, commenced its operations against the position which was held by the brigade of Guards, under General Burrard. Met with determined courage, they were driven back by our Household Troops, and by ten o'clock began to retreat on Alkmaar, leaving many killed and wounded, their wagons, pontoons, and one gun behind them.

"It is impossible for me to do full justice to the conduct of the troops," says Sir Ralph, in his despatch. "The two brigades of Guards repulsed with great vigour the column of French which had advanced to attack them, and where the slaughter of the enemy was very great."

Though the other two columns fought their way to within a few yards of the position, they met with a terrible resistance. Major-General Moore, who commanded on the right, received two wounds, one through the thigh, which he totally disregarded, and another in the face, which compelled him to quit the field.

Colonel Spencer, who defended the village of St. Martin with great gallantry, exhibited equal spirit and judgment in hurling the enemy back from the sand-hills; while Lieutenant-Colonel Smythe, who commanded two battalions of the 20th Regiment at Crabbendam and Zuyper Sluys, evinced something of Spartan firmness. Perceiving that the enemy were likely to carry his post, notwithstanding that the blood was flowing copiously from a wound in his leg, he desired some of the soldiers to support him, and in this situation he brandished his sword, and cried—

"Twentieth, remember Minden!"

The names of Wolfe and Kingsley and the memory of Minden were treasured then, as now, by the East Devonshire. Three hearty cheers were given, and both battalions, rushing on with the bayonet, scattered the foe like chaff before the wind; and by one o'clock the French were everywhere in retreat. The loss of the British was 200 men, that of the enemy 1,500; and on the 13th the Duke of York arrived to command the troops at the Helder.

CHAPTER LXVII.

BERGEN AND ALKMAAR, 1799.

Soon after the duke's arrival, he had the satisfaction to witness the landing of several battalions of Russians, consisting of 7,000 men, under General d'Hermann. He also found the hereditary Prince of Orange collecting and forming the deserters from the Batavian troops, as well as volunteers from the Dutch ships, into regular battalions; and it was now resolved to commence offensive operations.

Two hours before daybreak on the morning of the 19th of September, the troops, full of ardour, were all under arms to attack the lines of General Brune in front of Alkmaar, a clean-looking little Dutch town on the Helder Canal, intersected by watercourses, overhung by lofty trees, and surrounded by the most verdant pasturage.

The Allies moved in four columns through a country which in every direction presented formidable obstacles, being intersected by deep wet ditches and canals, where the bridges had all been destroyed, and the roads trenched or rendered impassable by trees felled and half buried in the earth; while, in addition to these obstructions, the enemy were strongly posted on the ridges of Camperdown, Wulmenhuysen, Schorledam, and along the high sand-hills which extend from the sea, in front of Petten, to the town of Bergen, while several of the intermediate villages were strengthened by means of entrenchments.

The right column consisted of eight Russian battalions, our 7th Light Dragoons, and General Manners' brigade, under the Russian General d'Hermann, and extended to the sand-hills near Camperdown.

The next, commanded by Lieutenant-General Dundas, consisted of two squadrons of the 11th Dragoons, two brigades of the Guards, and that of Prince William of Gloucester.

Two squadrons more of the 11th, and the brigades of Major-Generals Don and Coote, formed the third column, under Sir James Pulteney.

The left column, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, was formed of two squadrons of the 18th Dragoons, and the brigades of Major-General Moore and of the Earls of Chatham and Cavan; besides four battalions, one composed of the grenadiers, the others of the light companies of the Line regiments, with the 23rd Fusiliers and 55th Foot.

The intention was to turn both the flanks of the enemy. With this view, Abercrombie was detached to Hoorn, in rear of the Dutch forming Daendel's right wing; while the 1st brigade of our Guards moved on the left of the Alkmaar Canal, to co-operate with a corps under General Sedmorabzen, in attacking Schorledam. The 2nd brigade of Guards, under Burrard, was to keep up the communication with the column under Sir James Pulteney.

At three o'clock a.m. the column under General d'Hermann opened fire with great spirit and success, and by eight had obtained possession of Bergen, a large village surrounded by extensive woods. But then their success terminated, though they displayed their wonted bravery; for in advancing among the woodlands, they did not preserve sufficient order, and being attacked in turn by the Dutch Republicans, they were driven back upon Bergen, and compelled to evacuate it with the loss of their two lieutenant-generals, D'Hermann and Tcherkekoff, who were taken prisoners, the latter severely wounded.

The village was re-taken by the brigade of General Manners, who renewed the action in that quarter successfully for a time; "but the entire want of ammunition on the part of the Russians," says the Duke of York, "and the exhausted state of the whole corps engaged in that particular situation, obliged them to retire, which they did in good order upon Petten and the Zuyper Sluys."

The Emperor of Russia asserted that his troops had been brought into action while suffering from sea-sickness; but the real case was that they had betaken themselves to plundering, and in this state

of disorder were assailed by General Vandamme at the point of the bayonet. The failure of the Russians at Bergen decided the fate of the action; for although General Dundas succeeded in his attack on the village of Wulmenhuysen, while Sir James Pulteney stormed that of Oude Carspel, at the head of the Lange Dyke, and Sir Ralph Abercrombie captured Hoorne, all nearly at the same time, so that the roar of musketry spread over a vastly-extended scene of operations, their troops were all ordered to retire—the army, in consequence of one partial failure, being compelled to resume its former position.

The capture of sixty officers and 3,000 men, with sixteen pieces of cannon (which were destroyed in consequence of the intricate nature of the country), afforded some consolation for this untoward event. The British losses were 1,020 killed, wounded, and missing; those of the French were 550 slain and 300 wounded. The Russian casualties are unknown.

Next morning it was found that the enemy had abandoned their line of posts on the Lange Dyke, and on the dreary range of sand-hills, where no trace remained of them but the smouldering ashes of their picket fires. In the course of the day the Allies took possession of the villages of Egmont-op-Hoof, Egmont-op-Zee, and Bergen, the first of which consisted chiefly of the ruins of a town destroyed by the Spaniards in 1573. Alkmaar, the seat of the States of Holland and the head-quarters of the French general, now opened its gates; and many of the Dutch troops deserted to the standard of the Prince of Orange.

To improve these advantages, and as the rear-guard of the Russians, 4,000 strong, had lately landed at the Helder, the Duke of York determined to drive the enemy from several other posts, and three picturesque little villages were occupied without resistance by the British troops; but on the 6th of October a Russian column, under General d'Essen, in attempting to gain a height near a place called Baccum, was fiercely attacked by the enemy. For a time his own reserves supported him; and latterly a portion of the division of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who suddenly found himself opposed to the whole army of General Brune.

Ere long a general engagement took place, each army feeding its detachments by pouring them to the front, and again the dreary sand-hills and flat pasture-land between Beverwyck and Wyck-op-Zee were fringed with fire and smoke; but never was a less regular or less satisfactory battle fought. The loss on both sides was great, but the Allies found themselves at nightfall masters only of the ground for which the lives of 2,000 men had been almost uselessly thrown away.

In the operations of the day, several pieces of our artillery fell into the hands of the enemy at one juncture. On perceiving this, Lord Paget, with a single squadron of his own regiment, the 7th Light Dragoons, burst sword in hand upon a force six times his strength; he re-took the guns, and with them several pieces of the enemy's.

Winter was now setting in with such rigour that it was evident nothing further could be effected during that season; a retrograde movement was therefore resolved on. At seven o'clock on the 7th of October, the drums suddenly beat to arms along the whole line; the troops were ordered to fall in, and by ten the retreat began. The night was dark and tempestuous, and, as the greatest precautions were taken to elude the vigilance of the enemy, there was no pursuit; and by the 9th the army resumed its position, unmolested, on the Zuyper Dyke.

This movement had become necessary, as the enemy had recently been strongly reinforced. Taking this circumstance into consideration, together with the general apathy of the Dutch, want of provisions and supplies, and the state of the roads, the Duke of York resolved to wait for further instructions from London.

He entrenched all his forces near the Helder Point, where, by the posts they occupied in its vicinity, the enemy nearly surrounded the allied camp. In the face of the French army, it would have been perilous work attempting to re-embark; while, on the other hand, the Duke of York had it in his power to cut the dykes and devastate the whole country, by laying it under the ocean. So ended the expedition to Holland, by the embarkation of the troops, under a treaty, on the 22nd of October—an expedition in which a prince of the blood and some of our best generals had been, it was boasted, "foiled by a tradesman of Paris and an attorney of Zwolle;" for General Brune had been originally a printer, and General Daendels was bred to the law, having for some time practised as attorney in the town of Zwolle, in Over-Yssel.

The last melancholy episode of this campaign befel the Welsh Fusiliers.

In pursuance of the Convention, the regiment marched to the Helder, and embarked in some Dutch *schuytz* for conveyance to the line-of-battle ships, which lay fifteen miles off the shore. As the wind died away, they were unable to proceed, and were ordered on board some Dutch frigates; when it was the fate of Lieutenants Hill, Hanson, Viscer, Maclean, and Hoggard, with the

grenadier and two other companies, amounting to 262 men, with twenty-five women and children, to embark in the *Valk*, which was prevented from sailing at the same time as those which conveyed the rest of the 23rd Regiment, but got away with the next tide.

On the following evening they were, by reckoning, within thirty miles of Yarmouth, but could not come nearer the shore, as there was a head wind, which increased to a dreadful storm, before which the *Valk* was driven to the coast of Norway, where she beat about for several days, amid rocks, and drift, and mist, till all idea of her position was lost. On the morning of the 10th of November she struck on a sand-bank, within six miles of the Dutch coast, from which the captain believed himself to be many leagues distant; while his conscript crew, scarcely twenty of whom had ever been at sea before, abandoned themselves to despair, and trusted more in prayer than in exertion.

The spirit of the Welshmen remained, however, undismayed. Lieutenant Hoggard, who had some little knowledge of nautical affairs, sent a detachment of his soldiers to the pumps; and Lieutenant Hill, having failed to break open the magazine, fired several rounds from a musket, as the charges of the ship's guns had all been drawn, and the gunner [illegible] nowhere be found.

[illegible] ship now beat over the bank, and drifted [illegible] some breakers; when the mainmast snapped by the board, breaking the long-boat to pieces in its fall. The other masts speedily followed, carrying with them vast numbers who had crowded into the rigging. Lieutenant Hill, hearing the ship going to pieces, worn-out and weary, lay down on the forecastle, whence he saw the miserable fate of most of his comrades.

The forecastle seemed to be fast embedded in sand; but it soon fell over, when he quitted it, and, after many fruitless and fatiguing efforts, succeeded in securing himself by his braces to a part of the drifting wreck, on which at last he reached the shore, when he found that of 446 souls which had sailed in the *Valk*, only twenty-five survived—himself, nineteen of the Welsh Fusiliers, and five Dutch seamen.

The shore on which they had been cast proved to be the isle of Ameland, in Holland. The inhabitants had hoisted the colours of the Prince of Orange, and cut off all communication with the



COLONEL SMYTHE AND THE TWENTIETH.



SIR SIDNEY SMITH AT ACRE.

main-land. They received the survivors in the kindest manner, and performed the last offices to those whom the ocean cast ashore with as much decency as their poverty would permit.

Having fulfilled these melancholy duties, Lieutenant Hill, hired a fishing-boat, in which he and the poor remnant of his comrades were conveyed to the Helder, whence they were taken to England in the *Success*, frigate.

By shipwreck and the casualties of the late campaign, the Welsh Fusiliers were reduced from 1,000 to 400 men.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

ST. JEAN D'ACRE, 1799.

Napoleon Bonaparte, whose views of dominion, says Dr. Russell, in his "History of Palestine," were limited only by the bounds of the civilised world, imagined that, by the conquest of Egypt and Syria he should open up a path for himself to the remoter provinces of the Asiatic continent, and establish his power on the banks of the Ganges. With this view, he spent two fruitless campaigns in

Palestine and the land of the Ptolemies. His rout of the Mamelukes at the Pyramids was followed by the annihilation of his fleet at Aboukir, afte which his army lay imprisoned amid the sands of Egypt; but never inactive, he led it across the desert towards Palestine, took the town of Jaffa by storm, and laid siege to Acre.

It was in the spring of the year that, at the head of 10,000 chosen troops, he first captured El Arish, then Gaza and Jaffa. The garrison of the latter place set the first example of vigorous resistance, and the slaughter was tremendous. It was followed by the hideous massacre of some 4,000 prisoners who had laid down their arms. "This atrocious crime," says M. Bourrienne, "makes me yet shudder when I think of it as it passed before me. All that can be imagined of the fearful, on this day of blood, would fall short of the reality."

This act of treachery cast a stain on the character of Bonaparte which no casuistry on the part of his admirers, and no considerations of military or political expedience, will ever succeed in removing.

Acre, so frequently mentioned in the annals of the Crusades, was now fated to attain a new celebrity, from a most sanguinary and protracted siege. On the 17th of March the French army crossed the river which runs within fifteen hundred yards of the walls. General Andreossi passed it on the preceding night, and erected a bridge for the use of which ascended the heights that com- place; but when day broke, to the chagrin of the officers, they beheld the town prepared for a siege, and, more than all, the British colours flying in the harbour.

In Acre at that time were two of the most singular men of the age—officers who, with all the heroic romance of chivalry, possessed all the knowledge pertaining to the modern art of war. The first of these was Sir William Sidney Smith, who had distinguished himself in the war with France, and been entrusted by Lord Hood with the destruction of the French fleet at Toulon. After being a prisoner in the Temple at Paris, and visiting Constantinople on duty, he repaired to Egypt. While a Turkish army was preparing to sail for the East, he endeavoured to defer the expedition to Syria by bombarding Alexandria; and when he found that the French army was preparing to cross the desert, he sent Colonel Phellipeaux, the other officer referred to, as an assistant to the intimidated Achmet Djezzar, the pasha of that division of Palestine which stretches from the borders of Egypt to the Gulf of Sidon, who had thrown himself into Acre with a considerable force, and with the resolution to defend it to the last.

At one time the friend, fellow-student, and comrade of Bonaparte, the colonel had emigrated on the murder of the royal family, and was now serving against the French army, as traitors to his native prince. Thus, in combination with Captain Miller, of the *Theseus*, he employed all his talents in putting Acre in a state of defence to resist his old comrade of the Regiment of La Fére.

The commodore arrived only two days before the French advanced guard was seen marching round the base of Mount Carmel. A flotilla consisting of nine French gun-vessels, laden with the battering-train of artillery, ammunition, platforms, &c., for the siege of Acre, was descried coming round Mount Carmel on the other side by the look-out men of Sir Sidney's ship, the *Tigre*. He made instant sail after them, and captured seven. This fortunate incident contributed greatly to save the city and harass the invaders. Being manned by British seamen, the gun-boats by shot and shell impeded the enemy's approaches; while the captured cannon were mounted on the walls of Acre, before which the French encamped.

The generals, Dommartin and Cassarelli, after carefully reconnoitring the works, were of opinion that the front of the salient angle at the east side was the proper point of attack. The trenches were accordingly opened at 150 fathoms from the walls; but as the besiegers had been deprived of their heavy artillery, and could only arm their batteries with twelve-pounders and five-inch mortars, the impression made could be neither sudden nor formidable.

Meanwhile, between the 17th and 23rd, Sir Sidney, with the *Tigre*, *Theseus*, and the gun-boats, lost no opportunity of retarding the works; and during these five days he lost in killed, wounded, and taken, 102 officers and men. The dead bodies of three who fell into the hands of the enemy were buried with the honours of war.

As the tower against which the principal attack was directed appeared to be pierced about the afternoon of the 1st of April, and the counterscarp was supposed to have been destroyed by a mine that had been sprung, the troops requested leave to storm the place. But it soon became evident that, notwithstanding the talents of the engineers, but little pains had been taken to ascertain the nature of the works; for as the stormers rushed sly to the front, they discovered that a en feet broad had to be passed, while the t untouched, and that the e the level of the works. y, Lescalles, and Langier— by this, sprang into the ditch, at the head

of a body of grenadiers, and attempted to ascend; but they all perished under a terrible fire, in addition to which stones, hand-grenades, and all manner of combustibles were showered down on them. At this crisis Sir Sidney Smith had been driven out to sea in a heavy gale, the harbour being shallow, sandy, and exposed to the western winds; but on his return he found that Captain Wilmot, R.N., had been indefatigable in getting fresh guns mounted, under the direction of Colonel Phellipeaux; and as the enemy's fire had slackened, a sortie to be made by our seamen and marines was resolved on, to the end that they might force their way into the mine which was laid under the counterscarp, and from which much danger was apprehended.

At the same time the Turkish troops were to attack the enemy's trenches on the right and left.

The sally took place just before daylight on the morning of the 9th of April, but the shrill wild yells with which the Turks loaded the air as they rushed impetuously forth with bayonet and scimitar, rendered the attempt to surprise the enemy quite abortive; yet Lieutenant Wright, of the *Tigre*, though he received two shots through his sword-arm, entered the mine at the head of the seamen, armed with boarding-pikes, and proceeding to the bottom, destroyed it by tearing away all the supports, and utterly ruining the design.

Major Douglas, with his marines, bravely supported the sailors in this desperate service, under the fast-increasing fire of the enemy, and succeeded in bringing off Lieutenant Wright, who had scarcely strength left to crawl out of the trench, with Mr. Janverin, midshipman, and some others who were wounded. Only one officer was killed in this affair—Major Oldfield, of the marines. The total casualties of the navy amounted to twenty-five; but during the few days subsequent there were fifteen more, including the brave Captain Wilmot, who was killed by a rifle-shot as he was mounting a howitzer in the breach.

About the 1st of May Bonaparte was strengthened by the arrival of some battery-guns and six eighteen-pounders. These were at once planted against the town, and the siege was pressed with redoubled vigour; but the French met with serious losses, among them being Cassarelli, Say, *chef de bataillon* of the engineers, who died of his wounds, General Veaux, and many other officers.

On the return of Napoleon from burning some Nablousian villages, and killing such of the inhabitants as were in arms against him, he found means to complete the mine which was destined to destroy the tower that had so long withstood his efforts; yet, on firing the train, its effect was not perfect. Although an angle of the wall was blown away, the breach proved to be as impracticable as before; and, notwithstanding the efforts of the besiegers, no lodgment could be effected, while many of their best officers perished in the assault.

Inspired by the presence and example of the seamen and marines under Sir Sidney Smith and Colonel Phellipeaux (who unfortunately fell about this time), the garrison fought with ardour and bravery. The flanking fire from the shipping was very destructive, till its effect was lessened by thick traverses and epaulements thrown up by the enemy. The guns that could be worked to the greatest advantage were a brass eighteen-pounder in the Lighthouse Castle, manned from the *Theseus*, and a twenty-four-pounder in the north ravelin, manned from the *Tigre*, under Mr. Jones, a midshipman. These guns, within grape distance of Napoleon's attacking column, added to the Turkish musketry, did great execution.

Two sixty-eight-pounder carronades from the same ship, mounted on the mole, under charge of Mr. Bray, the carpenter, threw shells into the very heart of this column, which pushed on to the assault. Hotter and fiercer became the firing, louder and louder the shouts of the French, the yells of the Turks, and the cheers of the British; while ever and anon from Napoleon's trumpets rang out the "advance," till his troops achieved a lodgment in the second story of the north-east tower, the upper part having been entirely battered down, and the ruins of it in the ditch forming the rough causeway by which they crossed in the dark.

Daylight showed the tricolour on the outer angle of the tower, near which the French had constructed two traverses across the ditch, composed of sand-bags and the bodies of the slain built up together, the bayonets alone being visible over them, so high were these ghastly ramparts. At this critical moment, when the Turkish troops were nearly giving way, Sir Sidney Smith brought the boats' crews ashore, armed with cutlasses, pistols, and pikes.

"Many fugitives returned with us to the breach, which," he states in his despatch to Nelson, "we found defended by a few brave Turks, whose most destructive missiles were stones, which, striking the assailants on the head, threw the foremost down the slope, and impeded the progress of the rest. A succession, however, ascended to the assault, the heap of ruins between the two parties serving as a breastwork for both; the muzzles of their muskets touching, and the spear-heads of the standards locked together. Djezzar Pasha, hearing that the British were on the breach, quitted his station,

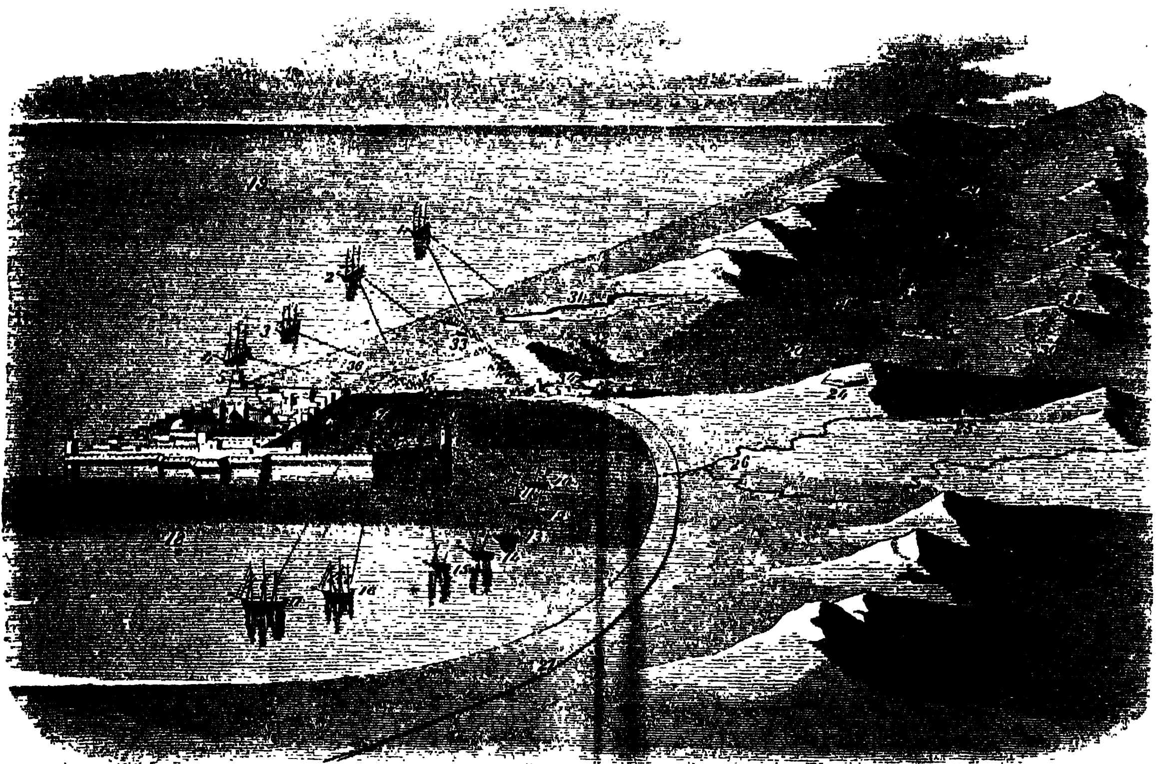
where, according to ancient Turkish custom, he was sitting to reward such as should bring him heads of the enemy, and distributing musket cartridges with his own hands."

"The enthusiastic old Turk pulled many of the sailors down, saying, "If harm happens to my English friends, Acre is lost!"

This amicable contest as to who should defend and who die in the breach, caused a rush of Turks to the spot, and thus time was gained for the arrival of succour, under Hassan Bey.

there being consequently enough to defend the breach, I proposed to the pasha," says Sir Sidney, "to get rid of the objects of his jealousy, by opening the gates to let them sally and take the assailants in flank.

"He readily complied, and I gave directions to the colonel to get possession of the enemy's third parallel, or nearest trench, and then fortify himself by shifting the parapet outwards. This order being clearly understood, the gates were opened and the Turks rushed out, but were not equal to



PLAN OF THE SIEGE OF ACRE.

1. *Corride.* 2. *Deux Frères.* 3. *Dangereux.* 4. *Theseus.* 5. Castle. 6. Sea Gate. 7. Port. 8. English. 9. Lighthouse. 10, 11, 12, Gun-boats. 13. *Marianne.* 14. *Negress.* 15. *Dame de France.* 16. *Alliance.* 17. *Tigre.* 18. Bay of Acre. 19. Mediterranean. 20. Cultivated Valley. 21, 22. Ruined Cisterns. 23. Subterranean Aqueduct. 24. Old Turkish Entrenchment. 25. French Hospital. 26. River Belus. 27. Road to Jaffa. 28. French Army—Head-quarters. 29. Lanusse. 30. Regnier. 31. Fresh Water Lake. 32. French Reserve. 33. Village. 34. French Camp. 35, 36. Parallels.

Sir Sidney had now to combat the old pasha's repugnance to admitting any troops save his kilted Albanians into the garden of his seraglio. Of the original 1,000 of these fine mountaineers, only 200 now remained alive; and as this was no time for debate, he overruled his objections by marching in the Chifflic regiment of Osmanlees, 1,000 strong, armed with muskets and bayonets, and which had been drilled in the European manner, under Sultan Selim's own eye.

"The garrison, animated by the appearance of such a reinforcement, was now all on foot; and such a movement, and were driven back to the town with loss." Meanwhile old Bray, the carpenter of the *Tigre*, swept the approach to the town gates with grape from his sixty-eight-pounders. In repelling the sortie, the enemy were compelled to expose themselves once more to the flanking fire from the shipping, which brought them down in vast numbers; so that the small force left lodged in the shattered tower was soon destroyed by Mr. Savage, a midshipman of the *Theseus*, who threw hand-grenades into it.

The enemy began a new breach by an incessant

fire, directed to the southward of the lodgment, and every shot knocked down "whole sheets" of the ancient walls of the crusading times; but the glittering group of generals and aides-de-camp around Bonaparte were now so often dispersed by the shells from the carpenter's sixty-eight-pounders, that they were compelled to assemble at Richard Cœur de Lion's Mount, an eminence where their leader stood burning with rage and shame at being so baffled by a few seamen and marines; and by his violent gesticulations, he seemed to indicate a renewal of the attack.

He was seen to dispatch an officer to the camp for reinforcements; on which Sir Sidney ordered Hassan Bey's ships to take their station in shoal water to the southward, and made the *Tigre's* signal to weigh and join the *Theseus* to the southward.

A little before sunset, a dark and massive column of the enemy came rolling slowly yet steadily towards the breach. The pasha's idea was not to defend it at this time, but to let a certain number in, and then close with them hand to hand in the true old Turkish fashion. The column thus mounted the breach unchallenged, and penetrated from the rampart into the pasha's garden, where in a few moments the best and bravest of them lay headless corpses; "the sabre, with the addition of a dagger in the other hand, proving more than a match for the bayonet."

The rest fled with precipitation. Their leader, General Lasau, who was seen encouraging them sword in hand, was borne off wounded by a musket-shot; while General Rombaud was killed.

The British uniform, which hitherto had served as a rallying-point for the old garrison wherever it appeared, was now in the dark mistaken for French by the newly-arrived Turks of Hassan Bey, who could not distinguish one from the other; thus many a severe sabre-cut had to be parried by our officers, among whom Colonel Douglas and some others nearly lost their lives.

The conflict of the 9th of May lasted no less than twenty-five hours, and ended "leaving both parties so fatigued as to be unable to move." One of Bonaparte's aides-de-camp, General Fowler, a Scoto-Frenchman, was killed by his side; and after having besieged Acre for sixty days in vain, and having sent notice to Grand Cairo that he would return as a conqueror, he found himself compelled at last to abandon the idea, to quit his lines, and retire like a fugitive.

The last hours of his stay were dedicated to revenge; for not content, as formerly, to turn his cannon against the fortifications, he spitefully gave orders to destroy an aqueduct, bombarded all the principal edifices, and endeavoured to reduce the pasha's palace to a heap of ruins.

While he was concealing or destroying his battering-train, and retreating from the plain of Nazareth, which was the boundary of his conquests, Sir Sidney Smith wrote letters to the sheikhs of the Druses and the people of Mount Lebanon, in which, in a true crusading spirit, he invited them "to choose between the friendship of a Christian knight and that of an unprincipled renegade." He also seized on Napoleon's field and battering artillery, amounting to twenty-three pieces; together with 2,000 of his wounded, whom he sent to Damietta, and "whose expressions of gratitude to us were mingled with execrations," says his despatch, "on the name of their general, who had exposed them to peril rather than fairly and honourably renew the intercourse with the British, which he had broken off by a false assertion that I had intentionally exposed the former prisoners to the infection of the plague."

In this affair of Acre, the total number of losses accruing to the squadron under Sir Sidney, between the 9th and 20th of May, were 53 killed, 113 wounded, 13 drowned, and 82 taken prisoners. Of the enemy, according to Berthier, there died of the plague 700 men; killed in action, 500; wounded, 1,800. This includes those who perished in the passage of the desert; but 2,000 fell into the hands of our admiral at Acre alone, so the French accounts can never be relied on.

The thanks of Parliament were voted to Sir Sidney Smith, his officers and men, and a pension of £1,000 per annum was settled on him. The City of London—never behind in recognising gallant services—presented him with a sword valued at a hundred guineas; while the Turkey Company presented him with another, valued at thrice that sum.

To Bonaparte he was personally an object of extreme hatred, as chiefly through him he was compelled to relinquish all his hopes of conquest in the East.

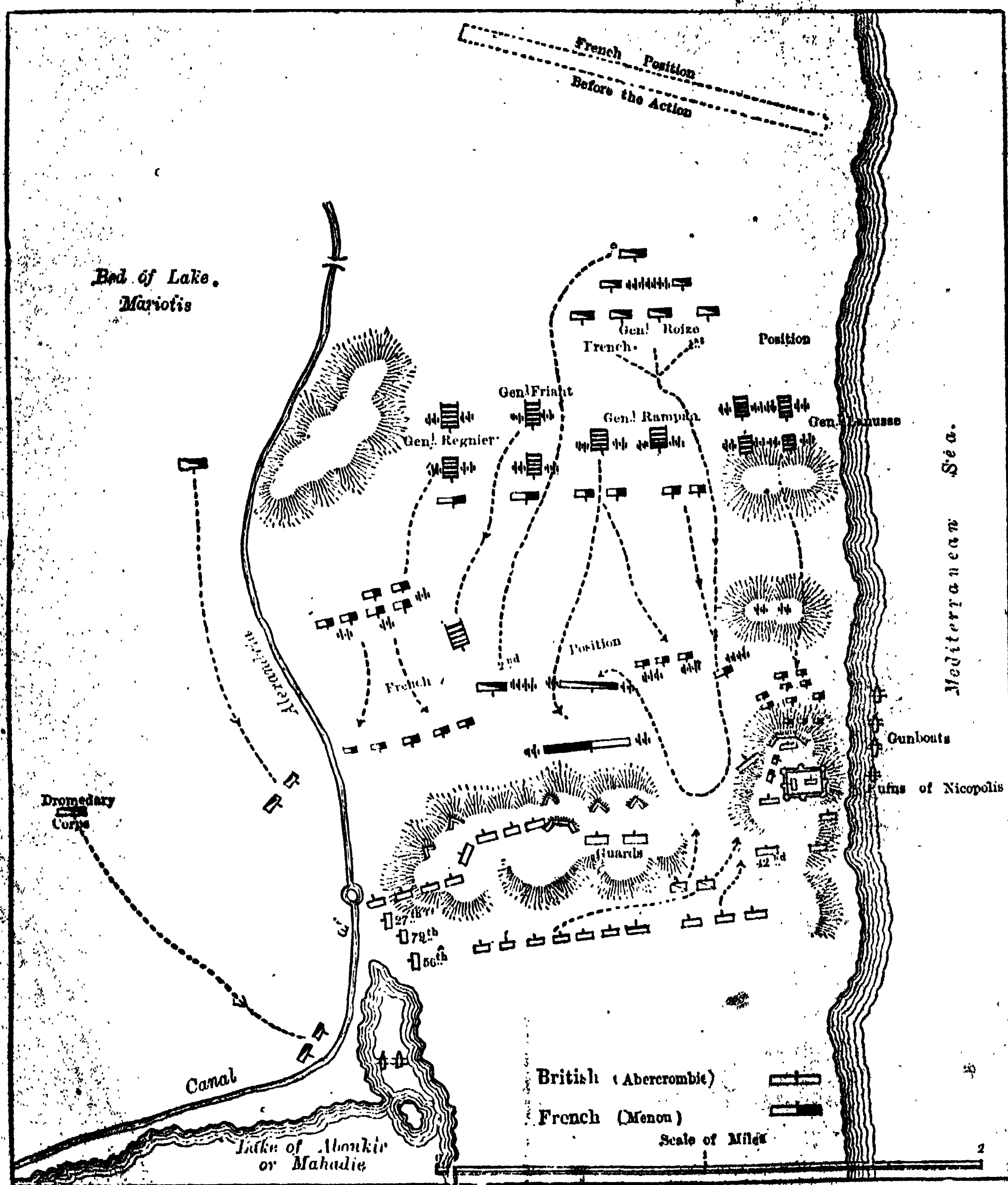
"That man," said he, bitterly, when speaking of Sir Sidney at St. Helena, "made me miss my destiny!"

Two great atrocities connected with the retreat from Acre are imputed to Bonaparte—the proposal to poison seven sick men, admitted by himself as a means to save them from torture; and the deliberate murder of 1,300 unarmed people, an act which, however expedient, no British officer would ever have conceived, and no British troops would have executed; and yet, in the "Voice from St. Helena," both these acts are confessed and their justification attempted.

CHAPTER LXIX.

ALEXANDRIA, 1801.

The brilliant victory won by Nelson in the Bay of Aboukir imprisoned the army of France amid this, alarming news from France caused him to hurry home and leave his troops in Egypt, when



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the arid sands of Egypt; but, nevertheless, Napoleon led it in 1799 across the desert to Palestine. He took Jaffa by storm, and laid siege to Acre, where, as related, he was repulsed by the British and Turks under Sir Sidney Smith. Subsequent to they began to lose heart, about the time our great e—ition to that country was projected, with the p— of driving them out of it.

When Sir Ralph Abercrombie, an old and gallant officer, who had served in many parts of the world

with great distinction, was at his command in Scotland, during June, 1800, he received orders to place himself at the head of an independent armament, of w[illegible] to immemorial usage, was kept secret. [illegible]; the army ultimately destined for Egypt.

The troops were only 20,000 strong, and consisted of the following regiments:—The Guards, under Major-General the Hon. J. Ludlow; the 1st Royal Scots, two battalions of the 54th, and the 92nd Gordon Highlanders, under Major-General Coote; the 8th (or King's), 13th, 19th, and 90th Perthshire Light Infantry, under Major-General Cradock; the 2nd Queen's, 50th, and 79th Cameron Highlanders, under Major-General Lord Cavan; the 18th Royal Irish, 30th, 44th, and 89th, under Brigadier Doyle; the Regiments of Minorca, De Rolle and Dillon, under Major-General John Stewart, the future hero of Maida. The first of these corps sometimes bore his name as its colonel.

The reserve, under Major-General Moore (the fated victor of Corunna), consisted of the flank companies of the Welsh Fusiliers, the 28th, Black Watch, 58th, the Corsican Rangers, a squadron of the 11th Dragoons, and Baron Homspesch's mounted riflemen, with the 12th and 26th Dragoons, under Brigadier Finch.

After many delays, much indecision, and also late wandering about the Mediterranean, on the 29th of December the expedition reached the Bay of Marmorice, in Asiatic Turkey. There the troops remained for several weeks in that almost land-locked bight of the Mediterranean, surrounded by beautiful mountains and picturesque scenery. In succession, the regiments were disembarked and exercised. Turkish horses were purchased for the cavalry; gun-boats were procured to cover the landing of the troops in Egypt, and a plan of co-operation was arranged with the Turks. The delays of the latter detained for some time the fleet, which, however, put to sea on the 23rd of February, 1801. A gale dispersed the Greek and Turkish contingents; but the British held their course, and by sunset on the 1st of March they saw Alexandria, with its old Pharos, rising bleak and bare from the sea, unrelieved to the eye by aught but a few palm trees, and the occasional flag of a consul fluttering in the wind. Bearing on, the fleet came to anchor in the recent scene of Nelson's glory, the Bay of Aboukir. Sickness, death, and changes had now



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reduced the original force to 15,330 men; the fleet consisted of 175 sail of all kinds.

On their arrival at Aboukir, the first tidings that met the troops was, that two brave and [illegible] officers, Major Mackarras [illegible] whom General Abercrombie had sent to examine the coast, had fallen into the hands of the enemy; the former dead, the latter alive.

Broken and squally weather rendered the attempt to land impracticable for a week; and in the meantime a French frigate, which, by capturing some British ships, had become acquainted with our private signals, and daringly accompanied the expedition as if she formed part of it, suddenly shot ahead of the fleet, and, hoisting the tricolour, ran safely into the harbour of Alexandria, with a reinforcement for General Menou.

On the evening of the 7th the wind abated; and, accompanied by Sir Sidney Smith and the chief officers of his staff, Sir Ralph Abercrombie proceeded in an armed launch to reconnoitre the coast, and found the preparations to resist debarkation most formidable. The sand-hills which stretch in a semicircular form from the castle of Aboukir to the distance of a mile on the left, were occupied by strong bodies of cavalry and infantry. Along the ridge were planted twelve pieces of artillery, so as to throw, with the cannon of Fort Aboukir, a cross-fire on every channel of approach; while several mortars, half concealed by the inequalities of the ground, promised some variety of peril in the nature of the missiles to be encountered.

Nevertheless, it was evident that a landing must be made if we would attempt to subjugate this land, so little known to us then, the climate of which was so uncongenial, and of the localities or topography of which our commanders were totally ignorant; nor was one of them furnished even with a map which could be relied on. On the 4th of March the following order had been issued:—

"The troops will hold themselves in readiness to land as soon as the weather permits. The first division that disembarks, consisting of the brigade of [illegible] and 2nd battalions of the Royals and [illegible] will carry their blankets and three d[illegible]ns, and will leave their knapsacks o[illegible]

On t[illegible]g of the 8th the landing was to be attemp[illegible] first detachments, under Major-General [illegible] the boats, and pushed off for their [illegible] brig, some hundred paces [illegible] flank was protected by li[illegible] bomb-ketches and gun-brigs were moored broadside to the beach. Every man was in the boats by two a.m.

The ascent of a sky-rocket from the admiral's ship was the signal for the boats to leave the fleet. A brilliant moon favoured, and, at the same time, fully displayed all the operations; but, owing to the distance they had to row, the moon had waned and day d[illegible]ned ere they reached the brig which formed their point of rendezvous. Three boats, each containing sixty men, were sunk by the enemy's guns, within a hundred yards of the land. Many were saved, but all the wounded inevitably perished.

This was at nine in the morning, when, at a given signal, all the boats pulled in for the beach, 200 feet above the level of which the French were in position, on the summit of the sand-hills. In light marching order, and closely packed, each man with his loaded musket between his knees, the soldiers sat in silence, while the seamen bent to their oars, and for a time the rattle of these in the rowlocks and the splash of their blades alone were heard; but in a minute or two later the artillery and mortars from the beach and the castle of Aboukir opened, and the sea began to hiss and boil ahead, astern, and around the frail armada, as round shot, grape, and shells were showered upon it.

Undaunted by this hot reception, the seamen, under Captain Alexander Cochrane (son of Lord Dundonald), pulled steadily on; and ere long the musketry, like a hail shower, was added to the cannonade, and the furrowed water rose in spouts on every hand. The troops, however, leaped into the surf, forming line as they approached the beach, with bayonets fixed and colours flying, while loud cheers rang from flank to flank.

"Forward!" was the word, and forward all went with a will, led by General Moore.

The Welsh Fusiliers and flank companies of 40th Regiment gallantly charged up the steep slope, and kept advancing to the two sandy hills in the rear. "They rushed up the heights," says Sir Robert Wilson, "with almost preternatural energy, never firing a shot, but charging with the bayonet the two battalions that crowned them, breaking and pursuing them, till they carried the two hills which commanded the plain to the left, taking at the same time, three pieces of cannon."

The 42nd Highlanders gained the summit over heaps of loose sand, and closing in with the French ere they had time to reload, hurled them [illegible] in disorder by the bayonet; they were next attacked by cavalry, whom they repulsed with equal facility, but not [illegible]

"The Guards, [illegible] were attacked by the same cavalry, who had rallied; but a flank fire from the 58th enabled [illegible] to form and advance together against the enemy. Prior to this the

French cavalry had actually ridden into the sea, and in some instances killed in the boats those men who were so densely crowded as to be incapable of using their weapons. The engagement at Aboukir was short but decisive. The French posted to oppose the landing being repulsed on all points, the troops advanced to support the column of General Moore, who by this time had obtained complete possession of the commanding ground in front, with the loss, however, of 700 killed and wounded, including seamen and marines.

Covered by swarms of *tirailleurs*, the French were now in full retreat along the road to Alexandria. No attempt was made to follow them then, for the general and staff had ample occupation in getting the stores conveyed from the ships to the beach, and thence to the bivouac; and in having wells dug in the sand, wherever the appearance of date trees gave promise of water. The old castle of Aboukir still held out, but was blockaded by the Queen's Own, and twenty-six dragoons, dismounted; while the army advanced on Alexandria by a movement from the right, preceded by the brigade of Guards.

On the 12th the army encamped near the Tower of Mandora, and on the following day marched through a forest of date trees, to attack the French under Menou, then occupying some ridges in front. Beyond these ridges could be seen gloomy Alexandria, with all its ruins, its Pharos jutting into the sea, Cleopatra's Needle, and the domes of many mosques, with the masts of the shipping in the harbour, and the tricolour waving on Fort Crétin.

The light troops of the enemy engaged the pickets during the whole of this march, which did not exceed four miles; while the French, having received reinforcements from Cairo and Rosetta, had increased their strength to 6,000 men, with thirty pieces of cannon.

By the judicious arrangement of the Admiral, Lord Keith, a great body of sailors were landed to act as pikemen and gunners, under Sir Sidney Smith and five other captains, in concert with the movements of the army. The French now began to perceive that they had no longer Turks or Mamelukes to contend with; they felt that the soldiers of another European nation were on the soil of Egypt, and that now the ultimate possession of the country was problematical.

On the 13th the army advanced into action in three columns, of which the reserve, under General Moore, composed the right. The centre and left were preceded, at a brief interval, by the 92nd Highlanders; and the 90th Regiment, or Perthshire Light Infantry, moved on under cover of the flank companies of the 40th Foot; and when penetrating beyond the forest or wood of dates already mentioned, the enemy were seen in gallant array, drawn up along a series of sand-hills that extended from the canal of Alexandria to the lake of Aboukir or Maadic. There were 5,000 infantry, a column of cavalry, and thirty-two pieces of cannon; and in a few minutes the two almost solitary Scottish regiments were warmly engaged.

While the Gordon Highlanders, being far in advance of their line, were exposed to a galling fire of grape shot, and at the same time were attacked by the 61st demi-brigade, they continued unshaken in their advance up to the very muzzles of the enemy's guns, and succeeded in taking two field-pieces and a howitzer, completely routing all who defended them. Their Perthshire comrades, who, acting as light infantry, wore brass helmets, were mistaken for dismounted dragoons, and consequently were charged with confident fury by the French. During the *mêlée*, Colonel (afterwards Lord) Hill received a ball on his helmet, which brought him to the ground, though it failed to penetrate. Sir Ralph Abercrombie had also a narrow escape; his horse was shot under him, but he was rescued by the devoted bravery of the 90th Regiment.

The conduct of the 92nd, whose colonel was killed, and who lost many officers and men, was splendid on this occasion. "Opposed to a tremendous fire," says Sir Robert Wilson, "and suffering severely from the French line, they never receded a foot, but maintained the contest alone, until the Marines and the rest of the line came to their support." So conspicuous was their gallantry, that they were afterwards ordered to bear the word "Mandora" on their colours and appointments.

The rest of the troops came on but slowly, as we had no horses to drag our guns; and the utmost exertions of the seamen, even when aided by the soldiers, scarcely sufficed to drag them through the loose sand, in which the carriages sank at times to the axle-trees. But the enemy did not pause to receive the grand attack, as they fell back on an intrenched position which they had formed with great care in front of Alexandria, and these works Sir Ralph Abercrombie determined to carry at all risks. He continued to advance till the line had come within point-blank range of the enemy's batteries. A halt was then ordered, and the men stood still under a murderous fire of skilfully-handled cannon, while Sir Ralph with his staff rode forward to reconnoitre.

"The difficulties under which he laboured,

through the absence of all information touching the plans and disposition of the enemy, were," says his biographer, "very great. It was found impossible to make the Arabs comprehend the object of such questions as were put to them; while from their own statements, voluntarily offered, no conclusions could be drawn on which the general considered that he ought to place the slightest reliance. The face of the country was also in many respects deceptive to the eye of a stranger; and on the present occasion led such as had examined it into the commission of several glaring errors. There was a plain on the right of the enemy, covered by a species of nitrous salt, which dazzled the visual organs, and presented in its smooth and shining surface a striking resemblance to a sheet of water. No man in the army was aware at that time of the well-known effect of mirage; and hence the weakest point of the enemy's position—a point by traversing which they might have been taken in reverse—was regarded as impregnable. In like manner, the fiery brightness of the atmosphere, acting upon a white and glittering sand, gave to the gentle undulations along which the French had ranged their batteries an overcharged semblance of height and strength. The consequence was, that after examining with the closest attention what he believed to be a position of extraordinary difficulty, Sir Ralph [illegible] came to the resolution of suspending his attack; and the troops were directed to fall back upon the post from which they had that morning dislodged the enemy."

By this time not fewer than 156 officers and men had been killed, and 1,070 wounded.

[illegible] were the operations precursory to the [illegible] Alexandria.

The British now began to fortify their new position by means of heavy cannon brought from the ships. A defensive warfare on the part of an [illegible] force always assumes a sinister aspect; [illegible] still more so when the forces [illegible] Menou were increased to more than [illegible] men.

Before the British position spread a sandy plain. The 28th and 58th Regiments were posted among [illegible] redoubts on the right, [illegible] Fusiliers, 40th, the Royal [illegible] Rangers. Between the [illegible] centre, occupied by the Guards, on [illegible] where our cavalry were posted. From [illegible] the Guards stood the line ran obliquely to the left, at the end of which were two batteries in a great state of forwardness.

On the left of the Guards, the Gordon Highlanders, Queen's Own, 54th, Scots Royals, 8th, 18th, 90th, and 13th Regiments were formed *en échelon*, ready, if necessary, to form on the Guards. The second line was composed of the Regiments of Minorca, De Rolle, Dillon, the Queen's, 44th and 89th, with the 12th and 26th Light Dragoons. In this position were mounted two twenty-four-pounders and thirty-two [illegible] besides a twenty-four-pounder in the [illegible] of the 28th. On the 20th a report was made that several bodies of the enemy had been seen marching over the flat which we had hitherto mistaken for a lake, and then came the tidings that Menou had been largely reinforced. Sir Ralph then determined to assault his lines by night; but he was anticipated.

On the 21st of March, an hour before daybreak, the French were in motion, but the British were not taken by surprise, as it was Sir Ralph's practice to have the troops under arms by three o'clock every morning; and thus they were ready by the dawn of the 21st, when the enemy came on with the intention, as the General Orders of Menou had it, of "driving the British into the Lake Maadic."

Their left consisted of four demi-brigades of light infantry, led by General Lanusse, assisted by General Roize with a body of cavalry. Generals Friant and Rampon led the centre, which consisted of five demi-brigades; General Regnier was posted on the right, with two demi-brigades and two regiments of cavalry; while General d'Estain led the advanced guard, which consisted of one demi-brigade, some light troops, and a brigade of artillery. They commenced the action by a false attack made on the British left by the dromedary corps.

Amid the intense silence that prevailed, and ere dawn began to steal over the sandy scenery, a single musket-shot was heard; the explosion of three pieces of cannon followed, and all held their breath in suspense, till a volley of musketry, far away on the British left, streaking the gloom with red, announced that the event so long wished—the moment of battle—was at hand.

Silence again followed. "General Moore, who [illegible]nced to be general officer of the night, and [illegible] the first alarm, had galloped towards the [illegible] but a few moments returned to his brigade, [illegible] wild broken hurrah rising from the plain warned him of the approach of the enemy; [illegible]wn in with steady [illegible] and final game of [illegible] about to be played."

The sound of the first shot "had brought Sir Ralph Abercrombie galloping to the menaced

redoubt. There he found the right of his army fiercely engaged; for the French, after driving in the pickets, assailed with incredible fury the redoubt, the ruins, and a wing of the 42nd Highlanders whom Moore had drawn up in continuation from the redoubt along an open space whence the 28th had been removed. At every point the foe was gallantly met.

The 28th poured in a fire against which all valour proved vain; while the 58th, under Colonel Crowdjye, manned the breaches in the ruined wall, and after three rounds of ball cartridge, rushed on the enemy with the bayonet, supported in their charge by the noble Welsh Fusiliers; while the 42nd repelled a very superior force, which endeavoured, by sheer dint of numbers, to overwhelm them; and the 40th, coming up, rendered more complete the victory on the right by a steady and well-directed fire, which cut down whole sections of the now disordered enemy.

The darkness was still intense, and the smoke that curled along the ranks, we are told, "rendered all objects at arm's length from the eye totally invisible." Favoured by this gloom and obscurity, a fresh column of infantry, all grenadiers, designated, on account of their past exploits, "The Invincibles," preceded by a six-pounder, stole silently along the interval between the left of the 42nd and the right of the Foot Guards, and, calculating their distance correctly in the dark, wheeled to the left, and penetrated unseen between the two wings of the 42nd, which were drawn up in parallel lines. The instant they were discovered, Colonel Stewart, who commanded the right wing of the Highlanders, rushed forward with charged bayonets and captured the gun; while the rear rank of the left wing, facing about, rushed also with the bayonet to its new front. Maddened by this double attack, the enemy pressed on in the face of a murderous fire from the 28th, stationed in a ruined palace of the Ptolemies; and dashing at the shattered walls, made good their entrance, closely followed by the 42nd Highlanders. The officer who bore their embroidered standard was heard to shout again and again, "*Vive la Republique!*" ere he fell pierced by a shot.

Desperate was the struggle with bayonet and butt-end that now ensued within these ancient ruins. The 40th and 58th received the French in front, while the 42nd hung upon their rear. "The Invincible Legion resisted until 650 of them had fallen, when the survivors, about 250 in number, threw down their arms, delivering up their standard to Major Stirling, of the 42nd, who gave it in charge of a sergeant, with directions to remain close to the gun which the regiment had taken from the enemy."

The boasted "Invincibles," thus disposed of, just as day was breaking the 42nd issued from among the ruins, and formed line in battalion on the flat, with their right supported by the redoubt; but again the French infantry came furiously on, and ere the formation was complete, General Moore ordered them to advance, while their enthusiasm was at its highest pitch.

"My brave Highlanders," cried Sir Ralph Abercrombie at that moment, "remember our country—remember your forefathers!"

The Highlanders responded by a wild shout to this brief address; and rushing on with most heroic ardour, they hurled the French in rout and confusion far across the sandy plain.

The French attacks were chiefly confined to the right and centre of the British position. The Guards in the latter place conducted themselves with singular bravery and coolness; and the conduct of Major-General Ludlow who fought at their head, as well as of Brigadier Moore, who was wounded while leading on the reserve, was beyond all praise.

Menou, finding all his attempts unsuccessful, fell back, after a last attempt to carry the position by a terrible charge of cavalry, led by Brigadier Roize, supported by General Regnier, with the divisions of Lanusse, Rampon, and Friant; but the brigadier was killed, with many other gallant officers, and the French cavalry were completely broken and destroyed.

During all this terrible conflict, Sir Ralph Abercrombie had ridden from point to point unattended by aide-de-camp or orderly, cheering the men and exhorting them to be steady. While thus occupied, two French dragoons rode furiously at him, and endeavoured to drag him away prisoner; but the gallant general refused to yield. On this, one of the troopers made a thrust at his breast, and passed his sword with great force under the arm of the general. Though severely bruised by the guard of the weapon, Abercrombie grasped it and wrenched it away. He then turned to meet the other dragoon, who at that moment was shot dead by a corporal of the 42nd Regiment.

After our troops had expended their ammunition, "it constitutes a remarkable feature in this sanguinary action," says Gleig, "that while the enemy still hung in their front, the British troops stood on the defensive with their bayonets alone—an act of cool and manly courage such as no soldiers belonging to any other nation have ever been known to perform."

By eight a.m. the French were repulsed in all quarters, and sustained the combat with their cannon and skirmishers alone. Occasionally a yelling crowd of *tirailleurs* would draw near the British line, and the muskets were brought to the level, though their barrels were empty; till a supply of ammunition came up, and once more the cannon opened. The French, who stood aloof, as if confounded by the cessation of shot from their antagonists, now fell back with precipitation, and, as they were not pursued, effected their escape to Alexandria.



DEATH OF GENERAL ABERCROMBIE.

The victory was ours, but its splendour was clouded by the fall of Sir Ralph Abercrombie. At what precise period of the battle the fatal bullet struck him is unknown. General Stewart, of Garth, who was present, appears in his history to fix it about the time of the desperate charge made by the enemy's cavalry.

Some time after his rencounter with the two dragoons, he attempted to alight from his horse. A 42nd Highlander, seeing that he had a difficulty in dismounting, assisted him, and asked if he should follow with the horse; but the general replied that he would require it no more that day. Firmly and steadily, betraying no symptom of pain, the fine old soldier passed along the line of the Highlanders and Stewart's brigade; and soon it became known that a musket-ball had entered his groin, and lodged deep in the hip-joint, when he was seen to lie down in agony on a little sand-hill close to the battery.

There the surgeons attended him, and he was surrounded by a group of officers. At a respectful distance many of the soldiers were lingering sadly, leaning on their muskets, and not a few of them had tears in their eyes; for Abercrombie, though a strict disciplinarian, was adored by the men, whose prayers and blessings followed as he was borne away from the last and greatest of his battle-fields—borne humbly in the regimental blanket of Donald Roy, of the 42nd Highlanders—and carried on board of Lord Keith's ship, the *Foudroyant*, where he died on the 27th, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. His remains were conveyed to Malta, and there interred, in the Commandery of the Grand Master, beneath the Castle of St. Elmo.

Thus fell Abercrombie, a man "whose memory" says the *Gazette* of the day, "will be recorded in the annals of his country, will be sacred to every British soldier, and be embalmed in the memory of a grateful posterity." His widow was created Baroness Abercrombie, of Aboukir. His eldest son succeeded to that peerage; and another, in later years, was created Lord Dunfermline.

The total loss of the British at the battle of Alexandria was 1,306 rank and file, with 70 officers, killed, wounded, or missing. Eight of the staff—five holding the rank of general—were in this list.

The loss of the enemy has been calculated at 3,000 men. Many of their most distinguished officers perished, including Roize, the leader of the cavalry, and two other generals, who were mortally wounded.

The standard of the "Invincibles" was afterwards found on the field by Private Anthony Lutz, of the Minorca Regiment—otherwise of Stewart—in the British service. It was sent to London, and was hung in the Royal Military Chapel at Whitehall. It bore several marks of distinction, such as the "Passage of the Piana" and "Tagliamento," when under Bonaparte, in Italy; and in the centre was a bugle-horn, wreathed with laurel.

The number of prisoners we took did not exceed 200, and the guns captured amounted to only two.

General Hutchinson succeeded to the command of the British troops in Egypt. The skirmishes at Hamed, El Aft, &c., followed Abercrombie's victory. The enemy were driven from their fortified post at Rahmanieh, in Lower Egypt, and forced to retire through the desert to Grand Cairo; and at last the evacuation of the country by the boasted French "Army of the East" closed a struggle which the nations of Europe regarded with the deepest interest. We captured in Alexandria, where the garrison had been reduced to eat horseflesh, 12,000 men, including 5,965 soldiers of artillery, cavalry, sappers, miners, and seamen doing garrison duty.



VIEW OF COPENHAGEN.

The other division of the French army having surrendered at Cairo, the enemy were no longer in possession of any part of Egypt; and the object of the expedition being now fully attained, in September the army prepared to return home, and Lord Cavan delivered to the Capitan Pacha the keys of the city of Alexandria.

CHAPTER LXX.

COPENHAGEN, 1801.

The spring of the same year which saw our flag triumphant in the East beheld it unfurled victoriously on the Scandinavian waters.

Russia, under the Czar Paul, now menaced Great Britain, and what was called the Armed Neutrality of the Northern States was revived. They were apparently in a middle condition as regards Britain, being neither friends nor enemies. She justly deemed it an armed confederacy, that sprung originally from a secret understanding with the agents of France; and, on the failure of amicable negotiations, sent her fleet to ascertain the point at the gates of Copenhagen.

In March, 1801, an armament consisting of eighteen ships of the line and four frigates, together with a number of gun-brigs and bomb and fire-ships—in all fifty-four sail—had been fitted for the North Sea, and proceeded from Yarmouth Roads as soon as the navigation of the Sound would permit. The command of this expedition was assigned to Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, assisted by Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson and Rear-Admiral Totty, who unfortunately lost his flag-ship, the *Invincible*, on a sand-bank off the coast of Lincolnshire, when 400 men perished.

While in the Downs a great number a flat-bottomed boats, and several pieces of heavy artillery were taken on board; and at Yarmouth the 49th Regiment, commanded by Colonel Isaac Brock, a detachment of artillery, and two companies of the Rifle Corps, the whole to be led by the Hon. Colonel Stewart, were embarked for service with the expedition.

The chief object of the three Northern Courts, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, was to compel Britain to resign her naval supremacy. Russia was guided by the passions of its Emperor Paul, a man crazed by the possession of vast power. Denmark was French at heart, ready to co-operate in all the views and aggressive usurpations of the new Republic. Sweden, under a king who, though generous, was weak and tainted by hereditary insanity, acted in acquiescence with two powers whom it feared to offend.

Such was the state of politics in the North, when the British fleet appeared suddenly off the castle of Cronenburg, in the Cattegat.

At this time the Danish navy consisted of twenty-three ships of the line, thirty-one frigates, and many smaller vessels. The Swedes had eighteen ships of the line, fourteen frigates, seventy-four galleys, and many gun-boats; while Russia had no less than eighty-two sail of the line, forty frigates, and smaller craft in proportion. Under French influence, these fleets, if combined, could not have been otherwise than most formidable to us.

We are told that Sir Hyde Parker was "a little nervous about dark nights and fields of ice." "But we must brace up," said he; "these are not times for nervous systems. I hope we shall give our Northern enemies that hail-storm of bullets which gives our dear native country the dominion of the sea. We have it, and all the rascals in the North cannot take it from us, if our wooden walls have fair play!"

From his flag-ship, the *London*, 98 guns, Sir Hyde Parker dispatched a letter to the governor of Cronenburg, in which, after mentioning "the hostile conduct of Denmark," he demanded whether "he could pass that fortress freely and without impediment;" declaring at the same time he should consider the first gun that might be fired "as a declaration of war."

Colonel Stricker, an old and experienced officer, who had been in the service of Russia, replied that "he was not at liberty to suffer a fleet, the intentions of which were yet unknown, to approach the guns of the castle which he had the honour to command."

This answer being construed by the admiral as a determination to resist, he resolved to force the passage of the Sound, which is there from three to four miles broad, forming a junction between the ocean and the Baltic. With the wind from the north, the whole squadron stretched over towards the Swedish coast, and steered near Helsingborg, the fortifications of which were capable of but little resistance. Some of the vessels on the skirts of the fleet were briskly cannonaded from the batteries of Cronenburg, a stately Gothic pile, built of white stone, rising on the green promontory of Elsinore. The ships responded promptly; but the distance being too great, the shot on both sides fell harmlessly into the sea.

After anchoring about six miles from the island of Huen, a lovely green domain, where stand the ruins of Tycho Brahe's observatory and mansion, Sir Hyde Parker, with Nelson and Admiral Graves, and Colonels Stewart and Brock, sailed in a lugger,

to reconnoitre the enemy's formidable line of defence, consisting of ships, *radeaus*, pontoons, galleys, fire-ships and gun-boats, flanked and supported by extensive batteries on the islands called the Crowns. The largest of these was mounted with about seventy pieces of cannon. These were again commanded by two seventy-gun ships and a large frigate in the inner road of Copenhagen; while two sixty-four-gun ships, dismasted, were moored on the starboard side of the entrance to the arsenal. There were eleven floating-batteries, mounted with twenty-six, twenty-four, and eighteen-pounders, besides some works mounted with guns on the island of Amak, which is within the radius of the city fortifications. From one point to another, the defences of Copenhagen were fully four miles long.

A Council of War was held in the afternoon. It was apparent to all that the Danes could not be attacked without great risk; and some officers hinted of the strength of the Swedes and Russians, whom they might afterwards have to engage. Lord Nelson, who was impatiently pacing the cabin, said—

"The more the better! I wish they were twice as many—the easier would be the victory, depend upon it."

He offered his services for the attack, requiring ten sail of the line and all the smaller craft. Sir Hyde assented, gave him two more sail of the line than he asked, and left everything to his skill and judgment. Nelson in person saw all the soundings made in the channel through which he meant to pass, and the buoys down in their proper places; boating it day and night, till the arduous service was accomplished. Then he thanked God that this difficult part of his duty was done.

"It has worn me down," he said, "and has been infinitely more grievous to me than any resistance I could experience from the enemy."

It was determined to make the attack from the south. On the morning of the 1st of April, the whole fleet removed to an anchorage within two leagues of the city, and off the north-west end of the Middle Ground, a shoal lying exactly before Copenhagen, and extending along its whole sea-front. The moment the anchors were let go, Nelson, with Captain Riou, whom he had named "the gallant and good," in the *Amazon*, 38 guns, made a last examination of the ground; and returning to his own ship, the *Elephant*, 74, to which he had shifted his flag, he threw out the signal to weigh, and it was greeted with shouts of acclamation throughout the whole division. This was about one o'clock in the day.

The anchors were soon apeak, the canvas sheeted home, and, with a light and favourable wind, the *Edgar*, *Ardent*, *Bellona*, *Elephant*, *Ganges*, *Monarch*, *Defiance*, and *Russell*, all seventy-four-gun ships; the old *Agamemnon* and *Polyphemus*, 64; the *Isis*, 50; the *Désirée*, 40; and the *Amazon*, *Blanche*, *Alcmene*, and *Dart*, frigates, glided like stately phantoms through the narrow channel between the isle of Saltholm and the Middle Ground. Captain Edward Riou led the way.

The whole division steered along the external edge of the shoal, and doubling its farther extremity, came to anchor off Draco Point, just as the last rays of the sun faded from the spires of Copenhagen. The headmost of the enemy's line was then hardly two miles distant.

"I shall fight them the moment I have a fair wind," exclaimed Nelson, as his own anchor was let go.

It had been pre-arranged that Sir Hyde Parker, with the remaining ships, should weigh on the following morning, to menace the Crown Batteries on his side, to batter the four ships of the line that lay near the arsenal, and to protect such of ours as might come out of action disabled.

War had not been declared formally, yet the Danes had not been idle from the moment that Colonel Stricker's cannon in Cronenburg made it known that the passage of the Sound had been forced. All ranks of men, with noble patriotism, offered their lives for Denmark. The University furnished a battalion 900 strong, the flower of the land; and when, by Nelson's movements, it was known when and where the attack might be expected, the lines of defence were manned indiscriminately by soldiers, sailors, and citizens, all inspired by the most splendid enthusiasm. The sky was clear and starry, and a few shells were seen to describe fiery arcs as they rose from the isle of Amak and fell harmlessly among our ships, which were crowded in an anchoring-ground of small extent. After a time these ceased, and the night passed quietly; but, says Southey, "this was an awful night for Copenhagen—far more so than for the British fleet, where the men were accustomed to battle and victory, and had none of those objects before their eyes which render death terrible. Nelson sat down to table with a large party of his officers; he was, as he was ever wont to be when on the eve of action, in high spirits, and drank 'to a leading wind, and to the success of to-morrow.' After supper they returned to their respective ships, except Riou, who remained to arrange the order of battle with Nelson and Captain Foley, and to draw up instructions. Hardy, meantime, went in a small boat to examine the channel between them and the

enemy, approaching so near that he sounded round their leading ship with a pole, lest the noise of throwing the lead should discover him."

A fair wind was announced at daybreak. Nelson had already left his cot, and signalled for all captains. The land forces and 500 seamen, under the Hon. Colonel Stewart and Captain Fremantle, R.N., were to storm the Crown Battery as soon as its guns should be silenced; and Captain Riou had the *Blanche* and *Alcmene*, frigates, with the *Dart* and *Arrow*, sloops, and the *Zephyr* and other fire-ships, assigned him as a special command. Every other ship had its appointed station.

The pilots of the ships were generally men who had been mates of Baltic traders, and their hesitation about the exact bearing of the east end of the shoal and the exact line of deep water was ominous warning that they could be little trusted. But the signal for battle was flying on Nelson's ship, the wind was fair, and there was no time to lose; and on Mr. Bryerly, master of the *Bellona*, volunteering to lead, at half-past nine the fleet weighed in succession.

In the *Edgar*, 74, Captain George Murray led the way. Unfortunately, the *Bellona* and *Russell*, from the intricacy of the navigation, took the ground; but though not in the station assigned them, were so placed that their guns were of service. Nelson's old ship, the *Agamemnon*, was unable to weather the shoal of the Middle Ground, and was compelled to anchor. These contingencies prevented the extension of the British line, and ultimately exposed the *Monarch*, the *Defiance*, and the small squadron of frigates under Captain Riou to a dreadful cannonade from the enemy.

The action began at five minutes past ten, and by half-past eleven the battle was general. Every ship and battery was engaged. Most complete had been Nelson's plan of attack; but, by unforeseen events, of twelve ships of the line, one was entirely useless and two others were almost out of position. Of the gun-brigs, only one could get into action, the rest were prevented, by baffling currents, from weathering the eastern end of the shoal; and only two of the bomb-vessels could open their mortars on the arsenal, by firing over both fleets.

Deprived thus of a fourth part of his ships, Nelson, though exposed to the fire of more than 1,000 pieces of cannon, never flinched from the task; "and, as a bystander describes him, his conversation became joyous, animated, elevated, and delightful."

Sir Hyde Parker, meanwhile, was too distant to know the real state of matters, and suffered the greatest anxiety. The fire of the Danish ships and batteries seemed so tremendous, that he proposed to hoist the signal for recalling Nelson, and ultimately did so.

Nelson, says his biographer, was at this time in all the excitement of action, pacing the quarter-deck. A shot wounded the mainmast, knocking the splinters in every direction.

"It is warm work," said he, smiling, "and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment; but, mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands!"

At that moment the signal lieutenant called out, "Number Thirty-nine!"

This was Sir Hyde Parker's signal to discontinue the action, and the officer asked if he should repeat it.

"No," replied Nelson, "acknowledge it. Is the signal for close action still flying?" he added; and on being answered in the affirmative, he said—

"Mind that you keep it so."

He continued to pace the deck amid the roar of the close engagement, and, when shot and shell of every size were sweeping it, betraying no emotion save the moving of the stump of his lost arm in a manner that was generally his wont when excited. Then referring again to Sir Hyde's signal, he said to the signal lieutenant—

"Leave off action! No, hang me if I do! You know, Foley," he added, turning to the captain of the *Elephant*, "I have only one eye; I have thus a right to be blind sometimes." And then putting the telescope to his blind eye, he exclaimed, in angry sport, "I really do not see the signal!" After a minute, he added, "Hang the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals—nail mine to the mast!"

Admiral Graves, who was so situated that he could not see what was done on board the *Elephant*, disobeyed Sir Hyde's signal in the same manner, and continued his cannonade upon the ships and shore batteries; while all the other ships, looking to Nelson only, continued to do so likewise.

The *Amazon* had been long so enveloped in smoke that her officers could see nothing of what was going on around them. At last Captain Riou ordered his gunners to "stand fast, and let it clear off, that they might see what they were about."

This proved a fatal order, for the Danes, when they got clear sight of her, concentrated their fire with such tremendous effect that to retire was the only means of saving his frigate from total destruction.

"Oh, what will Nelson think of us?" exclaimed Riou, who was sitting on a gun, as he had just been wounded in the head by a splinter. As the *Amazon* showed her stern to the Trekroner Battery, his clerk was killed by his side, and another shot swept away several marines who were hauling in the main-brace.

"Come, my boys," exclaimed Riou, with mournful bitterness, "let us all die together!"

The words had scarcely escaped him, when a raking chain-shot cut him in two; and save Nelson himself, says Southey, the British navy could not have suffered a greater loss.

Resolutely fought the Danes, and with vigour unabated we continued the attack. The advantage lay with them, however, as the most of that fleet which Nelson resolved to capture or destroy was without masts, and the few which had any had their topmasts struck. On board the *Bellona* and *Isis* we lost several men by the bursting of old and honeycombed guns. The former had 74 men killed and wounded, and the latter 112. The *Monarch* had 210 lying maimed or dead on her decks. She was exposed to the fire of the great battery, and that of the *Holstein* and *Zealand.* "Amid the tremendous carnage in this vessel, some of the men displayed a singular instance of coolness. The pork and peas happened to be in the kettle. A shot knocked its contents about. They picked up the pieces, and ate and fought at the same time."

The Prince Royal of Denmark (afterwards Frederick VI.) had taken his station on one of the batteries, where he beheld the conflict, and issued his orders. Captain Thura, of the *Indfoedstretten*, fell early in the strife; and save two, every officer in his ship was killed or wounded.

"Gentlemen," said the prince to those near him, "Thura is killed. Which of you will take the command?"

"I will," replied Schroedersee, an old captain, who had recently resigned from ill health. He found her decks encumbered by the dead and the dying; and he was scarcely on board ere a shot laid him low. A youth of seventeen, named Villemois, volunteered to command a Danish floating-battery. It was a mere raft, formed of beams nailed together, with a floor on which to work the guns. It was square, with a breastwork, in which were embrasures, through which were run twenty-four guns, worked by 120 men. With this unwieldy contrivance he got under the stern of our flag-ship, below the reach of her stern-chasers; and, under a heavy fire from the marines, fought his craft till the truce was announced, with such courage as to excite the warmest admiration of Nelson.

An officer of the *Elephant*, whose letter appeared in the *Edinburgh Herald* soon after the action, says: "Our beginning was most inauspicious—sufficient to have deterred any man alive but Nelson, for the *Agamemnon*, which was to lead, immediately grounded; and the *Edgar*, to avoid the same fate, could not approach nearer than half a mile of the first battery she was to engage. The enemy, seeing our confusion, immediately commenced a fire from at least a thousand guns, pouring every species of *infernale* that has yet been heard of. Many of our ships were repeatedly set on fire, and the crash of shot was tremendous. . . . . Our laurels, as you will see by the details, have not been reaped in a bloodless contest. The Danes knew that their king and country were looking on, and that they fought for everything dear to them. Their loss was terrible! We found 2,000 dead in the batteries we took possession of. . . . Our ship fired seventy broadsides, and, according to Captain Foley, who led the van at the battle of the Nile, fifty barrels of powder more than he fired on that day. The *Elephant's* loss (nineteen killed and wounded) is astonishingly small, considering that she was engaged closer than any other ship. The tremendous fire in which we shrouded ourselves was, I believe, our safety; and when we did appear through the blaze, it was unsafe to behold us. . . . After an hour's engagement, appearances were greatly against us. Nelson called out, 'My boys, if one hour will not do, you shall have four or six; for the British flag shall never be disgraced while I am its guardian.' The conduct of our ship's company I take as an example of the prowess of our brave seamen, whose astonishing spirit of perseverance gave an impression of human courage that, much as I admire the quality, my mind was incapable of conceiving before. One man, when undergoing the amputation of his leg, actually joined in the cheers which his shipmates raised on seeing the Danish admiral's flag come down."

Detachments of the 49th Regiment, in launches and gun-boats, gallantly boarded the enemy's floating-batteries. One of the largest caught fire and blew up, destroying hundreds of wounded, who could not be removed in time. On this service, Captain Grant, of the Rifles, was killed. "His head was taken off by a cannon-ball, as effectually as if it had been severed from his body by a scimitar."

The roar of the cannonade was awful. More than 2,000 guns of every calibre were pouring death "from their adamantine lips" within a space

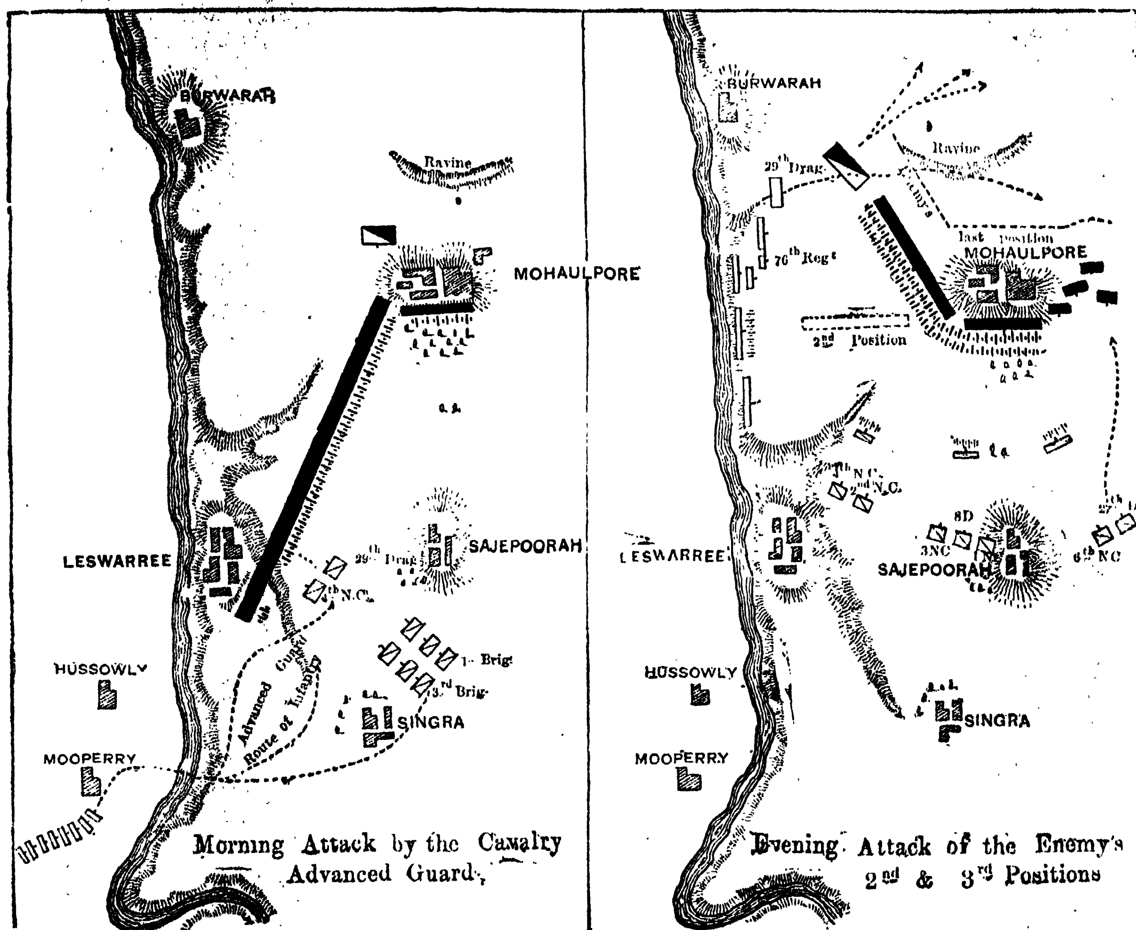


not exceeding a mile and a half in extent. For three hours "the havoc did not slack," until both fleets seemed wrapped in one dazzling conflagration.

Between one and two o'clock the Danish fire began to slacken, and some of their lighter vessels had broken adrift. It was difficult to take possession of those which struck, as the batteries on the isle of Amak protected them, and because a heavy but irregular fire was kept up from the ships themselves. The crews were continually being reinforced by fresh men from the shore, who stood to the guns without even asking whether a flag was flying or not. The *Dannebrog* continued thus to fire on the boats of the *Elephant* while she was in flames, though she had struck and been abandoned by Commodore Braun; nor was her fire silenced till the guns of the *Glatton* and *Elephant* finally destroyed every man in the *praams* (*i.e.*, Baltic lighters) that were ahead and astern of her.

Half the shots from the Trekroner Battery and the isle of Amak now struck the surrendered ships, four of which were huddled close together; and the fire of our guns was also proving very destructive to these unfortunate Danes.

Shocked to see them thus between a cross fire, and desirous to stay the massacre, Nelson retired into the stern-gallery of the *Elephant*, and wrote thus to the Crown Prince:—



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF LESWARREE.

"Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies of the English."

Under a flag of truce, Captain Sir Frederick Thesiger, who served as a volunteer on board the *Elephant*, took this letter on shore, and the prince, listening to the voice of humanity, sent Adjutant-

General Lindholm on board the flag-ship, an event that produced an armistice for fourteen weeks, during which "the treaty commonly understood as the Treaty of Armed Neutrality, as far as related to the co-operation of Denmark," was to be totally suspended.

"I have been in one hundred and five engagements," observed Nelson to General Lindholm; "but that of to-day was the most terrible of them all!"

In the battle of Copenhagen, 20 officers, including Captains Morse and Riou, were killed, and 254 seamen, soldiers, and marines; 48 officers and 689 men were wounded. Captain Schomberg states the loss of the Danes at about 1,800 men. Crichton, in his "History of Denmark," makes their loss, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 6,000 of all ranks.

As soon as the disabled vessels were refitted, and the *Holstein*, Danish ship of the line, now converted into a floating hospital, together with the *Isis* and *Monarch* (which had been shattered in the late action), sent to England, it was determined to pass into the Baltic. The guns and stores were taken out of the two three-deckers, the *London* and *St. George*, while Lord Nelson was so anxious to obtain intelligence of the Swedish fleet, which had sailed to assist the Danes, that he actually set off for that purpose in the gig of his own ship.

A frigate bearing a flag of truce appeared off Carlscrona, as a hint to the Swedes of what they might expect next. On the murder of the Czar Paul at this crisis, his son Alexander made peace with Britain, so the once-dreaded Armed Neutrality came to an end. The powers of Europe then signed the Treaty of Amiens, on the 27th of March, 1802. But this was a mere empty form, and in little more than a year the war was renewed.

In the naval cemetery outside the eastern gate of Copenhagen, there stands an obelisk, hewn out of a single block of grey Norwegian marble. It bears this simple inscription:—

"They fell for their country, April 2, 1801."

Beneath is carved—

"The gratitude of their fellow-citizens erected this monument."

No Briton, says a writer, can look on this funeral column, overshadowed by its encircling oaks and pines, without lamenting that murderous struggle, in which so many of his countrymen and so many gallant Danes lost their lives.

Around the column are strewn blocks of rough granite, bearing the names of the officers who fell in battle when defending Copenhagen.

CHAPTER LXXI.

LESWARREE, 1803.

Among the honours borne on the standards of Her Majesty's Royal Irish Hussars, is the name of "Leswarree," a village near Mohaulpore, in Hindostan.

When this fine old regiment, whose origin goes back to the days of the Treaty of Limerick, arrived in India in 1803, two powerful chieftains, Dowlat Rao Scindia and Jeswunt Rao Holkar, were desolating the Mahratta States with war. The former had usurped the power of the Peishwa, the acknowledged head of the Mahratta Empire, and had in his service a numerous cavalry, infantry, and artillery force, officered by Europeans, but chiefly by Frenchmen, under one named M. Perron.

The British Government having undertaken the restoration of the Peishwa, a force under the command of Major-General Wellesley (the Wellington of greater wars) replaced him in possession of Poonah, the capital of his dominions. The two hostile chiefs, Scindia and Holkar, with another sovereign chief, named Ragogee Bhoousla, Rajah of Berar, formed a confederacy against the British and their allies; and in the war which followed, the Irish, then called Light Dragoons, took an active part, and marching to Cawnpore, in July, 1803, they joined the main body of the Bengal army, assembled there under General (afterwards Viscount) Lake.

While the 8th were on the march, General Wellesley had commenced operations against the confederate chiefs of the Deccan; and Lake advanced against the more formidable troops led by the French General Perron, who was encamped near the fortress of Allyghur. The Bengal army routed Perron, who thus fell into disgrace, and was succeeded in command of Scindia's army by another soldier of fortune, M. Louis Bourguien, who was in turn defeated near Delhi.

In the meantime, the Royal Irish Dragoons had been mounted on beautiful white horses by the Nabob of Lucknow, and had advanced from Cawnpore to join the army under General Lake. Their colonel, Thomas Pakenham Vandeleur, took possession of Muttra, which was occupied by the 8th and 29th Dragoons and the 1st and 4th Native Cavalry, and with three battalions and nine companies of sepoy infantry.

On the 2nd of October, General Lake came in with the main army; and the 8th were then formed in brigade with the 1st and 3rd Native Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Vandeleur, with the rank of brigadier-general, and several sharp affairs preceded the great encounter at Leswarree.

On advancing to the great fortress of Agra, General Lake, being anxious to avoid the shedding of blood, proposed terms to the garrison; but all intercourse with his messenger being obstinately refused, the fire of his batteries was the next argument, and the garrison capitulated, when a vast quantity of treasure, with guns, ammunition, and other stores, fell into our hands.

This secured to us the navigation of the Jumna, and removed all obstacles to the co-operation of independent chiefs; after which General Lake marched from Agra, on the 27th of October, in quest of a more formidable force, composed of a strong and well-appointed body of cavalry, and fifteen of Perron's battalions, commanded by French officers, two other battalions which had come in from Delhi, and a powerful train of artillery, manned entirely by French gunners.

By forced marches, on the 31st of October our troops arrived on nearly the same ground which had been quitted that morning by the enemy. The *débris* of camp fires was still lying there. Encouraged and inspirited by this success, General Lake resolved, after a brief rest given to the men and horses, to push on with his cavalry, leaving the infantry to follow at an early hour next morning. Leaving the camp at midnight, the cavalry pushed after the enemy, and after a hard ride of twenty-five miles in the dark, the advanced guard of the Royal Irish, led by Lieutenant Thomas Lindon, had the satisfaction to come in sight of the Indian army retreating in apparent confusion; and General Lake having entire confidence in the devotion and chivalry of his troopers, resolved to hazard the attack with them alone.

Great clouds of whirling dust concealed the movements of Scindia's retreating battalions, which were now styled, *par excellence*, "The Deccan Invincibles."

The skirmishers of the Royal Irish were now ordered to the front, through inundations occasioned by cutting the embankment of a reservoir to retard the advance of the British. The officers and men, we are told, "panted for an opportunity to distinguish themselves; and many a hero who fought gloriously in the shock of steel on that eventful and bloody field, dashed fearlessly through the water, to encounter a host of foes."

The enemy was particularly strong in an active, fleet, and toil-enduring cavalry, most of whom were helmeted, with tippets and shirts of shining chain mail; and their artillery was most powerful. The skirmishers, as they darted to the front, soon became hotly engaged.

"Lieutenant Lindon received a grape shot in the knee," says the narrative of Dr. Ore, 62nd Regiment, then of the 8th Dragoons, "and died within twenty-four hours after, in the arms of his beloved friend, Cornet Burrowes, on whom eventually the command of that very gallant party, the skirmishers, devolved; Lieutenant Willard, who succeeded poor Lindon, having had his arm carried away by another grape shot, while riding among his men and cheering them to their work, under this destructive fire of iron and lead. Cornet Burrowes was severely wounded in the head and face; but on Colonel Salkeld, of the Company's Service, requesting that an officer of the 8th might be ordered to the front, Burrowes volunteered his services, which were gladly accepted. This gallant band, the advanced guard, consisting principally of Captain Peter Abercrombie's troop, were, on account of the expenditure of their ammunition, loss of appointments, and serious injuries to themselves and horses, obliged to retire and be reinforced no less than four times between seven and ten a.m."

Cornet Burrowes received his wounds while in single combat with a mounted officer of the French artillery, who was captured during the subsequent battle, and became his guest and messmate for six weeks. Three other French officers were severally taken the same day by officers of the 8th, one by Colonel Vandeleur himself.

Scindia's legions finding their rear thus roughly assailed, formed in order of battle, with their right in front of the village of Leswarree, which gave its name to the battle (which "the Wellington Despatches" first called that of Cassowly), and their left upon the village of Mohaulpore; their front being protected by no less than seventy-two pieces of cannon.

The dust raised by the evolutions of their numerous cavalry, and some long and lofty grass of luxuriant growth that lay along their front, concealed this formation for a time; and the advanced

guard, with the brigade composed of the 8th Dragoons and the 1st and 3rd Bengal Cavalry, moved upon the point where the enemy had first been observed in motion, and which proved to be the left of their new position.

Colonel Vandeleur, says Dr. Ore, "after addressing a few words (somewhat similar to those used by Scott in the "Feast of Spurs"), directing them to charge in their usual gallant style, and appealing with energy to their feelings by pointing to the harp and crown on their standards, was, while in the act of drawing his sword and taking his place in front of his corps, shot through the heart by a French artilleryman, and fell off his favourite black charger."

The command then devolved upon Major (afterwards Sir John) Ormsby Vandeleur, who led the second brigade of cavalry on this day.

Breathing only vengeance and slaughter, and undaunted by the fall of their beloved colonel, the Irish dragoons burst like a thunderbolt upon the recoiling legions of the Mahrattas. Gallantly were they seconded in their efforts by the 27th and 29th Dragoons, and by the Native Cavalry; so the enemy's flank was forced and turned. On and on yet pressed the red-coats, mingling with the silvery grey of the Bengalee dragoons, their swords flashing on every side; and, spreading death and carnage along the whole enemy's left, they poured through the village of Leswarree, and captured several guns.

Scindia's infantry being commanded by French officers, remained firm in masses, on which the horse could make no impression; while the fire of their artillery was terribly destructive, the gunners, when assailed by the former, usually flying into the heart of their squares for shelter: and so resolutely did these men work their cannon, that afterwards Lord Lake took into the British service all of them who were willing to enlist.

By the dispersion of the dust, smoke, and haze, the general having now ascertained the exact position of his adversaries, withdrew the cavalry out of gun-shot, to await the arrival of his infantry and artillery; but having had his horse shot under him, and being worn out with incessant toil, lay on a grassy hill for a time during the pause in the work of death; and while the cavalry rode rearward by threes, to shorten stirrups, girth up, reform their broken ranks, and take some refreshment.

The beautiful black charger which their fallen colonel had ridden long kept his place in the ranks of the regiment, even until the 8th were leaving for Europe, "when he was shot, that he might not fall into unworthy hands."

The British infantry having marched from their camp at three in the morning, came into the field about midday, exhausted by fatigue, and somewhat damped by having to march over the torn and dismembered bodies of their cavalry comrades.

The forces of Scindia now proposed to surrender on certain terms. General Lake offered them conditions, and gave them an hour to consider; but the time expired without an answer, so once more the British advanced to the attack.

Leading the way in gallant style, His Majesty's 76th Foot advanced along the banks of a rivulet, through high reedy grass and over broken ground, till they gained the enemy's position, and assailed the brilliantly-accoutred and gaily-clad legions of Scindia with the bravery that never dreams of defeat. Short but sanguinary was the conflict that ensued, and the clash of the bayonets and of the clubbed muskets was heard resounding on the glittering bucklers of the Indian cavalry amidst the din of the fusilade.

Again the Light Dragoons dashed forward with cheers of triumph, and completely overthrew the adverse army.

"A fearful slaughter ensued; and by four o'clock in the afternoon of this eventful day, the 1st of November, 1803, the work of destruction had ceased. Few of the enemy escaped the slaughter; and the boasted 'Deccan Invincibles,' the numerously French-officered battalions of the ambitious and despotic Scindia, were annihilated. All the enemy's baggage and camp equipage, with the elephants, camels, and enormous droves of bullocks; forty-four stand of colours, seventy-two guns, sixty-four tumbrils of ammunition, three tumbrils laden with treasure, and 2,000 prisoners, remained in the hands of the British; while 5,000 stand of arms were collected on the field."

By royal command, "Leswarree" was inscribed on the colours of the Royal Irish Light Dragoons, whose losses were Colonel Vandeleur and Captain George Story, with 16 rank and file and 72 horses killed; Lieutenant Thomas Lindon, who died of his wounds; Lieutenant Willard, 3 sergeants, 31 rank and file, and 24 horses wounded; with 18 of the latter missing.

The power of Scindia on the Oude frontier was destroyed, and the Peishwa was restored to his sovereignty at Poonah; while the British general was created Baron Lake of Delhi, Leswarree, and Ashton Clinton, in Buckinghamshire, and also received Indian titles, the translations of which are, "The Saviour of the State," "The Hero of the Land," "The Lord of the Age," and "The Victorious in War!"

CHAPTER LXXII.

Assaye, 1803.

About the time of the conquest of Mysore and the fall of the terrible Tippo Saib at Seringapatam, the Nabob of Surat, who had established his independence on the death of the Mogul Emperor, died also; and his successor, whose title was disputed, purchased our support by surrendering to us the civil and military administration of his dominions. This achieved, the attention of our Government was next directed towards acquiring an ascendency over the Mahrattas, the only rival power that remained in India.

After much contention and civil war in the Mahratta territory, in 1802 a chief of the house of Holkar, named Jeswunt Rao, an adventurous leader, proved a formidable rival to Dowlat Rao Scindia, whose villages he frequently plundered, and whom ultimately he defeated, together with the Peishwa, Bajee Rao; compelling them to take refuge in the British possessions at Bassein. In consequence of this event, Bajee Rao was induced to conclude the famous treaty which took its name from that place, and by which he deprived himself of all pretensions to the rank of an independent prince, and gave to the British a decided supremacy in the Mahratta States. A large force of our troops was to be permanently stationed at Poonah; the Peishwa bound himself not to engage in hostilities with any other power; and on these and other humiliating conditions, he was restored, by the aid of our bayonets, to his throne.

The Mahratta chiefs, proud, fiery, and warlike by nature, felt great dissatisfaction, and none among them more than Scindia, at the influence thus obtained by the British; and their resentment led to the war which transferred that which may be termed the Empire of India from the Mahrattas to the British, who became masters of Delhi, and took under their protection the aged and powerless prince who still bore the empty title of Emperor.

General Sir Arthur Wellesley had vainly endeavoured to come to an amicable arrangement with Scindia; but the hostile resentment of that chief at what he deemed our unwarrantable interference with the affairs and liberties of his country led to declaration of war, and two armies were at once employed against him; one in the north, under General Lake, and the other in the south, under Sir Arthur Wellesley.

Having received information that on the approach of our troops the enemy intended to burn Poonah, Sir Arthur, leaving his infantry behind, pushed on with the cavalry, and, performing a march of sixty miles in a very short time, reached that town on the 20th of April, and saved it from destruction.

The disciplined battalions of the French were at a distance; the Mahrattas hostile to their prince retired without fighting; those who were well-disposed welcomed him, and the month of May saw him established in his capital. It was in the beginning of this Mahratta strife that General Wellesley, by his wonderfully rapid movements, made a new epoch in the Anglo-Indian mode of conducting warfare. In his despatches, he tells us:—

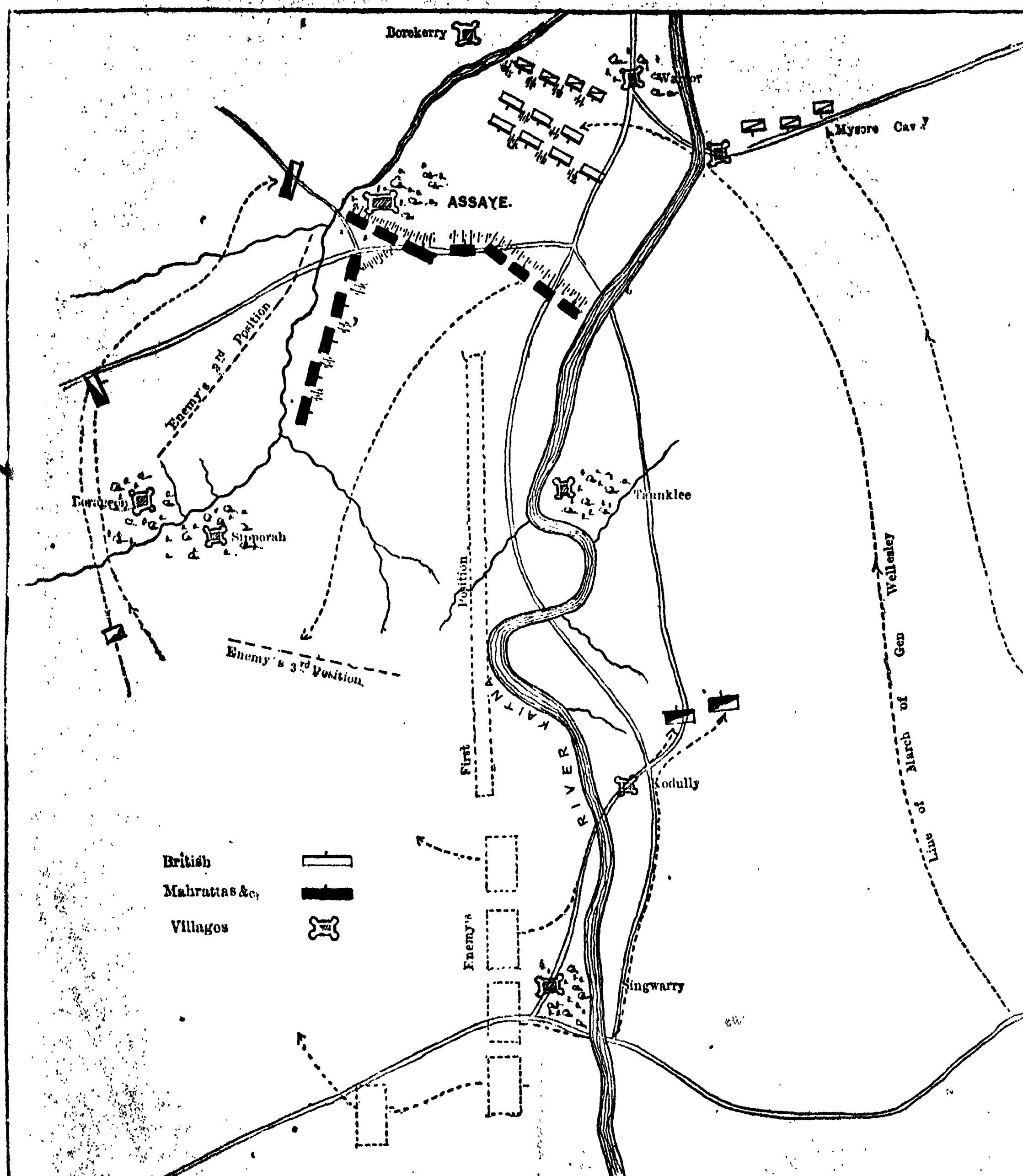
"We marched to Poonah from Seringapatam, the distance being nearly 600 miles, in the worst season of the year, through a country which had been destroyed by Holkar's army, with heavy guns, at the rate upon an average of thirteen and a half miles a day; and if the twelve days which we halted on the Toomdura for orders be excluded, we arrived at Poonah in two months from the time we marched. On this march we lost no draught cattle. I remained in the neighbourhood of Poonah, in a country which deserves the name of a desert, for six weeks, and then marched again with the train in the same state as to numbers as when it left Seringapatam, and the troops and cattle were in the field during the monsoon."

From Poonah, Wellesley marched north, and took the strong town of Ahmednughur; while about the same time General Lake, with a portion of the Bengal army, marched towards Delhi. With great wisdom, the Governor-General had given to both these leaders the most ample political and military powers. They could fight or negotiate, as they chose.

Crossing the Godâvery river on the 21st of August, General Wellesley eight days later entered Aurungabad, passing through mountain tracts covered with wood, and over plains in the highest state of culture, where all the herbs and fruits and flowers of Europe and of India flourish together in luxuriance; but as the enemy manifested an intention of crossing the river to the eastward, and menacing Hyderabad, the capital of our ally the Nizam, he marched rapidly along its left

bank, and placed himself between them and that city.

Scindia led a great mass of irregular cavalry, and his infantry, chiefly matchlock-men, were very lightly hence he had no other plans in view than to support his followers by a predatory warfare, in which he hoped also to wear out the British by incessant marches and harassing affrays.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF ASSAYE.

equipped, though brilliantly and picturesquely attired. They were without magazines, and subsisted entirely by plunder. For more than a month they had been in the field, and yet avoided a general engagement: for Scindia dreaded the name of Wellesley and the discipline of his troops;

General Wellesley, however, on learning that Scindia had been reinforced by sixteen battalions of regular infantry and a large train of artillery, all led by French officers, and that his whole united forces were assembled near the banks of the Kaitna river, had a conference with Colonel



WELLESLEY FORDING THE KAITNA (*see page* 308).

Stevenson on the 21st of September. That officer had come up with the auxiliary force of the Nizam, almost entirely composed of brave and well-disciplined sepoys.

"We concerted," says the Great Duke of future wars, "a plan to attack the enemy's army with the divisions under our command, on the 24th, in the morning; and we marched on the 22nd, Colonel Stevenson by the western route, and I by the eastern, round the hills between Budnapoor and Jaulna. On the 23rd I arrived at Naulniah, and there received a report that Scindia and the Rajah of Berar had moved off in the morning with their cavalry, and that the infantry were about to follow, but were still in camp at the distance of about six miles from the ground on which I had intended to encamp. It was obvious that the attack was no longer to be delayed; and having provided for the security of my baggage and stores at Naulniah, I marched on to attack the enemy."

Urging Colonel Stevenson, who was now eight miles distant from him, to advance his contingent with all possible rapidity, Wellesley pushed on with the old 19th Light Dragoons and three regiments of Native Cavalry, to reconnoitre. His infantry, consisting of only two Highland regiments (the 74th and 78th, or Ross-shire Buffs) and five battalions of sepoys, followed with all speed. Among these were the 2nd and 10th Madras Native Infantry.

After he had ridden about four miles, he came in sight of the vast camp of the Mahratta chief, who seemed able to reckon his turbans by myriads, for not less than fifty thousand were encamped on the northern bank of the Kaitna, which there rolls through steep and rocky ground. Their right, consisting entirely of cavalry, extended to Bokerdon; their left, which was all infantry, with ninety pieces of artillery, lay near the fortified village of Assye, or Assaye, which gave its name to the memorable battle that ensued.

Terrible though the disparity of force, no thought of retreat was for a moment entertained.

"We passed the river Kaitna by a ford beyond the enemy's left flank," says Wellesley, in his despatch to the Governor-General, "and I formed the infantry immediately in two lines, with the British cavalry as a reserve in a third, in an open space between that river and a *nullah* running parallel to it. . . . . We attacked them immediately, and the troops advanced under a very hot fire from cannon, the execution of which was terrible. The pickets of the infantry, and the 74th Regiment, which were on the first and second lines, suffered particularly from the fire of the guns on the left of the position, near Assaye."

Scindia, or the French officers in his service who directed his movements, on perceiving Wellesley's mode of attack, promptly made a corresponding change in his alignment, and gave a new front to the Mahratta infantry, which was now made to rest its right on the river and its left upon the village of Assaye and the Jaah, a stream which flows parallel with the Kaitna, and has steep banks, impassable for gun-carriages.

The sound of Wellesley's artillery was completely drowned amid the din of that of Scindia's, which did terrible execution, slaughtering men and bullocks on every hand. The thundering roar of the Mahratta cannon at times was sublime and awful.

At one moment a single cannon-ball that came obliquely made such a gap in the first line of the British that the Mahratta cavalry, with their tasselled spears brandished, actually attempted to charge through it, but were repelled with terrible loss. They also made an attempt to charge the 74th Highlanders, "at a moment when they were most exposed to this," says the despatch; "but they were cut up by the British cavalry, which moved on at that time."

Finding his artillery of little or no use, as the guns could not be got far enough to the front, owing to the want of a sufficient number of bullocks, Wellesley therefore ordered it to be left in the rear when his infantry began to move on with the bayonet.

The steady and resolute advance of his troops, right in the teeth of their cannonade, and the aspect particularly of the two Highland regiments, awed the Mahrattas, who could not stand to meet in close collision those bright hedges of British bayonets that were being lowered to the charge. On all sides they gave way, abandoning their guns, which were instantly captured, and in some instances wheeled round and fired upon them.

Wellesley continued to press on, sending the pursuing cavalry with equal speed and spirit to cut and hew among the broken infantry. "Some of their corps," he tells us, "went off in good order, and a fire was kept up on our troops from many of the guns from which the enemy had been first driven, by individuals who had been passed by the line, under the supposition that they were dead."

A body of Mahrattas now formed again, and presented a bold front; but Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick Maxwell, at the head of the 19th Light Dragoons, charged and dispersed them, but was slain in the moment of victory. General Wellesley now led the 78th Ross-shire Highlanders in person against the village of Assaye, which was not cleared without a desperate conflict with the bayonet,

and the darkness had closed in ere the firing ceased.

During the whole action, the native light cavalry emulated the bravery of Maxwell's dragoons. "At the most critical moment of the battle, which still ranks among the hardest fought of those that have been gained by the illustrious Wellington, the British troopers, when making their extremest efforts, saw their Asiatic fellow-soldiers keep pace for pace, and blow for blow."

In winning this splendid victory over the mighty hordes of Scindia, we had only 22 officers and 386 men killed, 57 officers and 1,526 men wounded. Exclusive of the irregular cavalry, which remained on the other side of the river, and had not been engaged, the total number of casualties amounted to nearly one-third of our force.

The general had two horses killed under him; one by a shot, the other by a lance-thrust. Every officer of the staff had either one or two horses killed; and Wellesley's orderly, as he rode close to him, had his head carried away by a cannon-ball.

The enemy, who fled towards the Adjuntee Ghaut, left on the field of battle seven beautiful standards, ninety pieces of cannon, nearly all brass, 1,200 dead bodies, and a vast number of wounded.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

CAPTURE OF THE "MINERVA," 1803.

In the midsummer of this year, Sir James Saumarez had the *Minerva*, 38 guns, with some other vessels, under his orders. That frigate, commanded by Captain Bullen, who was acting during the illness of Captain Brenton, captured a valuable convoy of vessels, loaded with naval stores, and brought them safe to Spithead. After this, Captain (afterwards) Sir Jahlel Brenton, Bart., K.C.B., rejoined his ship, and proceeded to his station at Cherbourg, where his orders were to watch a flotilla.

On the 2nd of July, about daybreak, a squadron of French vessels was descried, close under the land, against which their sails stood out white and clearly defined, steering for Barfleur, which they reached notwithstanding every effort made by the *Topaze* and *Minerva* to prevent them.

The former returned to her station off Havre; and in the evening the *Minerva's* watch on deck, while she was running very near Cherbourg in a thick fog, mistook Fort de la Liberté for Pelée; and a number of vessels being seen to the eastward, the pilot assured Captain Brenton that he might run among them without hesitation.

The ports were opened, the guns shotted, and the helm put up; but just when the ship was about to open fire she grounded, and the thick fog dispersing at the same moment, disclosed her to be in a situation of great peril. She was fast on the Western Cone Head, within six furlongs of the Fort de la Liberté, which was armed with seventy guns and fifteen mortars; and only one mile from the Isle Pelée, which had one hundred guns and twenty-five mortars on its ramparts; and both of these works opened fire on her at once.

This was about nine o'clock in the evening.

This cone was one of those vast frames of wood, 140 feet in diameter at the base, and 60 feet diameter at the top, which, after they were constructed and sunk, were filled with enormous stones, and placed at certain distances apart, to form a species of breakwater off the mouth of Cherbourg harbour; when after the Peace of 1783, the French Government resolved on making that place a great naval depôt.

Captain Brenton was aware that strong and decided measures were instantly necessary, and that the launch of the frigate was not calculated to carry out a bower anchor; thus he at once despatched his boats, armed, to cut out a vessel from under the batteries—one of sufficient capacity for his purpose—while the launch with her single carronade should be employed in diverting the fire of two gun-brigs, which lay broadside on ahead of the now almost helpless *Minerva*, and swept her with a raking fire.

The yawl being the first boat in the water, was sent off under the orders of Lieutenant the Hon. William Walpole, brother of the Earl of Orford, and the other boats were to follow as fast as they were manned; but that gallant officer (who died a post-captain in 1814), deeming the yawl sufficient, pulled in-shore under a heavy fire of round shot, grape, and musketry, and sheering alongside a lugger of fifty tons, moored close to the batteries, cut her out, and towed her off to the ship. She proved to be laden with stone for the defensive works. Before the bower anchor could be placed in her, it was necessary to start her cargo overboard; and,

that this might be done without adding to the artificial shoal on which the ship lay, she was veered by the ebb tide the length of a hawser.

Unfortunately for these protracted operations, the moon now shone forth with great brightness, and the summer sea and sky were clear and calm. The enemy's fire became very galling, as no return could be made to it save from two forecastle guns, those of the main deck having all been run forward for the purpose of lightening the ship abaft, where she hung on the great cone. By eleven p.m. the lugger was cleared, and brought under the larboard cathead to receive the small bower-anchor; and during this operation she was so frequently struck from the guns of the brigs that the carpenter and his mates were constantly employed in plugging shot-holes.

By midnight all was ready, and the hopes of the *Minerva's* crew began to rise. A kedge-anchor had been previously laid out for the purpose of warping the lugger, but before the hawser became taut it was shot away.

Everything now depended on the boats which were to take the lugger in tow, though a breeze had now sprung up, and a sea had begun to curl in from over the cone. However they succeeded, though under a severe fire, in attaining their object, and the anchor was let go in a proper position; and all the while the cannon were booming and flashing redly on the night from the great shore-batteries and the two gun-brigs.

By three in the morning the wind had entirely died away, and Captain Brenton, being then hopeless of getting off the ship, prepared to abandon her. With this view he caused all his wounded men, whose number was constantly increasing, to be put on board the lugger; he destroyed all his papers and private signals, and prepared fires in the store-rooms, to be lighted at the last extremity.

But now a fine breeze sprung up from the land, and as the tide rose so did the hopes of the crew that they might yet save the ship; so the wounded men were once more returned to the cock-pit. All this while the enemy's shot were hulling the frigate, and dashing the sea in white waterspouts around her and over her gangway. At last the masts of the lugger were shot away, amid the triumphant shouts of the French gunners.

At four a.m. the capstan was manned, and merrily the crew hove at the bars, though several of them were killed and wounded in the performance of this duty; and by five o'clock the gallant frigate floated off in the morning sunshine, amid the defiant but heartfelt cheers of her crew. It was considered a certainty as sail was made on the ship that in three minutes she would be beyond gun-shot, and consequently out of danger; but ere even her courses were sheeted home, the treacherous wind died suddenly away. It fell a dead calm; and with her canvas hanging idly from the yards, the last drain of the flood tide carried the now helpless *Minerva* right into the harbour and between the batteries.

She then struck upon another cone, where she remained till the top of high water; when Captain Brenton, seeing the futility of further attempts, pulled down his colours, after having sustained the fire of the enemy for ten hours, and having eleven men killed and many more wounded; so all the perils and labours of the past night had gone for nothing. So cut and injured were the masts, that even before a moderate breeze they must have gone by the board. She was lightened by the French, and got off in the course of the day.

The capture of so fine a frigate, at the commencement of the war, was deemed a subject of great triumph by the French, who were not much accustomed to make prizes of our fighting-ships; and it was announced to the audience in the theatre at Brussels by Napoleon in person, who in addressing them stated the circumstance in the following terms:—

"La guerre vient commencer sous les plus heureuse auspices; une superbe frigate de l'ennemi vient de se rendre à deux de nos chaloupes cannonieres."

The ship, says Captain Brenton, was called "the *Cannoniere*, in order to support this despicable falsehood."

The captain was detained a prisoner in France for two years and a half. Many of his officers and men died in captivity; and the greater part of them suffered a barbarous imprisonment for eleven years, not being relieved till Napoleon was defeated on the plains of Leipzic.

A sailor who had both his legs shot off while the *Minerva* lay under the fire of the batteries, was carried down to the cockpit. While waiting for his turn to be dressed, he heard the cheers of the crew on deck, as the ship swung off the cone, and he was told that she would soon be at sea. He opened his clasp-knife, cut the remaining muscles that attached his legs to him, and joined in the cheers of his messmates. When ultimately the ship was taken, he was placed in a boat for conveyance to a French hospital; but, determined not to outlive the loss of liberty, he relaxed the tourniquets, and let himself bleed to death.

When the *Minerva* was taken, Captain Brenton and his crew were ordered to prepare for a long

march into the interior of France. As he had no means of procuring money by bills, either for himself or his officers, he was compelled to endeavour to sell his watch, but the sum offered was too small to be accepted. At length a stranger appeared; he did not want to purchase the watch, he said, but offered to receive it as a pledge for twenty-five louis.

The offer was accepted with gratitude, and he departed; but came hastily back, saying, with emotion—

"Sir, my conscience wounds me; I am shocked at the unworthy caution of taking a pledge from a brave officer suffering from the misfortune of war. Here, take back your watch, and give me a note of hand for the money."

This being arranged he went away, but only to return a second time to say that his conscience still troubled him.

"Monsieur le Capitaine, I have been considering how to relieve it," said he. "I am a merchant of L'Orient, my name is Dubois; I am returning home, and having examined my purse, I find that I have just twenty-five louis more than are required for my journey. Here," he added, while he tore the first note of hand to pieces, "add these to the others, and give me a memorandum for the whole."

On the march through France, these prisoners were treated with great cruelty; and a seaman who was blind, having lost both eyes in the service, was compelled to travel afoot with the rest—Brenton's memorial that he might be sent home to Greenwich being roughly refused by General Wirion, the commandant at Verdun.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

MONTE CHRISTO, 1803.

In the preceding year the Marine corps was first styled "Royal," and consequently had its facings changed from white to blue, and the lace from silver to gold. Their motto is "*Per Mare et per Terram*, and never was one more appropriate. The garrison duty of our seaport towns is usually performed by them, and they are the first force embarked when a ship is put in commission.

In the November of 1803, there occurred a very gallant incident connected with the Marines, when a lieutenant of that regiment "cut out" a vessel under the guns of the enemy, with a display of courage and strategy that remind one of some of the exploits of Lord Cochrane.

When the *Blanche*, frigate, was cruising off San Domingo, Lieutenant Edward Nicolls, volunteered with thirteen men to cut out the *Albion*, armed cutter, which lay moored under the guns of Monte Christo, a town situated on a bay of that island, and having a good roadstead.

The attack was to be made in the night, with only one boat. His offer was accepted, and in the evening of the 4th of November, the red cutter, with thirteen men and himself, pushed off from the *Blanche*. A doubt respecting the sufficiency of this force, or some other cause, induced Captain Mudge, commanding the frigate, to dispatch the barge with twenty-two men, under the orders of Lieutenant the Hon. Warwick Lake (afterwards Viscount Lake), to follow the red cutter, and supersede Lieutenant Nicolls in command of the little expedition.

The second boat joined the first, and as soon as the two were abreast of the French cutter, Lieutenant Nicolls hailed Lieutenant Lake, and pointed out to him the exact position of the *Albion*. The latter professed to disbelieve that the vessel they saw so close under the lee of the land was that of which they were in search. He asserted that she lay on the opposite or north-east side of the bay, and with the barge he proceeded in that direction; leaving the red cutter to watch the motions of that vessel which Lieutenant Nicolls still maintained was the *Albion*, the object of their joint search.

When the boats separated it was half-past two in the morning of the 5th, and the Monte Christo Mountains, a lofty range which runs along the coast from Point de League to Port Plate, were towering darkly into the sky. The wind was blowing freshly out of the bay which they overshadowed, and in an hour or two more day would be brightening their summits; and then, probably the breeze would slacken, if not wholly subside, and render it impossible to make sail on the cutter if she was taken.

The men in the boat were few, but their hearst were stout. Cautiously and silently they stretched

upon their oars towards the French vessel, whose crew, expecting an attack, were quite prepared for it. As soon as the boat came within pistol-range, the cutter hailed. The hail was replied to by three hearty British cheers, and the little boat swept on, receiving in succession two volleys of musketry. The first whistled harmlessly over their heads and fell into the water; but the second severely wounded the coxswain, the man at the bow-oar, and a marine.

probably of the real strength of the attacking force, permitted themselves to be driven below, after five men were wounded, one mortally.

As yet not a shot had been fired from the battery on shore, though it was scarcely one hundred yards from the cutter, and the explosion of the musketry and pistols must have been both distinctly seen and heard. Justly judging that the best way to keep the guns of the battery quiet would be to make it appear that the *Albion* was still resisting,



LIEUTENANT NICOLLS BOARDING THE "ALBION" (*see page* 312).

Before the cutter could fire a third time, Lieutenant Nicolls had sprung on board of her at the head of his little band. The French captain was at his post, and flashed his pistol at Nicolls, just as the latter was within a yard of him. The ball passed round the rim of the lieutenant's belly under the skin, and, escaping through his side, lodged in the fleshy part of his sword-arm. Almost at the same moment a shot, either from the pistol of Nicolls, or from the musket of a marine near him, killed the French captain. After this some cutting and slashing with cutlasses and stabbing with the bayonet and boarding-pike ensued; but the resistance was trifling, and the remaining officers and crew of the cutter, in the dark, being ignorant and in possession of the French; Lieutenant Nicolls ordered the marines of his slender party to keep blazing away their ammunition, while the seamen made sail on the cutter. A spring having been run out from her quarter to her cable, and the jib cleared, the cable was then cut and the jib hoisted to cast her. At that moment, just as she got under weigh, the barge came alongside, and Lieutenant Lake, as superior officer, took command of Lieutenant Nicolls' prize.

Scarcely had he done so, and the musketry had by his unwise orders been discontinued, when the guns of Monte Christo opened fire with round and grape shot, and two seamen of the *Blanche* were killed. However, the breeze was fair for the offing

and moderately strong; and the captured cutter, with the two boats towing ahead, soon ran out of range of gunshot, and joined the frigate.

"Cutting out a vessel," says James, "is usually a desperate service, and the prize seldom repays the loss which is sustained in capturing her. The spirit engendered by such acts is, however, of the noblest, and, in a national point of view, of the most useful kind; its emulative influence spreads from man to man, and from ship to ship, until the ardour for engaging in services of danger—services, the repeated success of which has stamped a lasting character upon the British navy—requires more frequently to be checked than to be incited. An attack by boats on an armed sailing-vessel, as respects the first foothold on her deck especially, may be likened to the forlorn hope of a besieging army—great is the peril, and great ought to be the reward. So the reward usually is, if the affair be represented in its true colours to the proper authority."

Without detracting from the bravery of Lieutenant Lake, the captain of the *Blanche* had a noble opportunity for stating the merit and good-fortune of Lieutenant Nicolls; but this was the tenor of his letter to the Admiralty:—

"Having gained intelligence that there was a large coppered cutter, full of bullocks for the Cape, laying close under the guns of Monte Christo (four twenty-four pounders and three field-pieces), notwithstanding her situation, I was convinced we could bring her off; and at two this morning she was gallantly attacked by Lieutenant Lake, in the cutter, and Lieutenant Nicolls, of the Marines, in the barge, who cut her out. She is 92 tons burden, with two four-pounders, six swivels, and twenty muskets. This affair cost me two men killed and two wounded."



CAPE GROSNEZ.

From this despatch it was evident that Captain Mudge had a favourite, whom he was determined to serve at all hazards. How came he to omit the name of Lieutenant Nicolls among the wounded? That officer had a wound on each side of his body and a ball in his arm, when borne bleeding to the cockpit of the *Blanche*. His name, however, appearing as the officer commanding one of the boats (not "the barge") entitled him, in the estimation of the Committee at Lloyd's, to the second best claim upon their bounty; so that, when the "Patriotic Fund" presented Lieutenant Lake, "for his gallantry," with a sword valued £50, they gave

Lieutenant Nicolls one valued at £30. Another quarter, equally deceived, promoted the former officer, and until long after paid no attention to the claims of the latter.

He served on board the *Standard* at the Passage of the Dardanelles, in 1807; in the following year, with a single boat's crew, he captured the *Volpe*, an Italian gun-boat, at Corfu; and, after other services, died General Sir Edward Nicolls, K.C.B.

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE "MERCEDES," 1804.

THE year 1804 saw a new corps added to the service, entitled the "Royal Marine Artillery," clad in blue, with scarlet facings. When the bombardment of Havre de Grâce, Boulogne, Granville, and Calais gave employment and activity to our mortar-vessels, artillery officers and bombardiers were embarked to manage the shelling; but it was very soon discovered that the severity of naval discipline was distasteful to them, and they were replaced by marines, who were thus constituted a separate corps.

As the war proceeded, the treasures of Spain as well as of France, were required by Napoleon to fill his exhausted coffers, and satisfy the cravings of ambition and military despotism. Mr. Pitt, therefore, ordered the seizure of all Spanish treasure on its way from the New World to the Old; and transferred the abundant supply from its intended receptacle to the pockets of our seamen and the service of the State.

Pursuant to orders to this effect, Captain Moore, a gallant and zealous officer, was detached from the fleet under Admiral Cornwallis, to cruise off Cadiz, in the *Indefatigable*. On the morning of the 29th of September, 1804, he fell in with the *Medusa*, 32 guns, and learned from Captain Gore that Sir Robert Barlow, in the *Triumph*, was about to take charge of the merchant ships bound from thence to Britain. Dispatching Captain Gore to Sir Robert, to apprise him of the nature of his instructions, Captain Moore went to Cape St. Mary, where he directed the *Medusa* and *Amphion* to join him as soon as possible. This they effected on the 3rd of October, and found the *Lively*, 38 guns, with the *Indefatigable*.

Two days after this junction, at daylight on the morning of the 5th, the *Medusa* signalled, "Four sail in sight, bearing west by south." Cape St. Mary then bore north-east, about nine leagues distant. A general chase was immediately ordered, and on the approach of our ships, the four strangers were discovered to be Spanish frigates formed in line of battle ahead, and steering direct for Cadiz; the van ship carrying a broad pennant, and the second the flag of a rear-admiral.

Captain Gore, in the *Medusa*, placed his ship on the weather-beam of the first, while Captain Moore took a similar position alongside of the second; the *Amphion*, Captain Sutton, and the *Lively*, Captain Hammond, selecting each an antagonist in the same fashion. Captain Moore now hailed the rear-admiral, and desired him to shorten sail; but to his request he paid no attention, until a shot from the *Indefatigable* boomed under his bowsprit, on which he hove-to. Lieutenant Ascott was then sent on board, to inform him "that the British commanding officer had orders to detain him and his squadron, which he hoped to do without bloodshed; and an immediate answer was desired."

Lieutenant Ascott having waited some time, Captain Moore recalled him on board by signal, fired another shot ahead of the Spanish admiral, and ran down close upon his weather bow. At this moment matters came to a crisis, by the third frigate from the van firing into the *Amphion*, and the rear-admiral firing into the *Indefatigable;* on which Captain Moore threw out the signal for close action.

The Spanish rear-admiral, who had his flag flying on the *Medié*, after half an hour's very hard fighting, struck to the *Indefatigable*, as the *Fama* did to the *Lively;* but the Spanish commodore, in the *Santa Clara*, while engaged with the *Medusa*, seeing the day thus lost, hoisted out everything that would draw, and sought to escape.

In this attempt he would, perhaps, have succeeded, had not the *Lively*, after putting a prize-crew on board the *Fama*, and securing the prisoners below, gone in pursuit of him, in obedience to a signal from Captain Hammond. The latter, as he drew near, kept the *Santa Clara* well on his lee bow, while his own foretopmast-studding-sail was drawing. Perceiving that he was far enough advanced on the weather-beam of his antagonist to make sure

of him, he put his helm up and brought him to a close and hot action, which lasted nearly an hour.

After having fifty men killed and a great number wounded, the Spaniard struck his colours; and the action ended with the capture of three Spanish frigates and the destruction of a fourth.

Captain Sutton, in the *Amphion*, having taken his station close to the leeward of his opponent, the *Mercedes*, the third ship from the van, had not been engaged with her above ten minutes when she blew up. The wreck and blazing splinters covered the deck of the *Amphion*, severely wounding some of the seamen.

Torn from the hull, the forecastle of the *Mercedes* floated away, having upon it the second captain and forty men, the sole survivors of a numerous crew. These unfortunates were promptly saved by the boats of the *Amphion*, whose position fortunately enabled her to perform this act of humanity, while at the same time she prevented the Spanish rear-admiral from running away.

Among the victims on board the *Mercedes* were the wife and seven daughters of Captain Alvear, of the Spanish navy, nearly grown up, and all remarkable for their beauty. "This good and gallant officer," says Brenton, "after a residence of thirty years in South America, was returning to spend the remainder of his days in his native country. He did not command either of the frigates; but having procured a passage for his family in the *Mercedes*, went with his eldest son on board one of the other ships, whence he beheld the dreadful catastrophe which deprived him of the persons he held most dear, and of his whole fortune, which consisted of specie to the amount of £30,000. If the policy of Great Britain was the cause of his suffering, her Government did everything in its power to atone for the deed. Alvear was received by the victors with every mark of attention and sympathy, and all the consolation was administered which his distracted mind was capable of receiving. His case being stated to the proper authorities, the sum of £30,000 was restored to him out of the proceeds of the prizes."

This squadron had been commanded by Don José Bustamiente, Knight of Santiago, and had come from Monte Video, with most valuable cargoes. The loss of life on board was comparatively small, as our fire was directed chiefly at their rigging; to detain, but not destroy, being the humane object of Captain Moore.

The prizes proved to be *La Medié*, 42 guns, and 300 men; *La Fama*, 36 guns, and 280 men; *La Clara*, 36 guns, and 300 men; the wreck, *La Mercedes*, 36 guns, and 280 men.

The treasure and property found on board were great. In the three frigates there were taken 55 sacks of vicuna wool; 40 chests of cascarilla; 3,693 bars of tin; 744 pigs of copper; 2,355,830 silver dollars; 32 chests of rutile; £1,269,672 value in gold (ingots and coin); and 23,925 seal-skins.

The *Mercedes* had an equal amount of property on board, which went to the bottom. While our fortunate western cruisers were thus enriching themselves, and destroying the commerce and resources of France by wounding her through the side of Spain, our officers in the Channel were not unmindful of their equally important and honourable, though certainly less profitable, duty.

So alert were they in watching the coast of France, in the dangerous neighbourhood of Cherbourg, that nothing could escape the penalty of a broadside, or of being driven on the rocks and destroyed. Captain Henniker, in the *Albacore*, 18 guns, gave their flotilla a remarkable instance of this sort of vigilance.

On the 8th of October, Commodore the Duke de Bouillon, commanding on the Jersey station, sent that officer in pursuit of some vessels that were seen creeping along the coast of Normandy. The wind blew dead on shore, and a thick haze obscured the atmosphere; but standing boldly in, the *Albacore* discovered them to be five luggers, each armed with a large bow-gun, being of the second class of gun-boats. These he compelled to anchor amid the surf, under cover of a battery near Cape Grosnez. Night coming on, Captain Henniker, determined not to let them give him the slip, came also to anchor, to await daybreak; after which, taking advantage of the weather-tide, he stood close in and came again to anchor, with springs upon his cable, within 400 yards of the surf, and close to the battery and the gun-boats.

By a series of broadsides of round shot and grape, he drove them all on shore, where they lay broadside-to, in the wild surf, which broke heavily over them. The crews fled in confusion along the beach, taking their wounded with them. The *Albacore* had no loss of men, but her masts were wounded by the guns of the battery, and she left her anchor and cable behind her.

A few weeks subsequently, our navy suffered one disaster—but not at the hands of the enemy—when the *Venerable*, 74, the same ship in which Lord Duncan beat the Dutch under De Winter, was totally lost by Captain John Hunter, on the Berry Head, the most southern point of Torbay. She missed stays, the night was dark and stormy; but, save two, the crew got safely on shore.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

SURINAM, 1804.

In the prosecution of the war with Republican Holland, during the month of April, 1804, Commodore Hood and Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Green, with the naval and military forces under their command, undertook the reduction of the Dutch settlements called Surinam, on the mainland of South America. The troops were about 2,000 in number, and consisted chiefly of the 16th Foot and one of the six battalions of the 60th, then still, and till even after Waterloo, called the Royal Americans. The forces sailed from Barbadoes on the 6th of April, and on the 25th they came to anchor ten miles from the shallow coast of the continent, off the mouth of the Surinam river.

Under the command of Brigadier Maitland and Captain C. Shipley, of the *Hippomanes*, a landing was effected at the mouth of the Warappa Creek, about thirty miles eastward of the Surinam river, where the enemy had a post. The object of this diversion was to open a communication by water with the Commewina, a stream which takes its name from the interior of Guiana. It is from two to four miles in breadth; and though its banks are clothed by beautiful plantations of sugar and coffee, it is shallow, and full of rocks and quicksands.

The brigadier's object was to procure plantation boats in sufficient numbers to transport the troops down the river to reach the rear of the fort at New Amsterdam, and also to cut off a considerable force of the enemy stationed at Fort Brandwacht, on the Mud Creek.

On the same day, H.M.S. *Emerald*, *Pandour*, and *Drake* attacked Braams Point, where there was a battery of seven eighteen-pounders. These were soon silenced by a few broadsides. The Dutch fled, and a detachment of our troops landed and took possession of the work, which commanded the entrance of the Surinam, into which our frigates and smaller vessels sailed.

The commodore now hoisted his broad pennant on board the *Emerald;* as the *Centaur*, from her greater draught of water, could not approach. Captain Maxwell, of the latter ship, and Captain W. Drummond, of the 60th, were sent up the river with a flag of truce flying, to summon the Governor of Surinam to surrender; and as he refused to do this, no time was lost in preparing to compel him.

"Nothing," says Sir Charles Green, in his despatch, "can be more difficult of approach than the coast about Surinam." By the early navigators it was called *par excellence*, "The Wild Coast;" its shores accessible only by the mouths of its rivers, and everywhere covered by dangerous banks, quicksands, rocks, and impenetrable thickets. Its appearance from the sea is wild and uncultivated, and it is so low and flat that even where there are plantations along the coast, there is often little visible at first but a continued forest close to the beach; so that the country appears like a line of trees starting abruptly from the water.

The shores on each side of the Surinam river are equally difficult of approach, until the Battery of Frederici is reached, with the exception of one plantation, named Resolution. The enemy were therefore very strongly fortified with redoubts; ships of war and other armed vessels commanding the still flow of the river that ran so turgidly to the sea.

On the confluence of the Surinam with the Commewina river stood the fort of New Amsterdam, mounting eighty pieces of cannon; near the same place, but on the right bank of the Surinam, was Fort Leyden, armed with twelve heavy guns, and commanded by the former at the distance of 200 yards.

Lower down the river, occupying the right and left banks, were the two twelve-gun forts of Frederici and Purmerend, the latter so called from an old walled town on the western shore of the Zuyder Zee. The approaches to these forts lay through pestilential swamps, deep marshes, and all but impenetrable forests; while their fires, by crossing each other, completely commanded the navigation of the river.

Paramaribo, the capital of the province, situated on the left bank of the Surinam, and six miles from its mouth, was also defended by a powerful ten-gun battery, called Fort Zelandia. The town was in form an oblong square; its streets consisted of neatly-built timber houses, and were bordered in the true Dutch taste, with orange, shaddock, lemon, and tamarind trees. The fort protected it on the east, a large savannah lay on the west, and an impervious forest lay on the north-east.

On the 28th the squadron recommenced operations by moving up the Surinam to attack Fort

Purmerend. Next day Lieutenant-Colonel Shipley, of the Royal Engineers, having ascertained that a path might be made practicable through the woods, by which Forts Leyden and Frederici might be attacked successfully, a party of 200 soldiers and seamen, under the command of Brigadier Hughes, and supported by more seamen under Captains Maxwell, Ferris, and Richardson, of the navy, landed about eleven at night, and proceeded through the dark and sombre woods towards the last-named fort, led by negro guides.

The forest paths, at all times difficult, had now been rendered almost impassable by heavy falls of rain; but the zeal and spirit of our men were fully equal to the occasion. With their cutlasses or felling-axes, they hewed down or overcame every obstacle; and after a tedious march of five hours, they got by a détour into the rear of Fort Frederici, whence, just as they were forming in columns of attack, a sudden fire of grape and musketry flashed upon them in the dark.

This was about four in the morning; but all undaunted by this sudden salute of lead and iron, our men rushed on with bayonets fixed, and drove out the Dutch, who fled to Fort Leyden. In retreating they fired a train that blew up their magazine, and thus severely wounded a number of our officers by stones and splinters.

Next day Fort Leyden was carried, with the same invincible spirit, although the way to it was along a narrow path, enfiladed by five heavy guns, the discharges of grape from which, aided by volleys of musketry, failed to arrest the progress of our troops and seamen. They burst into the fort, and hoisted the British flag, even while the smitten enemy were calling for quarter.

It was granted, and the commandant, some officers, and 120 rank and file were taken prisoners. From the position now won, the victors found that they could turn the guns of the captured works upon New Amsterdam.

The command of the Commewina river ensured them supplies, gave them full possession of the finest part of the colony, and the means of forming a junction with General Maitland's corps, which, as we have already mentioned, had been detached to the Warappa Creek. That officer having made a landing, stormed a battery, and by the 3rd of May, having procured a sufficient number of plantation-boats, came triumphantly down the stream, and formed the desired junction with the forces now before New Amsterdam, which was so named to distinguish it from Old Amsterdam, an earlier settlement some seventy miles farther inland.

The Dutch governor, on seeing their complete and rapid successes, deemed further resistance futile; he therefore sent forth a flag of truce from Fort Zelandia, which is separated from Paramaribo by an esplanade, desiring terms and offering to capitulate.

Hence the place was fully taken possession of on the 4th, and a Dutch frigate, the *Proserpine*, mounting thirty-two eighteen-pounders, and the corvette *Pylades*, 18 guns, fell into our hands; and thus the rich colony of Surinam was added to our dominions. All public property and all Dutch shipping were given up to the captors. Our total loss on this day was only Lieutenant Smith, of the *Centaur*, and four seamen killed, with eight wounded.

The commodore, for this and his other brilliant services, was created a Knight of the Bath. When Captain Maxwell arrived in London with the despatches, the news soon reached the Emperor Napoleon, who, incensed by these repeated disasters to the French, Dutch, and Spanish colonies and commerce, resolved to send forth his fleets and armies to revenge them. Gantheaume, Villeneuve, Missiessy, Grandelana—all the admirals, French, Spanish, and Dutch—if they could get out, were ordered to be on the alert to escape and sail for the West Indies, with general orders to sink and burn, pillage and destroy, without mercy.

Missiessy got to sea, and in February, 1805, the Hon. Sir Alexander Cochrane received orders to go in pursuit of him, with six sail of the line. These were the *Northumberland*, 74 (flag); *St. George*, 98; the *Eagle*, *Atlas*, and *Spartiate*, all seventy-fours; and the *Veteran*, a sixty-four-gun ship.

He called off Lisbon, Madeira, and St. Jago, in the Cape de Verde Isles, for intelligence, without gaining any; and then bore away for Barbadoes, where he arrived on the 3rd of April, to hear that Missiessy had been to Martinique and Dominica, and was supposed to have gone to ravage Jamaica.

A few weeks before this, a spirited affair was achieved by John Smith, master's mate of H.M.S. *Blanche*, off the Caracol Passage. An armed Spanish schooner, a beautiful vessel, carrying a long nine-pounder and thirty men, was seen coming out. He attacked her with only the crew of the long-boat.

A deadly struggle ensued on her deck, which lasted, however, for only ten minutes; and resulted in Smith capturing her, and hoisting the British flag above the Spanish.

She was of that class called *balahou*; she had one man killed and five wounded. The boat of the *Blanche* had one killed and two wounded.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE PURSUIT OF MISSIESSY, 1805.

Taking the *Centaur* under his orders, Sir Alexander Cochrane now proceeded with all speed to Jamaica, where he arrived on the 19th of April, but where nothing had been heard of Missiessy; and Rear-Admiral Dacres, who had assumed the chief command on that station, detained all the ships except the *Northumberland*, in which Sir Alexander Cochrane, sorely disappointed, returned to Barbadoes, where he had been appointed commander-in-chief.



VIEW OF BARBADOES.

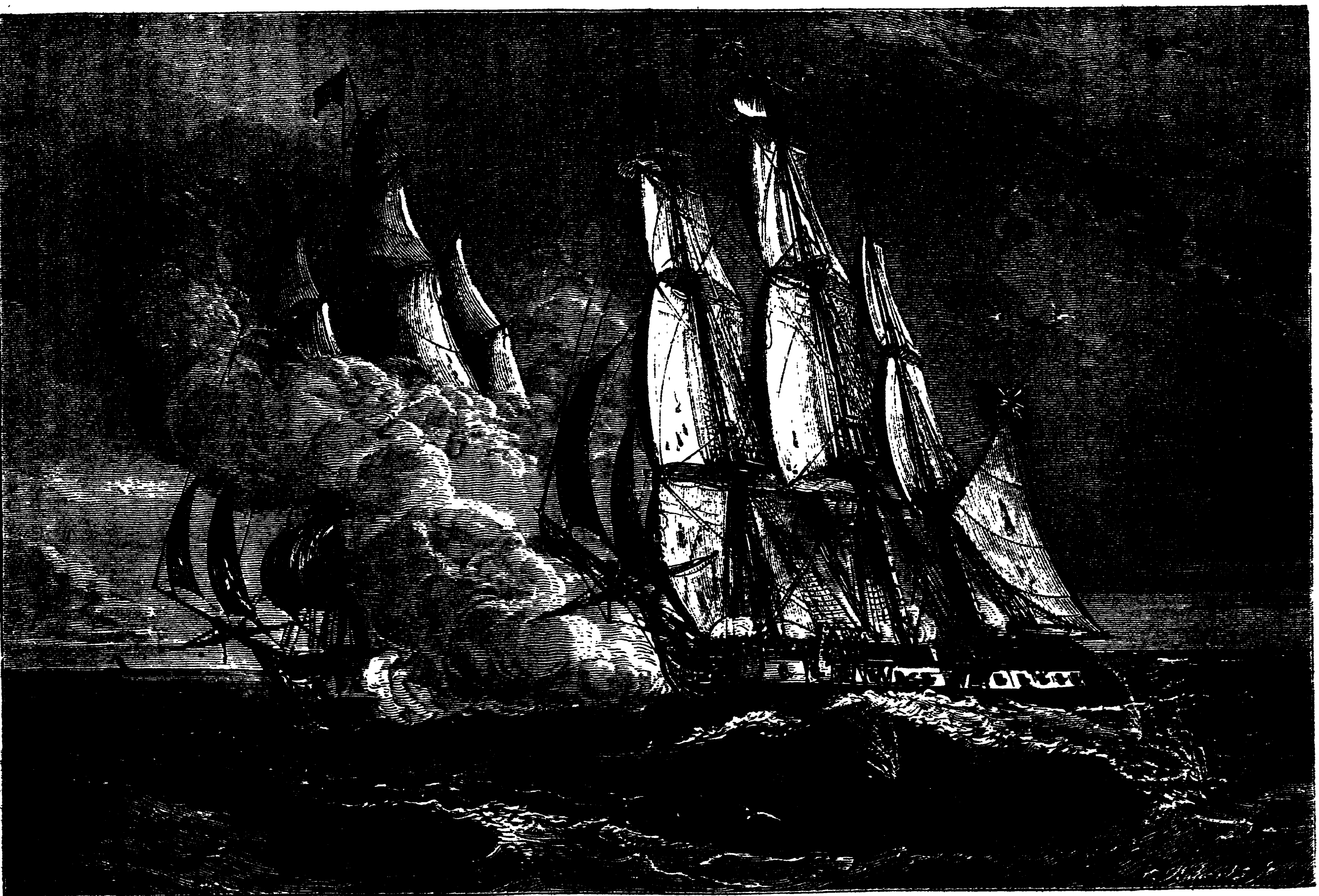
When off Antigua he heard of another and more formidable fleet having arrived at Martinique; this hastened his voyage to Barbadoes, where he was soon joined by a squadron under Lord Nelson.

Meanwhile, on the 20th of February, Missiessy, the object of all this solicitude, reached Martinique, which had been recently captured by our troops under General Prevost; and having landed some ammunition and stores destined for its relief, he stood away for the Isle of Dominica, off which he appeared before daylight on the morning of the 22nd.

This island had become ours by a definitive treaty, in 1784; and the French had totally failed in an attempt to recover it in 1795.

Missiessy's frigates being close in to Scots Head, the most southern point of Dominica, they received the fire of the batteries; and as day stole in his squadron was seen to consist of five sail of the line, three frigates, two brigs, and some small craft. On board he had General la Grange and 3,000 French infantry. The whole squadron had British colours flying, to deceive; but when the fire opened upon them from Fort Young, they pulled them down and hoisted the tricolour. Among his vessels were *Le Majestueux*, 120 guns; *Le Magnanime*, 74; and *L'Indefatigable*, 44.

While changing their colours, the boats put off



FIGHT BETWEEN THE "DIDON" AND "PHŒNIX."

with troops to effect a landing in the Bay of Rousseau, under cover of their gun-boats and schooners. They first attempted to disembark on the left of Rousseau, but were gallantly opposed by a company of militia, the grenadiers of the 46th Regiment, and the light company of the 1st West India Regiment. The first squadron of boats was completely beaten off by the fire of the small force under the governor, Major-General (afterwards Sir George) Prevost, Colonel of the 16th Regiment; but the armed vessels came closer in-shore, and compelled our troops to occupy a more favourable position.

Meanwhile, the squadron of Missiessy, lying opposite Fort Young, was thundering its broadsides against that small battery, which fired briskly in return; aided by five twenty-four-pounders at the Melville Battery, worked by merchant captains and their crews, who ultimately got ten twenty-four-pounders and three eighteen-pounders into position against the enemy. Though they fled at first, the enemy's boats rallied, and the troops made good their landing.

Major Nunn, of the 1st West India Regiment, while leading on his men, received a dreadful wound; and Captain O'Connell, his second in command, was wounded nearly at the same moment, but continued in the field, by precept and example animating his soldiers, who resisted repeated charges of the enemy for nearly three hours, till he compelled them to retire from a position they had won, with considerable loss.

Foiled and beaten off on the left, the right flank was next assailed; and a considerable force was landed near a place called Morne Daniel, a redoubt which the French carried after an obstinate resistance.

Captain O'Connell was gaining ground on the left, notwithstanding that fresh troops and more field-pieces were landed by Missiessy; but he observed a large column toiling up the mountains to get into his rear. While this conflict was going on, the whole fire of the squadron was poured on the town of Rousseau, which was, unluckily, situated on the shore of the bay. Whether by accident or design of some of the negroes, it took fire in several places, and, being built of light and combustible materials, was nearly consumed to ashes.

The right flank being turned, the town destroyed, and the retreat to the last stronghold, Prince Rupert's Head, nearly cut off by the column among the mountains, General Prevost still determined with his small but gallant band to make a last attempt to keep the sovereignty of the island of which the king had made him governor. He ordered the militia to remain at their posts, "except such as were inclined to encounter more hardships and severe service; and Captain O'Connell, with the grenadiers of the 46th and the light company of the 1st West India Regiment, to make a forced march to Prince Rupert's Head."

The town of Rousseau, or what remained of it, was now abandoned to the enemy; and the general, attended by Brigade-Major Prevost and the Quartermaster-General of the Militia, crossed the island, and, by great exertions, reached Prince Rupert's Head in twenty-four hours.

After four days' continued march over a most difficult country—for though Dominica is only twenty-nine miles long by sixteen broad, it was covered by dense woods, and contains wild and rugged mountains—Captain O'Connell joined him, "wounded himself, and bringing in his wounded, with a few of the Royal Artillery, and the precious remains of the 46th and 1st West India light company."

The necessary steps were then taken to procure provisions and water, and every arrangement was made for defending the post to the last.

On the 25th the French were before it, and La Grange summoned General Prevost to surrender. This he steadily refused to do, while "individually expressing his gratitude to the Frenchman for his kind treatment to his wife and children, a continuance of which he requested, not only for them, but for all the inhabitants who might fall under his power."

As La Grange had no time to waste in the reduction of the fort, and Missiessy expected hourly to see the British squadron in pursuit of him to windward, both were willing to shorten their visit to Dominica; and, after having levied a contribution of £7,000, and destroyed or carried off all they could lay hands on, they re-embarked, and after hovering for a time near Rupert's Head, put to sea on the 27th, and the 1st of March saw them off the south end of Guadaloupe, under easy sail.

General Prevost's despatch states La Grange's force at 4,000 men, and that the whole had to disembark before they gained much ground. They lost 300 men, besides several officers of rank. "Our loss was one sergeant, one drummer, and nineteen rank and file killed; Captain Colin Campbell (46th Regiment), Major Nunn and Captain O'Connell (1st West India Regiment), and eighteen rank and file wounded; a captain of the Royal Artillery, a sergeant, and six privates taken prisoners."

Missiessy was more successful elsewhere. At Nevis he made our whole garrison prisoners, took

all the merchant vessels, and, after levying a contribution, he sailed for St. Kitt's and Montserrat. At the former place he extorted £18,000 from the people.

On the 28th of March he was off the ill-fated city of San Domingo, where the brave General Ferrand, with 2,500 French and Spanish troops, was besieged by the infuriated negroes by land, and blockaded by our cruisers at sea. La Grange landed, routed the blacks with immense loss, and raised the siege; and after having left 1,000 men as a reinforcement, with 10,000 stand of arms, and 100,000 lbs. of powder, Missiessy sailed for Europe, and cast anchor at Rochefort on the 20th of May; in his expedition proving more fortunate than his brother-admiral, Villeneuve, whose rough handling by our fleet we shall now relate.

Missiessy was in after years Vice-Admiral and Viscount Missiessy, commanding at Toulon under the House of Bourbon.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

OFF FERROL, 1805.

NAPOLEON formed the plan of sending his fleets, as each found an opportunity of escaping our blockade upon their ports, on a voyage across the Atlantic, with orders to concentrate at one of the West Indian Islands, and to do us, as we have said, all the mischief that was possible there. They were then to return rapidly towards the Channel, raise the blockade of such French ports as had any any ships in them, and then appear off Boulogne, before our fleets could be brought back and collected; so as to give him command of the sea for even twenty-four hours, to enable his army to cross and land upon the coast of Kent.

Admiral Villeneuve, with the Toulon fleet, and Admiral Gravina, with the Spanish Cadiz fleet, succeeded in getting to sea in the spring of 1805, with eighteen sail of the line, and crossed the Atlantic to Martinique. In eager chase, Nelson followed them with only eleven vessels; but Villeneuve succeeded in doubling on his pursuers, and hauled up for Europe, "while his terrible adversary, misled by false intelligence, was seeking him near the mouths of the Orinoco."

Nelson, on learning that the French fleet had sailed towards Europe, though uncertain of its destination, hurried towards the Mediterranean, in the meanwhile dispatching some fast-sailing vessels to warn the Admiralty of the enemy's return. One of them, the *Curieux*, a brig, sighted the fleet of Villeneuve on the 19th of June, in a latitude which showed that they were steering for some point northward of the Mediterranean.

Hoisting out every inch of canvas, the captain of the *Curieux* bore on to Plymouth under a press of sail; but in the meanwhile Villeneuve and Gravina drew towards Cape Finisterre, their object being to liberate a squadron then blockaded in Ferrol and Corunna by our armament under Sir Robert Calder, Vice-Admiral of the White.

The blockading force off these ports was too small to contend singly against the combined fleets of Villeneuve and Gravina; and these, when augmented to fifty sail, were to enter the Channel in triumph, and by appearing there, give the final signal for the embarkation of the long-delayed invading "Army of England," whose tents whitened all the coast about Boulogne.

A succession of heavy north-eastern gales checked the progress of Villeneuve when about 180 miles from Finisterre; the delay thus caused was priceless to Britain. Before the wind veered round so as to enable him to renew his course towards Ferrol, the *Curieux* had dropped her anchor in Plymouth Sound; and the Admiralty caused a compact force to be formed by taking the blockading squadrons from Rochefort and Ferrol. Thus fifteen sail of the line were collected, and sent under Admiral Calder to intercept and fight Villeneuve, who had twenty ships of the line, with a considerable body of troops on board, under Bonaparte's favourite aide-de-camp, Count Lauriston, a general of division.

Calder, whose flag was on board the *Prince of Wales*, 98 guns, had with him two frigates and two cutters.

At noon on the 22nd of July, he came in sight of the combined squadrons of France and Spain, consisting, as his despatch states, of "twenty sail of the line; also three large vessels, armed *en flute*, of about fifty guns each, five frigates, and three brigs."

Notwithstanding the disparity of force, he immediately stood towards the enemy, and on closing with them, signalled to attack their centre. On reaching the rear, he tacked the squadron in

succession, a manœuvre which brought him close under their lee, so that when his leading ships reached their centre, the enemy were tacking in succession.

This compelled him to make the same movement; and as the yard-heads swayed round, and the squadron stood off on the other tack, the battle began in all its fury, and lasted for four consecutive hours without a moment's intermission. The Hon. Captain Gardner, in the *Hero*, 74, led the van in a masterly style. "The weather had been foggy at times during a great part of the morning," wrote Sir Robert, "and very soon after we brought them to action the fog became so very thick at intervals that we could with very great difficulty see the ship ahead or astern of us. This rendered it impossible to take the advantage of the enemy I could have wished to do by signals; and had the weather been more favourable, I am led to believe the victory would have been more complete."

In addition to this fog, the line-of-battle ships, when engaged, had the usual disadvantage of not being able to disentangle themselves from the smoke, which rapidly stagnates between decks, as the wind, lulled by the percussion of the air consequent on the firing, becomes light, or dies partially away. "Under these circumstances," says an officer of experience, "you repeatedly hear the order passed upon the main and lower decks of a line-of-battle ship to level the guns two points abaft the beam, point blank, and so on. In fact, they are as much in the dark as to external objects as if they were blindfolded; and the only comfort to be derived from this serious inconvenience is that every man is so isolated from his neighbour that he is not put in mind of his own danger by witnessing the death of those around him, for they may fall three or four feet from him without his perceiving it. So they continue to fire as directed until they are either sent down to the cockpit themselves, or have a momentary respite from their exertions, when, choked with smoke and gunpowder, they go aft to the scuttle-butt to relieve their parching thirst."

So, amid the gathering fog and smoke, the battle went on. The greatest number of killed were on board the *Windsor Castle*, 98, Captain Charles Boyle; this ship had also the greatest number of wounded, while the *Dragon* and *Warrior*, two seventy-fours, had not a man touched. Whatever wind there was, the enemy had all the advantage of it.

Two Spanish ships of the line, the *San Rafael*, 84 guns, and the *Firm*, 74 guns, having struck their colours, Sir Robert found it necessary to bring the squadron to, for the purpose of keeping and covering them; and the density of the mist rendering further fighting impossible, the cannonade ceased, and the enemy drew off.

"They are now in sight to windward," says the admiral's despatch of the 23rd; "and when I have secured the captured ships and put the squadron to rights, I shall endeavour to avail myself of any opportunity that may offer to give you some further account of these combined squadrons."

The number killed and wounded in our fleet amounted to 210 of all ranks. Among the former who suffered on board the *Windsor Castle* were Lieutenants Cary, R.N., and Rose, of the Marines, and Mr. Foster, a midshipman. Our ships suffered considerably in their hulls. The prizes arrived safely at Plymouth. The *San Rafael* had an admiral's flag, and was towed in by the *Windsor Castle*, and the *Firm* by the *Sirius*, frigate. The former had not a mast standing, and there were 300 killed and wounded on board of each ship; "nor will this number appear extraordinary," says the "Scots Magazine" for 1805, "when we recollect the amount of the troops on board besides the crews. The Spaniards are represented to have fought gallantly, and to have borne the brunt of the battle."

On the next day Villeneuve declined to renew the engagement, so Calder stood away towards the north; while Villeneuve, dispirited by the encounter, wished to make for Cadiz. But Law Count Lauriston (whose title was taken from a little castle near Edinburgh) vehemently protested against such an abandonment of the Emperor's plans; so the combined squadrons ran for Vigo, and finally took shelter in Ferrol, where Villeneuve, after strengthening himself with fifteen ships which had been blockaded there, began to refit preparatory to putting once more to sea.

The success of Sir Robert Calder on this occasion, though it obtained the full approbation of his commander-in-chief, who soon after dispatched him with a considerable squadron to cruise off Cadiz, did not satisfy some parties at home; he therefore demanded a court-martial, which found "that, in spite of his inferior force, he had not done his utmost to renew the engagement and destroy every ship of the enemy, and accordingly adjudged him to be severely reprimanded, a sentence as unpopular as it was unmerited."

On the 17th and 18th of the same month, a very warm action took place between our squadron watching Boulogne and a grand division of the invading French flotilla that had long been expected there from Ostend and Dunkirk. It consisted of 120 praams, brigs, and schuyts, supported by 80 more that came out of Boulogne. Our

larger vessels could not get near enough in-shore, but our gun-brigs and bomb-cutters ran among them, and kept up an incessant fire for sixteen hours. Many of the praams were sunk, ten brigs were bulged upon the rocks, and many others suffered much damage. The slaughter of the enemy was great, as the whole action was within pistol-shot, and the beach was blackened by the masses of troops.

Our loss, occasioned chiefly by the batteries, was only twelve killed and forty wounded. Among the former was James Marshall, commander of H.M. brig *Watchful*, who had been twenty-three years a lieutenant; and among the latter were Captain Forster, of the *Calypso*, mortally, and Lieutenant Shepherd, of the Marines, dangerously.

The *Orestes*, gun-brig, got upon the rocks between Dunkirk and Gravelines; and, after every attempt to float her off had failed, she was destroyed by fire to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. The officers and crew were taken away in the boats of the fleet.

Signals were prepared by Napoleon's orders along all the most lofty points of the coast, to warn him if the French fleet was visible on the western shores of France. But the ambitious man was never to see the horizon whiten with those sails which bore the destinies of the world (to quote De la Gravière); and not a ship of Villeneuve's doomed fleet was ever to enter a French harbour again, for the glorious day of Trafalgar was yet before them!

CHAPTER LXXIX.

"PHŒNIX" AND "DIDON," FRIGATES, 1805.

THE year 1804 saw Pitt Prime Minister of Britain, and Napoleon Emperor of France, with eighteen marshals around his throne—veterans in war, and devoted to his cause, which seemed to aim at the conquest of Europe. That of Britain formed a portion of his daring schemes, and his gun-boats lay at Boulogne, ready to pour upon our shores the boasted *Armée d'Angleterre;* and would doubtless have done so but for the watchfulness of Nelson, of whose name the naval officers of France had a wholesome terror, that probably saved the island from invasion.

Save in the West Indian Islands, the war was as yet a naval one; but everywhere, sometimes against great odds, when the fleets of France and Spain were combined against us, was the old supremacy of our flag maintained. We have often had to record examples of unequal contests, as in that of Assaye, where British bravery and skill have succeeded in more than making up for disparity of force; but we shall now give the description of an equal match—or nearly so—in a nobly-fought frigate battle, as an example of one of the many which occurred in those days, and for which we are chiefly indebted to "James's Naval History," and the despatches in the *London Gazette*, &c.

La Didon was a remarkably fine and fast-sailing French frigate, of 44 guns and 330 men. She belonged to the combined fleets, consisting originally of twenty sail of the line, seven frigates, and two brigs, which had engaged the squadron of Sir Robert Calder on its return from the West Indies, and had put into Corunna to refit.

From thence she had been dispatched in the beginning of August, by Admiral Villeneuve, on a secret cruise, by which she was supposed to procure information relative to the motions of the British fleets, then watching our coasts to preclude invasion.

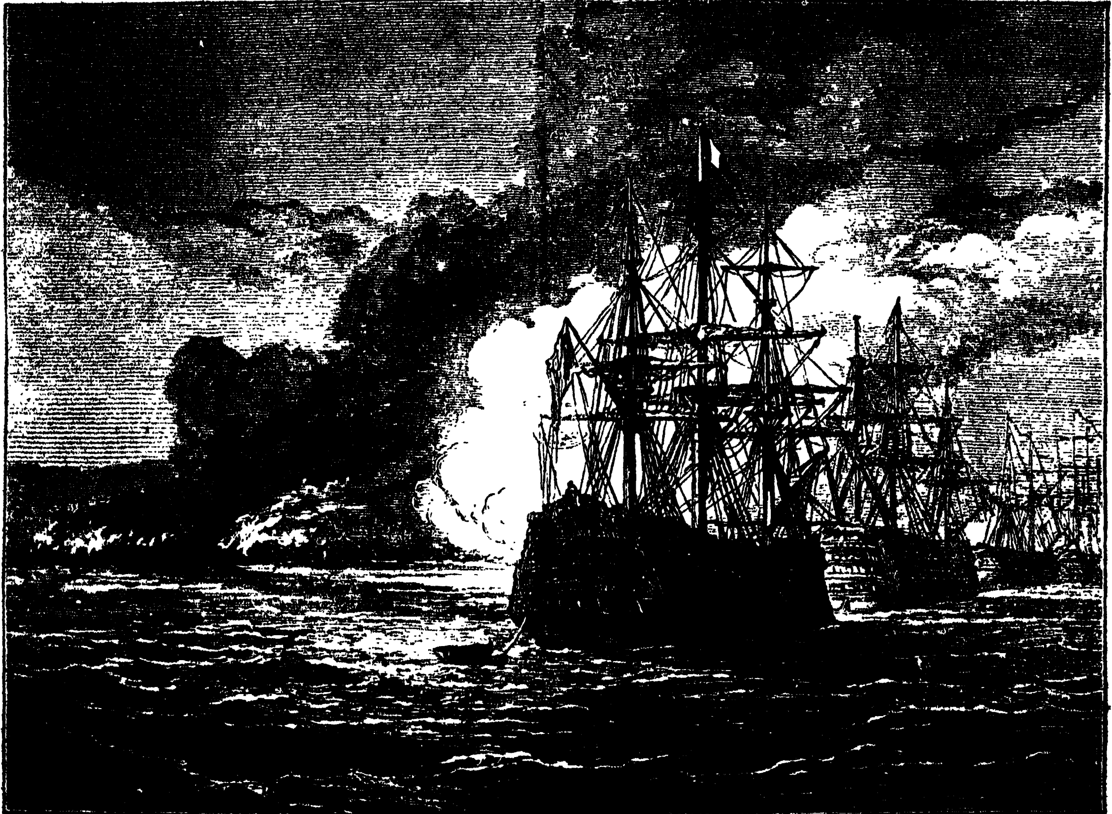
At five in the morning of the 10th of August, she was descried about a hundred miles to the south-west, as the report has it, "in latitude 43 degrees 16 minutes north, longitude 12 degrees 14 minutes west," by the *Phœnix*, Captain Thomas Baker, one of our frigates, carrying thirty-six eighteen-pound guns, and manned by a crew of 245; consequently the preponderance of men and metal was in favour of the enemy.

The *Phœnix* was standing on the starboard tack, with the wind at north-east-by-east, when she discovered a ship in the south-west, with all her white canvas shining in the morning sun, and immediately bore up in chase. The weather became hazy and the wind grew light; thus it was not until two hours after that the stranger, then on the starboard tack, with foresail and royals set, but with her mizzentopsail aback and maintopsail shivering, was made out distinctly to be an enemy's frigate, with yellow sides, royal yards rigged aloft, and her hostile tricolour pennant swelling out upon the breeze.

Why Captain Milias, who commanded *La Didon*,

when entrusted with so important a duty by Admiral Villeneuve, should uselessly wait to engage an enemy's frigate, may require to be explained. "The fact is," says James, "that on the previous day the *Phœnix* had fallen in with an American vessel, from Bordeaux, bound to the United States. The master came on board with his papers, and was evidently not so sober as he might have been. After selling some cases of claret at his own price —for an American must indeed be drunk when his bargaining faculties fail him—and emptying a few tumblers of grog mixed to his own liking, he requested to be allowed to view the quarters of the *Phœnix*. No objection was made, and he staggered round the ship, saw as much as in his purblind state he could see, and departed on board his vessel. On the next morning early, he fell in with the *Didon*, and in return for the hospitable treatment he had received on board the *Phœnix*, he treacherously told Captain Milias that the ship whose topgallant-sails were then just rising out of the water to windward was a British twenty-gun ship, and that her captain and his officers thought so much of their vessel, that in all probability they would venture to engage the *Didon*. The French frigate then lay-to, in the manner related, and the American merchant ship pursued her way."

It so happened that the *Phœnix*, being a small frigate at best, had been disguised to resemble a mere sloop of war. Encouraged by the American's mischievous story, and her appearance at eight a.m., being still on the larboard tack waiting for the *Phœnix* to close with her, the *Didon* suddenly ran up her ensign and fired a gun to windward as a challenge; then, at a quarter to eleven, she opened a heavy cannonade upon the *Phœnix*, whose captain, to frustrate any attempt of *La Didon* to escape, resolved to engage her to leeward, and as yet had not fired a shot.



BURNING OF ROUSSEAU (*see page* 320).

To attain this position, and avoid as much as possible the French line of fire, which was already beginning to cut up his canvas and rigging, Captain Baker "steered a bow-and-quarter course," reserving his cannonade till he could bestow it with effect. *La Didon*, on the other hand, hoping to cripple the *Phœnix* so that she might not escape, filled, wore, and came-to on the opposite tack, bringing a fresh broadside to bear on the bows of her opponent, knocking showers of dangerous

splinters in every direction. Three times this serious manœuvre was repeated, till Captain Baker, enraged at being thus foiled, eager for close action, and finding that, in [illegible] his ship he could neither [illegible] nor astern of the swifter *Didon*, he ran, straight at her to windward.

Thus a [illegible]es after nine o'clock saw both frigates [illegible] on the larboard tack, with their [illegible] on each other mutually

"Profiting by her new position, and the damaged state of her opponent's rigging, the *Didon* bore up, and, passing athwart the stern of the *Phœnix*, raked her; but, owing to the precaution taken by the British crew in lying down, without any serious effect. The *Didon* then hauled up again on the larboard tack, and endeavoured to bestow her starboard broadside in a similar manner; but the *Phœnix* had by this time repaired her rigging sufficiently to enable her, worked as she was by



CAPE TRAFALGAR.

at pistol-shot distance, and pouring into one another a terrible fire of round shot, grape, and musketry; keeping their places as they rose and fell on each successive wave, and so close that when the smoke rose upward through the rigging, the combatants could distinctly see each others' features.

Ere long, owing to the press of canvas under which the *Phœnix* had come up, she ranged considerably ahead; upon which the *Didon*, having as well as her antagonist fallen off from the wind while exchanging their fire, filled, hauled up, and stood on, pouring into the *Phœnix*, as she diagonally crossed the stern of the latter, a number of shots that were rather ineffectual.

one of the best-disciplined crews in the service, promptly to throw her sails aback, and prevent the *Didon* from taking a position so likely to give an unfavourable turn to the combat."

Many acts of personal heroism were performed meanwhile by the officers of both ships. Though the station of the purser, when in action, is in the cockpit, Mr. John Collman, acting purser of the *Phœnix*, declined to remain in safety below while the lives of his shipmates were so freely exposed on deck. With a brace of pistols in his belt, and a cutlass in his hand, this youth stood on the quarter-deck amid the hottest of the fire, animating the crew by his example.

"Do your duty as British seamen! Give it her,

my lads!" he continued to exclaim from time to time.

As the action proceeded, the loss of officers by death or wounds gave additional importance to the gallant part which young Collman played. "And what," asks James, "could have been the summit of Mr. Collman's expectations in a professional way, for being thus prodigal of his person? A purser's warrant!"

Several midshipmen distinguished themselves.

The life of Captain Baker was saved by one youngster, named Edward Phillips. Seeing a man upon the bowsprit-end of the *Didon*, taking a deliberate aim at him, Phillips, who had armed himself with a dead man's musket, unceremoniously thrust the captain aside and fired. The discharge of the piece, we are told, was instantaneously followed by the splash of the Frenchman's body in the water; while his bullet, which might have passed through the captain's brain, only tore off the rim of his hat. So enthusiastic were the crew, that many of the sick left their cots to fill cartridges, carry ammunition, and work at the guns.

On the other hand, the crew of the *Didon* was one of the finest in France. It consisted of carefully-chosen men, strong and active fellows who had been selected for the *Pomone*, the frigate of Captain Jerome Bonaparte, the future King of Westphalia; and her officers, too, were all select men; while Captain Milias displayed a sense of honour, a personal valour, and skill as a seaman, which during the action excited the admiration of the British.

The last manœuvre of the *Didon* brought her larboard bow against the starboard quarter of the *Phœnix*; both ships now lay in a parallel direction, and one only had a gun that could be brought to bear on her enemy. This was a brass thirty-six-pound carronade on the forecastle of the *Didon*. The instant the two ships came crash against each other, a mingled shout rose from the crew of each, and with pike and cutlass they prepared to board; but the superior numbers that came swarming into the bows of the *Didon* compelled the crew of the *Phœnix* to content themselves with the defence of their own deck, chiefly by the well-volleyed musketry of the Royal Marines.

Meanwhile, Captain Baker had caused the sills of the cabin windows on each side of the quarter to be cut down with axe and saw, to serve as ports in case a gun would not bear from the regular stern-port, next the rudder-head; but, unfortunately, the gunner had omitted to prepare tackling for the transport of the aftermost main-deck gun to either of the new ports; and during the delay caused by this, the marines of the *Didon*, closely ranked along the whole length of the larboard gangway, poured an incessant fire into the stern windows of the *Phœnix*, strewing her cabins with killed and wounded of all ranks.

At length, by the personal exertions of Captain Baker and a few surviving officers, an eighteen-pound gun was run out astern, and by its first discharge twenty-four of the *Didon's* crew were swept into eternity, as it passed down through the ship from her larboard bow to her starboard quarter.

After remaining locked on board of each other for more than half-an-hour, the *Didon* began to forge ahead. At that moment Captain Baker brought his second aftermost eighteen-pounder to bear, and the first shot from it shred away in atoms the headrail of the *Didon*, and, what was more important, the gammoning or rope-lashing of her bowsprit. As the *Didon* continued to forge on, she also brought her guns to bear in succession, and a few minutes more saw both frigates with their broadsides fully engaged, yard-arm and yard-arm. The guns of the *Phœnix* being handled more rapidly than those of the *Didon*, did terrible execution upon her hull and among her crew; and ere long, with her maintopmast gone and her foremast tottering and swaying to and fro, she passed out of gunshot ahead.

The *Phœnix* was also so damaged in her sails and rigging as to be nearly unmanageable; she had lost her main-royalmast, maintopsail-yard, and had her gaff shot away. The latter had fallen while the two ships were foul, and the fly of the British colours having dropped on the deck of the *Didon*, the French bore it aft, amid cheers of derision; while, as a substitute for it, the crew of the *Phœnix* instantly lashed a boat's ensign to the larboard and a Union Jack to the starboard arm of her crossjack-yard, which is the lowest on a mizzenmast.

Firing was totally suspended now, and the crews of both ships were busy in clearing their decks of dead and wounded, plugging shot-holes, and repairing their damaged rigging, both being eager to re-engage the instant the return of the wind—which had died away—would enable them to manœuvre. Both frigates, we are told, "exhibited a woeful appearance, on account chiefly of the quantity of sail under which they had engaged. Instead of a cloud of canvas, swelling proudly to the sea-breeze, rope-ends and riddled sails hung drooping down from every mast and yard."

The active tars of the *Phœnix* lost little time in and splicing her rigging; fresh braces were

rove, and the sails trimmed anew; and when the breeze came at last, she made sail towards the *Didon* on the larboard tack. Arriving within gun-shot, the British frigate was in the act of re-opening her cannonade, when the crew of the *Didon*, which, from the fall of her foremast, and her otherwise damaged state, was well-nigh defenceless, hauled down her colours, at a quarter-past twelve.

The *Phœnix* had her second lieutenant, John Bounton, George Donalon, master's mate, and ten seamen killed; Lieutenant Henry Steele, of the Marines, two midshipmen, Tozer and Curling, with twenty-five men wounded. The first-named officer was dangerously injured in the head. Curling, a lad of seventeen, was in the act of sucking an orange, when a musket-ball, which had passed through the head of a seaman, perforated both his cheeks without injuring even a tooth.

The loss on board the *Didon* was twenty-seven of all ranks killed, and forty badly wounded.

Even after the action was over, the crew of the victorious frigate had a perilous duty to perform. Their prisoners considerably outnumbered them. The latter had not only to secure the former, and guard their movements watchfully; but they had to refit both ships, especially the prize, the tottering mainmast of which had to be cut away ere she was taken in tow. After being pursued by some of Admiral Villeneuve's fleet, and narrowly escaping, and having to suppress an intended revolt among the prisoners, Captain Baker came safely to anchor with his prize in Plymouth Sound, on the 3rd of September.

"We venture to pronounce," says James, in his "Naval History," "the capture of the *Didon* by the *Phœnix*, considered in reference as well to the force, the skill, and the spirit mutually opposed, as to the perseverance and good management of the conqueror in securing and bringing home his prize, to be one of the most brilliant and exemplary cases of the kind in the annals of the British navy."

CHAPTER LXXX.

TRAFALGAR, 1805.

We have now to relate the story of the most glorious and decisive victory ever won by the British navy —Trafalgar—the name of which must ever stir a chord in every heart; and yet, with all its glory and renown, a name fraught with sadness; for there, in the zenith of his fame, fell our gallant and immortal Nelson, the idol of our sailors—he who had so often led our fleets to battle, but never to defeat.

After the somewhat indecisive action between our naval force under Sir Robert Calder, and the combined fleets of France and Spain, sixty leagues off Cape Finisterre, on the 22nd of July, they had refitted at Vigo; and, effecting a junction with the Ferrol squadron, had entered the harbour of Cadiz in safety. Nelson was appointed to command the fleet destined to extinguish this allied force of France and Spain; and Lord Barham, on handing him the list of the Royal Navy, desired him to choose his own officers.

"Choose them yourself, my lord," was the noble reply of Nelson; "the same spirit actuates the whole profession—you cannot choose wrong!"

The exertions made to equip the ships he had selected were unremitting, more especially the *Victory*, which was chosen as his flag-ship. Before leaving London, he called at an upholsterer's, where he had deposited the coffin given him by his old friend Captain Hallowell, saying that it might be wanted on his return; for he seemed to be impressed with an idea that he should die in the coming battle.

On the 14th of September he reached Portsmouth, and endeavoured to elude the populace by taking a by-way to the beach; but crowds collected, pressing forward to obtain a sight of the one-armed and one-eyed hero. Many were in tears, and many knelt down and blessed him as he passed. "England has had many heroes," says Southey; "but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless; that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity; but that, with perfect and entire devotion, he served his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; and therefore they loved him as truly and fervently as he loved England."

Hence, as he now entered his barge for the last time, never more to be on English ground as a living man, they pressed about him in such numbers that the marines had to threaten them with the bayonet; but the enthusiastic people were heedless,

and Nelson returned their cheers by waving his hat as the barge's crew shoved off to the stately old *Victory*.

The 29th of September saw him off Cadiz, with a fleet ultimately consisting of thirty-three sail; the *Victory* leading the van, the *Royal Sovereign* the rear. Fearing that the combined fleets of the enemy might know his force, and thus might be deterred from quitting the shelter of the batteries of Cadiz, he kept out of sight of land; he desired of Collingwood, the vice-admiral, that no salutes were to be fired and no colours hoisted; and he wrote to Gibraltar to request that the strength of his fleet should not be inserted in the *Gazette* of that place.

When Admiral Villeneuve received orders to put to sea he hesitated, as he had heard that Nelson was again in command. He called a Council of War; and some doubts that were expressed as to whether Nelson was actually at sea were confirmed by an American skipper, who had but lately left Britain, and who maintained that it was impossible, "for he had seen him but a few days before in London; and at that time there was no rumour of his going again afloat."

While Villeneuve was consulting his officers, Nelson was hovering sixty miles westward of Cadiz, near Cape St. Mary, where he hoped to decoy out the enemy, while guarding against the danger of being caught by a westerly wind and driven within the Straits of Gibraltar. Theatrical amusements were performed every evening in most of the ships; and "God Save the King," was the hymn with which the crews, standing afoot, with hats off, concluded the sports.

Nelson complained much of the want of frigates, "the eyes of the fleet," as he often called them.

His order of sailing at sea was to be the order of battle; the fleet in two lines, with an advanced squadron, consisting of eight of the swiftest-sailing two-deckers. The second in command, having the entire direction of his line, was to break through the enemy about the twelfth ship from their rear. He would lead through the centre, and the advanced squadron was to cut off three or four that were ahead of it, *i.e.*, the centre. This plan was to be adapted to the strength of the enemy, so that they should always be superior to those whom they cut off.

The admirals and captains knew the precise object of Nelson to be close and decisive action, which would supply the place of any deficiency of signals. "In case signals cannot be seen, or clearly understood," he wrote, "no captain can do wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy." Among his last orders was one directing that the name and family of every officer, seaman, and marine, who who might be killed or wounded in action, should be as soon as possible returned to him, in order for transmission to the chairman of the Patriotic Fund, for the benefit of the sufferer or his family.

On the 19th, at nine a.m., H.M.S. *Mars*, which formed the line of communication with the in-shore scouting frigates, signalled that the fleets were leaving Cadiz. At two o'clock came the signal that they were at sea. All night our fleet kept under sail, steering south-east. At daybreak the fleets of France and Spain, the former under Villeneuve, and the latter under Don Ignacio Maria d'Aliva and Don Baltazar Hidalgo Cisternas, were distinctly visible from the deck of the *Victory*, formed in close line of battle ahead, about four leagues to leeward, and standing to the south.

Our fleet consisted of twenty-five sail of the line and four frigates; theirs consisted of thirty-three, and seven frigates. Their force in weight of metal and number of men far exceeded ours. They had 4,000 troops on board, and among these were a select force of riflemen, the best that could be procured from the Tyrol, scattered by detachments in every ship. And now (to quote Clarke and M'Arthur's Memoir) we come to the great and terrible day of the battle, when, as it has been so well expressed, "God gave us victory, but Nelson died!"

He came on deck soon after daylight on the 21st of October, which was a festival in his family, as on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the *Dreadnought*, with two other line-of-battle ships, had beaten off a squadron consisting of four French sail of the line and three frigates.

The wind was now from the west, and the breezes were light, with a long rolling swell upon the sea. Nelson signalled to bear down on the enemy; and then retiring to his cabin, penned that fervent and well-known prayer, in which he committed the justice of his cause and his own safety to the overruling providence of God.

He next, in writing, bequeathed Lady Hamilton, whom he loved with a devotion so singular, and his daughter Horatia to the generosity of the nation. "These are the only favours," concludes this remarkable document, "I ask of my king and coun[illegible] at this [illegible] I am going to fight [illegible]eir [illegible]le. May God [illegible]s my king and country, and [illegible] those I [illegible]! My relations it is needless to mention; they will, of course, be amply provided for."

He had passed a restless night, and was evidently impressed by the conviction—by a presen-

timent not uncommon to soldiers and to sailors—that he was to fall. He put on the full uniform which he had worn at Copenhagen. Upon its breast were the many decorations he had won, and among them was the Star of the Bath.

"In honour I gained them," said he, when remonstrated with on the peril of this display, "and in honour I will die with them."

Next his heart he placed a miniature of Lady Hamilton, his romantic passion for whom amounted to superstition. On leaving his cabin, he went over the different decks, conversed with the seamen with his usual affability; and as he ascended the quarter-deck ladder, three cheers burst spontaneously from the lips of the crew.

"I was walking with him on the poop," says Captain Blackwood, in his interesting Memoirs, "when he said, 'I'll now amuse the fleet with a signal;' and he asked me if I did not think there was one yet wanting. I answered that I thought the whole of the fleet seemed clearly to understand, and to vie with each other who should first get nearest to the *Victory* or *Royal Sovereign*. These words were scarcely uttered, when his last well known signal was made—

"'England expects every man to do his duty.'

"The shout," continues Blackwood, "with which it was received throughout the fleet was truly sublime.

"'Now,' said Lord Nelson, 'I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of events, and the justice of our cause; I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty.'"

And in this spirit did Nelson, whom the sailors were wont to say "was as mild as a lamb, yet brave as a lion," bear on towards the enemy. When Blackwood turned to leave him, saying he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes—

"God bless you, Blackwood!" he replied; "I shall never see you again."

A long swell was now setting into the magnificent Bay of Cadiz; under a press of canvas bellying out before the south-west breeze, our stately fleet moved on. The sun shone full on the snowy sails of the enemy; and their well-formed line—their many three-deckers, with all their ports triced up, and their decks glittering with the weapons of the troops and marines at their quarters—though formidable, was also grand; and our seamen could not but admire the beauty and splendour of the spectacle; and, in the full confidence of winning the battle, many of them were heard to say, "What a fine sight those ships will make at Spithead!"

According to Collingwood's despatch, "the enemy's line consisted of thirty-three ships, of which eighteen were French and fifteen Spanish." Admiral Villeneuve was in the *Bucentaure*, in the centre; and the *Prince of the Asturias* bore Gravina's flag, in the rear: but the French and Spanish ships were mixed without regard to nationality. With us, Nelson led the weather column, and Collingwood the lee.

Nelson's squadron steered two points more to the north than that of Collingwood, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz; the leeward line was therefore first engaged.

"See," cried Nelson, exultingly, pointing to the *Royal Sovereign*, as she cut through the enemy's line astern of the *Santa Anna*, a Spanish three-decker, and engaged her at the very muzzles of her guns, on the starboard side; "see how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!"

And at that moment it would seem that Admiral Collingwood was saying to his captain—

"Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here?"

After the *Victory* was engaged, the enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at her, till they saw that a shot had perforated her maintopgallant-sail, when they poured their broadsides at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her. Nelson, as usual, had many colours flying, lest one should be shot away. The enemy, however, never hoisted colours during the action, until they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike.

In the first heat of the action, Mr. Scott, Nelson's secretary, was killed by a cannon-ball, while conversing with Captain Hardy. Captain Adair, of the Marines, who fell soon afterwards, attempted to remove the mangled body, but it had already attracted the notice of the admiral.

"Is that," said he, "poor Scott who is gone?"

Afterwards, when in conversation with Captain Hardy near the quarter-deck, while a shower of musket-balls, mingled with round and cross-bar shot, swept the poop, one of the latter missiles came across and killed eight marines. Captain Adair was then directed by him to distribute his men about the ship. In a few minutes after, a shot passed between Nelson and Hardy, drove some splinters about them, and bruised the foot of the latter. They mutually looked at each other; when Nelson, whom no peril could affect, said, with a smile—

"This work is too warm to last, Hardy."

The *Victory* now became totally shrouded in smoke, except at intervals when it partially dispersed; and, owing to the want of wind, was

surrounded by the ships of the enemy. Among these was the *Santissima Trinidad*, Nelson's "old acquaintance," as he used to call her, a gigantic four-decker, and towards her he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. By this time the latter had fifty of her men killed or wounded, her mizzen-topmast, her studding-sails, and all her booms had been shot away; without a shot having left her ports, till four minutes after twelve, when she opened fire on both sides, with all her guns at once.

the enemy, her tops were filled with riflemen, who maintained a murderous warfare, by picking off individuals, especially officers, in the intervals when the smoke cleared a little.

On the other side, Captain Harvey, in the old *Téméraire*, 98 guns, fell on board the luckless *Redoubtable*; but another ship of the enemy fell on board the *Téméraire*, "so that those four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way."

PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

As the enemy's line could not be broken without running foul of one of their ships, "Which shall I take, my lord?" asked Captain Hardy, to which Nelson replied—

"Take your choice, Hardy; it does not matter much."

The helm was then ported, and the *Victory* run with terrible force on board the *Redoubtable*, at the moment that her tiller-ropes were shot away. Seeing her coming, the crew of the French ship let fly a broadside from their lower-deck ports, and the instant after closed and lashed them, for fear of being boarded between decks. She used them no more during the engagement, but her crew betook them to small-arms; and, like all the other ships of

This compelled the crew of the *Victory* to depress the guns of the middle and lower decks, and fire with lessened service of powder, lest their balls should pass through the *Redoubtable* and injure the *Téméraire* beyond. As there was great danger that the former ship might take fire from the lower-deck guns of the *Victory*, the muzzles of which touched her side when run out, the fireman of each gun stood by with a bucket of water, which he dashed into the hole made by the ball. From both sides of the *Victory* the cannonade was unremitting; her ... ying upon both the *Bucentaure* and the towering *Santissima Trinidad*.

... had the gallant and humane Nelson given orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, as he



AN INCIDENT AT NELSON'S FUNERAL (*see page* 334).

supposed that she had struck, because her guns were silent and she carried no ensign; and it was from this ship, which he twice spared, that he received his death-shot.

During the action *L'Achille*, a French seventy-four-gun ship, after having surrendered, by some mismanagement on the part of her own crew, took fire and blew up; only 200 of her men were saved by the tenders. A circumstance occurred during the action, says Admiral Collingwood, which strongly marks the invincible spirit of our seamen when engaging the enemies of their country. The *Téméraire* was, by accident or by design, boarded by the French on one side and the Spaniards on the other. The conflict was fierce and deadly; but in the end the combined ensigns were torn from her poop, and British colours re-hoisted in their place. Such a battle, continues the vice-admiral, could not be fought without sustaining a great loss of men. "I have not only to lament, in common with the British navy and the British nation, in the fall of the commander-in-chief, the loss of a hero whose name will be immortal, and his memory ever dear to his country; but my heart is rent with the most poignant grief for the death of a friend to whom, by many years of intimacy, and a perfect knowledge of the virtues of his mind, which inspired ideas superior to the common race of men, I was bound by the strongest ties of affection."

A ball fired from the mizzentop of the *Redoubtable*, only fifteen yards distant from where Nelson was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after nine, during the greatest heat of the action. It passed through the spine, and lodged in the muscles of the back on the right side. Nelson fell on his face, and on that part of the deck where there yet lay a pool of his secretary's blood; and Captain Hardy on turning round, saw three men—a marine sergeant and two sailors—raising him up.

"Hardy," said he, faintly, "they have done for me at last."

"I hope not," replied his old shipmate.

"Yes—my backbone is shot through."

As Sergeant Secker and others bore him down the ladder, he saw that the tiller-ropes had been shot away, and ordered new ones to be rove. He then covered his face and his stars with his handkerchief, that the crew, who loved him so well, might remain ignorant of his fate. Through the horrors of the cockpit, which was crowded by the wounded and the dying, he was borne with difficulty to a pallet in the midshipmen's berth, where it was soon discovered that the wound was mortal; and though aware, by the gush of blood every moment in his breast, that no human skill could avail him, he never lost his presence of mind for a moment. Nothing could be done to lessen his agony, and all his attendants could do was to fan him with paper and give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst; and there lay "the mighty Nelson," weaker than a child, with the roar of his last and greatest victory in his dying ear.

Great though his sufferings, he expressed much anxiety for the fate of the struggle. As ship after ship of the enemy's fleet struck her colours, the crew of the *Victory* cheered; and at every hearty hurrah, as it ran along the echoing decks, a gleam of joy came into his eyes. In much that followed, we cannot but quote Southey, whose authorities seem to have been Captain Blackwood, Stanier, Clarke, and M'Arthur.

He became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried—

"Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed—he must be dead!"

After more than an hour had elapsed, the captain came down, and Nelson pressed his hand in silence, and then said—

"Well, Hardy, how goes the day with us?"

"Very well," replied Hardy, striving to repress his emotion; "ten ships have struck; but five of the van show an intention of bearing down on the *Victory*."

"I hope none of our ships have struck."

"There is no fear of that," was the confident reply.

"I am a dead man, Hardy—I am going fast—it will all be over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me."

With a bursting heart Hardy returned to the deck, where, amid the smoke, the wild work of carnage went on. Upon Dr. Beatty asking the sufferer if his pain was great—

"So great that I wish I was dead," said he; and then added, in a lower voice, "Yet one would like to live a little longer, too!"

In fifty minutes more, Hardy returned, and taking the clammy hand of his old friend and commander, congratulated him on obtaining a complete victory, and that some fifteen of the enemy had struck.

"That is well!" exclaimed Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." Then, with something of his old voice of authority, he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor!" for he knew that the fleet would be in some peril, many of the ships being shattered, dismasted, and near the shoals of Trafalgar. Hardy

hinted that the vice-admiral would now take upon him to give orders.

"Not while I live—do you anchor!" As Hardy turned to leave, he called him back, and desired that his body—unless the King wished otherwise—might be laid by the side of his parents. He then asked Hardy to kiss him; and kneeling down, the captain kissed him on the forehead.

"Who is that?" he asked, for his only remaining eye was dim now.

"It is Hardy, my lord."

"God bless you, Hardy! I wish I had not left the deck. I shall soon be gone!"

His voice then became inarticulate, and after a feeble struggle these last words were heard distinctly.

"I have done my duty—I praise God for it!"

He then turned his face towards Mr. Burke, and at thirty minutes past four expired.

Meanwhile, terribly had the strife been waged above where his shattered body lay; and it was not long before there were only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizzentop of the *Redoubtable.* One of these was the man who had fired the fatal shot. An old quartermaster, who saw him fire, recognised him by portions of his dress—a white frock, and a glazed cocked hat. The quartermaster and two midshipmen (Collingwood and Pollard) were the only persons left alive on the poop of the *Victory.* The last two continued to fire shot after shot at the top, while the former supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, when attempting to escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and tumbled like a bloody heap on the poop. The other came forward to fire again.

"That is he!" cried the old quartermaster. "That is he!"

Both the middies then fired together, and the slayer of Nelson fell dead in the top. One ball lodged in his head, and the other in his breast.

Twenty minutes after the fatal shot had been fired, the *Redoubtable* was the prize of the *Victory;* but she afterwards sank, when in tow of the *Swiftsure.* Our two ships the *Prince* and *Neptune* afterwards sunk the *Santissima Trinidad.* Some of the Spanish ships fought with great bravery. The *Argonauta* and *Bahama* were defended till they had each lost 400 men; the *San Juan Nepomuceno* lost 350. Five of our ships were engaged muzzle to muzzle with five of the French. In all five the Frenchmen deserted their guns, and shut their lower-deck ports; while our men continued resolutely to fire and reload, till they made the victory secure. . . .

The sound of the last cannon that had reached the dying ear of Nelson were those fired by the flying van of the enemy, from ships under Admiral Dumanoir. In their flight, they fired not only into the *Victory* and *Royal Sovereign* as they passed; but, with a cruelty that was infamous, poured their broadsides into our Spanish prizes, actually laying their topsails to the mast that they might point with greater precision. "The indignation of the Spaniards at this detestable cruelty from their allies, for whom they had fought so bravely and bled so profusely, may well be conceived."

Our total loss in this battle, which took its name from the low sandy cape on the south-west coast of Andalusia, was estimated at 1,587 of all ranks. That of the enemy, which was never revealed by Bonaparte, has been stated by some at nearly 16,000, including many officers of high rank. Twenty of the enemy struck to us; but it was not possible to anchor, as Nelson had enjoined. A gale came on from the south-west. Some of the battered prizes went down, some drifted on the lee shore, one escaped to Cadiz, others were destroyed by order of Lord Collingwood. Only four were saved. Among the prisoners was Admiral Villeneuve, who, when released, is said to have destroyed himself when on his way to Paris.

According to an anecdote which appeared in the London papers for October, 1872, an old marine of the *Bellerophon,* who was then alive at Charlesbury Tring, when asked by the incumbent of his parish how soon the fleet knew of Nelson's death, related it thus:—

"We were lying pretty close to the *Victory,* and about four or five o'clock, I think, in the evening, we saw the admiral's flag half-mast high; and then we knew too well what had happened. Besides, soon after the action, we had a batch of French prisoners sent on board of us; and as they passed along the deck they mocked and jeered, and pointing with the thumb over the shoulder at the admiral's flag, cried—

"'Ah, where your Nelson—where your Nelson now?'"

As an example of the grand and pious spirit which animated our officers and seamen, we may be pardoned when quoting the General Order issued by Vice-Admiral Collingwood to our victorious fleet, and given on board the *Euryalus,* off Cape Trafalgar, on the 22nd of October:—

"The Almighty God, whose arm is strength, having of His great mercy been pleased to crown the exertions of His Majesty's fleet with success, in giving them a complete victory over their enemies on the 21st of this month; and that all

praise and thanksgiving may be offered up to the Throne of Grace, for the great benefits to our country and mankind:

"I have thought proper that a day should be appointed of general humiliation before God, and thanksgiving for this His merciful goodness; imploring forgiveness of sins, a continuation of His divine mercy, and His constant aid to us in defence of our country's liberties and laws, without which the utmost efforts of men are nought; and direct therefore that (date blank) be appointed for this holy purpose.

"C. COLLINGWOOD, *Vice-Admiral.*"

To describe the sorrow of the entire nation for the fall of Nelson is superfluous here. Suffice to say that a public funeral was decreed, and a public monument; while statues and memorials sprung up in every city of England and Scotland. The leaden coffin in which he was brought home was cut in small pieces and distributed as relics.

At his interment in the crypt of St. Paul's, when his flag was about to be lowered into the grave with him, the sailors who formed the most interesting feature of that solemn ceremony, and who had so often seen it waving amid the smoke of battle, simultaneously and with one accord rent it to shreds, that each might preserve a fragment of it as long as he lived.

His uniform, with its orders on the breast, and the epaulette, left as it was, shattered by the fatal shot, his white vest stained with his blood, his drinking glass, and the glass of Lady Hamilton, with his watch, and other mementoes of him, are preserved in the Great Hall of Greenwich Hospital.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE; BUENOS AYRES, 1806.

In the close of 1805, an expedition was planned against the Cape of Good Hope, which we had formerly possessed for a time, but had given back to the Dutch after the Treaty of Amiens.

A squadron of ships, under Captain Sir Home Popham, sailed from Britain on this service, having on board 5,000 infantry and a few cavalry, under the command of Sir David Baird, the hero of Seringapatam. The corps employed were the following:—28th Light Dragoons, Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, 24th Foot, 38th Foot, 59th Foot, 71st Highlanders, 72nd Highlanders, 83rd Foot, 93rd Highlanders, and the Staff Corps.

The three Scottish regiments formed one Highland brigade, under General Fergusson.

The fleet consisted of five ships of the line, two frigates, nineteen sail of East Indiamen, two whalers, and sixty transports. After putting into St. Salvador for water and refreshment, in November, they sailed on the 26th of that month for the Cape of Good Hope.

Previous to detailing the final capture of this most valuable colony, it may be related that on the Prince of Orange becoming an exile in Britain, he furnished letters authorising our Government to seize, take possession of, and to hold the Cape Colony in his name. Many of the colonists had, in the meantime, adopted French Republican principles, and were clamorous to declare themselves a free state. Lists were prepared of those who were to be consigned to the guillotine, or banished; and the slaves, then more numerous than the whites, even held secret meetings, to decide upon the fate of the free burghers when the hour to strike should come.

All these plans were suddenly disconcerted when an armament, under Admiral Sir G. K. Elphinstone and Major-General Craig, came to take possession of the colony, with the Marines and 78th Highlanders, who defeated the Dutch troops, and in two days took the whole place, and held it till it was restored, in 1802, to the United Provinces, which had taken the name of the Batavian Republic.

The new armament, on the 3rd of January, 1806, made the Table Land, and on the 4th anchored to the westward of Robbin Island, which lies at the entrance of Table Bay.

On the following day the troops were all in the boats and prepared to land; but the surf ran so high as to prevent their approaching the shore. A landing was ultimately effected at Lospard's Bay; but there thirty-six of the 93rd Highlanders were drowned by the upsetting of a boat, though great skill [illegible] seamanship were displayed by the officers of the [illegible]ron.

[illegible]ne body of troops was sent round to Saldanha Bay, under the command of Brigadier-General Beresford, escorted by the *Diomede.* The Dutch troops, 5,000 strong, with twenty-three pieces of cannon, under Lieutenant-General Janssens, were in

possession of the serrated heights named the Blaw Berg, or Blue Mountains; and against this post Sir David's whole force moved, with two howitzers and six field-pieces.

The fire of the enemy's sharpshooters from the heights is said to have been "perfectly harmless."

On closing up into the mountains, between which and the shore there extends a level sandy area, the enemy were seen formed in two lines, with some cavalry, and their cannon horsed.

The Dutch troops fired as the Highland brigade came quickly up, and there fell killed and wounded 113 of the 71st and 72nd, among the latter being Colonels Campbell and Colquhoun Grant; but ere the enemy could reload, their "formidable array was almost instantly borne down by the impetuosity of our troops, headed by Brigadier-General Fergusson. The charge of our infantry was irresistible, and the enemy fled with precipitation, losing in action about 700 men. "Our army," continues Captain Brenton, in his "Naval History," "with all its valour, would have been deplorably situated but for the exertions of Sir Home Popham and Captain Byng (now Lord Torrington), who commanded the Marine brigade. By these officers their supplies were forwarded in defiance of every obstacle—of surf, burning sands, and privation of water."

General Janssens made a precipitate retreat. Our total loss was only 15 killed and 190 wounded. Beresford's brigade was too late to share in the action, and the whole brunt of it fell on Fergusson's corps. The battering-train not having as yet been landed, Sir David Baird took up a position on the Salt River, to await its arrival.

While there a flag of truce from the enemy came in, announcing a desire to capitulate. Negotiations ensued between the two commanders, conducted by Brigadier (afterwards Lord) Beresford; and on the 18th of January the colony was finally surrendered to the British Crown, and it has been finally retained as an integral portion of the empire.

In the Articles of Capitulation, it was stipulated that a battalion of Hottentot infantry in the Dutch service should march to Simon's Town, with the other Batavian troops, after which they should be allowed to return to their country or to engage in the British service, as they might feel inclined. A number of them tendering their services, they were formed into a corps at Wynberg, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Graham; and thus originated, after they were horsed, the regiment of Cape Mounted Riflemen, so useful in future conflicts with the Caffres.

Captain Hugh Downham, R.N., who had made himself very active in conducting the landing operations, was dispatched to London to announce the conquest of the colony.

While Sir Home Popham was lying in Table Bay with his squadron, a French frigate was seen to stand deliberately in, her captain and crew being quite ignorant that the whole place had so suddenly changed masters; while, the further to blind them, the forts and shipping still displayed Dutch colours.

At noon she passed within hail of H.M.S. *Diadem:* when Sir Home, having the *Raisonnable*, 64 guns, and the *Narcissus* outside of him, suddenly ran up British colours, and summoned the astonished Frenchman to strike, which he felt himself compelled, with deep mortification, to do, and without daring to fire a shot.

She proved to be *La Volontaire*, one of the enemy's largest class frigates, mounting forty-six guns, with 360 men on board. In her were recaptured a detachment, consisting of 217 men, of the 54th West Norfolk Regiment, which she had taken in transports in the Bay of Biscay.

Buenos Ayres.

The invasion of the Spanish settlements on the Rio de la Plata, in this year, may be deemed as the beginning of a new era in the history of the South American continent, and to have given a new turn and character to the politics of Europe; while it seemed to open a new source of commerce to our merchants, who were then debarred from direct intercourse with their neighbours; while, at the same time, it appeared to threaten the utter ruin of Spain by the appropriation of the treasures which for generations she had drawn from the mines in Peru and Mexico. This great enterprise, which was undertaken by Captain Sir Home Popham without any orders from London, and solely on his own individual responsibility, caused very singular and contradictory sensations; but "from the moment the British flag was seen to wave on the forts of a Spanish colony, its entire separation from the mother country was decreed, and it was not long before the flame of liberty spread from La Plata to Florida, and from Valparaiso to Mexico."

Our newly-acquired colony, the Cape, was scarcely well secured or settled under our flag, when Sir Home Popham, collecting all the forces, both naval and military, which could be spared from it, and taking on board Major-General Beresford, sailed to St. Helena, where he expected an addition to his force, which consisted of only the 71st Highlanders, a foreign detachment from the Cape, 200 men from St. Helena, and a party of the Royal Artillery.

On the 8th of June, Cape St. Mary, on the coast of South America, came in sight. Sir Home Popham had preceded the squadron some days, in the *Narcissus*, frigate. On that day the expedition anchored near the isle of Flores; on the following day it passed Monte Video, and on the 10th proceeded to the south side of the river on which Buenos Ayres is situated—the magnificent Rio de la Plata, or "River of Silver," as it was named by Cabot, its discoverer. Sir Home then estimated the inhabitants of the city at 70,000 souls. The streets open at right angles to the river. Beyond them the enclosed fields are immense plains, covered with constant verdure, and filled with innumerable herds of oxen, horses, and sheep. Beheld from the inner anchorage, the domes of La Merced, and the spires of the churches of San Francisco, San Juan, and of the cathedral, seemed to rise from the blue water-line into the bluer sky. There is no background to the picture of Buenos Ayres.

The river is remarkably shallow, the shoals extending so far from its banks as to render the approach impracticable for large ships and perilous for small ones. With the single battalion of Highlanders, the two detachments, and the Marines, an attack was at once resolved on.

The transports and lesser vessels approached with the troops and artillery; the ships of the line, *Diadem* and *Raisonnable*, with the *Diomede*, 44 guns, being ordered by the commodore to cruise in the meanwhile off Maldonado and the mouth of the river—the water admitting not even the *Narcissus*, frigate, nearer the shore than twelve miles.

On the 25th of June, the expedition came to anchor off Point Quelmy à Ponichiou, where the troops landed in the evening without opposition, accompanied by a body of the Royal Marines, under the command of Captain William King, of the *Diadem;* the whole force making only 1,400 men.

General Beresford now found the enemy posted behind a morass, at the village of Reduccion, two miles distant from the beach. He continued to advance until the guns become embedded in the marshy soil; and the Spaniards, who had foreseen this difficulty, at once opened fire. They occupied the brow of an eminence, whence they could with ease count every file that was coming against them.

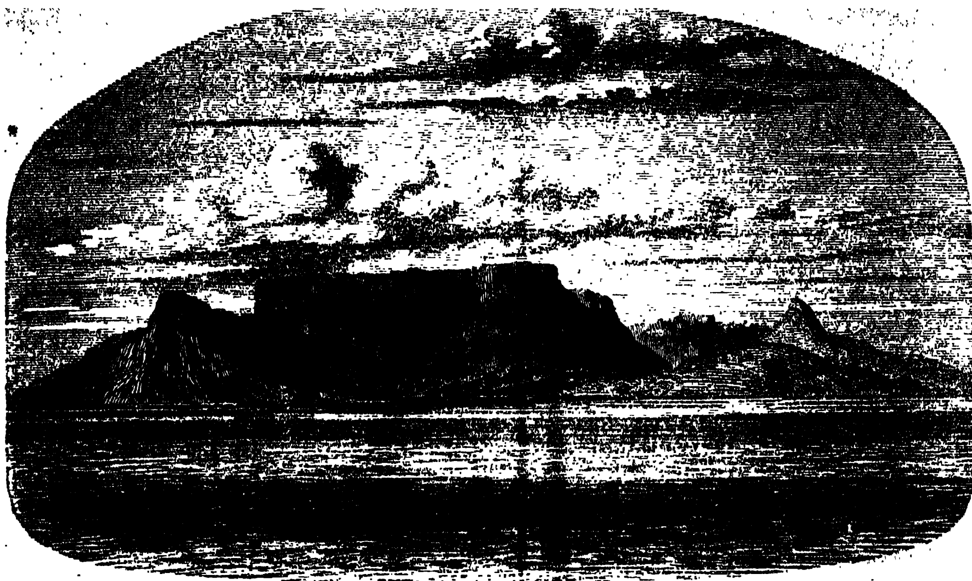


TABLE BAY, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Finding that the artillery could not be got to the front, the brave Beresford resolved to advance without it. The 71st advanced, firing, up the acclivity; and though the Spanish infantry were flanked by 2,000 cavalry, the whole gave way after firing a few shots, by which a captain, a sergeant, and five Highlanders were wounded. Abandoning four pieces of cannon, the enemy fled direct to Buenos Ayres, pursued by our whole force.

Following up this first advantage, the passage of the Rio Chuelo was forced on the 27th, though the Spaniards had burned the wooden bridge to secure their retreat—a precaution which gave them very little respite.

On the 27th the wind blew so hard that no

intercourse could be kept up between the squadron and the troops; but on the following day the crews of the former hailed with cheers the appearance of the British colours on the walls of Buenos Ayres, which had actually yielded on capitulation to this mere handful of red-coats.

The governor had surrendered, giving up everything to the mercy of the captors, who generously restored to the owners all private property, which, in vessels on the river alone, amounted to one million and a half of dollars; while that taken belonging to the Spanish Government amounted to 1,291,323 dollars, in specie, bonds, ordnance, and stores.

But this vast capture was difficult to preserve. The Spaniards recovered from their first panic; and, encouraged by the insignificance of the force which had landed, began to collect in the neighbourhood about the beginning of August. The first body, consisting of 1,500 men, commanded by M. Pueyreddon, was attacked and dispersed by General Beresford, with a detachment of Highlanders and the St. Helena corps, who captured ten pieces of cannon with a most trivial loss.

M. Pueyreddon's force soon collected again, and he found himself sufficiently strong to march against the city, where he commenced active hostilities on the 10th of August, by cutting off a sergeant's guard. As his troops increased, on the 11th ours took shelter in the fort, and abandoned the city; but seeing no prospect of relief, and being cut off from all supplies and provisions, they were ultimately compelled by sheer necessity to capitulate.

The officers were permitted to walk about upon parole. The men were confined, but were kindly and generously treated by the Spaniards; and this state of things continued till the landing of Sir Samuel Achmuty's expedition at Montevideo occasioned more severe restrictions. The officers and soldiers were then removed into the interior, where they remained until the landing of General Whitelock's army, on whose capitulation they were restored to liberty, and embarked for Europe.



VIEW OF DANTZIC.

Prior to this, the news of the capture of Buenos Ayres was received with acclamations everywhere in Britain save at the Admiralty. Their Lordships were dissatisfied with the mode of its execution, and disapproved of the conduct of Sir Home Popham, in taking the forces from the Cape on his

own responsibility, and for assuming the rank of commodore with a captain under him. Rear-Admiral Stirling was sent out to supersede him at the Cape, where his orders had been to embark all the troops that could be spared, and send them on to India, under the convoy of the *Belliqueux*. For his disobedience to those orders, he was tried by court-martial at Plymouth, "and adjudged to be severely reprimanded."

"But for this sentence," says Captain Brenton, "no dependence could have been put on the continuance of any force in the place assigned to it."

CHAPTER LXXXII.

OFF SAN DOMINGO, 1806.

On the 31st of January, 1806, the *Kingfisher*, sloop-of-war, Captain Nathaniel Day Cochrane, was riding quietly at anchor in the Man-of-War Roads of Tortola, one of the Virgin Isles, in the West Indies, and was being painted inside and out, and having all her rigging blacked; when in the evening, while there was no appearance on sea or sky of her being disturbed for the rest of the night, which was closing in with tropical rapidity, and when there were only the sentries and watch on deck, on a sudden, the crew were startled by a boat sheering alongside, and an excited voice hailing—

"Ship ahoy! Are you a British man-of-war?"

The question was answered in the affirmative; and the boat was no sooner close to the side-ladder than the visitor announced himself as a member of the noted Scottish mercantile house of King and Co., at St. Thomas's, from whence he had rowed in that small craft, the distance of twenty miles, in hopes of finding one of our war-ships at Tortola, to announce that "a French squadron was at anchor in San Domingo Roads, taking in water and provisions."

The merchant was immediately ushered down to the captain's cabin, and promptly that officer gave the order to "Up anchor!" The *Kingfisher* was in all the confusion of a refit, yet her energetic captain, who was quite a youth, had her under weigh in ten minutes. The heavy dew had kept the paint on the vessel and the blacking on the rigging as wet as when first laid on; consequently, in securing tackles, weighing anchor, and making sail, the bones, and crew were, says a writer in the "United Service Magazine" for 1857, "unavoidably bedaubed with white, green, black, and red paint and tar; and by daylight the Kingfishers were transmogrified into spotted tigers."

Fortune favoured her brave and zealous captain. The wind was unexpectedly fair, and the *Kingfisher* ran with all sail set, and the white foam flying before her, towards St. Kitt's, where the British squadron was at anchor; but when within a few miles of it the breeze suddenly died away. As not a moment was to be lost, Captain Cochrane ordered the gig to be piped away, and in that frail craft he rowed to the squadron, then lying at anchor under the lee of Brimstone Hill, carrying the flag of Sir John Duckworth. He, too, lost not a moment in signalling to weigh.

The wind sprang up "from the eastward, and rattled the whole British squadron, with studding-sails aloft and alow, down to the *Kingfisher*, which was subsequently directed to lead the shipping through the Mona Passage."

On the 5th the admiral was joined by the *Magicienne*, "with a corroboration, from various vessels spoken, of the enemy's force, of ten sail of the line, with as many frigates and corvettes, being in these seas." At six o'clock next morning, when the city of San Domingo was in sight, the *Acasta* signalled, "The enemy in sight," to the great joy of the whole fleet, which bore down upon them in two divisions.

In the weather, were the *Superb*, *Northumberland*, and *Spencer*, seventy-fours, commanded respectively by Captain Keats, Rear-Admiral Sir A. Cochrane, and Captain the Hon. R. Stopford; with the *Agamemnon*, 64, under Sir Edward Berry.

In the lee were the *Canopus*, 80, Rear-Admiral Sir T. Louis, and the *Donegal* and *Atlas*, seventy-fours, Captains Pulteney Malcolm and Samuel Pym.

As the fleet bore down, some recollection of the battle of the Nile probably caused the French admiral to weigh anchor, for the purpose of giving battle under sail, if he could not effect his retreat without fighting.

The action was begun by Sir John Duckworth, in the *Superb*, approaching so fast that by ten a.m. he closed upon the bow of the *Alexandre*, a seventy-four, the leading ship, and opened a fire upon her.

This was so heavy, that after three broadsides had ripped up her hull she sheered off. The vice-admiral, supported by Rear-Admiral Cochrane, and Captains Stopford and Sir Edward Berry, composing the weather line, now boldly laid the *Superb* alongside the *Impériale*, 120 guns. Rear-Admiral Louis, in the *Canopus*, with the *Donegal* and *Atlas*, nobly seconded this spirited attack, which had now become general.

Captain Malcolm, after giving his passing broadsides to two of the French ships, ran with a crash on board the *Jupiter*, 74, receiving her bowsprit over the larboard quarter of the *Donegal*, to which she was speedily lashed and secured by the active hands of nearly a hundred exulting tars. Many now perished in both ships from the destructive fire of the small-arms; and many met a worse fate by falling overboard, and, by the heaving of the sea, being crushed horribly to death between the ships. The British fought with that skill which is the result of long practice, and with that exultant confidence which grows out of the long career of conquest. The French were equal to them in valour, but inferior in seamanship, and fought to escape rather than to capture.

The fire from their first-rate was well kept up. The main and mizzenmasts of the *Northumberland* were shot away as she lay alongside the *Impériale;* but the *Superb*, *Canopus*, *Atlas*, and *Agamemnon* were still engaged with that ship and the *Diomede*. By noon, this battle off San Domingo, which was one of the most splendid for the numbers engaged, had entirely terminated, with the loss or capture of all the enemy's ships of the line, their frigates alone escaping.

"At half-past eleven," says Sir John's despatch, dated February 7th, twelve leagues off San Domingo, "the French admiral, much shattered and completely beaten, hauled directly to the land, which was then barely a mile distant; at twenty minutes to twelve he ran helplessly on shore, with only his foremast standing, and it toppled overboard immediately after. At that moment the *Superb*, then in only seventeen fathoms' water, had to haul off to escape the same evil; and not long after the *Diomede*, eighty-four-gun ship, drifted ashore near her admiral, when all her masts went with a crash as if a forest were rended. And I think it my duty to my character and my country," says the admiral, "to add, from the information of Sir Edward Berry, the *Agamemnon* desisted from firing into her, from the captain taking off his hat and making every token of surrender, as Captain Dunn assures me that both her ensign and pennant were down: to comment on which I leave to the world. About fifty minutes after eleven the firing ceased; and upon the smoke clearing away, I found *Le Brave*, bearing a commodore's pennant, *L'Alexandre*, and *Le Jupiter* in our possession."

The total losses on board our squadron were 4 killed and 264 wounded. The greatest number of casualties were on board the *Northumberland* and *Donegal*, the smallest number on board the *Atlas*. When the action was over, Sir John Duckworth thus addressed young Captain Cochrane, of the *Kingfisher*, on the quarter-deck of the *Superb*.

"I thank you, sir, in this public manner, on the quarter-deck, for your having brought us to the French squadron, and enabled us to gain this glorious victory. I shall dispatch you home in consequence."

The despatches came home in the *Kingfisher*, and Cochrane was made post, as the reward of his zeal and diligence in the cause of the service.

As soon as the prisoners and wounded were removed from the *Impériale* and *Diomede*—the two ships on shore—they were set on fire by Captain Dunn and destroyed; a service most difficult to perform, as it was achieved amidst the most tremendous surf, when the boats were exposed to imminent danger of being upset, in water where sharks, already half gorged with the flesh of the slain, were gliding stealthily about.

Thus, says a writer, was a boat in conveying the intelligence, and the words, "Confound the paint! Up anchor!" the primary cause of the battle off San Domingo, and the capture or destruction of five sail of the line.

An imputation was cast by the admiral on Captain Henry, of the *Diomede*, for having run his ship on shore after surrendering. This was founded on an error, and was satisfactorily explained by Duckworth, in a subsequent letter from Port Royal. It appeared that when Captain Henry presented his sword to Captain Keats, the latter, on account of the reports against Captain Dunn, indignantly refused it. This excited the keenest sensations in the breast of Captain Henry.

He demanded a fuller explanation from the admiral commanding the fleet.

Upon reference to his officers and ship's company, and from other testimony that fully concurred with them, it was proved that his ensign was only shot away—not struck—and that the pennant was flying until the mainmast fell; and, consequently, that Captain Henry had fought and defended his ship as became an officer and a man of honour. Had this French squadron eluded the vigilance of Duckworth, the effect in the West Indies must have been serious.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

OFF THE GIRONDE, 1806.

In detailing the actions of single or isolated ships, those of the *Pallas*, 32 guns, or the *Impérieuse*, commanded by that most distinguished officer, Thomas, Lord Cochrane, afterwards tenth Earl of Dundonald, in the peerage of Scotland, and Rear-Admiral of the White, must ever stand pre-eminent.

The career of this young noble—for though he died at an old age, he was young at the time of which we write—had been marked by a series of brilliant actions, alike useful to his country and honourable to himself. "Their value," says a historian of the navy, "was always enhanced by the skill and judgment with which they were executed, and the effect of this is particularly observable on reference to his lists of killed and wounded; for no officer in the service ever attempted or succeeded in more arduous enterprises, with so little loss of life or limb to his men."

In his attacks on the enemy, "*Vigilans et Audax*" was entirely his precept.

Always before firing a shot, he personally took soundings and bearings, and carefully reconnoitred; passing whole nights in his boats under the batteries of the enemy, with spy-glass and sounding lead-line constantly at work. "Another principle with this officer," says Brenton, "was, never to allow his boats to be unprotected by his ship, if it were possible to lay her within reach of the object to be attacked. With the wind on shore, he would veer one of his boats in by a bass hawser (an Indian rope made of grass, which is so light as to float on the surface of the water); by this means he established a communication with the ship, and in case of a reverse or check, the boats were hove off by the capstan, while the people in them had only to attend to the use of their weapons."

In 1805, when the war with Spain was declared, Lord Cochrane was appointed to the *Pallas*, frigate, which he fitted out for sea and manned with a rapidity peculiarly his own, at a time when seamen were scarce, bounties high, and hands for other ships could rarely be procured; and after a cruise off the Western Islands, he returned to Plymouth with prizes the value of which was enormous.

In 1806, during the month of April, he was cruising in the Bay of Biscay, under the orders of Vice-Admiral Thornborough. There for a time the weeks passed slowly, and for days the look-out men at the mastheads were disappointed in their hopes of reporting a strange sail, the pursuit of which would relieve the monotony of the cruise.

Off the estuary of the Gironde, he obtained information of an enemy's corvette being at the mouth of that river; so after darkness closed on the evening of the 5th, he anchored close to the Tour de Cordouan, a well-known lighthouse, on a rocky islet at the mouth of the Garonne, where its lantern is no less than 207 feet above high water, and emits bright flashes of white alternated by red.

From thence he sent in his boats, the crews of which stole quietly alongside the corvette, swarmed up her chains sword in hand, and boldly cut her out, although she lay twenty miles above some intricate shoals, and under the shelter of two heavy batteries.

This brief but brilliant enterprise was conducted by Lieutenant Haswell, of the *Pallas*. But when the pharos in the islet died out and daylight came in, the flood tide found that brave officer still within the probability of re-capture, as another French corvette weighed, pursued, and brought him to action; but he beat her off, and ultimately escaped all chance of being taken by the rapidity with which he came down with the ebb tide. The prize which was so gallantly acquired and defended was called *La Tapageuse*, carrying fourteen long twelve-pounders and ninety-five men.

It chanced that, while a great proportion of the officers and crew were absent on this cutting-out expedition, Lord Cochrane perceived three vessels approaching. He instantly weighed, chased, and drove all on shore, where four went to pieces; and, with the loss of only three men, he furnished to Admiral Thornborough the following surprising result of this enterprise:—

Vessels taken:—*La Tapageuse*, 14 guns and 95 men; *La Pomone*, merchant brig; another burned; two *chasse marées*.

Vessels wrecked:—*La Malicieuse*, 18 guns; *L'Impériale*, 24 guns; *L'Impériale*, a ship, 22 guns; one *chasse marée*.

In the subsequent month of May, finding himself much annoyed by the telegraph-posts, which the French had established along the loftier parts of the coast to convey intelligence of his movements, he was determined to interrupt their means

of communication. Accordingly, with a party of seamen and marines in the frigate's boats—the former with their cutlasses belted about them, and with a pistol stuck in their girdles, or in a becket at the side of the boat, ready at hand; and the latter with their white belts over their oldest jackets for service—he pulled ashore, and, landing at Point de la Roche, he uprooted and destroyed the signal-post there; another he demolished at Caliola, and a third at Ance de Repos. The station-house he committed to the flames, and all the flags he carried off to the frigate. The batteries he destroyed; the guns he spiked, and threw all the shot and shell into the sea.

The battery and signal-post at L'Equillon shared the same fate.

After these exploits, the 14th of May saw the *Pallas* cruising off the isle of Aix, at the embouchure of the Charente, half-way between Oléron and the mainland. The fortifications were very strong, having been completely renewed after their demolition by Admiral Knowles, in 1757.

Here a frigate and three brigs, confident in their strength and number, came forth to engage the *Pallas*. A smart action ensued with this unequal force, under the very fire of their own batteries on Aix, while the *Pallas* worked to windward among the shoals of the Pertuis d'Antioche, a strait about six miles broad, which separates the isle of Rhé from that of Oléron, near the west coast of France; and there the fighting continued from half-past eleven a.m. until one o'clock.

By that time one of the brigs was a total wreck; and before it, Lord Cochrane, having skilfully worked his frigate between that of the enemy and the battery at Aix, he gave her a few vigorous broadsides, which completely silenced her fire, and then ran her on board. So terrible was the shock, that the clash of the metal was heard as the guns of the *Pallas* were driven in. She also carried away her fore and maintopsail-yards, bumpkin, cathead, chain-plates, fore rigging, and bower anchor, with which last it was Lord Cochrane's intention, as he says in his despatch, "to hook him."

Yet, with his ship thus wrecked aloft, he would have made an effort to carry the enemy by boarding; "but two more frigates being sent out by the admiral, the young hero retired to the offing to repair his damages, with the loss of only one man killed and two wounded."

Two months after, a singularly gallant exploit was performed in the Bay of Finisterre, by another naval officer. Captain Collier, with the *Minerva*, 32 guns, having the duty of watching the enemy between Ferrol and Vigo, sent his boats into the bay above named, under the command of Lieutenant William Howe Mulcaster, who landed with the seamen and marines, stormed a fort armed with eight heavy guns; carrying it with bayonet and boarding-pike before the guard could raise the drawbridge or fire a twelve-pounder which they had placed before the gate. Having spiked the guns, he then cut out five Spanish luggers, laden with wine for their fleet at Ferrol, and regained the *Minerva* without a man having suffered even a scratch.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

DANTZIC, 1806.

FLUSHED with many victories, the Free Confederation of the Hanse Towns became a prey to the rapacity of Napoleon; the shores of the Baltic, from Memel to Stralsund, were overrun by his armies; and Eastern and Western Prussia, with Denmark, its fleet, army, and arsenals, lay at his mercy. Russia and Sweden were still in our interest. The army of the latter was weakened by having to defend Stralsund, and the wreck of the Prussians after Jena were shut up in Konigsberg, Colbert, and Dantzic; while the French army, 200,000 strong, overran all Pomerania. Marshal Mortier had plundered Hamburg and Lubeck; other movements followed till the 18th of April, when an armistice for an indefinite period was agreed to between Sweden and the French troops, who, under Marshal Lefebre, renewed the siege of Dantzic, a place of great importance in every point of view.

Its defences consist of walls, ramparts, and wet ditches; it has four gates, nineteen bastions, and several redoubts. The suburbs—the greater part of which were burned during the siege in 1806—had the names of Old and New Scotland, Stolzenburg, and Hagelburg.

Seventy miles eastward of Dantzic is Konigs-

berg, on the river Pregel, also a place of importance. Its seaport is Pernou, where a harbour is formed for merchant shipping by a promontory and the long slender island of sand known as the Nährung, a tongue of land forming a deep gulf. The coast is shoal, and dangerous with northerly vinds. The remains of the Prussian army had drawn round Konigsberg; and Lord Hutchinson, attached to the staff of His Prussian Majesty, was with it.

Captain George Saunders, commanding the *Falcon*, a British sloop-of-war, was lying at Pernou; and the *Sally* and *Charles*, armed ships—the former commanded by Captain Edward Chetham—were off Dantzic.

The relief of the city had now become a most serious consideration; and it was agreed that General Kamenski, with four regiments of Cossacks and twenty pieces of cannon, should proceed thither. As this force, amounting to 7,000 men, required a number of transports for its conveyance, Lord Hutchinson requested Captain Saunders to hire vessels, as for the British Government, on the best terms he could. This measure was carried into effect at Pernou by this energetic young officer, who in less than a week succeeded in landing the whole force as near as possible to the scene of operations.



LORD COCHRANE.

The French were encamped on the western extremity of the long sandy island before the mouth of the Vistula, which it divides into two branches, one running to the south-east, towards Pernou, the other to the north-west, forming a basin called the Fair Water. There Captain Saunders landed the troops, and then joined Captain Chetham.



THE BATTLE OF MAIDA.

The French had strongly intrenched themselves at the point of the Nährung; and had, moreover, thrown a bridge across to the mainland, westward of the beleaguered city. By this means they effectually secured a communication with their own army on the mainland, while, at the same time, they cut off all supplies from Dantzic.*

The Prussians having now landed to the eastward of the enemy, General Kamenski determined to storm their works on the island; hence our naval officers represented to him that if he would delay the assault until the wind would enable them to place their ships so as to enfilade the bridge, the sequel would be a certain one. He completely disregarded this wise suggestion, and the first success of the Prussians seemed to justify him; but, as he had been foretold, the French continued to pour fresh masses of men across the bridge, and his troops were compelled to retreat with severe loss. The enemy also suffered severely.

In Dantzic, the situation of the garrison, under General Kalkreuth, and of the inhabitants, was fast becoming deplorable; and Captain Chetham resolved, if possible, to relieve them by driving the enemy from the Nährung. Finding that he could only bring one ship at a time into action against the bridge, he ordered Captain Clepham, in the *Charles*, to cruise before the port and cut off all the supplies of the enemy; while, to lighten his own ship as much as possible, he put all her stores on board of one named the *Falcon*.

He then took with him Captain Saunders, and most of the officers and crew of that ship, to reinforce his own, and advancing boldly towards the redoubts of the enemy, hove her through the shoal water of the sluices; a movement which the governor and garrison of Dantzic beheld with admiration, deeming it a glorious act of devotion to a cause in which the emissaries of Napoleon had represented the British as being very lukewarm.

The *Sally* was now within pistol-shot of the enemy's works; and at half-past six in the evening she opened fire on them, and a furious action began. The French troops, 2,000 strong, with three pieces of cannon, sheltered by field-works and old houses, engaged her on the right; while on the left bank was a small battery, called the Legane, supported also by another body of infantry.

In this most unequal conflict, the larboard guns of the *Sally* were nearly all disabled; and as the current ran too strong to permit the starboard guns being brought to bear, Captain Chetham was forced to abandon his exposed position, and drop down again into the Fair Water, with his first lieutenant and half his crew *hors de combat.* "Some idea may be formed of the nature of the combat," says a writer, "when we assert, from ocular demonstration, that the larboard side of the *Sally* contained musket-balls too numerous to be counted."

The loss of the enemy was computed at about 500 men.

Although to a certain extent defeated, the conduct and bravery of the British officers and men drew the highest praise and gratitude from General Kalkreuth and all in Dantzic. Captain Chetham was immediately promoted, and all the other commanders subsequently attained the rank of post-captain.

The next attempt to relieve the city was made by Captain Christopher Strachey, in a praam sloop-of-war, named the *Dauntless*, which had on board 600 barrels of gunpowder for the garrison. Firing briskly on the enemy as he proceeded, he ran boldly up the Vistula, with all his studding-sails set, before a fair wind; but suddenly it veered round, became most unfavourable, and he was compelled "to break round off, as there was no room to work his ship."

The fire of the enemy upon her was very severe, and she was forced ashore on the long sandy Nährung, within half musket-range of the enemy's batteries; so the *Dauntless*, as resistance was useless, with her valuable stores, became a prize to the French, in sight, and almost within gun-shot, of the mortified and disappointed garrison.

In consequence of its distresses, the fortress was compelled to surrender on the 26th of May, to Marshal Lefebre, whom the emperor in consequence created Duke of Dantzic. The battle of Friedland was fought on the 14th of June; the Russians retreated, and hence Konigsberg and Elbing fell into the hands of the enemy, with an immense quantity of ordnance stores, and 160,000 stand of arms which had been recently sent out by Britain.

The Peace of Tilsit soon followed the fall of Dantzic and other disasters.

Russia, like Austria, became the friend of France; and it seemed as if ere long the little isle of Britain would have to contend with half the world in arms. But the magnanimous King of Sweden refused to listen to any overtures of a pacific nature, nor would he ratify the armistice we have mentioned beyond ten days.

His navy blockaded every Baltic port which the French had entered; but Marshal Brune attacked him in Stralsund, and compelled him to evacuate that place.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

MAIDA, 1806.

In 1806, and for long after, sergeants, in addition to a sword, still carried the half-pike of ancient days; the duty of one being to cover the officer leading the company when charging in line. The weight borne by our soldiers on the march varied from seventy-five to eighty pounds. This included the knapsack and kit complete; great-coat and blanket; arms (old pattern), with flint; accoutrements, sixty rounds of ball cartridge, cap, and clothing; three days' provisions; share of camp-kettle and bill-hook, canteen, and havre-sack. The exact weight of each item will be found in a Note to Sir W. Knollys' Translation of "Fezensac's Campaign."

The pigtails, which had been shortened to seven inches, according to Regulation, in 1804, were doomed to be cut off in 1808; though some of our fusilier regiments retained the black silk flash till the Crimean War. It was stitched to the back of the collar.

In 1806 the gay hussar uniform was first introduced in our service, when it was assumed by the 7th and 10th Regiments of Light Dragoons. According to "Elliott's Travels," it is the national costume of Hungary (as worn in the old fashion, with the pelisse dangling from the left shoulder), and is derived from the word *huss*, signifying "twenty;" the appellation of *Hussar* being given to those regiments which were formed by taking one picked man out of every twenty to act as a soldier. Hussars were known in the French service so far back as 1692, and owed their origin to the Hungarian cavalry enrolled by Cardinal Richelieu about 1635; and for which, in one of his letters, he says that he hopes the Scottish camp-marshal, Hepburn, will find him "a better name."

Among other military changes of those days was the extension of the services of the Militia to every part of the British Isles. This took place in the year 1797; and the first English regiment of Militia that ever entered Scotland was the Shropshire, under Lord Clive, in the September of that year.

The year 1806 was marked by a British campaign among the wilds of Calabria.

Napoleon, after crushing the power of Austria at Austerlitz, and humbling all Prussia in one day at Jena, issued his decrees from Berlin, ordering that the British Islands should be strictly blockaded, and that all the ports of Europe should be shut against British vessels. He had already begun to fill the thrones of Europe with his kinsmen; and for his brother Joseph, and afterwards his brother-in-law, Murat, he selected that of Naples, declaring that the reigning dynasty had forfeited the crown by permitting Russian and British troops to land on Neapolitan soil. Massena occupied the country; while King Ferdinand and his family fled to Sicily, where they resided under the protection of a British army of occupation.

In March, 1806, Napoleon named his brother Joseph King of Naples, and settled the hereditary royalty on his male descendants; but in no part of Naples was this new authority so vigorously, successfully, and even savagely resisted as by the wild and half-lawless mountaineers of Calabria, who, under the vacillating Cardinal Ruffo, remained perpetually in arms, even after he became a Bonapartist. To aid these, and to make a diversion against France in that part of Europe, it was resolved to detach a portion of our army from Sicily; accordingly, on the 30th of June, 1806, the transports which brought this force came to anchor off the coast of Italy, in the Bay of St. Eufemio, a little to the southward of the town so named.

The troops, under the command of Major-General Sir John Stuart (afterwards Count of Maida—a Scottish officer, who had been educated at Westminster School), consisted of the 27th Inniskillings, 58th, 78th or Ross-shire Highlanders, and the 81st, a corps raised in 1793; the Royal Sicilian Volunteers, the Corsican Rangers, and the Regiment of Sir Louis de Watteville—a foreign battalion, reduced after Waterloo. Then there were two provisional battalions, formed of grenadiers and light companies detached from our corps in Sicily.

This body of troops, which mustered only 4,795 rank and file, was absurdly small for the great object in view—the assistance of the Neapolitans who were in arms against the usurper Joseph Bonaparte, whom a numerous French army supported.

As our expedition anchored, the tricolour was hoisted on the Castle of St. Amanthea, a little tower to the northward of the bay. It stands on a steep rock, and was well garrisoned by the enemy, who contented themselves by simply firing the evening gun. The wars and ravages which fol-

lowed the French Revolution and invasion under Massena had greatly barbarised that end of Italy; the whole land teemed with half lawless soldiers, savage banditti, and starving peasantry.

On the 1st of July, an hour before daybreak, the troops were all on deck and under arms. Sir John Stuart's orders were that they were to land with the utmost silence and expedition, that they might avoid annoyance from the light guns of the French, who occupied the whole peninsula, from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic.

All the boats of the naval part of the expedition were speedily filled with the troops in heavy marching order, the baggage, cannon, tumbrils, miners' tools, and military stores, wherewith to clothe and arm those Calabrese whom we expected to join us. The last boat had barely landed its freight, when the impatient and ardent Sir Sidney Smith, who commanded the fleet, fired a gun as a signal for the frigates and gun-boats to attack the Castle of St. Amanthea, against which operations from the seaward commenced forthwith, and which he speedily reduced, with the capture of 400 prisoners.

The nine battalions of infantry were formed at once in close column; while the brigade of artillery, under Major Lemoine, traced the horses to their eleven field-pieces and two howitzers. Three companies of the Corsican Rangers were then sent forward in skirmishing order, "to feel" the country, and watch among the thickets and rocks for the glitter of French steel.

The march inland began, and soon great numbers of the peasantry came crowding about the British troops, with cries of welcome, mingled with others, such as "Long live Ferdinand of Bourbon!" "Long Live our Holy Faith!" The march had not continued far, however, till a volley of musketry from a dark wood in front brought a number of Corsican Rangers to the ground; and the rest were about to fly, when a detachment of our troops, led by a tall and powerful officer, Colonel (afterwards Sir John) Oswald, dashed into the ambush with the bayonet, took 200 of the French 23rd prisoners, and put the rest to rout. Through the great forest of St. Eufemio, the march was continued along the highway towards Maida, a skirmishing fire being maintained the whole way, till a position was taken up on advantageous ground.

At this point an intrenched camp was formed; as General Stuart expected to be joined by some of the still feudal nobility of Naples, and to learn some certain intelligence of the enemy, a great force of whom lay at Reggio, under General Regnier.

Sir John Stuart issued a printed manifesto to the Neapolitans, inviting them to rise in arms and throw off the French yoke, promising them protection for their persons, religion, and laws; offering weapons to the loyal, and a free pardon to all whom bribes or terror had seduced into adherence to Joseph Bonaparte. By this means a Calabrian Free Corps was formed, and, as soon as it was organised, Sir John broke up from his camp and marched to attack General Regnier; who, having been apprised of the expedition, was advancing with all speed from Reggio, calling in his detached corps by the way.

Four companies of De Watteville's Regiment were left to protect the stores and a field-work formed by a Sicilian engineer; and on the 4th our troops pushed on in three brigades, which, together with the advance, under Colonel Kemp, and a reserve of artillery with four six-pounders and two howitzers, under Major Lemoine, made barely 5,000 men of all ranks, exclusive of the Free Corps. By this time the general had sure tidings that Regnier, with a body of cavalry, 4,000 infantry, and four pieces of cannon, had taken up a position near Maida, a town ten miles distant; while another corps, consisting of three regiments, was hurrying on to join him—so to prevent this junction was the first object of the British leader.

The morning of the battle which ensued (the 4th of July) was considered one of remarkable beauty, even for Italy; and as our troops advanced, those of France were seen encamped below Maida, a little but well-built town, which stands on a well-wooded height, which is insulated or detached from the hills that face Nicastro, and slopes into the plain of St. Eufemio. A river named the Amato, which, though fordable, has banks that are muddy and marshy, ran along the front of the French line; the flanks of which were protected by thick impervious underwood and laurel groves, that were filled with scattered *tirailleurs*. By the time, however, that Stuart came in sight of Maida, Monteleone's three regiments were seen moving into position on the right of General Regnier, who thus found himself at the head of at least 8,000 bayonets.

Stuart had little more than half that number, even after he was joined by the 20th Foot, exclusive of the Free Calabrese, on whom he could not depend, and consequently he formed them as a corps of reserve. Marching parallel with the seashore, in close columns of sub-divisions, Stuart nearly succeeded in turning the left flank of Regnier; to whom all the movements of the British were distinct, as they were made in an open plain, with

the morning sun shining on their ranks and glittering arms. Had he remained in his position on the hill of Maida, our troops would soon have turned it altogether, and thus placed him between them and the sea, where Sir Sidney Smith's squadron lay. The movement was undoubtedly one of peril, for if defeated, Stuart's retreat was completely cut off; and, from the number of the French, and the great natural strength of their position, the success of an attack was extremely doubtful. It is unknown whether Regnier feared to be outflanked, or was encouraged by having a superior force to begin an attack; but he crossed the Amato by fords, and advanced in order of battle into the open plain, where his dragoons—a force of which Stuart was quite deficient—could act with proper effect.

The lines were very near each other, but as yet not a shot had been fired. The French marched forward steadily in line, with their colours flying and bands playing. By sound of trumpet they were halted, and at the head of his staff, General Regnier was seen to gallop from the right flank to the left. On this the British columns at once deployed into line. The little brigade of artillery unlimbered on a green knoll, and the light infantry, under Colonel Kemp, went forward in extended order, to keep the advancing *tirailleurs* in check.

Escorted by fifty dragoons, with their sabres and brass helmets flashing in the sun, General Regnier was now returning along his line to the right flank, when our first gun—said to be fired by Major Lemoine in person—took effect on the group, and a rider and his horse were left in a dark heap behind, while the rest rode more swiftly away. The range being thus ascertained, the cannonade began with shot and shell on both sides, and was continued throughout the action without cessation.

The skirmishers in front were hotly engaged. The Sicilian Volunteers, the Corsicans, and the battalion of light companies filled all the tufts of laurel bushes along the front with white smoke, as they sought cover behind them, while the French sharpshooters blazed at them with equal spirit; till on both sides they were drawn in by sound of bugle, and, as the lines drew nearer, a closer and more general action began over the contested ground, already dotted grimly by the dead and writhing wounded.

Colonel Kemp led the right wing, which consisted of the light battalion, the Regiment of Sir Louis de Watteville, and 150 picked men of the 35th or Royal Sussex Regiment, under Major Robinson. To them was opposed the 1st Regiment of French Light Infantry, clad in green, a favourite corps of the Emperor, into whose ranks they poured a deadly fire, at one hundred yards' distance. On their left was the brigade of General Acland, composed of the 78th Highlanders, with the 58th, under the future Sir John Oswald, Bart., of Dunnikier, an officer who had served with the greatest distinction in Holland and the West Indies.

Our left was formed by a provisional battalion of grenadiers, selected from the regiments in Sicily, and the 27th Foot. Such was the disposition of our slender force when engaging a far superior one under Regnier. Sir Sidney Smith by this time had taken up a position with his frigates and gun-boats to co-operate with us, if circumstances favoured; but the hero of Acre could yield Stuart no assistance, though the firing could be heard in the ulf of St. Eufemio.

Colonel Patrick Macleod, of Geanies—a gallant officer, who afterwards fell in action—led a bayonet charge of the Highlanders, who, inspired by the sound of the pipes, flung themselves with their characteristic impetuosity upon the columns of the enemy. The corps opposed more immediately to them was the 42nd Regiment of Imperial Grenadiers, led by a distinguished French officer, on whom Napoleon had bestowed the Italian title of Marchese di Monteleone. Sword in hand, he did all that a brave man could do to keep his soldiers firm; but the tremendous weight of the Highland charge bore them back in disorder. Broken and overwhelmed, this disorder speedily became a confused flight; and they were pursued with slaughter by the Highlanders, till the latter were so far in advance of the whole line that Sir John Stuart sent an aide-de-camp with orders for them to halt and re-form, lest Regnier's cavalry might cut them off. At the moment the orders were delivered to Macleod he was incapable of speech, and was stooping from his horse on the shoulder of a sergeant of his regiment. A rifle ball had passed through his breast, within an inch of the heart, inflicting a painful and perilous wound; yet he never quitted his saddle, or the field, but remained at the head of his Buffs during the remainder of the battle, and the long pursuit that followed it.

The light infantry, under Kemp, were now within a few yards of the French, and the close and destructive fire they had been exchanging was suspended, as the general stated in his despatch, "as if by mutual agreement, and in close, compact order, and with awful silence, they advanced towards each other, till the bayonets began to cross. At this momentous crisis the enemy became appalled; they broke and endeavoured to fly, but

it was too late. They were overtaken, with most dreadful slaughter."

Prior to charging, the British flung aside their greatcoats, blankets, and other impediments, that they might act with greater freedom.

As if to complete more fully what Kemp's corps had begun, Acland came on with the 78th and 81st, shoulder to shoulder, with bayonets levelled, the rear-rank men bringing their muskets from the "port" to the "charge," and closing up when gaps were made in front; in aspect strangely cool, compact, and resolute; their advance through the smoke, and over heaps of dead and dying, so utterly discomfited the enemy, that the whole left wing gave way, and fled in confusion over the plain of St. Eufemio. In their wild haste they missed the fords; thus hundreds of them were drowned in the Amato, which became tinged in many places with the blood of those who stuck fast in the mud, or were entangled among the sedges and shrubs on its banks, and there perished miserably under the bayonets or bullets of the victors.

At the head of 300 dragoons, a gallant French officer made a rash and vain attempt, if not to retrieve the honour of France, to do something by way of revenge. Advancing suddenly through the smoke with his two squadrons, he thought to turn the left of the 81st, and capture the field-pieces, which were posted between that regiment and the 78th, but the steady fire of the latter made them recoil obliquely; while suddenly the whole 20th or Devonshire Regiment, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Ross, started up from an ambush of thick shrubbery, where the battalion had taken up a position, unknown to their comrades, amid the smoke and confusion of the strife, and by a sudden and terrible flank fire nearly destroyed the French dragoons, thus completely foiling their attempt upon the cannon.



VIEW OF MAIDA.

The 20th had landed that morning from Messina, and came up with our army when the battle was at its hottest; and Colonel Ross, on perceiving the movement of the cavalry, threw his battalion into the thicket from whence their fire performed such signal service. Only one man of the 20th fell, Captain Malcolm M'Lean (son of Gilian M'Lean, of Scallecastle), a veteran officer who had served in Egypt.

When Regnier's line of battle gave way before

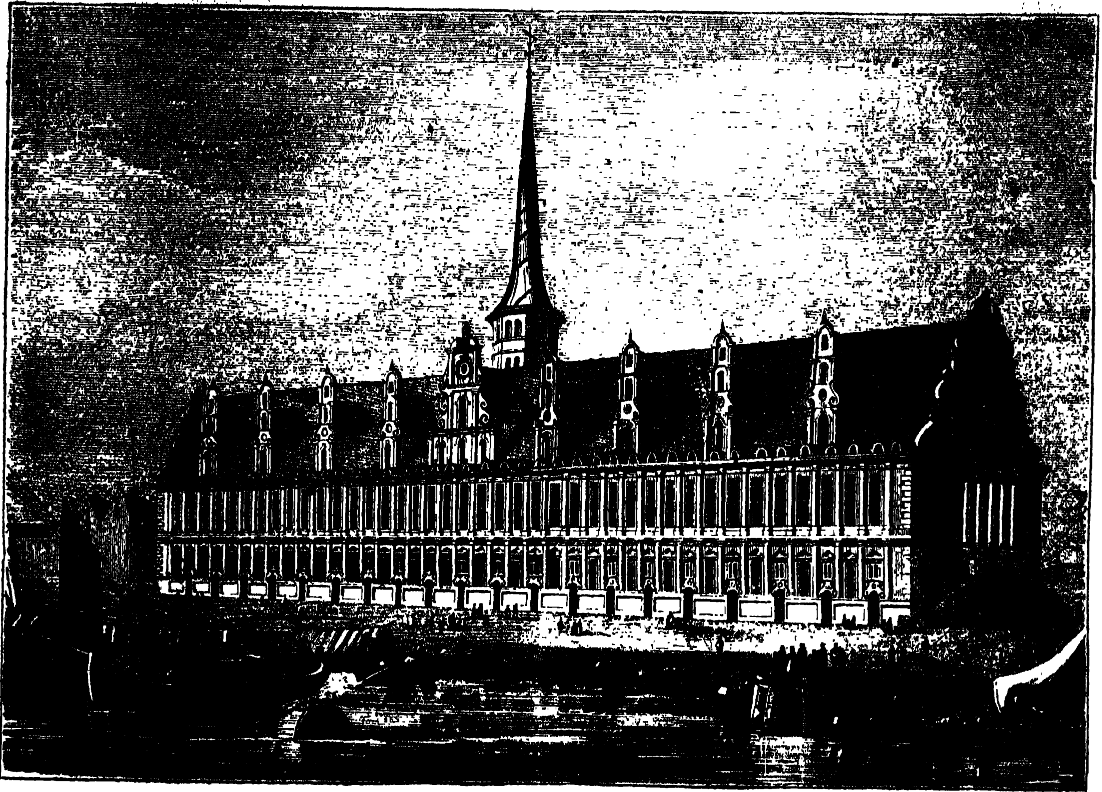
the sudden and impetuous advance of our several brigades, his corps retired with great precipitation, especially those of the left wing. His right and centre—the former led by the Marchese di Monteleone—fell back in tolerable order; but the left was simply swept away and destroyed by the final charge of the Highlanders and 81st.

Colonels Kemp and Macleod, with their battalions, were now ordered to continue the pursuit; and, flushed with victory, they followed the French at the "double-quick" for upwards of three miles, galling their rear by occasional shots, and killing or capturing them in great numbers.

So the battle was won, and when evening fell, save the corpses or the crawling wounded that strewed the plain, "no trace remained of all that gallant host whose bayonets had flashed back the morning rays from the ridge of Maida; the distant glitter of arms, and eddying clouds of dust alone marked the route of the columns hurrying in full towards the shores of the Adriatic."

The French account of Maida, which they called the battle of St. Eufemio, gives their total losses at 1,500 men; but our burial and fatigue parties found nearly 4,000 of them killed and wounded on the plain. The British losses, on the other hand, owing to the fury of their advance, were singularly small. M'Lean, of the 20th, was the only officer killed; but Major Hamil, a Maltese, and many others lay wounded on the field. The other casualties were only 326.

The remains of the French army continued their retreat towards Crotona, a Neapolitan seaport, galled by the Highlanders and by the Calabrian Free Corps; while mountain brigands and hordes of armed peasantry hung like gadflies on their skirts, and slew, too often by the dagger, all who fell into their hands. To Colonel Macleod's force, were soon after added *Les Chasseurs Britaniques* (once the Foreign Independents), a corps of all nations, clad in scarlet, and reduced in 1816. His orders were to leave nothing undone to dislodge the French from Calabria Ultra.



THE EXCHANGE, COPENHAGEN.

The battle of Maida, though one upon a small scale, was valuable in its moral results, as it inspired our troops with a confidence in their own prowess that proved invaluable as the years of the long war passed on.

During the two years subsequent to Maida—for winning which Sir John Stuart was created

Count of Maida—many gallant little actions took place; but the year 1808 saw General Regnier almost in complete possession of the lower end of Italy, and it may not be without interest to close the story of this now-forgotten campaign by noticing the siege of the Castle of Scylla, in which a little garrison of British infantry made a stern and desperate defence.

The family seat of Cardinal Ruffo, this feudal fortress of the Middle Ages was a strong square tower, surrounded by an outwork. It occupied the summit of the well-known Scylla of classical antiquity, which rises to the height of two hundred feet above the Straits of Messina.

The entire British force left in the place, and totally unsupported by any others in Italy, consisted of only two hundred rank and file, composed of detachments from four regiments—the Scots Fusiliers, Inniskillings, 35th, and 62nd—the whole being commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Robertson. As a kind of allied force, there were 500 outlawed Calabrians, chiefly brigands hunted from their dens by the French, in the little town below the castle.

Towards the end of the year 1808, the arrival of French troops and ordnance at Seminara indicated General Regnier's intention of reducing Scylla, which the colonel resolved to defend to the last extremity. The venerable walls were repaired, loopholed, and strengthened; new guns were mounted at every requisite point. Parties of the Calabrese were sent out to render the passes impracticable, and to destroy those narrow and tortuous paths which led downward from the heights of Milia; but on the 31st of December the workers were suddenly attacked by a squadron of cavalry and three battalions of infantry. These immediately took possession of the heights above the town. Two more battalions arrived, and next Regnier took possession of the town itself, which consisted of nine rows of houses, rising in terraces above each other, completely investing the castle; wherein 200 British soldiers found themselves left with the sea below them on one side, and on the other 6,000 French infantry, composed of the 23rd Voltigeurs, the 1st, 62nd, and 101st Regiments of the Imperial Line, with five twenty-four-pounders, four battering mortars, and many field-pieces.

The occupation of that tall rock which

> "Bulged the pride of famed Ulysses' fleet,"

and was so terrible to the ancients on account of its real and fabled perils, was now likely to prove perilous enough to those unfortunate fellows; but no thought of capitulation occurred to them or their officers; though Colonel Robertson, with great humanity, sent away to Sicily the armed Calabrians, who, if captured, would certainly have been exterminated by the French. He had next to defend himself till relief or orders came from General Sherbrooke, on the other side of the Straits of Messina.

The batteries of Regnier opened on the 14th of January, and in three days the cannon in Scylla were buried under fallen masses of the ancient masonry. After that the garrison could defend themselves by musketry alone; and from the time the breaching train opened the winter weather had been so stormy that the gun-boats sent from Sicily to bring off the beleaguered detachment dared not afford it the least assistance.

The garrison could alone hope to escape by the rock-hewn staircase that led downward to the sea. On the 15th the enemy pushed round the angle of the rock of Scylla to destroy it, but were discovered, and beaten off with very severe loss.

For three days and three nights this incessant process of attack and defence went on; till Captain Trollope, of H.M.S. *Electra*, drew close in-shore with his man-of-war launches, to take off the garrison.

"The approach of the boats from the Faro," says Colonel Robertson, in his despatch, "gave the French full intimation of our design, but the tempestuous state of the weather obliged us to seize the short opportunity of one hour's lull. Then every battery poured its utmost fire upon the castle, and subsequently upon the boats; while the infantry, with their field-pieces, tried the breach on either side. The garrison was drawn off in succession, and the embarkation effected, notwithstanding the tremendous fire of grape and shells. Our loss in the operation was small, and before we were a musket-shot distant"—(he means after the boats shoved off)—"the French were in the fort. I feel highly indebted to Captains Cruikshank, of the 62nd, Jordan, of the 27th, and Pringle, of the 21st, as well as the officers and men under them."

The French purchased only a pile of ruins at the expense of several hundred lives; while the of the British was only eleven killed and one wounded. With cheers of defiance and n, the detachment pulled out into the Faro ina, and thus ended our campaign in end of Italy.

ruins of the castle still survive. The action of the currents on the rock it crowns has probably widened the strait since the days of Homer, as mariners are now no longer in fear of being driven on the opposite side of Charybdis.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

COPENHAGEN, 1807.

The year subsequent to the battle of Maida saw our colours once more unfurled before the capital of Denmark.

The Government of that country, which had hitherto observed a strict neutrality, influenced by France, having prohibited all commerce with Great Britain, an expedition was fitted out with the greatest secrecy, for the purpose of seizing the Danish fleet, lest, in virtue of a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, entered into between the Danish Court and Napoleon, it might be employed to aid his cherished scheme of invading the British Isles.

General Bourrienne tells us that, in the result of this expedition, "it would be difficult to find in history an abuse more cowardly and revolting of force against weakness;" and long and loudly did the British Whigs of that day exclaim against it. But it must be borne in mind that the apprehensions of our Ministry were well-founded, by their knowledge of the policy of Bonaparte. All the princes of Germany, with few exceptions, had been coerced to join his Continental system. He had conquered Italy; Austria had lost 1,000 square miles of territory, and nearly three millions of subjects; a new dynasty awaited Spain, and Marshal Junot, at the head of 30,000 Frenchmen, was ready to cross the Pyrenees, to divide and appropriate the whole Peninsula. From the shores of the Mediterranean to those of the Baltic, "the tempest of revolution had extended its ravages, and changed the political aspect of Europe. Bonaparte had arrived at the summit of his grandeur, and the ruin of one nation was only wanted to place him at the head of a Western Empire."

That nation was Britain! The accession of the three northern kingdoms of Scandinavia would, he knew, ultimately promote the final object of his ambition; and after the Peace of Tilsit it became too apparent that he was preparing to seize Denmark, with a view to making that power an ally or accomplice in his designs for conquering Britain, the only power that prevented him from becoming "the arbiter of the destinies of the world." It was a knowledge of these facts which induced our Government to equip with the greatest caution, activity, and secrecy, an armed expedition to prevent the occupation of Holstein and Schleswig, and the incorporation of the Danish navy with that of France.

A fleet of twenty-seven sail of the line, and about ninety vessels of other descriptions, was placed under the command of Admiral Gambier. On board of these was a small army, composed of 700 officers and 16,445 men, under Lieutenant-General Lord Cathcart, K.T. This force, which was all infantry, included two battalions of the Guards; an artillery and an engineer corps, mustering 1,675 of all ranks; a portion of the old 95th or Rifle Regiment, and twelve battalions of the Line.

One division, under Commodore Keats, made its way without accident into the Great Belt, through an intricate navigation, deemed hitherto inaccessible to ships of war, and thus cut off all communication with Zealand, so that no military succours could reach it from any other part of the kingdom. M. Didetôt, the French Minister at Copenhagen, reached Homburg at nine in the evening of the 9th of August, having the good fortune, Bourrienne states, to escape through the Great Belt in sight of the British squadron, without being pursued; "and," adds the gossiping general, "I instantly dispatched his report, by an extraordinary courier, to Paris," where doubtless it would not prove pleasing to Napoleon.

It was understood to be the British instructions that no offensive operations, save the blockade of the capital and obstruction of the Belt, were to be undertaken until the result of a negotiation with the Danish Government became known; and for that purpose, Mr. Jackson, our envoy, was dispatched to Kiel, to demand of the Prince Royal the delivery of the whole Danish fleet into the possession of the British admiral, under a solemn stipulation that it should be restored on the conclusion of a peace with France. The insidious designs of Napoleon, and the stern necessity of frustrating them, were urged in vindication of a demand that was new, and apparently as unjust as it was insulting and rigorous.

Pending these negotiations, Lord Cathcart was joined by the King's German Legion, 8,000 Hanoverians, who were in British pay, and who had been left at Straslund and on the isle of Rugen, as auxiliaries to the King of Sweden, under General the Earl of Rosslyn, K.B.

The perseverance of Mr. Jackson, in his efforts to obtain an amicable arrangement, or even an interview with Prince Regent of Denmark, that he might explain the object in view, proved futile; and this tended to corroborate the suspicions of a collusion with France. The menaces of the latter had been employed to overawe the prince, who made no efforts either to resist or expose them; hence the most charitable construction that can be put upon the proceedings of Denmark at this sudden and momentous crisis—an unexpected invasion—is that her obsequiousness to the intrigues of Napoleon was the result of her weakness rather than her will. "But whether she was the accomplice or the victim of the gigantic ambition of Bonaparte, the danger to the interests of Britain was the same; and, as Mr. Jackson had entirely failed in the object of his mission, the squadron which lay at anchor within a few miles of the port of Copenhagen commenced hostilities without delay."

On the 16th of August the troops began to disembark at Vedbeck, a village on the coast, situated half-way between the capital and Elsinore. This was about five in the morning. The boats of the fleet landed them on the beach in heavy marching order, and there they remained until evening, when they began their march through the level country, in three columns, till nightfall, when they halted and bivouacked; and by daybreak the march was resumed for the purpose of investing the Danish capital.

As they were advancing some skirmishing took place with the advanced guard, under Major Pierson, of the Welsh Fusiliers, in which that corps lost six men killed, and several wounded. Prior to this, General Peyman, the Danish commander-in-chief, had sent to request passports for the king's nieces to proceed in safety to Colding, in Holstein. This being granted, soon after the Household Brigade, consisting of the 1st battalion of the Coldstreams, and the 3rd or Scots Guards, entered on the road that led to Copenhagen, wheeled into line by order of Major-General the Hon. Edward Finch, and received the departing princesses with all the honours due to their rank; and these were accorded by all our troops, who passed them in succession.

The Guards occupied the suburbs between Fredericksberg and the city, and in this advance drove in an out-picket of the enemy. The troops broke ground before Copenhagen on the 18th of August; after which the operations under Colonel d'Arcy, the chief engineer, and General Bloomfield, of the Artillery, were continued steadily, notwithstanding the frequent efforts on the part of the Danes to interrupt them by shot and shell, from the earthern ramparts by which the city is chiefly girt, and which are now all planted, not with cannon, but with double rows of lime trees and beautiful shrubbery. Long may they be so!

These fortifications are, however, of great extent, enclosing a circuit of five miles (English), within which are comprised the harbour and docks. On the land side the fortifications are regular, and have twenty-four bastions. Including the isle of Amak, the entire city is encircled by a broad deep ditch, which is filled by the water of a lake near it. On the north side stands the citadel of Fredericks-haven—boasted a virgin fortress—having five sides, each furnished with a double row of ramparts and cannon. Neither in 1801 nor 1807 did we make any assault upon this fortress. In the latter year, the attack made on the city by our army was from the opposite quarter. Above these green ramparts rise the plain brick buildings of the city, interspersed with many trees; and over these tower the tall spires of the churches, also of ruddy brick, and the quaint pinnacles of the old Gothic castle of Rosenborg, which contains the regalia, and is so full of the relics and memories of the sailor-king of Denmark, the gallant Christian IV., whose sister Anne became the mother of a line of the Stuart princes.

Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, with the 82nd Regiment, held a windmill on the left of the trenches; and during the whole time of the blockade was exposed to the fire of the Danish gun-boats, and to sorties from the garrison.

On the 1st of September a summons was sent to the city. Its terms were not complied with; and on the morning of the 2nd the British batteries on the land side, together with the bomb and mortar-vessels from the seaward, opened a terrific fire of shot and shell upon the devoted city. So severe was its effect, that in a very short time a general conflagration appeared to have taken place. A somewhat feeble opposition was made by the guns of the ramparts and citadel; and on the following night, animated by emotions of pity, our officers allowed their cannonade to slacken considerably.

The effect of this was to encourage the citizens in their resistance, on the supposition that the invaders were short of ammunition; hence on the 4th the bombardment was resumed with renewed fury, until not less than 2,000 persons were slain in the streets or on the r[illegible] and more than 500 houses, with the cathedral and part of the university, were ruined or destroyed by fire, and more than 1,000 were damaged. Next morning, a

Danish trumpeter appeared at the British outposts, with a despatch from General Peyman, commandant of city, containing proposals for a twenty-four hours' truce, that he might—to spare the people—negotiate for a capitulation, and communicate with the King, Christian VII., and the Crown Prince Frederick, then at Nyborg, in Fionia.

In the meantime a body of Danish troops, chiefly militia, had taken up a position near Kioge, a town situated on an arm of the Baltic, three and a half miles from Copenhagen; and Sir Arthur Wellesley, then a major-general, was dispatched against them with the reserve, to prevent them reaching the city. He found them to consist of four strong battalions drawn up in line, with cavalry upon the flanks; but such was the skill of his arrangement, and such the vigour of his attack, that they were routed in the course of a few minutes, with the loss of 1,100 prisoners, among whom were sixty officers. In his report of this encounter, Sir Arthur particularly complimented the 92nd Highlanders, led by Colonel Napier, for their gallantry.

The defeat of this force accelerated the fall of Copenhagen, whither Sir Arthur repaired, and was appointed, conjointly with Sir Home Popham and Colonel (afterwards Sir George) Murray, to fix the terms of pacification, by which it was settled in one night that the whole of the Danish navy, consisting of nineteen sail of the line, fifteen frigates, six brigs, and twenty-nine gun-boats, with all their equipment, and every article of naval munition of war found in the arsenal and store-houses, should be surrendered to our fleet. To this terrible humiliation the Danes were compelled to submit, as the price of their secret alliance with Napoleon.

Zealand was to be evacuated by our troops within six weeks, or sooner if possible.

On the 7th all the British grenadiers present, with detachments from any other regiments there, under the command of Colonel Cameron, of the 79th Highlanders, with two brigades of the Royal Artillery, took possession of the citadel; other guards were posted on the batteries and in the dock-yards, where our seamen, under the orders of Lord Gambier, immediately began rigging and fitting out the ships that filled the stately basins, where they were laid up in ordinary. By the time limited in the stipulation they were all at sea, with prize crews—some of which were fishermen, sent for from the Scottish firths—and troops on board; and, with the British ensign flying on each, were taken through the Great Belt for England. So complete was the capture, that Admiral Gambier says in his despatch, "Of the three ships on the stocks, two have been taken to pieces, and the useful part of their timber brought away; and the third, being in a considerable state of forwardness, was sawed in various parts, and suffered to fall over."

The army had begun to re-embark on the 13th of October; by the 20th all were on board, the last that remained on shore being the brigade of Guards and the 4th Regiment.

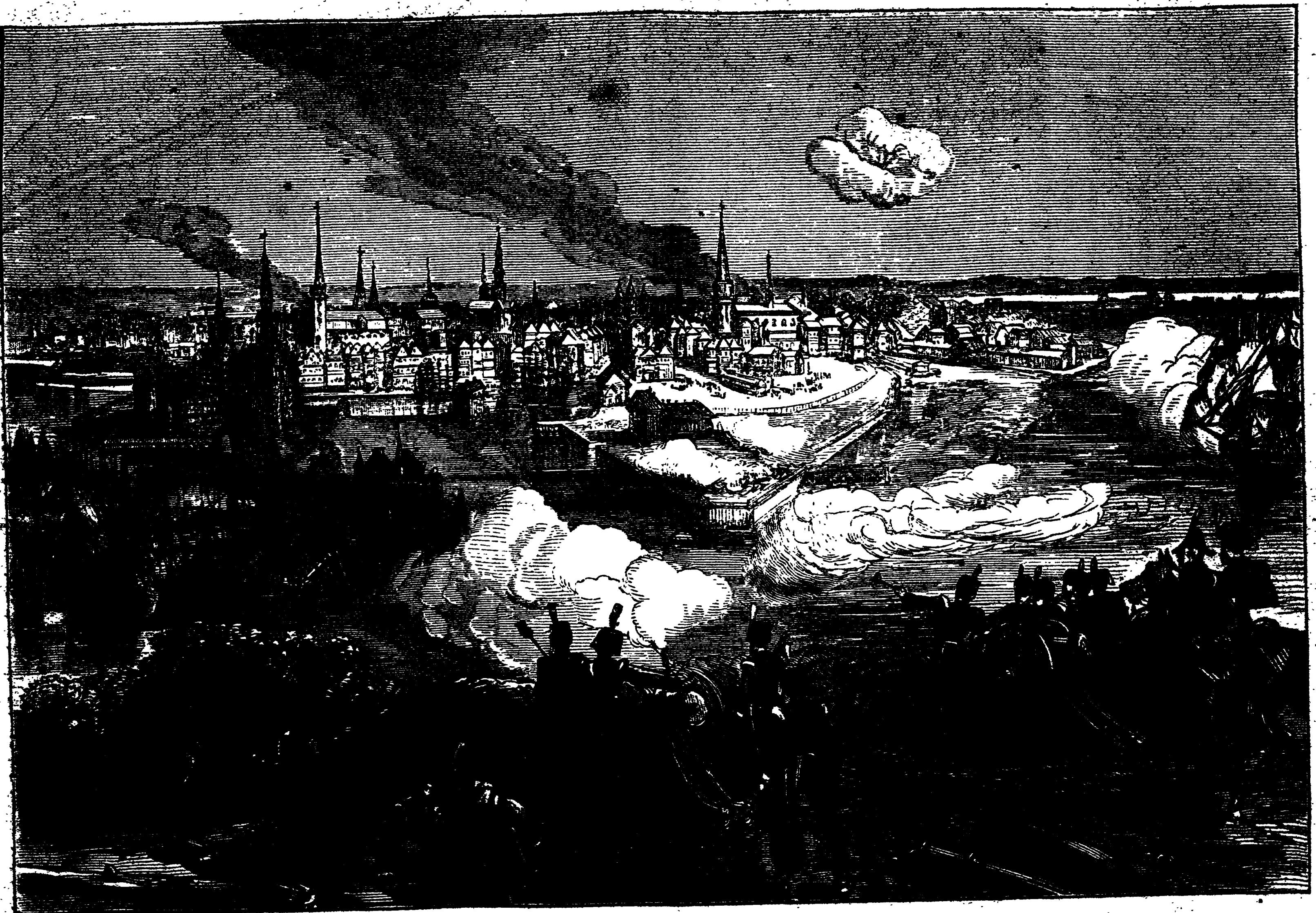
The *Neptunis*, a Danish prize of ninety-eight guns, with 600 of the Gordon Highlanders on board, went ashore among the shoals, and was totally lost. The men were landed on the isle of Huen, where they remained for fourteen days, till ships were sent to take them off; and thus ended an expedition which was long remembered with peculiar bitterness by the Danish nation.

"No Englishman," says Colonel Mackinnon, "can desire to perpetuate the remembrance of this expedition, which laid the capital of a neutral state in ruins, and carried war and desolation among and innocent people . . . . . . There is no reason to suppose that the addition of a few sail of the line would have transferred the superiority on the ocean to the fleets of the enemy; or that the expenses of the expedition might not have been better employed on the augmentation of the naval power of Great Britain, to enable her, after her suspicions were realised, by the junction of the Danish men of war with those of France, to do that with honour which could only be dishonourably done while they remained dismantled, in their own peaceful harbours . . . . . The bombardment of Copenhagen, and the seizure of the Danish fleet, were contrary to the most obvious principles of justice, and cannot be vindicated on the plea of necessity; for at sea Britain ruled supreme."

Such was the view taken of this affair by one of our most distinguished officers. But it should be borne in mind that, with nearly all Europe arrayed against her, Britain had a desperate game to play, alike in politics and in war, when, by the Treaty of Tilsit, as we have related in a previous chapter, she was left without an ally on the Continent, unless we except Gustavus, the spirited but eccentric King of Sweden.

Our commander here was literally the descendant of a line of soldiers, all of whom have shone in arms since Sir Alan Cathcart fought at the battle of Loudon Hill, in 1307, against the invading English.

For his many brilliant services at Copenhagen and elsewhere, he was advanced to the dignity of Earl Cathcart and Baron Greenock, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, with the colonelcy of the 2nd Life Guards, and the order of the Thistle, with many other honours.



BOMBARDMENT OF COPENHAGEN.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

THE DARDANELLES, 1807.

In the year 1807 it was deemed good policy that peace should be preserved between Russia and the Sultan; and as the presence of our squadrons in Turkish waters was thought conducive to that object, our Ministry approved of Lord Collingwood reinforcing Sir Thomas Louis with two more ships of the line, and sending Sir John Duckworth five more. But before his arrival, our Minister, Mr. Arbuthnot, had been forced by French intrigues and political disputes to quit Constantinople, to embark on board of the *Endymion*, frigate, and proceed to join Sir Thomas Louis, then cruising off Tenedos.



CAPE MATAPAN.

At this time the French army in Dalmatia, under Marshal Marmont, mustered 40,000 men. By an arrangement with the Austrian Government, he had secured a free passage for his troops through Italy, so that the armies of Dalmatia and Friuli could mutually support each other.

The orders of Sir John Duckworth were to second the negotiations of our Minister with his presence; but in the event of his having broken them off and quitted Constantinople, he was directed to take such a position as would ensure a compliance with his demands, which were, in short, like those sent to Copenhagen, "a surrender of the fleet and arsenal," that Napoleon might not turn them to service against us. But it will be shown that, unlike Nelson, our admiral in the Levant had not sufficient power to enforce this remarkable requisition.

Certain delays that were unavoidable having occurred in sending out the orders to Lord Collingwood, they were put on board the squadron which was intended as a reinforcement for the Mediterranean fleet. Contrary winds, unfortunately, detained these ships, hence his lordship did not receive his despatches till the 6th of January, when

he was informed that the British squadron should wait for that of Russia; but it did not make its appearance till the whole affair was over.

The squadron under Vice-Admiral Sir John Duckworth consisted of only eight ships of the line and three frigates, with the *Madras*, store-ship—the *Royal George*, 100, flag, Captain C. D. Dunn; *Windsor Castle*, 98, Captain C. Baylis; *Canopus*, 80, Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Louis; *Pompée*, 80, Rear-Admiral Sir Sidney Smith; *Ajax*, 74, Captain the Hon. H. Blackwood; *Repulse*, 74, Captain the Hon. A. K. Legge; *Thunderer*, 64, Captain Thomas Harvey; *Standard; Endymion*, 38, Captain the Hon. T. B. Capel; *Active*, 38, Captain R. H. Mowbray; *Juno*, 32, Captain Charles Richardson.

This squadron assembled at Malta, from whence it sailed on the 3rd of February, with a fresh flowing gale from the westward; and three days after Cape Matapan, the most southern point of the low rocky Morea, came in sight. There Sir John was joined by the *Delight*, sloop-of-war, and passing between the solitary and barren Cerigo and the mainland, the squadron came to the wind for the night, with easy sail, under the lee of Milo.

On the 7th the ships were among the cluster known as the Cyclades, when the Greek pilots came on board; and then they steered between Cape Doro and the north-west point of the isle of Andros, the mountains of which are always covered arbutus. The *Pompée* led through this narrow passage, which she left astern by eleven at night, making signals to denote her position; and the whole squadron followed without accident, though the sky was intensely dark, and the wind blew keenly fr[illegible]

On [illegible] were in sight of [illegible]ich has never changed [illegible]; and on the day following the expedition came to anchor between it and the mainland of Asia Minor, and was joined by the *Meteor* and *Lucifer*, bomb-vessels. Every preparation was now made for action, and the admiral remembered Nelson's precaution of bending the sheet cables through the stern-ports.

On the 11th, all being in readiness after nine in the morning, the squadron stood for the passage of the Dardanelles, between the southern point of Gallipoli and the coast of Asia Minor; but as the wind shifted and blew in sudden squalls, it came to anchor again under the lee of Tenedos, where a sad event happened. There, after nine in the evening, amid the darkness, a sudden glare of red light on board the *Ajax*, 74 guns, announced that she was on fire!

The particulars of this event are given in a MS. narrative by her captain, the Hon. Hans Blackwood, afterwards Lord Dufferin and Clanboye.

"At nine o'clock in the evening, there was an alarm of fire in the after part of the ship. The captain and officers went down to the cockpit, whence the smoke issued; they threw down a great quantity of water, but in three minutes found it impossible for any person to remain below, the men with the buckets in their hands falling down from suffocation. The lower-deck ports were then ordered to be hauled up; but as this added to the force and fury of the flames, they were closed again, and the hatchways covered, in order to gain time for hoisting out the boats. Nor was this measure resorted to until the destruction of the ship was inevitable. The carpenter had been ordered to scuttle the after part, but in ten minutes after the first alarm was given that was found to be impossible; and so dense was the smoke on deck, that though there was moonlight, the officers could not see each other.

"All attempts, therefore, to hoist out the boats became ineffectual; the jolly-boat alone began to pick up those who had jumped overboard. The flames burst up the main hatchway; so the captain desired each man to provide for his own safety. The ship at that moment was in one complete volume of flame from the centre of the booms to the taffrail."

On the forecastle, bowsprit, and spritsail-yard, were gathered some 400 of the crew, with Captain Blackwood, who jumped overboard, and was taken, greatly exhausted, on board the *Canopus*; 250 of the crew were drowned, and the wreck drifted on the rocks of Tenedos, where she blew up at five in the morning.

On the 19th the squadron weighed again, formed line, and, with the signal for battle flying, stood towards the Dardanelles at daybreak. By nine o'clock the ships had reached the narrowest part of that most picturesque strait; and then the batteries on either side began to open fire on the *Canopus*, the leading vessel. The cannonade was given from the castles of the Dardanelles, two ancient but strong forts. The one situated on the European shore is called Sestos, or the castle of Romania; the other, on the Asiatic side, is that of Natolia. In addition to the usual heavy ordnance, they were armed with fourteen great guns on each [illegible]le, formed of brass, and adapted for the dis[illegible] of granite balls. They are constructed [illegible]ars, but twenty-two feet long, and [illegible] twenty-five to twenty-eight inches in [illegible] They are not mounted on carriages, but lie on a paved terrace, near the level of the water.

No ship-of-war was permitted to pass between these forts without a special warrant from the Sultan; but our fleet, though it suffered some damage, bore boldly on, and by ten o'clock it came in sight of the Turkish squadron, riding at anchor some distance above the castles. It consisted of one ship of the line, four frigates, three corvettes, and some gun-boats. The hostile squadrons were so near before they were visible to each other, that the action began without the least preliminary, as soon as they hove in sight.

The stately *Pompée* anchored, with all her white canvas set, fairly between the ship of the line and the four frigates; and the red flashes and smoke burst at the same time from all her tiers of ports, as the gallant Sir Sidney Smith engaged them on both sides, with all his guns at once. The *Standard*, *Thunderer*, and *Active* came successively to anchor in the same manner, and opened fire simultaneously; but the Turks had barely received a few broadsides, when they cut their cables and ran on shore.

Sir Sidney signalled the *Active* to pursue a Turkish frigate, which she overtook and set in flames; while the *Repulse* worked up, and, with the boats of the squadron, boarded the sixty-four-gun ship, as she lay stranded on the beach, and set her on fire. By three in the afternoon every one of them had been set in flames and blown up, to the terror and astonishment of the stolid Osmanlees on both sides of the strait. Having performed this service, Sir Sidney weighed and rejoined the admiral, who had come to anchor between that point and the castles of the Dardanelles.

As soon as the squadron had passed the batteries on Pesques Point, which, though not perfectly finished, mounted thirty pieces of cannon, the boats of the rear division, with a strong party of the Royal Marines, under Captain Nicholls, of that corps, landed and spiked the guns; but the total destruction of the works was effected by Captain Mowbray, of the *Active*, who remained at anchor, and with the boats' crews of the *Pompée*, under Lieutenants Carrol and Arabin, R.N., and Laurie, of the Marines, who brought off some of the guns.

On the 20th our squadron was within eight miles of Constantinople, with the *Endymion* four miles ahead, displaying a flag of truce; while a Turkish squadron consisting of five sail of the line and four frigates came out of the harbour, and defiantly anchored in the fair way. For six days the hostile fleets remained quietly at anchor near each other, flags of truce passing to and fro the while; but on the 27th, the *Repulse*, 74 guns, commanded by a son of the Earl of Dartmouth, with the *Lucifer*, bomb, and the boats of the squadron, fully manned and armed, stood in for the Islands of the Princes, which are nine in number, and are remarkable for their fertility and beauty. There our people landed on Prota, one of the most important, with three large guns, and attacked a body of Turkish troops, who appeared to be forming intrenchments. With pike and bayonet, they were driven from their post, their battery destroyed, and their field-pieces taken.

The 1st of March saw the whole squadron off Constantinople, where it hove to, in order to give the Turks an opportunity of trying their strength with it, but without avail; and it now became evident "that the presence of the British squadron had no effect on the decisions of the Divan, for on the 2nd we find all hope of an amicable arrangement was abandoned, as well as any further design of attacking Constantinople."

In truth, Sir John Duckworth was not sufficiently strong in ships to try the effect of that bombarding which had been so successful at Copenhagen; so on that day, still in order of battle and all cleared for action, the squadron with the bomb-ketches in tow stood down the Dardanelles, and came to anchor off Pesques Point.

But the worst was yet to come—the fire from the castles of Europe and Asia, now crowded by Turkish artillerymen. At ten o'clock on the morning of the 3rd, the battery on Pesques Point opened a terrible fire on the *Canopus*, as she led, and upon every other ship that passed in succession; and it was returned by all save the *Pompée*, whose broadsides were reserved for the more formidable forts that were yet ahead. The point in question is a cape that ends in a flat shoal on the Asian shore of the Hellespont, about four miles north of Abydos. The Thracian Chersonesus also terminates in a point on which stands a castle near the ancient Sestos.

The distance between these two is about two miles; so, as a common gun of those days would not throw more than half-way across, our ships kept the mid-channel. They passed the Point of Pesques, and entered the little bay which it forms with the point of Sestos, leaving Abydos on their left. At twenty minutes to eleven the fort at the latter place opened its guns on the *Canopus*, which was still the leading ship, and on them all in succession.

The fire was promptly returned, but with what effect our officers never knew. The wind was fair, the current strong, which rendered the uncertainty of aim very great; but within an hour the whole of these formidable batteries were left astern.

and the squadron anchored at seven miles' distance from them.

The damage sustained by our ships was great, and never since artillery had been invented had shot of greater magnitude been fired. "The Turks," reported Sir John Duckworth, "had been occupied unceasingly in adding to the number of their forts; the fire of the two castles had on our going up been severe, in returning it was doubly formidable. In short, had they been allowed another week to complete their works throughout the channel, it would have been very doubtful whether a return would have been open to us at all."

Brenton asserts that the shot were two feet three inches in diameter; that the guns lay, as we have described, in one fixed position, commanding a point where the ships must necessarily pass; and that the cannoniers waited till the mark was on, and then fired, making allowance for the rate of sailing. In his despatch to Lord Collingwood, the admiral explains how impracticable it was, with a force so small, to effect the purpose in hand, and how necessary it was to repass the Dardanelles without delay, thus:—

"At the time that the whole line of coast presented a chain of batteries, twelve Turkish ships of the line, two of them three-deckers, with nine frigates, were, with their sails bent, and in apparent readiness, filled with troops; 200,000 men were reported to be in Constantinople, ready to march against the Russians, and an innumerable quantity of small craft were prepared to act against us. With batteries alone we might have coped, or their strongholds; but your lordship will be aware that, after combating the opposition which the resources of an empire had been many weeks preparing, we should have been in no state to defend ourselves against them and then repass the Dardanelles."

The injuries sustained by our ships were remarkable. By a granite shot, the *Royal George* had her cutwater carried away, and was nearly sunk; another cut the mainmast of the *Windsor Castle* in two as if it had been a fishing-rod; another beat two ports into one on board the *Thunderer*. By a single shot of the same description, the *Repulse* had her wheel carried away, twenty-four men killed and wounded at the same instant, and was only saved from drifting on shore by the able exertions of her crew.

Another granite shot burst through the larboard bow of the *Active*, and rolling aft, was brought up abreast of the main hatchway. Another tore away the whole barricade of her forecastle, and fell into the sea to starboard; a third lodged in the bends abreast of the main-chains, and then rolled overboard.

Including those who suffered at Prota, there were 38 men killed and 231 wounded in this futile expedition. Baron de Tott asserts that he had seen one of these guns, which had been cast in the reign of Amurath, fired; that the ball weighed eleven hundredweight, and required a charge of powder amounting to 330 pounds. "At the distance of 800 fathoms," he adds, "I saw the ball divide into three pieces; and these fragments of rock crossed the strait and rebounded on the mountain."

Our fleet was scarcely clear of the strait when the Russian squadron came in sight, and the admiral suggested a return; but Sir John declined, saying that "when a British squadron had failed, no other was likely to succeed."

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

ROSETTA AND EL HAMET, 1807.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR JOHN DUCKWORTH, on leaving the Dardanelles, now steered for Alexandria, whither he knew a British force had been ordered to proceed in February, in order to deprive the Turks of those places which they had received from our hands six years before.

The troops employed in this expedition were commanded by Major-General Fraser, who had come from Sicily by order of General Fox. The naval portion of the expedition, having the troops and transports under convoy, consisted of the *Tigre*, 74 guns, Captain Hallowell, the *Apollo*, 38 guns, Captain Fellowes, and the *Wizard*, sloop-of-war.

With fourteen sail in their escort, they made the Arabs' Tower on the 15th of March. No less than nineteen sail had parted company with them in rough weather on the night of the 7th; so Captain Hallowell ran in to obtain some information before he permitted the transports to show themselves in sight of the coast.

Major Misset, the British resident, and Mr.

Briggs, both concurred in the expedience of an immediate landing; founded on their knowledge of the favourable disposition of the people towards the British, and their animosity to the French and Turks. The transports were signalled to stand close in-shore, when the squadron came to anchor off the western harbour. To the Governor of Alexandria, a summons was sent to deliver up the various fortresses, an assurance being given that all persons and private property should be respected.

This was peremptorily declined; and, amid all the difficulties of bad weather, the troops, to the number only of 1,000 bayonets and 57 seamen, were landed; the latter under Lieutenant Boxer, R.N., and the former under Colonel Oswald, a tall and stately officer, possessed of great personal strength and address.

This slender force moved forward on the following day, and stormed all the advanced works of the enemy, with small loss, so rapid were their assaults. The whole of the western lines and forts were carried, a considerable quantity of artillery was taken, and the Turks were driven out. In the meanwhile, the castle of Aboukir being taken, the *Apollo*, with the remainder of the convoy, anchored in the bay.

On beholding this sudden accession of strength, the Governor of Alexandria capitulated; and, by a remarkable coincidence, the 21st of March was a second time celebrated for our success in Egypt.

The troops took possession of the city of ancient ruins on that day, with all its fortresses and harbour. In the latter were found two Turkish frigates and a corvette, all mounting brass guns. Captain Hallowell, R.N., now landed to serve with the troops, leaving the *Tigre* under the command of Lieutenant Fowel.

Unfortunately, here our rapid success ended.

The naval force having been augmented by the squadron of Sir John Duckworth, after the recent passage of the Dardanelles, the admiral and general resolved to attack Rosetta and Rahamanieh, without the reduction of which there was an imminent danger of the garrison and inhabitants of Alexandria being starved.

On this service, Major-General Wauchope and Brigadier-General Meade marched, with the 31st Regiment and *Les Chasseurs Brittaniques;* and without much loss they possessed themselves of the heights of Abourmandour, which command the town of Rosetta, or Raschid, a place the houses of which are built of dingy red brick, with narrow streets and a low wall, and which stands five miles from a branch of the Nile, amid a beautiful district, where the date, the banana, the scyamore, the orange, lemon, and pomegranate trees all flourish together in luxuriance.

From Abourmandour, the general advanced at once into the town, and then a dreadful fire was suddenly opened upon them from the flat roofs, windows, and other apertures that faced the narrow streets; and as the Turks were all concealed, this fire could in no way be returned. Major-General Wauchope fell dead from his horse, the brigadier was severely wounded, and the detachment had at once to fall back and retire, with the loss of 400 officers and men, whose heads, including that of the general, were all placed on stakes by the side of the road that leads to Grand Cairo.

Dejected and mortified though the general and admiral were by this unexpected reverse, they were more than ever impressed by the necessity of perseverance; for famine now threatened the city of Alexandria with more disastrous consequences. Sir John Duckworth had gone down the Mediterranean, so now the naval squadron at Aboukir was commanded by Sir Thomas Louis. A second attack was decided on, and its execution was committed to Brigadier-General Stuart and Colonel Oswald.

They accordingly marched with 2,500 men, composed of the 35th Regiment, the 2nd battalion of the 78th Highlanders, De Rolle's Regiment, a detachment of the Royal Artillery, and a body of seamen. But on reaching Rosetta, they found it was occupied by a still stronger body of the enemy, who had come in great force down the Nile. Another disastrous street combat ensued; and this slender detachment had to fall back with the loss of 1,000 men and officers, killed, wounded, and missing.

The succouring force were kilted Albanians. In falling back, Colonel Macleod, of the 78th, with one company of that regiment and another of the 35th, at a village called El Hamet, was surrounded and cut off. He formed his little band in square, and they were assailed on all sides by the long lances, the matchlocks, yataghans, and pistols of the Albanians, led by Turkish officers, with brandished sabres, and shrill cries of, "*Là là ha il Allah! Vras! vras!*" ("There is no deity but God! Kill! kill!").

Sergeant John Macrae, of the 78th, in this desperate conflict, slew seven assailants with his claymore, before his head was cloven, through his feather-bonnet, by a sabre from behind. There also fell Lieutenant Macrae, with six more of his surname. On the fall of Colonel Macleod, the

next senior officer in command, seeing that resistance was hopeless, waved a white handkerchief in token of surrender.

"The firing accordingly ceased," says General Stuart, "and a scramble of the most extraordinary kind now ensued among the Turks for prisoners, who, according to their custom, became the private property of the captors. In this *mêlée*, the British soldiers were pulled about with little ceremony till the more active of the Turks had secured their officer who was taken prisoner. Among those taken here and reserved for slavery by Ahmed Bonaparte, was a young private of the 78th Regiment, named Thomas Keith, son of a gunsmith in Edinburgh. He in after years became Governor of Medina, Aga of the Mamelukes, and one of the greatest leaders in Mohammed's war with the Wahabees, by whom he was killed in battle at El Rass. He took the name of Ibrahim Aga.

Colonel Oswald was now made Governor of



GATE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

prey; after which they were marched a little distance up the Nile, where the captors were paid seven dollars for every prisoner they had taken. Some of the horsemen, less intent upon prize-money than their companions, amused themselves by galloping about, each with the head of a British soldier stuck upon the point of his lance."

Four hundred and fifty of these heads were exhibited in the market-place of Grand Cairo, through which the few survivors were marched more than once, with every contumely and contempt.

Of Macleod's detachment, consisting of 275 men, "all were killed to thirty, of whom fifteen only escaped without being wounded," wrote an

Alexandria; and about this time Sir Thomas Louis, a good and gallant officer, died on board his ship off the city.

On the 14th of September, 1807, despairing succour either from Britain or the discontented ys whom he had come ostensibly to aid, General aser quitted Alexandria; and, after exchanging the prisoners he had for those whom the Turks would give up, sailed back to Sicily, and so ended this somewhat disastrous expedition.

In a work called "Traces of Travel," may be found a curious account of a Scottish drummer-boy, who attained high rank in Egypt; and under the name of Osman, was living till recently, the last survivor of General Fraser's force.



NATIVE INDIANS OF PARAGUAY.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

CURAÇOA, 1807.

GREAT was the value of her colonies to France, and great were the efforts she made to preserve them; but her losses were severe in the West Indies. Squadron after squadron filled with troops, and laden with all the munition of war, were incessantly sent by her into the Caribbean waters; but generally only to become the prizes of our indefatigable and ubiquitous cruisers.

The capture of the island of Curaçoa may be justly deemed one of the most daring enterprises of that long war, which we waged in all four quarters of the globe at once. "The splendour of the achievement can scarcely be appreciated," says a writer, "by any but those who have seen the town and harbour of New Amsterdam, and considered the nature of its defences against almost any force that could have been brought against it from the sea."

This rocky island, though it produces sugar, tobacco, indigo, wool, cochineal, maize, cassava, oranges, and citrons, derives its importance chiefly from its position and subserviency to commerce; and in the hands of the Dutch it ere long became an immense magazine, to which the Spaniards came in their boats, to exchange their gold, silver, vanilla, and other goods, for negroes and Indian stuffs. In 1807 it was carrying on a great trade with the mainland of Venezuela, from which it is only forty miles distant. The little isles of Aruba and Bonair, one to the eastward and one to the westward of it, are its dependencies.

Captain Brisbane, in the *Arethusa*, frigate—"the saucy *Arethusa*" of so many sea-songs—had been sent by Rear-Admiral Dacres, then commander-in-chief on the Jamaica station, to watch the island of Curaçoa, and intercept the trade of the enemy. While employed on this service, he was informed that the Dutch had a custom of drinking the old year out and the new year in—and drinking pretty deeply too. He therefore conceived the idea of capturing the island altogether by a *coup-de-main*, during this brief season of jollity.

Having communicated this idea to the other captains of his little squadron, it was at once decided that before dawn on the morning of the 1st of January, 1807, they should rendezvous off the harbour mouth, and have all in readiness to run in; and with their boats manned, land a party of seamen and marines, surprise the fort of New Amsterdam, and summon the governor to surrender, or all would be put to the fire and sword.

There were difficulties in the achievement of this enterprise that seemed almost insurmountable. The mouth of the harbour was only eighty yards wide; sharp rocks beset it, hence the most perfect pilotage was requisite, in a dark night especially, together with the greatest skill and nicety in steering, as a single spoke of the wheel too much to port or too much to starboard might be a fatal error.

During the regular season, the wind there blows constantly from the south-east; thus, previously to hauling into the harbour, it is necessary to have the yards braced sharply up on the starboard tack, ready to come to the wind at a moment's notice. Had the soldiers in the fort on the weather side of the harbour, by chance or design, set a torch, a truss of straw, or a tar-barrel on fire, the attempt must have proved abortive, as pilots could not have seen their way in.

The gallant Brisbane, having weighed all the chances of victory or defeat, guided by his own skill and instinct, proceeded to put his plan in execution. His ships were the *Arethusa*; the *Latona*, Captain J. Athol Wood; the *Fisgard*, Captain Bolton; and the *Anson*, Captain C. Lydiard, all forty-four-gun frigates, well-officered and strongly manned.

On the last day of the year 1806, he held himself in readiness off the east end of Curaçoa, and during the night ran down along the coast, passing unnoticed the whole line of sea batteries. He braced his yards sharp up, formed the line of battle ahead, and, in the closest order, and amid profound silence, the rush of water under the bows alone being heard, frigate after frigate, like a tall white spectre, glided unseen into the darkness of the harbour; and by six o'clock in the morning the jib-boom of "the saucy *Arethusa*" passed over the walls of the fort in which the Government House was situated, and where the Dutch governor, after his new-year's potations, lay abed, and all unconscious of his terrible visitors!

Regular fortifications on the right, the left, and in front defended the harbour. The fort of Amsterdam on the right mounted sixty pieces of cannon in two tiers; on the left was another most formidable battery; and ahead, on a steep hill, towered Fort Republique; and the united fire from these would have sunk any frigate in the harbour within half-an-hour, as they were completely in a watery trap.

In the harbour lay the *Hatslaer*, a thirty-six-gun frigate; the *Surinam*, 22 guns; and two large armed schooners; a chain of forts defended the heights of Misselburg, on which the day would soon be brightening; and our four ships lay completely exposed to the whole, so not a moment was to be lost.

Five shots flashed redly out from the fort on the hill, and all took effect, announcing the alarm. Then a broken discharge of muskets and pistols in the centre of the harbour, followed by three unmistakable British cheers, announced that the frigate, the corvette, and the schooners had been boarded and captured by our seamen and marines, on whom the batteries now began to open.

With singular coolness, while the shot flew about him, the gallant Brisbane stood at the capstan-head of the *Arethusa*, and as the dawn stole in, wrote the following note to the Governor of Curaçoa:—

"H.B.M.S. *Arethusa*, 1st January, 1807.

[S]IR,—The British squadron is here to protect, [n]ot to conquer you—to preserve to you your liberty and property. If another shot is fired at any one of my squadron after this summons, I shall

storm your batteries instantly. You have five minutes to accede to this determination.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"C. BRISBANE."

This note, in its brevity and text not unlike that of Nelson at Copenhagen, not being answered, and the fire from the works continuing, Captain Brisbane put himself at the head of the marines of the *Arethusa*, mounted the walls of Fort Amsterdam, and presenting himself in person before the Dutch governor, demanded, sword in hand, an acceptance of the terms which had been sent. His Excellency, half asleep and only half dressed, was ill prepared to swallow a pill so bitter; but there was no alternative.

His chief fort on the hill was his only defence; that alone was firing now, and its fire was unaccountably slow. But in the meanwhile he feared the conflagration of the town and a rising of the negroes in favour of the British squadron, or with a view merely to pillage and murder.

Time was given him to deliberate, and by seven o'clock in the morning all was in our possession save Fort Republique, which might have sunk our ships without receiving a shot in return.

By ten the Union Jack was flying upon its walls. The commandant had been taken by our boats as he was hastening across the harbour to repair to his post, which a shot prevented him ever reaching. "Thus, in the short space of four hours, an island sixty miles in extent, defended by the strongest fortifications, a numerous population, and a squadron of ships and vessels of war, was taken by four British frigates, whose crews united made scarcely the sum of 2,200 men. Of this number, only three were killed and fourteen wounded."

The Dutch garrison marched out with the honours of war, but laid down their arms and became prisoners till sent to Holland in British ships. The inhabitants took the oath of allegiance to the King of Great Britain.

On the 2nd of January, this treaty was mutually signed by Captain Brisbane and the governor, Lieutenant-General Changuion, who, having declined the oath, was permitted to leave the island, of which, till His Majesty's pleasure was known, Captain Brisbane constituted himself governor. For his gallant exploit, he received a confirmation of this appointment, and also the honour of knighthood; but he was soon after removed to the more permanent government of the island of St. Vincent, which he held for many years.

Curaçoa, which we had captured once before, in 1798, was a second time restored by us to the Dutch at the General Peace of 1814.

CHAPTER XC.

MONTE VIDEO, 1807.

PRIOR to the recall of Sir Home Popham, on the arrival of the first despatches from him and General Beresford, at Buenos Ayres, a force was ordered to proceed to the new scene of conquest.

In the meantime, Lieutenant-Colonel Backhouse, of the 43rd or Monmouthshire Light Infantry, on whom the command of the troops had devolved during the captivity of General Beresford, conceived the idea, in conjunction with Sir Home Popham, of attacking the city of Monte Video, in the province of Buenos Ayres; but this plan they subsequently relinquished in favour of an enterprise on Maldonada, a maritime town of the Banda Oriental, seventy-eight miles distant from Monte Video. It was then a mere village, separated from the Plata by some sandy hillocks about a mile in breadth.

Lieutenant-Colonel Vassal, with 400 men, landed, and with Colonel Backhouse entered the place at the point of the bayonet, killing and wounding fifty of the enemy without losing a man. Abandoning their cannon, the Spaniards fled. Next day the batteries which defend the harbour of Maldonada were taken by Colonel Vassal, aided by a party of seamen and marines from the ships of war.

The island of Gorrita, which shelters the harbour on the south-east, and was strongly fortified, surrendered on the first summons; and the squadron and transports found a safe anchorage and a plentiful supply of provisions and water. By this time General Sir Samuel Achmuty had arrived, bringing with him a reinforcement in the *Ardent* and *Lancaster*, 64 guns, under Sir Charles Stirling, the successor of Sir Home Popham. The general found our troops destitute of artillery and stores, and somewhat harassed by a body of Spanish cavalry, so operations on Monte Video were again resolved on.

San Felipe de Monte Video, a well-built and handsome city, the capital of the Republic of Uruguay, stands on a low tongue of land on the north side of the Rio de la Plata, where its shallow harbour is exposed to the fierce *pamperos* which blow with such incredible fury from the vast plains in the interior.

Sir Samuel Achmuty landed about nine miles from the town, out of which the enemy came 6,000 strong, with several pieces of cannon. They advanced in two columns, composed of men of all colours, from the real jet black to the mulatto, tawny, and even the pale mustee; the majority, however, being olive-skinned Spaniards and creoles. Their right column, consisting of cavalry, attempted to turn our left flank; while the other, composed of infantry, "attacked the left of our line," says Sir Samuel's despatch. "This column pushed in our advanced posts, and pressed so hard on our out-picket of 400 men, that Colonel Browne, who commanded on the left, ordered three companies of the 40th, under Major Campbell, to its support."

Led by Campbell, sword in hand, these companies charged the column with great bravery, and their charge was as bravely received. Great numbers fell on both sides by bayonet and bullet; but the Spaniards, on being attacked by the 95th Rifle Corps and a battalion of light companies with great impetuosity in flank, gave way on all sides, and, with the loss of one gun and 1,500 men killed, wounded, or taken, fled towards the city, where most of the survivors dispersed to their habitations, leaving Sir Samuel at perfect leisure to attack the capital.

The streets were straight, and regularly built of brick, two stories high, in the Spanish fashion, with low-grated windows and flat roofs. The fortifications were built of stone, armed with 160 pieces of cannon, chiefly brass, and defended by a numerous garrison. The enemy had possession of the island of Ratones, commanding the harbour, where they had some gun-boats, which gave our people considerable annoyance; but the troops had now completely hemmed in the garrison in a semicircle on the land side, cutting off all supplies save such as they could obtain by boats, and these were rendered precarious when the guns of our squadron co-operated with those of the army in battering the town, though at too great a distance to produce much effect.

On the 25th the brigadier opened fire against Monte Video, with four twenty-four-pounders and two mortars, in conjunction with the fleet; but finding the garrison far from intimidated, on the 28th he placed six twenty-four-pounders within a thousand yards of the citadel. The parapet of the eastern bastion was soon ruined, but the rampart was almost uninjured. His means were unequal to a siege. However, by the 2nd of February he had got his guns to within 600 yards of the works, from which a constant and superior fire was maintained, and a breach soon became practicable.

Orders were issued for an assault before daybreak on the ensuing morning. A summons was sent in the evening to the governor, demanding the surrender of the city. To this no answer was returned. The troops destined for the assault consisted of the Rifle Corps, under Major Gardiner; the light companies, under Colonel Brownrigg and Major Trotter; the grenadiers, under Majors Campbell and Tucker; and the 38th Regiment, led by Colonel Vassal.

These were to be supported by the 40th Regiment, under Major Dalrymple, and the 87th, under Colonel Butler; the whole assaulting force to be commanded by Colonel Browne.

The remaining forces, consisting of the 17th Light Dragoons, with detachments of the 20th and 21st Light Dragoons, the 47th Regiment, one company of the 71st Highlanders, with 700 marines and seamen, were encamped under Brigadier Lumley, to protect the rear.

At the appointed hour the troops marched in silence to the assault, and approached the breach before they were discovered, when a destructive fire from every gun that would bear, and from the musketry of the garrison, opened upon them. Severe though our loss, it might have proved comparatively trifling had the breach been, as our troops expected, open; but during the night the enemy, unseen, had closely and densely barricaded it with rolled hides, so as to render it nearly impracticable.

The morning was extremely dark; hence the head of the column missed the breach, and when it was reached it was so built up as to be mistaken for the untouched walls. In this situation the troops remained helplessly under a heavy fire for more than a quarter of an hour, till the actual spot was discovered by Captain Renny, of the 40th light company, who pointed it out with joy and ardour, and fell gloriously as he mounted to the assault. Difficult though the access, our soldiers rushed gallantly on; the dense, though slippery barricade was surmounted; grenadiers, light infantry, 40th, and 87th swarmed over it, and with the bayonet fought their way into the town.

Cannon were placed at the head of the principal streets, to rake them with round and case shot; but the troops poured on in all directions, carrying every gun with the bayonet, and in many instances

overturning them. Before the 40th Regiment got in, it had twice missed the breach in the dark, and twice undergone the fire of the batteries until it was found by Colonel Browne.

The 87th Royal County Down were posted near the north gate, which the first of the stormers were to open for them; the brave Irish, however, would not wait, but rushed on pell-mell with the rest. "By daylight," says Sir Samuel Achmuty, "everything was in our possession except the citadel, which made a show of resistance, but soon surrendered; and early in the morning the town was quite quiet, and the women were peaceably walking the streets. . . . Our loss during the siege was trifling, particularly as we were not sheltered by approaches, and the enemy's fire of shot and shell was incessant; but it is painful for me to add that it was great in the assault. Many most valuable officers are among the killed and wounded."

Major Dalrymple, of the 40th, was among the former; Colonels Vassal and Brownrigg, with Major Tucker, were among the latter. The wounds of the two colonels were mortal, as they expired next day. In the column of stormers 600 men fell.

Of the enemy there were 800 killed, 400 wounded, and 2,000 men and officers, including the governor, taken prisoners. There fled by boats or secreted themselves about 1,500 Spanish soldiers.

When the Ministry received intelligence of these events, they ordered an expedition which had been fitted out, under Brigadier Crawford, for the coast of Africa, to relinquish that enterprise, and repair to the Rio de la Plata.

This force consisted of the 1st battalions of the 5th, 36th, 45th, and 88th Connaught Rangers; five companies of the Rifle Corps, two squadrons of the 6th Dragoon Guards, and two companies of Artillery. From the Cape these troops sailed on the 6th of April. They called at St. Helena on the 21st, to complete their stock of water and provisions; and quitting that island on the 26th, arrived on the 14th of June at Monte Video, then occupied by the British troops under Lieutenant-General Whitelock, an officer of unfortunate notoriety, who, in the preceding May, had arrived with 1,630 men to assume the command of all the troops, the entire strength of which, when mustered at Ensenada de Baragon, a port on the Plata, thirty miles distant from Buenos Ayres, was 7,822 rank and file, including 150 mounted dragoons, with eighteen guns, and 200 horses and mules to drag them.

An advance to Buenos Ayres was now resolved upon; and on the escape of General Beresford, on his route from thence to a more distant place of detention, he supplied General Whitelock with much useful information.

CHAPTER XCI.

BUENOS AYRES, 1807.

After some fatiguing marches, through a country much intersected by swamps and muddy rivulets, the British troops once more reached the village of Reduccion on the 1st of July. Next day, when within seven miles of Buenos Ayres, they crossed the Chuelo by a ford called the Chico, and traversed the low ground on the opposite bank at the extremity of which stands the city.

The Spaniards were in the field to oppose this advance, but offered only a feeble resistance, which the discharge of a few round shot was always sufficient to overcome; but when the right column, commanded by Major-General Leveson Gower, arrived near the Coral de Miserere, they displayed a formidable body of horse and foot, supported by a brigade of guns and a *corps de reserve*.

Brigadier Crawford, placing himself at the head of the light infantry, consisting of the 95th Rifles and the light battalion, made one furious charge, and drove them back in utter confusion, with the loss of nine guns and a howitzer. Profiting by this panic, he pursued them into the very suburbs of the place, where his career of victory terminated; and Major-General Gower ordered the troops first to halt, and then to take up a position for the night about a mile in the rear, and near the principal slaughtering-place of the city.

During the temporary advance into it, Captain Carroll, with his company, captured a tilt-cart laden with bread, and an eight-pounder brass gun, on which "88" was immediately scored with the point of a bayonet, to mark it as a regimental prize.

To complete the investment of the city, Sir Samuel Achmuty's brigade was posted on the left, near the Convent of the Recolletta, from which it is two miles distant. Two battalions were stationed

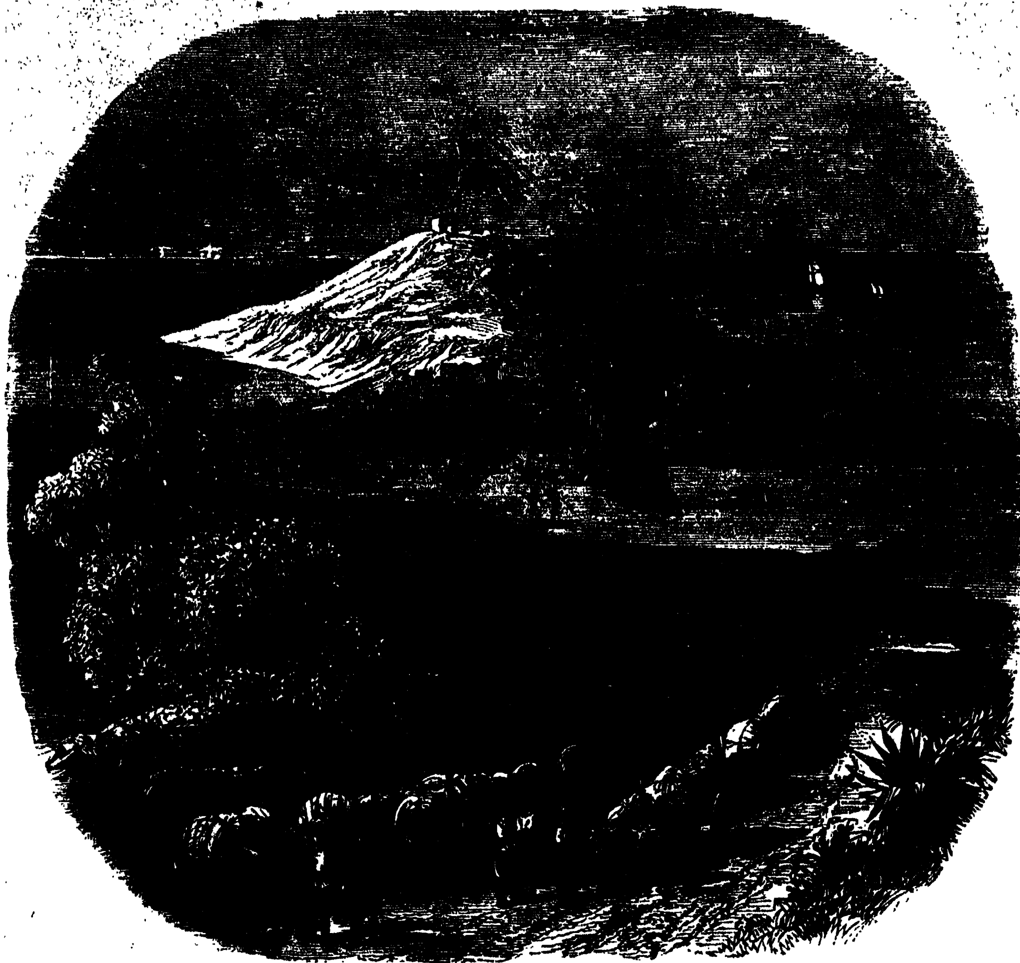


BRITISH ATTACK ON BUENOS AYRES (*see page* 368).

on its right. Crawford's brigade occupied the central and principal avenues, being distant three miles from the great square and fort. On his right, three regiments in line extended to the Residentia.

The troops remained under arms during the night, exposed to heavy and incessant torrents of rain. In the morning General Whitelock summoned the governor to surrender, de Toros, and there post himself. Four others, divided into wings, were to penetrate into the streets directly in its front.

The light battalion, divided into wings, each supported by a wing of the 95th and a three-pounder, was to proceed down two streets on each side of the great central thoroughfare, and the 25th King's Own Borderers down two that were adjacent; and



BAY OF CORUNNA.

to make an attack upon our pickets; and in repelling this the 88th Regiment, which had relieved the 95th, had twenty men killed and wounded.

The assault of the town was now resolved on, and the morning of the 5th of July, was fixed for carrying it into execution.

The circumstance of the town and suburbs being divided into squares of 140 yards on each side, together with the knowledge that the enemy might occupy the flat roofs of the houses, occasioned the following mode of attack. Sir Samuel Achmuty, with a regiment, was to take possession of the Plaza after clearing the streets of the enemy, the latter corps was to take post at the Residentia. Two six-pounders were to traverse the central street, covered by the Carbineers and three troops of the 9th Light Dragoons. Each division was to proceed along the street directly in its front, till it arrived at the last square of the houses next the Rio de la Plata, of which square it was to take possession, and forming on the flat roofs, there await further orders.

Two corporals, with tools, were to march at the head of each column, for the purpose of breaking

open doors. As no firing was to be permitted until the columns had reached their final points, the whole of the troops advanced to the attack with arms unloaded.

It may not be improper to mention here an erroneous report prevalent in Britain, that the troops advanced to assault Buenos Ayres, not only with arms unloaded, but actually with snappers substituted for flints. The fact is that only two companies of the 88th were deprived of every means of offence or defence except their bayonets. They had been on picket the night before, and consequently joined their corps with loaded arms. The order to draw the charges occasioning some delay, General Gower became impatient, and directed those who had not drawn to take out their flints. The consequence was that several of these men were killed in the streets while in the act of screwing fresh flints into the dog-heads of their muskets.

At half-past six on the morning of the 5th of July, the troops advanced swiftly to the various points assigned them. Some of the wings marched in open column of sections. A death-like silence prevailed in Buenos Ayres. Not a human being was to be seen, and the echoes of the streets responded strangely to the quick tramp of the marching men and the rumble of the artillery wheels. The troops were utterly at a loss to account for the apparent solitude and desertion that surrounded them; it seemed a veritable city of the dead.

"At length," to quote the Records of the 88th Regiment, "a few detached shots seemed to give a pre-arranged signal, at which the entire population of a vast town was to burst from its concealment; and in an instant the flat roofs of the houses swarmed with a mass of musketeers, who poured a deadly and almost unerring fire upon the British soldiers."

To those who are unacquainted with the style of building in Spain and the colonies of that country, says a naval historian, it may be proper to observe that the Moors probably introduced the custom of constructing their houses like fortifications, that is, an exterior of massive stone-work, with iron-barred windows and massive doors, the interior presenting a courtyard, surrounded by two or three tiers of balconies and a staircase, which might easily be defended by few against many. The roofs were flat, affording a favourable retreat for armed men, and even for women and children. To set such edifices on fire from without was impossible; and a town thus constructed could yield to nothing but a bombardment.

When this dreadful fire suddenly opened upon them from these mansions, the troops were defenceless, their arms being unloaded.

Showers of musketry, bricks, stones, and hand grenades were rained upon the staggering columns, and all the doors were barricaded in such a manner as to render it impossible to force them. From the street corners there came occasional tempests of grape shot, till the cannon were taken by the bayonet. Every householder, with his negroes, defended his own dwelling as if it had been a fortress, and fast on every hand fell our dead and wounded.

Nevertheless, when our men did load, the first onset by Sir Samuel Achmuty was successful. He pressed onward, his column firing upward, almost at random, against their unseen foes, till he possessed himself of the Plaza de Toros, the point he was ordered to attack, but with terrible loss. There he took thirty-two pieces of cannon, 600 prisoners, and a vast quantity of ammunition. The other divisions moved with different success. That under Brigadier Lumley had to cross deep intersecting ditches cut in the streets; beyond these stood cannon. Notwithstanding these obstacles, the 36th Regiment reached its destination, but the gallant 88th were woefully cut up.

Their commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Duff (afterwards Earl of Fife), penetrated as far as a church on the right-hand side of a street, where his column had been directed to establish itself; but the strength of the barricaded doors defied all efforts to force an entrance. His situation instantly became desperate; to remain stationary was to expose himself and the corps to certain massacre, without the hope even of selling life dearly. To advance was as pregnant with destruction as to remain or to retreat. Yet he resolved to push on, and, with a few brave survivors, he fought his way into a cross street, and forcing open two houses, the doors of which were not so well secured as others, he bayoneted all who were in them; but even when taken they afforded the captors but little shelter, being lower than the surrounding buildings, and consequently commanded on every side. At length, after a vain and murderous contest of four hours, but not until the last cartridge had been expended, Colonel Duff, with the survivors of the right wing, surrendered as prisoners of war.

Meanwhile the left wing of the 88th, under Major Vandeleur, had been engaged in a contest equally hopeless, sanguinary, and unfortunate. "It had penetrated a considerable way into one of the main streets of the town before a single enemy appeared. Two mounted videttes were at length

observed retiring slowly, and, as they retired, constantly looking up to the tops of the houses, evidently giving directions to the armed men who were as yet concealed behind the parapets. Major Vandeleur ordered his men to advance in double-quick time; then a terrific shout burst from behind the parapets, and in an instant a dreadful fire of musketry, accompanied by hand-grenades and other missiles, carried death through the British ranks. Revenge, or even resistance, was out of the question, nevertheless, the men, undismayed, continued to press on, and finally surmounting every obstacle, succeeded in reaching the river, where they found themselves exposed to an enfilading fire from the guns of the citadel, at about three hundred yards' distance."

The Connaught Rangers burst open a house, but it afforded them no protection, the yard being surrounded by other parapeted houses, from whence a ceaseless and destructive fire poured upon them. Artillery was then brought against them, and they were surrounded in a *cul-de-sac* from which they could neither advance nor retreat, by a large body of Spanish troops. For three hours and a half did the relics of the left wing protract the hopeless struggle, until the firing had ceased everywhere else, and until they had expended the ammunition found in the pouches of their dead and dying comrades. In this conflict Lieutenant George Bury vanquished in single combat an officer of Spanish grenadiers; and Sergeant-Major Bone, for his bravery, received an ensigncy.

The Plaza de Toros served as a place of refuge for some of the regiments; but Brigadier Crawford, with his brigade, being cut off from all communication with any of the other columns, was obliged to surrender. Still, the result of the day's action left Whitelock in possession of the great square and the Residentia, with an advanced post in his centre; but these advantages had cost him 2,500 men and officers.

Such was the situation of our troops on the morning of the 6th of July, when General Liniers addressed a letter to General Whitelock, offering to give up all his prisoners taken in this affair, together with those of the 71st Highlanders, and others taken with General Beresford, on the condition of his desisting from any further attack on the town, and withdrawing His Majesty's forces from the Rio de la Plata; intimating at the same time that, from the exasperated state of the populace, he would not answer for the lives of the prisoners, if he persisted in offensive operations.

These considerations induced General Whitelock to accept the proposals made to him; so the British army withdrew from that ill-fated river, and so ended the disastrous, yet not inglorious, invasion of South America.

General Whitelock returned to England on board the *Saracen*, sloop-of-war; and was tried by a general court-martial at Chelsea Hospital. The sentence of the court was, that for his shameful blundering in the campaign of Buenos Ayres, "the said Lieutenant-General Whitelock be cashiered, and declared totally unfit and unworthy to serve His Majesty in any military capacity whatever."

The people and the army were greatly inflamed against him, and in the latter, "Success to *grey hairs*, but bad luck to *White-locks*" was long a favourite toast. So lately as 1830, when he came down to take Butcombe Court, Somersetshire, he previously put up at an inn, when he asked the landlord to take a glass of wine with him. Upon learning, however, who he was, the landlord started up and declared he would not drink another glass with him, throwing down at the same time the price of the bottle, that he might not be indebted to the cashiered general.

He was originally an ensign of the 14th Regiment, and in the year of his dismissal was colonel of the 89th. His future years were passed in obscurity, and he died at Clifton, in his house in Prince's Buildings.

CHAPTER XCII.

QUILON, 1808-9.

During the year 1808, our 12th Regiment of Foot was quartered at Cannamore, on the coast of Malabar, one of the most beautiful, healthy, and romantic situations in India. While there, rumours came that hostilities had commenced between the Rajah of Travancore and the British Government at Madras, and that three battalions of sepoys had been unexpectedly surrounded by a host of his troops at a place called Quilon, a maritime town on the Indian Ocean, at the mouth of a

navigable river, where those battalions had been stationed as a subsidiary force to overawe his refractory subjects.

Colonel Macaulay, the Resident, represented that unless these sepoys were promptly succoured by a European regiment, their destruction was inevitable; so the 12th received orders to sail to Quilon, a distance of 500 miles, whither they proceeded in twelve leaky *patmars* (undecked boats), with the flank companies on board two crazy brigs. On reaching Cochin, John Picton (brother of the famous Sir Thomas) found only four of the *patmars* in sight, the rest having parted company in the night, with six companies of the regiment on board; and there he received intelligence from Colonel Macaulay that he had been compelled to quit Quilon, in consequence of the hostility of the people, and that the three battalions of the Madras Infantry were surrounded by at least 40,000 Nairs and Travancorians.

The four *patmars* put once more to sea, and reached Quilon in the afternoon of the 29th of December. The coast appeared deserted, and the officers and men of the 12th remained in the roadstead, in a state of suspense and indecision. At length some British officers came off to them in a canoe, and represented that the whole country was in arms, and that the moment a European landed the whole invading force would be driven into the sea.

In defiance of this, the 12th landed in small boats, that would only convey three or four men at a time, and encamped on a sandy plain, about four hundred yards from the beach, and sheltered by a forest of lofty cocoa-nut trees. They had with them only four six-pounders, three of which were without carriages, and mounted on sand-bags. The camp had scarcely been formed with the three sepoy battalions, ere the hissing of rockets and the booming of cannon kept them all night under arms; and a detachment was detailed to storm the palace of the Dewan, or prime minister of the Rajah.

With their solitary field-piece, these brave fellows marched through a populous market-place. The troops of the Dewan resisted them; but a few rounds of musketry, and a discharge or two of grape from the six-pounder, in less than ten minutes strewed the place with killed and wounded, putting the rest to flight, so the palace was taken possession of. Some cannon were captured, and a few bags of gold rewarded the troops for their gallantry.

Next morning they marched back to the camp, scaring by the way the jackals who were devouring the dead in the streets; and met some fishermen with faces streaming with blood, their noses and ears having been cut off by the people of the Dewan, who accused them of selling fish to the troops. Soon after an insulting message was delivered by the Dewan's herald to Colonel Chalmers, the senior officer at Quilon, to the effect that unless the Europeans were instantly re-embarked, his master would drive all the troops into the sea, and that if any prisoners were taken, they should be trampled to death by elephants.

To the colonel it seemed that 250 men of the 13th—the corps had recently been decimated by fever—and 1,200 sepoys would be able to achieve little against some 40,000 Travancorians, 20,000 of whom were well-disciplined, and led by French, Dutch, and German officers. Even while the messenger was speaking, several battalions of the enemy came in sight; their musketry opened, and many spent balls fell among the troops, who must have been defeated had a general action ensued.

Colonel Chalmers quitted the camp, and took up a stronger position in the remains of an old Dutch fort on a small peninsula. This movement was made at night; all the tents and marquees were left standing to delude the enemy. The captured guns were spiked, and the men's caps, pouches, and pockets were filled with ammunition.

Scarcely had they got into the old fort when a tremendous storm burst forth, with lightning, wind, and rain, which fell in torrents during the whole night, rusting the firearms, and rendering much of the ammunition unfit for service. When day dawned, the wetted powder oozing from the caps of the 12th made most of them seem as black as the sepoys.

The fort was a mile in extent, of triangular shape, against two sides of which the sea was rolling in fury. The works had been partially undermined and blown up; and there were the troops, about 1,500 of all ranks, exposed without shelter to a pitiless storm, with 10,000 camp followers—the wives, children, and servants of the sepoys—occupying the centre of the place.

When paraded at dawn, the troops were filled with rage, and, though they had scarcely a dry cartridge, actuated by despair, they clamoured to be led against the enemy, and to regain their camp at the point of the bayonet; and towards it they were marched, the handful of the 12th forming the van.

On the evening of the 7th of January, 1809, the plain on which the British troops were in camp was surrounded by the army of Travancore, and at least hirty pieces of cannon could be counted between the openings of the wood. The tents were struck,

and the line formed to oppose this hostile demonstration; when a gigantic elephant, gorgeously caparisoned, with a howdah on its back, in which sat the Master of the Horse, came striding slowly over the plain towards it.

An officer went forward to confer with this personage, who demanded, in a haughty tone, "an explanation of the unaccountable conduct of the Resident, in landing Europeans in the Travancore country, contrary to treaty," and pompously enumerating the strength of the Rajah's army. Next morning a letter came announcing the Dewan's resolution of driving them all into the sea; but it had scarcely reached the camp when the missing *patmars* were seen, with several others having on board the 18th Native Infantry, which had embarked at Cannamore, and joined the six companies of the 12th Regiment.

These had been wrecked in a tempest off Cochin, and were thus delayed joining the four companies already landed at Quilon, where their comrades received them with cheers of joy and welcome.

The fate of Sergeant-Major Tilsby and thirty men, who, in a small vessel, had escaped the hurricane, was truly deplorable. They had anchored at Aleppi, a seaport forty miles from Cochin, and, mistaking it for Quilon, landed and marched into the town. On reaching the bazaar they were treacherously informed that the British troops were only five miles distant; and deposited their arms in a room of a building which they were told was the temporary barracks of the Europeans.

They then strolled about the town, and the inhabitants freely supplied them with drugged arrack. They soon become intoxicated and stupefied, and while in this state were easily secured by the Travancorians, one of whom with a heavy iron bar broke the two wrists of each soldier, smashing the bones hopelessly to atoms; then, tightly tying their hands behind them, and binding their knees and necks together, they precipitated them into a loathsome dungeon.

In this choking and unspeakable condition, without food or water, they were left for four days and nights!

Their groans were skilfully mimicked by the barbarians who watched their misery. On the fifth morning they were dragged forth separately and conveyed to the Backwater, three miles distant, surrounded by exulting thousands. Heavy stones were attached to the neck of each unhappy creature, and they were flung in to drown, amid shouts, laughter, and the clapping of hands.

Sergeant-Major Tilsby, who was a powerful man, and had yet the use of one hand, implored them to give him a sword, that he might die like a soldier; but he, too, was flung into the watery grave whither all his comrades had preceded him. The story of this cruel outrage filled the men of the 12th or East Suffolk with a wild longing for vengeance—and their day of vengeance came!

With the remainder of the 12th and 18th there came a small artillery force, with four six-pounders and a howitzer. The troops now mustered 3,000 men, 700 of whom were Europeans. At three o'clock every morning the tents were struck, the troops resting on their arms till daylight, when the line was formed, and every preparation made for any attack; and this harassing necessity was pursued with undeviating uniformity, until the cessation of hostilities—a period of two months.

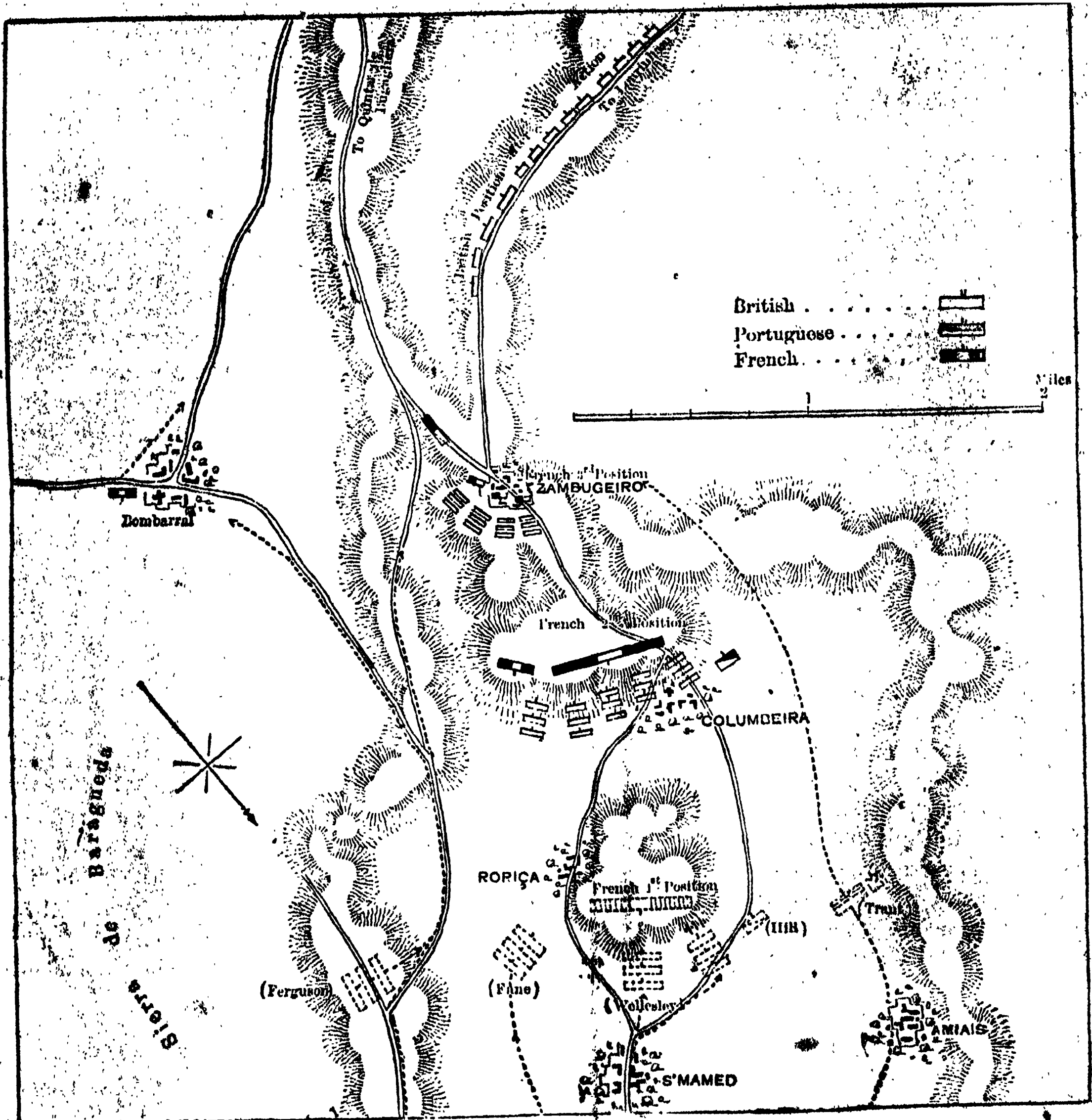
Fortunately now, about the middle of January, the *Piedmontiese*, frigate, Captain Foote, with Colonel Macaulay on board, anchored in the roadstead. In passing near Aujenga—the birthplace of Sterne's Eliza—she had been becalmed. On this 200 canoes, filled with armed men, came off to attack her. Captain Foote allowed them to approach within two hundred yards, when all his ports were triced up, the shotted guns were run out, and a whole broadside of grape swept the sea, which, in an instant, was covered with the fragments of more than forty canoes, and the shattered corpses of their occupants.

On the 13th of January the pickets were several times attacked, but from a respectful distance, as the balls that whistled into camp were usually half spent. The 15th produced a more serious effort. At two a.m., just before the rising of the troops, a shower of flaming fireballs and hissing rockets was shot into the the camp, followed by a discharge of artillery in front and on the flanks. Through one officer's tent alone four cannon-balls passed, one smashing his bed to pieces. The 12th rushed to arms, but before they could wheel from open column into line many men were killed.

The whole camp was ploughed up by cannon-balls. "The sandy particles driven into the faces of the soldiers confused them so much that some difficulty was experienced in forming the ranks; for although Colonel Picton's voice was like that of a Stentor, the hissing of rockets and the peals of artillery completely drowned it. So accurately had the range of the Europeans been taken, that it became necessary to advance at least one hundred paces before the regiment was clear of this terrific cannonade."

The night was exceedingly dark, and the enemy still continued to fire on the exact spot from which

the line had advanced, until the dawn of day exposed the new alignment taken up by our troops. It appeared that the Dewan had advanced his guns during the early part of the night to within a quarter of a mile of the British camp, through the dense forest of cocoa-nut trees.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF ROLICA.

At six in the morning (after suffering a three hours' cannonade from at least forty pieces of ordnance, showering round and grape shot on the encampment, piercing every tent and tearing some to pieces), daylight enabled Colonel Chalmers to decide on final arrangements for defence. "Five companies of the 12th Regiment," wrote an officer who was present, "with two battalions of sepoys, advanced to the front attack, and a similar proportion of the 12th to the left flank, and a battalion of sepoys to the right. At this moment the pickets came rushing in, followed closely by a large body of the enemy. Colonel Picton at once charged with his division, and drove them back at the point of the bayonet into the wood, when two loaded with grape opened, and swept twelve men of the grenadier company from the face of the earth, wounding many others." But the cannon were taken, and the gunners bayoneted.

As nine of our artillerymen were dragging at a rope to get a field-piece into position, an eighteen-pound shot struck the front man near the hip, carrying off the lower extremities of the eight men in his rear, close to their bodies; and by this

catastrophe the artillery force was now reduced to twenty men.

The battery of eighteen-pounders was carried by the 12th. A mass of the enemy advanced to retake them by attempting a charge. This mass was at least 10,000 strong. Heedless and fearless, the left wing of the 12th, raising the wild shout, "Remember Aleppi, my boys!" dashed with their bayonets, and in just yet vindictive fury, among the Nairs, of whom fully a thousand fell under the out, leaving literally piles of dead and dying behind them.

Many charges were made after this; but whenever the 12th advanced, a cry was raised of "The Europeans! The Europeans!" and the natives gave way. In the final charge, however, the Nairs fought desperately; the encounter was man to man, foot to foot; all was wild confusion, the enemy being ten times our strength. The 12th were inspired by a degree of fury beyond description,



VIMIERA.

cold steel in an instant. Panic-struck by the fierce resolution of this little band, the mass gave way and fled with precipitation, giving place to a vast force of archers, whose arrows were poisoned, as no man survived the slightest wound inflicted by them. So thickly came those deadly shafts, that the writer already quoted states that the earth bristled with them like stubble in a harvest-field. By this time the forces of Travancore had got into the encampment by the sea-beach, and, completely surrounding the little British army, captured with exulting yells all the baggage and magazine. While engaged in the work of plunder, they were attacked by the slender column of Picton, and in less than half an hour were driven and never ceased to shout, "Remember Aleppi, my boys! Remember Aleppi!" One charged his bayonet with such force into the body of a Travancorian, that it remained wedged in the backbone, so that he had to unfix and leave it there. As the British pressed on, they came near some old houses filled with the enemy; they were carried, and every man therein was put to death. One, which was barricaded, it was found impracticable to force. An offer of quarter was replied to by a volley of musketry. It was then set on fire, and 200 Nairs perished, howling like wild animals amid the conflagration, as all who sought to escape by the windows were hurled back by the bayonet.

By six o'clock the enemy had melted away, leaving more than 5,000 corpses behind them. The total loss of the British was six officers and 200 men. Many of the Nairs were found with ropes coiled round their arms. These, the wounded explained, were furnished by order of the Dewan, for the purpose of tying all prisoners taken and casting them into the sea, as had been done at Aleppi. Lieutenant Thomson, of the 12th, charged nearly 5,000 of the enemy with only 50 men three times, and fell to rise no more, covered with wounds.

In this year 1809 the British took final possession of the country; and the new Resident, Colonel Munro, assumed the office of prime minister to the Rajah, who became a tributary to the king. The Dewan was slain by his brother, and his body was hanged at the place where the thirty-three prisoners of the 12th Regiment were put to death so barbarously.

CHAPTER XCIII.

ROLIÇA, 1808.

THE grasping ambition of Napoleon now speedily led to the great war in the Peninsula.

In March, 1808, Charles IV. abdicated the throne of Spain in favour of his son Ferdinand, and after doing so declared to the Emperor of France that the act had been compulsory. The following month saw Napoleon at Bayonne, for the ostensible purpose of settling the quarrels among the royal family of Spain, and Ferdinand was induced to meet him; while Murat entered the capital at the head of a French army, and from thence sent Godoy, the Prince of Peace, who had been imprisoned, under escort to Bayonne. There Napoleon had an interview with Charles, at which the Queen of Spain and Ferdinand were present, and where there ensued one of the most pitiful scenes of modern times. Charles accused his son of usurpation, the Queen declared him illegitimate; and, by threats and promises, he was induced to renounce all right to the Spanish throne; and, singularly enough, the other branches of the royal family resigned their pretensions in a similar manner. Charles then ceded his claims in favour of Napoleon.

The latter proclaimed his brother Joseph King of Spain, on the 6th of June; but ten days after this startling event the Portuguese rose in arms and expelled the French troops. The insurrection spread into Spain, when the French squadron at Cadiz was compelled to surrender; and Dupont, at the head of 15,000 men, capitulated to General Castanos.

The patriots now sought the aid of Britain. An expedition was prepared to aid them; and now began our most glorious series of victories, in that fierce contest which made the names of many places hitherto unknown to our people "familiar in their mouths as household words"—names borne with pride upon the colours of our troops—the honours won in that long war, which gave Britain the same supremacy and influence by land which her navy had ever held for her by sea.

On the 12th of July, 1808, Sir Arthur Wellesley, at the head of 9,394 men, sailed from Cork. On clearing the coast, the frigate in which he had embarked was steered for Corunna, under all the sail she could carry. There he had an interview with the provincial authorities, the Junta of Galicia, to whom he offered co-operation. This was declined, on the ground that there was no immediate necessity for it in that quarter.

Sailing from thence to Oporto, he held a conference with the Bishop and other functionaries. From them and Lieutenant-Colonel Browne, who had previously joined them, he learned that the regular Portuguese troops amounted to 5,000 men, and were posted at Coimbra; that there were 1,200 peasants in advance, and a corps of 2,500 Portuguese and 300 Spanish infantry in Oporto; but all were badly equipped, the peasantry having only pikes. It was concerted that the regulars should co-operate with them, and with this view he landed his troops at Mondego Bay on the 1st of August.

On the 14th Sir Arthur reached the small town of Alcobaça, from which the French had fallen back on the preceding night. The next day he arrived at Caldos. The enemy's advanced posts were at Brilos, within a league of that place, and from it orders were given to drive them. On this duty four rifle companies marched; they were tempted into an incautious pursuit as the French retired. A superior force attempted to cut them off, and would have succeeded had not General Spencer come to their support. A trifling loss was

sustained in this affair; but the village was won, and the French retired from the neighbourhood, their pickets having been driven from Obidos.

These were first shots fired in the great War of the Peninsula, and there the troops of France and Britain were face to face for the first time.

The companies engaged consisted of two of the 60th and two of the 95th Regiments. One officer was killed—Lieutenant Bunting, of the latter corps.

Two days later saw the French in position near the little town of Rolica, on the coast road leading from the North to Lisbon. It stands at the entrance to the mountainous country, and there General Laborde had posted himself strongly on the heights and in the passes, with such judicious care that superior numbers could not be brought against him.

In front of Rolica lies a fertile plain, overlooked by the green eminence on which the little town stands. At the end of the plain is a valley which commences at Caldas de Rainha. In its centre, and eight miles from Rolica, is the town and Moorish castle of Obidos, from whence the enemy's pickets had been driven on the 15th, "and from that time," says Sir Arthur in his despatch, "he had posts on the hills on both sides of the valley, as well as in the plain in front of his army, which was posted on the heights in front of Rolica, its right resting upon the hills, its left upon an eminence on which was a windmill, and the whole covering four or five passes into the mountains in his rear."

Labörde (or De Laborde) was at the head of 5,550 infantry and 500 cavalry, with five field-pieces; and as there was reason to believe that General Loison, who was the preceding day at Rio Major, would come in on Laborde's right flank in the night, it was resolved to attack the latter at once, and force the passes.

Sir Arthur having formed his plan of attack, broke up from Caldos on the 17th of August, and advanced upon Rolica with his army in three columns.

The right, which consisted of 1,200 Portuguese infantry, with fifty cavalry, was destined to turn the enemy's left, and penetrate into the mountains in his rear. The left column, consisting of the infantry brigades of Major-Generals Fergusson and Bowes, three companies of Rifles, a brigade of light artillery, and forty dragoons, had orders to ascend the hill at Obidos, turn all the enemy's posts on the left of the valleys, and watch for the approach of General Loison's corps.

The centre column, consisting of the brigades of the gallant Sir Rowland Hill, Nightingale, Crawford, and Fane, with 400 Portuguese *caçadores* (or rifles), a brigade of nine-pounders, and another of six-pounders, had orders to attack Laborde's position straight in front.

At seven o'clock in the morning the troops moved off from Obidos, through a level country, interspersed here and there with pine woods; but though the distance between Caldas de Rainha and Rolica is not more than three leagues, much time elapsed before our troops were within musket-shot of the French outposts. Nothing, says the Marquis of Londonderry, in his "Story of the Peninsular War," could exceed the orderly and gallant style in which they traversed the intervening space. The day was clear, bright, and beautiful, and the woody scenery through which the marching columns passed was varied and striking; "but they were themselves by far the most striking feature in the panorama."

Whenever any broken piece of ground or other natural obstacle came in the way, the leading sections of the column having passed it, they stepped short till the rear had recovered its order; and then the whole pressed forward, with the same attention to distances and dressing which is usually preserved at a review. At last the enemy's line came in sight, all dark and sombre, save where the sunshine was reflected by their bayonets and polished musket-barrels. In a few minutes afterwards, light puffs of smoke and the report of scattered firing announced that the skirmishers were engaged.

Anon the regiments comprising the four brigades of the centre division broke into columns of battalions, with bayonets fixed and colours flying. The left continued to press on rapidly, while our rifles on the right drove in the *tirailleurs* who were opposed to them. At the same moment Fergusson's brigade, with its light artillery and little squadron of horse, was seen moving swiftly down the green slope of the hills, to cut off the retreat of De Laborde, who was too wary a soldier to permit that.

On finding that the posts which covered his position on the plain were carried, he withdrew his troops with great readiness into the rocky passes or gorges in the hills; and it now became evident that on these narrow ravines he had looked all along as affording him advantageous battle-ground. The new position he thus assumed became more formidable than ever, owing to the cover afforded to his musketry by the inequalities of the ground.

Sir Arthur Wellesley quite as quickly altered his plan of attack.

Five columns were formed, and to each of these was assigned the desperate task of carrying a pass; but as the ground was rough and steep, and the ravines extremely narrow, no more than five British

battalions, a few companies of our light infantry, and the Portuguese brigade, could be brought into action. The latter, says Sir Arthur's despatch, were ordered to move up a pass on the right of the whole; the light companies of Rowland Hill's brigade moved into the pass; next on the right, the 9th and 29th Regiments, under Brigadier Nightingale, were to assail a third pass, and the 45th and 82nd Regiments the passes on the left. These ravines were all difficult of approach to the assailants, and were most defensible to the enemy. Impending rocks and dense dark groves overhung them, affording sure and secret cover to the crouching French *tirailleurs;* and as our troops advanced, their order became broken by clumps of wild myrtle and other shrubs.

Most particularly was this the case in that pass which the 9th and 29th were ordered to attack. Permitting the column to advance without molestation till the leading companies were within a few yards of a myrtle grove, the French suddenly opened a deadly fire from the front and both flanks, which only the most resolute bravery could have withstood. In a moment the ravine was full of smoke; the roar of the musketry was echoed by the hills and rocks with incessant reverberations, and the killed and wounded fell fast on every side. The advance was checked for a moment—but a moment only.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lake, of the 29th (son of Lord Lake of Delhi and Leswarree), who led the attack, waving his hat and sword, called on his men to follow him, and with loud cheers they dashed on. Full of confidence in their position and in themselves, the French fought valiantly, disputing every rock, and bush, and inch of ground nor was it till after great loss had been sustained, including the gallant Lake, that the 29th succeeded in gaining the plateau.

That splendid regiment had not yet formed line, and the 9th were still entangled in the pass, when a French battalion had the temerity to advance to the charge. They were met with equal spirit, and the slaughter by the bayonet was great on both sides; but the French were repulsed. Again they attempted to charge with increasing numbers; but the 9th were now in line to aid their comrades, and again the French were beaten back before the hedge of British steel with renewed slaughter.

They had no opportunity given them to repeat these sanguinary efforts; for now the heads of the different columns, pressing onward and pouring their fire through the different passes, began to show themselves, and from that moment the position was carried on every point.

De Laborde at once drew off his troops by beat of drum, and they began to retire in excellent order, though many efforts were made to harass them by cavalry and light infantry; but his great superiority in the former force, and the nature of the wild country through which they retreated, rendered these attempts of little avail. In the passes the French left three pieces of cannon, and more than a thousand officers and men killed or wounded.

Our total loss in killed, wounded, and missing amounted to 474 of all ranks. Among the latter were four officers and sixty-eight rank and file, most of whom were probably shot, or bled to death of their wounds unseen in lonely places.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, with his victorious troops, followed the enemy as far as Villa Verde, on the road to Torres Vedras, and halted for the night. The enemy retired behind that place, which is ten miles distant from the field of Roleia; and near there the junction was formed by the arrival of Loison's division.

On the following morning the advance of our army was about to be renewed; and it appeared, states Lord Londonderry, "as if no check would be given to the ardour of the troops till they should have won a second victory, and established themselves in Lisbon, when the arrival of a messenger at head-quarters caused a suspension of orders already issued."

This messenger was an officer bearing despatches from General Anstruther, to the effect that, with a large fleet of store-ships and a reinforcement of troops, he was now at anchor off the fortified town of Peniche, seventeen miles west of Obidos; and, as it was a matter of the first importance to bring up these troops and stores without delay, Sir Arthur resolved to march in such a direction as would ensure a ready junction.

With this view, he directed the route of his troops towards Lourinha. He reached that place in the evening, and on the following day took up a position near the village of Vimiera.

Prior to General de Laborde retiring from Rolica, his situation had become most critical.

He was severely wounded, but, with unyielding resolution, he had made a movement along the table-land leading from his position to the mountains in his rear, checking pursuit by partial charges with his cavalry, until he reached the village of Zambugeira.

There the ground opened, and the danger from the flanking force being fended off, he had made another stand ere he finally took to flight, and ultimately reached Torres Vedras.

CHAPTER XCIV.

VIMIERA, 1808.

Calms prevented the fleet with Anstruther's reinforcement from standing in from the Berlings till the evening of the 19th of August; and the brigade was landed on the following day on the sandy beach at the mouth of the Maciera, but amidst difficulties of no ordinary nature. Foaming and white, the surf ran there with great fury, and flying parties of French cavalry hovered about, carbine in hand, with the intention of cutting off each detachment as it landed. One or two boats were swamped, and some six soldiers were drowned. After marching three leagues, as far as Lourinha, they found a detachment under General Spencer waiting to receive them, and took their position in the advanced guard.

Meanwhile the French army had assembled about Torres Vedras; the advanced guard, under Marshal Junot, the Duc d'Abrantes, having taken up a strong position in front of the town, and the main body, under De Laborde, being strongly posted in rear of it. During this and the preceding day their cavalry were very active. They covered the whole country, hence Sir Arthur Wellesley could gain no exact information concerning the enemy, save that their post was one of great strength.

About noon on the 20th, news arrived that General Auckland was off the coast; and in the evening of the same day Sir Harry Burrard arrived in the roadstead of Maciera, with orders to assume the command of the army. The plan of Sir Arthur had been to march on the following day, to send on his advanced posts as far as the town of Mafra, in Portuguese Estramadura, and halt the main body five miles from that place, and thus outflank the French position at Torres Vedras. He possessed an excellent map of the country, and topographical accounts of it, which had been prepared for Sir Charles Stewart, during his command in Portugal. He thus anticipated that the battle would be fought in a district of which he had complete knowledge, and that ere long he should be in Lisbon, with the foe flying before him. The arrival of a new commander disconcerted all these plans. Sir Harry Burrard would sanction no rash movement, as he called it, with a force as yet incomplete; and, as senior officer, his will could not be disputed. Sir Arthur, with keen emotions of disappointment, returned to the camp that night: and the next day afforded proof that he had erred in what he had anticipated the enemy would do; for Junot, who had procured better intelligence than his antagonist, was leaving nothing undone to bring into the field a force capable of sustaining a battle with the British army.

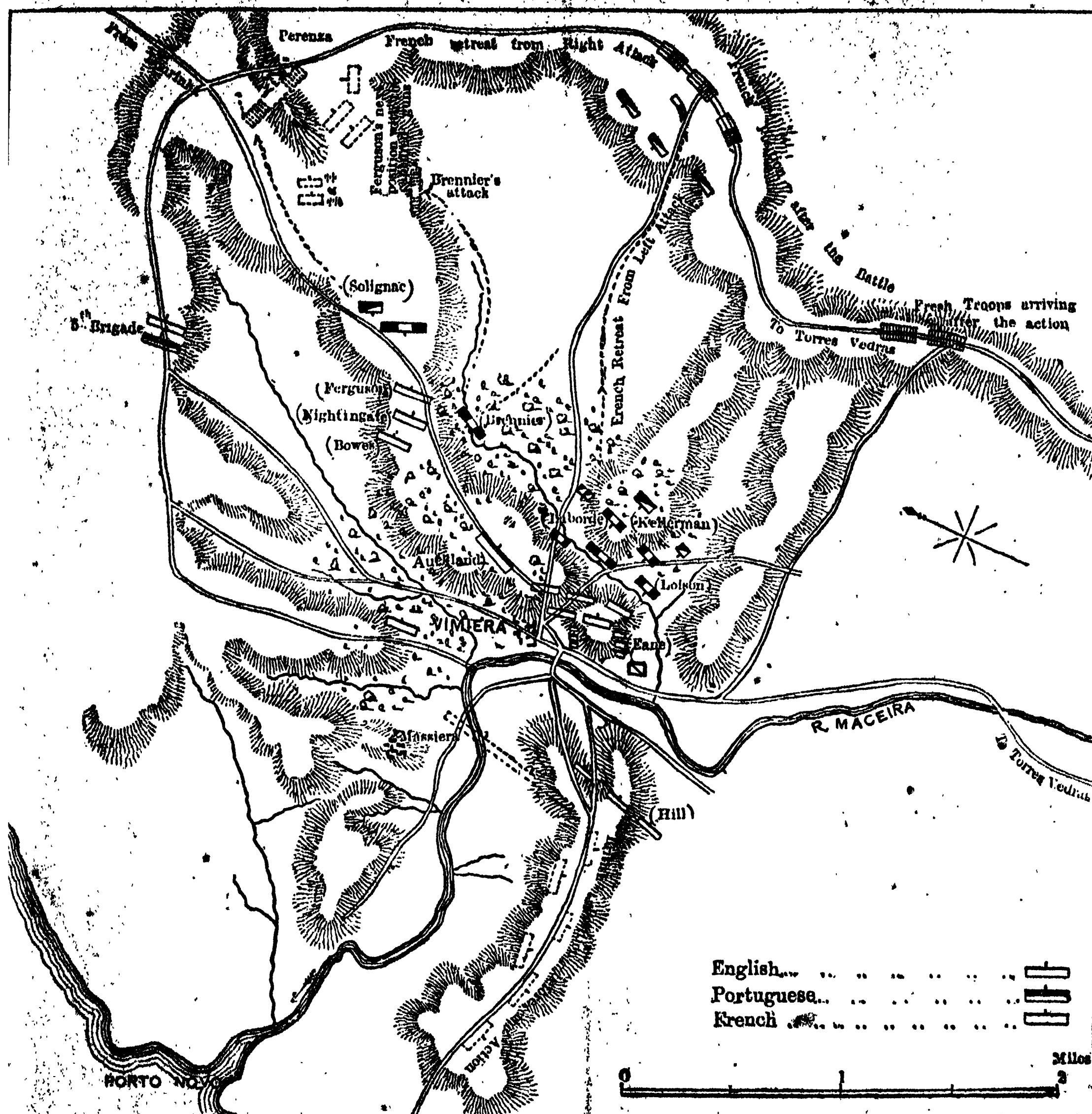
Every man fit for service was drawn from the garrisons of Lisbon and the forts near it; and the corps of Loison, Thomières, Kellerman, and De Laborde were concentrated without delay at the position of Torres Vedras. By the 20th this was all fully effected. One division was assigned to De Laborde, another to Loison; while Kellerman assumed the command of the reserve, which was entirely composed of grenadiers. Marshal Junot, then advanced in all his strength towards Vimiera, where he knew the British troops were encamped.

The town of Vimiera stands in a lovely valley, through which the Maciera winds towards the sea, about three miles distant. On each side the hills rise to a considerable height, especially on the north, where a chain of detached peaks start with striking abruptness out of the fertile plain. The western termination of these mountains reaches the shore, while the eastern is separated by a deep ravine from the heights over which the road passes from Lourinha. On the north-east of Vimiera there is a piece of table-land covered with laurels and other shrubs; this commands all the approaches from Torres Vedras, and is, in turn, commanded by the mass of mountains that rise between the left bank of the river and the sea.

With eight pieces of cannon, the greater portion of our infantry were posted on these mountains; Hill's brigade being on the right and Fergusson's on the left, having one battalion on the heights above the ravine. A hill on the south-east of Vimiera was occupied by the corps of Fane and Anstruther—the former with his riflemen and the 50th Foot; and the latter were supported by two half brigades of nine and six-pounders. The high road to Lourinha, and the heights which it crosses, were occupied only by an out-picket, because, as there was no spring water in the neighbourhood, Sir Arthur Wellesley had intended to shift his camp at sunrise. In the village last named were stationed our reserves of artillery and cavalry.

Marshal Junot began his march about nightfall; and, after a tedious and difficult route, through

narrow defiles and mountain passes, about seven o'clock next morning the head of his leading column was within four miles and a half of our outposts. As the ground he occupied was completely hidden from these, he was enabled to form, unseen, his columns of attack; nor was it until on the weakest portion of his line—he therefore ordered the brigades of Generals Nightingale, Fergusson, Auckland, and Bowes to cross the ravine with all speed; and thus, long before the first shots were exchanged by the advanced posts, his left flank was secure.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF VIMIERA.

the helmets and sabres of a considerable mass of cavalry were seen to glitter in the sunshine, as they deployed immediately in front of the picket on the Lourinha road, that Sir Arthur anticipated there would be an action.

Full of grand decision, and never for a moment taken by surprise, his eagle eye perceived in a moment that the principal assault would be made exactly where he had most cause to apprehend it—

The enemy came on in two great columns, supported and flanked by a cloud of skirmishers. They were dressed in long white linen coats and trousers. Their muskets were six inches longer in the barrel than ours, but their bayonets were three inches shorter; and the locks of their pieces were better constructed, the priming not being so liable to fall out of the pans—an accident that often happened then in our service.



BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

The right column, which consisted of 6,000 men, poured along the Lourinha road; while the left, 5,000 strong, turned its efforts against the table-land. As the French troops are always impetu- and usually go into action uttering yells and c the first onset, of both these masses was made. great fury; hence, on the left of the table-land the skirmishers were swept away, and the head of the column, as it came surging on, appeared almost unchecked in front of the 50th Regiment, or West Kent.

Veterans of Egypt, this fine old regiment—long popularly known from the then colour of its facings as "The Black Half Hundred"—drawn up in line, permitted this oblong mass to approach till scarcely twenty yards divided them. Then, after pouring in a steady and most destructive volley, the corps prepared to charge. For a moment—but a moment only—the enemy stood as if resolved to meet the shock. But the bayonets of the 50th were barely crossing theirs when they began to pause; and ere the final rush was made they wavered, broke, and, with wild halloos, ran down the slope in confusion and with precipitation.

About the same time that this was occurring, the 2nd battalion of the 43rd Light Infantry was attacked with singular determination in the town of Vimiera, by the lesser column. The 43rd were posted partly in the houses, and along the church-yard wall, from both of which points they opened a fire upon the road, and resolutely repelled every attempt to dislodge them; and the same result attended the attack which was made on the British left. Though led on with singular gallantry by General de Laborde, the enemy were repulsed with great slaughter by the exertions chiefly of the 52nd Light Infantry and the old 97th or Queen's German Regiment.

Meantime the roar of musketry was elsewhere heard among the echoing hills that overhung the Lourinha road on the British right. On this quarter the French had forced their way, as they had done on the other flank, through the line of skirmishers; and, coming on with all their usual *élan*, they never paused until they saw before them the solid array of the 36th, the 40th, and 71st Highlanders; "and several searching discharges of musketry," says Lord Londonderry, "were exchanged at a distance which hardly allowed a single bullet to miss its mark."

One loud and ringing cheer that burst along the line warned the French of what they had to expect; but this column was composed of well-tried troops, the flower of Junot's army, and they stood to the last. The onset was awful. The entire front rank of the enemy perished to a man; and after the action the men who composed it were found lying dead on the very spot where, during its for- each had stood.

"They came up to the charge like men accustomed to victory," records the "Edinburgh Register" for 1808; "but no troops, however disciplined, however brave, however accustomed to victory, have ever withstood the charge of the British bayonet. In one moment their foremost rank fell, like a line of grass beneath the scythes of the mowers. The very men whose superiority was thus so decidedly proved could not speak without an involuntary emotion of awe of so complete and instantaneous a destruction, produced as it was, not by artillery or explosions, but by their own act and deed, and the strength of their own hands."

The French gave way, and six pieces of cannon were taken from them in the pursuit.

They made a resolute attempt, under General Kellerman, to recover them, at a moment when the 71st Highlanders and 82nd Regiment, who had halted in the valley, were lying down to rest. These fine corps only fell back to a little rising ground, from whence their fire could be given with greater effect. It was given, and once more bringing the bayonet to the charge, they swept all before them, repulsing the French with renewed loss.

When the 71st Highlanders were advancing, Stewart, the piper of their grenadier company, fell; his thigh had been broken by a musket-shot. Yet he refused to quit the field, says a note to Londonderry's narrative; and, sitting on a knapsack, continued to inspire his comrades by a pibroch, crying—

"Deil hae me, lads, if ye shall want music!"

For this he received a handsome stand of pipes from the Highland Society of Scotland.

In the attempt to recover the guns, the French General Bernier was wounded, and would have been bayoneted by those into whose hands he had fallen, but for the intervention of Corporal Mackay, of the 71st, to whom, in gratitude, he offered his watch and purse. These Mackay positively declined to accept. When he delivered his prisoner in ty to Colonel (afterwards Sir Dennis) Pack, the eral said, with astonishment—

"What sort of man can this be? He has done me the greatest service, and yet refuses to take from me the only reward I can present him!"

"Sir," replied Colonel Pack, "we are British soldiers, not plunderers."

By the request of Sir Arthur Wellesley, Mackay was immediately made a sergeant; and the Highland Society presented him with a gold medal.

Gallantly did the French fight in this action; they had been long accustomed to conquer, and were slow to learn what defeat was. The grenadiers of their reserve, under Kellerman, advancing under a cross fire of cannon and musketry, never paused or gave way till the levelled bayonets of the British hurled them in total disorder down the descent. They were thus routed at every point, with a slaughter greater than usually occurs in armies of similar magnitude. Between three and four thousand of them perished on the field. A large proportion of prisoners fell into our hands; many of these were officers of rank. There were also captured six pieces of cannon, six field howitzers, 23 ammunition carts, and 20,000 rounds of ball cartridge. Generals Foy and Thiebault insist that the French loss was under 2,000 men.

Our total loss of all ranks, killed, wounded, and missing, was 740 men and 43 horses.

In the first of these casualties is found the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Taylor, commanding the 20th Light Dragoons. He was shot through the heart while leading his troopers in a brilliant charge, during which they were suddenly beset by an entire brigade of the enemy's cavalry.

The battle had hardly begun when Sir Harry Burrard, with his staff, arrived upon the field. As bound in duty, Sir Arthur Wellesley offered to resign all further responsibility; but Sir Harry "possessed too much judgment not to perceive that the execution of plans could not be left in safer hands than in those of the man who had formed them. He accordingly declined to interfere in any way till the result of the struggle should be known; and took upon himself the direction of future operations only when the defeat of the enemy had been ascertained."

Most of the wounded French who fell into our hands were young men, and of delicate appearance apparently men whose lot would not have been in the ranks but for the new system of conscription which forced them into the service. Mr. Ormsby, the chaplain of the staff, as he was endeavouring to render assistance to some of them, addressed one whose appearance interested him in language of commiseration, and expressed at the same time a regret for the horrors of war.

"Monsieur, I glory in my wounds," replied the prisoner, "and I consider war the greatest happiness of life!"

During the whole day the armed Portuguese peasantry were prowling about the field, barbarously murdering every wounded or straggling Frenchman whom they could find, in revenge as they alleged, "for the manifold wrongs of their country, and the aggravated injuries which they had endured."

So conscious, indeed, were the prisoners of the little mercy they would meet with at the hands of the Portuguese, that they expressed dread lest a massacre should take place, and a strong guard was posted for their protection. The peasantry, however, passed the night on the field, carousing round large fires, and recounting to each other exultingly the bloody work they had severally done with the musket or stiletto.

So vacillating were the Ministry of the day, that on the morning subsequent to this great victory of Vimiera, Sir Hugh Dalrymple arrived to supersede Sir Harry Burrard; so that the British army, with an enemy in front, had no less than three commanders-in-chief within four-and-twenty hours.

Shortly after his arrival, General Kellerman came in with a flag of truce from the Duc d'Abrantes, to propose a cessation of hostilities, during which a convention might be concluded for the final evacuation of Portugal by the French.

CHAPTER XCV.

CORUNNA, 1809.

Before relating the story of Corunna, it is necessary to glance at the brilliant yet disastrous retreat that preceded it.

When Napoleon sought to make his brother Joseph King of Spain, that country had a population of nearly twelve millions, united in one feeling—their hatred of France. Alone she should have been able to repel the invaders, but she failed; while the gallant Portuguese, with only three millions, though thrice overrun by overwhelming forces, threw off the yoke of the enemy. Britain entered heart and soul into this Peninsular contest. She had money, and was ready to employ it in aiding the Spaniards; and why, asks a writer, was her assistance thrown away by them, and nothing done in the war but what she did herself?

Why were her generals, however skilful and brave, when they might have had a hundred thousand troops, never entrusted with more than forty? And how was it at last that, with a force so insignificant, they drove the French beyond the Pyrenees, and in time to come marched to the gates of Paris?

While Sir Arthur Wellesley was laying among the mountains of Rolica and in the valley of Vimiera—"the foundations of that renown which received its consummation on the plains of Waterloo"—Sir John Moore, an officer whose name will ever be remembered with respect and sorrow, was sailing towards the seat of war. On landing, he warmly commended the dispositions made by Sir Arthur Wellesley; and experienced no reluctance in sanctioning by his approval a treaty which freed Portugal at once from the presence of a French army, and put the Allies in possession, without loss of life or time, of all the fortified places in that country.

A despatch from Lord Castlereagh reached Lisbon on the 6th of October, appointing Sir John Moore to the command of an army which was to consist of 30,000 infantry and 5,000 cavalry, and which "His Majesty had determined to employ in the North of Spain, to co-operate with the Spanish armies in the expulsion of the French from that kingdom."

Of the troops then in Portugal, 20,000 foot, two regiments of hussars, and a due proportion of artillery were to enter Spain—the cavalry by land, the infantry and guns by sea or land, according to the discretion of the general—while an additional corps of 10,000 infantry was to sail from Falmouth to Corunna, whence it would march to join the army either in Leon or Galicia, the whole thereafter to co-operate with the Spanish forces against the French invaders.

On the 18th of October, Sir John Moore, having ordered his whole army to wear the red cockade of Spain in their caps to conciliate the people, began his march; and on the 13th of November he reached Salamanca, where he halted to concentrate his forces, and where, distracted by every species of disappointment and false information—more than all, deluded by the false representations of Mr. Frere, our ambassador in Spain—he remained for some time uncertain whether to advance upon Madrid or fall back upon Portugal. At length learning that the whole of the disposable French armies in the Peninsula were gathering to surround and cut him off—their cavalry alone exceeding his whole force by 12,000 men—he commenced, on an evening in December, a rapid march towards the coast, through the mountainous region of Galicia, and began one of the most splendid and masterly, yet harassing and disastrous retreats in the annals of British warfare, pursued by a swift and active enemy, through defiles deep with snow, across rivers that were bridgeless, for the length of 250 miles, amid sufferings that were unparalleled, without the loss of a single standard, a piece of cannon, or any military trophy whatever.

"Napoleon," says General Napier, "counted on his muster-rolls above 330,000 men. Above 200 pieces of artillery followed these corps to battle; as many more remained in reserve. Of this monstrous army, 255,000 men and 50,000 horses were actually under arms with their different regiments; 32,000 were detached, preserving tranquillity in the rear, and guarding the communications of the active force."

To oppose all these, what a mere "handful" were under the gallant leader of our army!

Moore did not begin his retrograde movement until he learned that the Emperor Napoleon in person was on the march to intercept his retreat towards Portugal and the sea, while another army was advancing against him from the direction of Burgos. Ordering the Spanish General Romana to defend the bridge of Mansillo de los Mulos, he fell back towards the Douro, ordering all his heavy baggage to be taken to Astorga. It was on hearing of these movements that Napoleon exclaimed to Soult—

"Moore is the only general now fit to contend with me; I shall advance against him in person!"

Moving to the left, Moore crossed the Douro at Toro, to form a junction with Sir David Baird on the 21st of December, at Vallada. On the day preceding this, Lord Paget, afterwards Marquis of Anglesea, overthrew 600 dragoons, slew twenty, and took 13 officers and 150 men, in a cavalry encounter near the grand old abbey of Sahagun.

At Mayorga, the same nobleman killed as many at the head of his light cavalry, and took 100 prisoners; and at Benevente he defeated the light horse of the Imperial Guard, capturing General Lefebre Denouettes, its commander, with seventy men. At Calcavellos, Moore in person repulsed a serious attack, in which the French General Colbert was slain. At Constantino he repulsed another attack, and at Lugo drove the pursuers back with the loss of 400 men.

Through roads buried deep in snow, in which, by bribery or force, he had thousands of Spanish peasantry cutting paths, Bonaparte was pressing on at the head of a hundred thousand men. During this retreat towards the north-west angle

of Spain, the sufferings of our army were intense. The regimental officers were compelled to carry their personal effects about with them in knapsacks or slung bags, as the baggage animals had perished by the way. All bandsmen, servants, and grooms were turned into the ranks, that as many firelocks as possible should be available. Seven officers had but one tent, and those who were mounted had to groom their own horses. The rations were diminished; but of all the regiments in the army none suffered so little as the Cameron and Gordon Highlanders, a fact attributable either to their native hardihood, or the serviceable nature of their costume, which affords such warmth around the loins.

Day by day the rear guard of cavalry kept the foe in check, while the jaded and worn-out infantry pushed on, hopeless, heartless, and almost in rags, leaving by the wayside among the snow, terrible traces of their route, in the form of dead or dying men, women, and children, horses, and mules. Many of these perished of sheer hunger; for now the Spanish authorities withheld alike rations, forage, and billets.

On the 31st day of December, Moore quitted Astorga, in Leon, and so close was the pursuit that on the following day—the first of the new year, 1809—Napoleon entered it at the head of 80,000 infantry alone, with 200 pieces of cannon. He went no farther, however, than Astorga; to the Duke of Dalmatia he left, to use his own words, "the glorious mission of destroying the British—of pursuing them to the point of embarkation, and driving them into the sea!"

Our soldiers now began to get desperate; and, in defiance of Moore's orders, plundered whatever they could find, to satisfy the cravings of hunger. From Astorga to Villa Franca lay a route sixty miles in length, through wild and savage mountain passes; and in these whole sections of our cavalry horses, as their strength failed, were shot down by their riders, lest they should fall into the hands of the enemy.

In utter despair through his sufferings, a trooper of the 3rd Light Dragoons of the German Legion with a pistol blew out his own brains.

Every day saw stores and baggage abandoned the spare arms were cast away, the extra ammunition was destroyed, and even the knapsacks in many instances were thrown off. After passing Benvibre the French cavalry came up with a long string of half-frozen and footsore stragglers, through whom they galloped, slashing right and left with their sabres; many were trod under foot, and 2,000 were taken prisoners between Astorga and Lugo. "I looked round," says an officer in one of his letters, "when we had gained the highest point of those slippery precipices (towards Castro-Gonzalo), and saw the rear of the army winding along the narrow road, I saw the way marked by the wretched people, who lay on all sides expiring from fatigue and the severity of the cold; their bodies reddened in spots the white surface of the ground."

The military chest, with £25,000 in it, was flung over a precipice, an officer standing by, pistol in hand, to shoot any man who might be tempted to linger near it.

Moore's tender and compassionate heart bled for the misery he beheld on this most miserable retreat, and he deplored the relaxation of discipline it produced. He never ceased to issue orders, exhortations, and cheering addresses; but rage or sullen apathy were in many instances too apparent while the movement lasted. The "Edinburgh Register" records that an officer, despairing of proceeding farther, turned into a thicket of trees, and lay down to die unseen. There he found a soldier's wife at the point of death, but she had still strength to implore him to preserve her infant. He did so, and, endued with fresh energy by the trust, he bore it on his back, and never quitted the little one till he saw it safe on board a transport at Vigo, after the battle of Corunna.

To reach our shipping and abandon the country by sea, without the slaughter of a useless battle with a foe whose numbers were overwhelming, was, for a time, the sole object of the British general. By his energy he massed the army, now reduced to about 14,000 men, and fell back on Corunna. This was on the 11th of January. On reaching the heights that commanded a view of the coast and the picturesque citadel of La Corunna, with all its towers, not a ship was visible in the bays of Orsan or Betanzos; the roads of Ferrol and all the expanse of sea were, save some fisher boats with lateen sails, open and empty. Fate was against him and against his army, for contrary winds detained the fleet of men-of-war and transports at Vigo, a hundred and twenty miles distant by sea; so there was no other resource now but to defend the position in front of the town, and fight till the fleet should come round.

He quartered his army in Corunna; the reserve he posted at El Burgo, on the Mero, the bridge of which he destroyed. In the town, on its fortified peninsula, the jaded troops had now breathing-time, but the French were still pouring on. Discipline came back to the ranks, fresh ammunition was served out; and on the 14th cheers were heard in the streets when our fleet from Vigo was

seen slowly standing inward from the offing; but about the same time an orderly, sent by Sir Daniel Baird, came spurring in hot haste to report that the French had repaired the bridge of El Burgo, and that their cavalry and flying artillery were crossing the Mero, a few miles distant from Corunna.

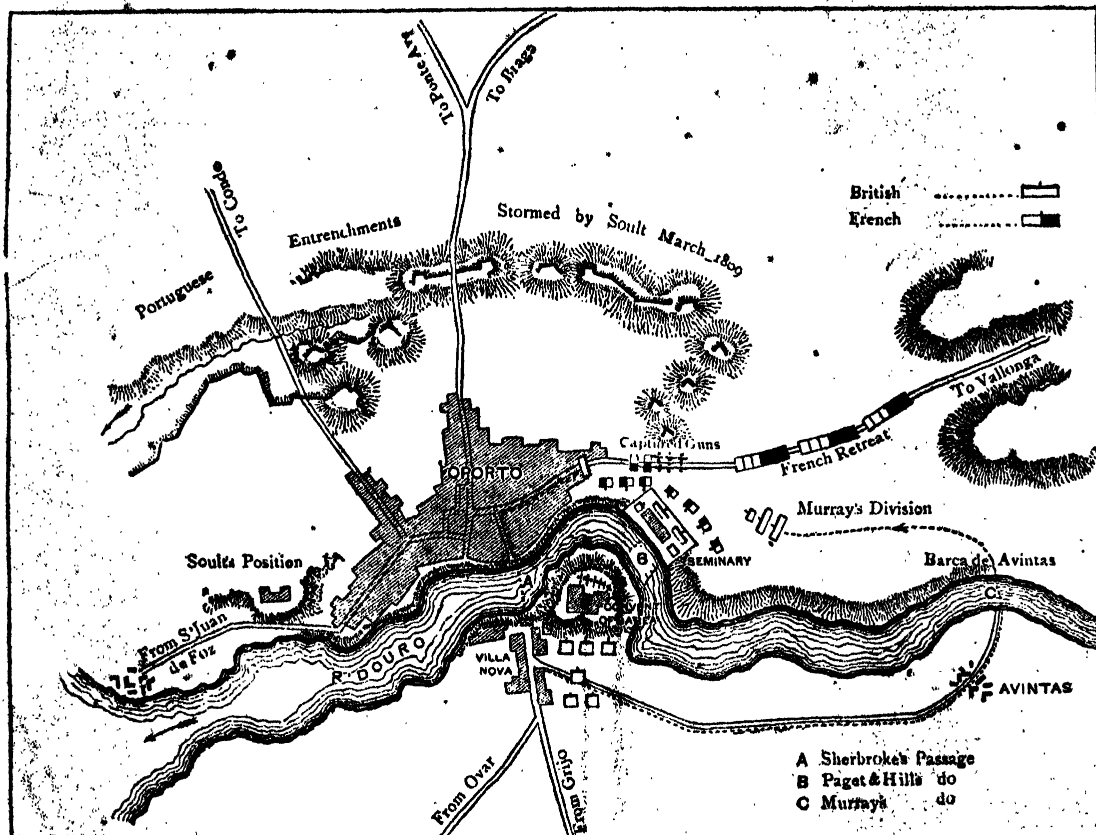
All had been prepared for the withdrawal of the fighting men as soon as darkness set in, and four o'clock on the afternoon of the 16th was the time fixed upon by Moore for embarking; but about noon, a messenger came from Sir John Hope with tidings that the enemy were in position on the heights above Corunna, and getting under arms, and that a general movement was taking place along the line.

A range of heights or swelling knolls forms an amphitheatre round the village of Elvina, at the distance of a mile or more from Corunna, and on these Sir John Moore drew up his army; for although there was a much more formidable range farther in advance, his numbers were inadequate for its occupation. General Hope's division he stationed on the left, posting it along a ridge commanding the Betanzos road, and sloping away with an inclination rearward in the direction of Elvina. There the division of Sir David Baird took up the line, covering the hills which bend inward, and extend to a green valley dividing this range from another on the opposite side of the road to Vigo.

Across that valley the dark figures of the Rifle Corps were seen in extended order, supported by the division of General Fraser, which covered the road to Vigo, and protected the principal approach to Corunna. Under Lord Paget, the reserve took post at a village half a mile in rear of General Hope. But all the advantage, in strength of position, of horse, foot, and artillery, was in favour of the enemy. The only cavalry in the field with Moore were forty hussars of the 15th Regiment.

Opposed to the slender red lines of Hope and Baird were the dark and heavy divisions of De Laborde, Merle, and Merniet; while the cavalry of the French left, under Lahousaye, Lorge, Franceschi, and others, were thrown forward, almost in *échelon*, in heavy columns along the whole British right, hemming them in between the waters of the Mero and the harbour of Corunna, and menacing the rear even so far as San Christoval.

The fair and handsome face of Sir John Moore



PLAN OF THE PASSAGE OF THE DOURO.

was lit with animation as he rode along the line at the head of his staff; and to Colonel Graham, of Balgowan, he expressed his regret that "the shortness of the evening would prevent them from profiting by the victory which he confidently anticipated."

Thus, then, about two in the afternoon, began this trial of strength between 20,000 French veterans and 14,000 British, who had but nine six-pound guns to oppose to a numerous and well-served light artillery, and were also galled by eleven pieces of heavy cannon on a clump of rocks on the French left, from whence their bullets could be sent even to rake Moore's centre; and soon that formidable battery opened the bloody game with a slaughtering cannonade.

Then the columns of infantry, throwing to the front clouds of skirmishers, descended from their grassy ridges to the fray. Those coming from Palavia and Portosa, having some distance to march, did not immediately engage; but the third poured all its strength against Elvina, with bayonets flashing, eagles brandished, and tricolours waving. These were the columns of De Laborde, Neale, and Merniet.

To the Black Watch, with the 4th and 50th Regiments, was entrusted the defence of the extreme right, the weakest point of the line; and on their maintenance of it rested the safety and honour of the army. From his master in the art of war, Sir John Moore had learned that the presence of a leader is always most necessary near that point at which the most desperate struggle is likely to be made; thus he remained near Lord Bentinck's brigade, and, perhaps through some national preference, close to the 42nd Highlanders.



THE PASSAGE OF THE DOURO.

At Elvina was the crash of the battle. Our pickets were driven pell-mell out of the village; and when it was taken, the French mass divided with yells of triumph. One portion turned their fire and steel against Sir David Baird's command; the other turned his right flank by advancing up the valley, driving in his fringe of skirmishers, who fell back on the main body, firing and reloading with all speed.

Against the half column at Elvina, Sir John dispatched the 42nd and 50th Regiments; and wheeling back the 4th on the extremity of his right, poured a steady stream of musketry into the flank of the troops penetrating up the valley, where it was also sturdily met by the light infantry. At

that instant Moore saw the whole plan of Marshal Soult's attack. No infantry were seen to menace the valley from where the French cavalry were posted, and the number in front showed that a body strong enough to do much mischief was placed in rear of the heights; and it was hence evident that the Marshal offered a close, rough trial of arms, without stratagem, trusting to the valour of his veterans of the Austrian and Italian wars.

The moment for Moore's counter-stroke was come. He ordered the division of Fraser to support that of Paget, and gave the latter an order to descend into the valley. The French column on his flank being amply provided with work cut out for them, he turned to watch the progress of recapturing Elvina.

The Highlanders and the 50th had driven the enemy back into the village with such spirit, that Moore exclaimed, exultingly—

"Well done, 50th—well done, my majors!" But in the struggle one of these, Major Charles Napier (afterwards the conqueror of Scinde), was taken prisoner; and the other, the Hon. Major Stanhope, was mortally wounded. Surrounded by a hundred bayonets, the former was denied quarter; but he fought like a lion, till five pierced him, and he was rescued at last by a gallant French drummer. Entering the streets of Elvina with the routed and disordered masses of the French, without giving them a moment of respite, the two victorious regiments drove them out, still fighting, on the other side. To support them, Moore sent forward a battalion of the Guards; upon which the 42nd, thinking they came as a relief, and not as a reinforcement, halted, all save their grenadiers, who went on with the 50th, then fighting without support in the open ground beyond all the houses, among which they were once more driven by the French, when the latter were reinforced.

The struggle here was terrific, and the killed and wounded lay in ghastly and gory piles in every little thoroughfare and garden of Elvina. General Baird had already quitted the field, his left arm being shattered by a grape shot.

At this crisis Sir John Moore observed the error committed by the 42nd, and galloped to them in person; but now their pouches were empty.

"My brave Highlanders," he exclaimed, "you have still your bayonets! Remember Egypt!"

Responding by a hearty cheer, the regiment rushed once more to the attack at Elvina, now the centre of battle and the pivot on which every movement hinged; though far away on the left there were the roar and carnage of a general and furious conflict, with Hope's division holding the enemy in check.

On the right and in the valley, the attacking column was at bay, says Napier, wavering under a double fire in front and flank; everywhere the signs of coming victory were bright; when the gallant man, the consummate commander who had brought the battle to a crisis, was dashed from his horse by a cannon-shot.

It came from the battery on the rocks, and had torn away all the flesh from his left breast and shoulder, "and broken the ribs over a heart undaunted even by this terrible—this ghastly mortal hurt."

With an anxiety and impulse that rose superior to the pangs of pain or terror of death, he struggled into a sitting posture, and, with fixed look and unchanged countenance, continued to watch the struggle at Elvina; and when he saw the black and crimson plumes of the 42nd appear in the village again, something like a smile of gratification spread over his face. He then sank back and accepted succour. On being placed in a blanket for removal, an entanglement of his belt caused the hilt of his sword to enter the wound. Captain (afterwards Viscount) Hardinge proposed to take the weapon away, but Moore said—

"I would rather it went out of the field with me."

Or, as Napier has it, "With martial pride, the stricken man forbade the alleviation—he would not part with his sword in the field! Epaminondas, mortally wounded at Mantinea, was anxious for the recovery of his shield; Moore, mortally wounded at Corunna, sustained additional torture rather than part with his sword."

Six soldiers—42nd men and Guardsmen—now bore him slowly away in a blanket; and when a wagon came up, and it was proposed to place him beside Colonel Wynch, of the 4th Regiment, who lay in it wounded, the poor fellows objected with tears in their eyes.

"We will all keep step, and carry him more easily," they urged.

As Moore was borne from the field of his glory, he frequently made the bearers halt and turn him round, that he might behold it, and be assured that everywhere the French were already falling back.

In the town of Corunna it was soon found that all hope was over; yet he lingered for a time, talking feebly but collectedly to those about him, and in many ways evincing the gentleness and kindliness of his heart.

"Anderson," said he to the colonel so named, an old and valued friend, "you know I have always wished to die in this way."

After a pause.

"Are the French beaten?" he asked; and on being assured that they were so, and retiring fast, he added, with touching earnestness, "I hope the people of England will be satisfied; I hope my dear country will do me justice. Oh, Anderson, you will see my friends at home! Tell them everything—my mother——" Here his voice completely failed him, till he inquired if all his aides-de-camp were safe. To one of these, the son of Earl Stanhope, he said, faintly—

"Remember me, Stanhope, to—to your sister."

It was to the brilliant and famous Lady Hester Stanhope, of Djouna celebrity, who died in Syria in 1839, he referred, and whom he is said to have loved with great tenderness. Pressing to his breast the hand of Colonel Anderson, who had saved his life at the capture of St. Lucia, he expired without a struggle, in his forty-eighth year, having been born in the Trongate of Glasgow, in 1761.

On the fall of Sir John Moore, and the removal of Sir David Baird, the command devolved upon a third Scottish officer, General Hope (afterwards Earl of Hopetoun), who led the army with great judgment and coolness.

Though the battle was won, he resolved to carry out the plans of his then dying leader, by embarking, and quitting the country. The French had no sooner fallen back than, the boats being all in readiness, about ten o'clock at night brigade after brigade filed silently down to the beach in the dark, and went off to the fleet. This final movement was covered by General Beresford, who held the land front of Corunna with 2,000 men, while Hill's brigade kept the promontory in rear of the town.

The embarkation went on with great celerity, and without interruption from the French; but on the following morning they pushed a corps of light infantry towards the town, and seized the heights of St. Lucia, which command the harbour; but the covering brigades were unmolested, and by three in the afternoon the last man was safely on board, and the fleet stood out to sea. Thus, without other interruption than a somewhat feeble cannonade directed against the transports, was the whole British army, including its sick, wounded, and artillery, and even its prisoners, conveyed from the coast.

The losses of every regiment were great; as an example, those of the 1st Royal Scots alone, in killed, wounded, and missing, were 250 men.

The general, with his dead comrades, alone remained at Corunna; and, though disastrously, yet gloriously, thus ended our first campaign in the Spanish peninsula.

The 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers was the last regiment which quitted the shore.

Moore had been buried in the citadel by the soldiers of the 9th Regiment, in the night. "The lantern dimly burning," was held by Sergeant Rollo, of the Artillery, who died lately at Teignmouth, in his eighty-second year. Near Moore's hasty and coffinless grave—for he was literally buried with "his martial cloak around him"—lay that of General Anstruther, who had died of his sufferings on the march.

"Full justice has not been done, because malignant faction has striven hard to sully his reputation as a general. But this died, and the record of his worth will be as a beacon to posterity, so long as heroic virtue, combined with great capacity, is reverenced; for in any age, any nation, any conjuncture, Sir John Moore would have been a leading man" (Napier).

In the evening, as the fleet stood seaward, the tricolour was seen half hoisted on the citadel of Corunna, where, in the old spirit of French chivalry, the French artillery fired a funeral salute over the grave of him who had won alike the praises of Napoleon, of Wellington, and of Soult, who raised a tomb to his memory. It still stands in the citadel of Corunna, and bears the simple inscription—

JOHN MOORE,
LEADER OF THE ENGLISH ARMIES IN SPAIN;
SLAIN IN BATTLE, 1809.

CHAPTER XCVI.

THE PASSAGE OF THE DOURO, 1809.

No exploit in Spain was more brilliant, gallant, and successful than the Passage of the Douro, a river the course of which is chiefly through narrow and craggy valleys, and having a channel much impeded by rocks; though recently it has been rendered navigable in the Spanish territories. Across this stream Soult had withdrawn the whole of his army and broken down the bridge; but at

seven o'clock on the morning of the 12th of May the British army halted on the heights above Oporto, without its columns being exposed to view.

The enemy had neglected to guard the river above the town, not expecting any attempt would be made in that direction. Great was the risk to be run in attempting to cross a river that was deep and swift, 300 yards in width, and the opposite bank of which was defended by more than 10,000 veteran soldiers.

The stream formed a species of delta round a height crowned by El Convento da Cerra, which barred the sight of the upper place where Soult was watching for vessels that did not exist, and was in total ignorance that our troops were already within half cannon-shot of him.

Colonel Waters, an officer of the staff, alike quick-witted and daring, having a poor barber as his guide, crossed the Douro in a tiny skiff, accompanied by the Prior of Amarante, and returned with three large barges, while eighteen guns were being placed in battery on the convent rock; and General John Murray, with a brigade of German foot, the 14th Light Dragoons, and two pieces of cannon, moved three miles farther up, to seek a passage at the Barca de Avintas.

The barges were now deemed secure, and cautiously in the dark the head of the army began to approach the water. At ten o'clock at night it was reported to Sir Arthur Wellesley that one boat was ready.

"Well! Let the men begin to cross," was the curt reply; and twenty-five soldiers with one officer were in fifteen minutes later standing on the French side of the Douro, and in the midst of Soult's army, then all tranquil and without suspicion. A second boat passed with its silent freight, and no hostile stir followed; but when the third boat shot off, a roar of tumultuous sounds seemed to roll through all Oporto. Hundreds of brass drums beat to arms, shouts were heard, and troops in confused masses came rushing through the streets towards the river.

Secrecy was no longer any object then, so all our forces came crowding to the edge of the river. The divisions of Hill and Paget pressed to the point of passage, while our battery on the convent rock swept the enclosure on each side, and confined the attack to the front; but Murray had not as yet come down the right bank.

Soon after some citizens were observed bringing over several large boats; while the waving of handkerchiefs from the windows and the shouts of the people announced that the French had abandoned the lower town. At that crisis Murray's Germans and our Light Dragoons were descried in motion on the opposite bank.

Other boats came, till the river seemed to be covered with them; the 29th, or Worcestershire, two more battalions of Germans, and the entire brigade of Guards crossed at two in the morning. The light infantry of the Coldstreams furnished the first detachment that crossed the river.

The enemy were now hurrying across the front of Oporto by the Vallonga road; and Hill's troops, from the enclosure wall of the seminary, were pouring in a heavy fire upon their disordered masses, while the guns on the rock, flashing out redly in the dark, made lanes of dead and dying amongst them.

Amid this conflict in the dark, could be heard the shouts of the Portuguese, welcoming our troops with exultation—

"Viva los Inglesos! Viva Grand Britannia!"

Hogsheads of wine were trundled into the streets and given to our soldiers, with blessings "on the brave British who were coming to relieve Oporto from its oppressors."

"The passage was thus won," says Napier; "the Allies were on the right bank of the Douro, and if Murray had fallen on the disordered crowd approaching him, the discomfiture would have been complete. He, however, suffered column after column to pass, and seemed to fear that they would step aside to push him into the river. General Charles Stewart and Major Harvey, impatient of this timidity, took two squadrons of the 14th Light Dragoons, and riding over the French rear in a narrow way, unhorsed General Laborde and wounded General Foy; but, being unsupported, fought their way back with loss, and Harvey lost his arm."

Our total loss was only 20 killed, with one general and 100 men wounded; while the French lost a general, with 500 killed and wounded, besides hundreds that they had to abandon in their hospitals. Five guns were taken in the conflict; and vast stores of ammunition, with fifty pieces of cannon (the carriages of which had been burned), found in the arsenal. The overthrow was .t, continues Napier; but Napoleon's veterans were so inured to war that no troops so readily recovered from a surprise. Before they reached Vallonga their order was restored. A rear guard was formed, and in the night was rejoined by a detachment from the mouth of the Douro, which had been guided by some friendly Portuguese; while Soult, believing that General Loison held Amarante, thought himself well out of his perils. But he was soon undeceived.

After congratulating the army on its success, Sir Arthur Wellesley's General Order contains the following:—

"*Oporto, 12th May*, 1809.—The timely passage of the Douro, and subsequent movement on the enemy's flank, by Lieutenant-General Sherbrooke with the brigade of Guards and 29th Regiment, and the bravery of the two squadrons of the 14th Light Dragoons, under the command of Major Harvey, and led by Brigadier-General Charles Stewart, obtained the victory which contributed so much to the honour of the troops on this day."

Wellesley established his head-quarters in the house which Marshal Soult had occupied; and there he found every preparation for a comfortable dinner, as its previous tenant did not quit the place till noon.

It was not until the evening of the 13th that all our stores, baggage, and artillery were fully across the river into Oporto, and though Murray's Germans had been sent in pursuit on the morning of that day, they did not advance more than three leagues. That an army once surprised should never be allowed time to recover is a leading maxim in war, yet there were solid reasons for Murray's halt on this occasion.

Part of our troops were still on the left bank of the stream, and the whole had outmarched provisions, baggage, and spare ammunition. During these operations, Beresford, with his column, was in pursuit of Loison's corps, to prevent its junction with that of Soult; but the latter, after his overthrow, fell in with the former at Penafiel, and together they continued a confused and disastrous flight upon Spain, their retreat being everywhere marked by blazing towns and villages, and infamous atrocities perpetrated on the people.

After the passage of the Douro was forced, there were two routes by which Soult must necessarily retreat, if he desired to preserve the matériel of his army—to make for Galicia by Valencia, or to reach Valladolid by Chaves—and it was necessary on Sir Arthur's part to provide for both contingencies. "For this purpose," says Lord Londonderry, "instructions were forwarded to Beresford on the 13th, directing him, in case the enemy should abandon Amarante, to move upon Chaves and make himself master of that line of operations; while our corps were to march in such order as would at once press upon the rear of the fugitives, supposing them to hold to the Amarante road. General Murray accordingly pressed forward in the direction of Penafiel, followed on the morning of the 13th by the Hanoverian Legion and a squadron of cavalry. On the 14th the rest of the army took the lower road towards Barcelos and Valencia."

On the 15th came authentic intelligence that the whole French army was in full retreat from Chaves, after burning and destroying the greater part of its stores, and even its artillery, at Penafiel, a spacious and handsome town in a valley on the slope of a mountain. This altered the plans of Wellesley. Whilst the cavalry, the Guards, and General Cameron's brigade, consisting of the 40th, 83rd, and one German company of the 60th Rifles, advanced as far as Braga, a fine city which had been utterly defaced by the flying foe, the remainder halted at Villanova de Famelicao; the lower road was entirely abandoned, and the whole army was ordered to march on Chaves.

The skirmish at Salmonde, on the 18th of May, followed, when Wellesley overtook Soult's rear-guard in the evening. The enemy's right was protected by a deep ravine. The road as far as the village was exposed to the fire of their position; their left was protected, as they thought, by an extremely high hill, which was speedily surmounted by two companies of the Coldstreams, under Colonel Henry Mackinnon, and on their appearance there—thus turning the enemy's left—the whole Household Brigade was ordered to advance.

This attack was led by the light companies of the Coldstreams, the 3rd (Scots) Guards, and a battalion of the 60th Rifles, under Lieutenant-Colonel Fuller, of the first-named regiment. After firing a volley, the enemy fled in wretched confusion. Three guns were now brought to bear on the bridge of Puente Nova, over which they were endeavouring to escape in the dusk. Our fire, round shot and grape, went plunging through the masses of men and horses wedged wildly in the narrow way; many rolled over the parapets to perish in the gulf that yawned below, while soon the bridge itself, the rocks, and the defile beyond it were strewed with mangled corpses, maimed and disembowelled as only cannon-shot can maim.

"This was the last infliction by the sword in a retreat signalised by many horrid and many glorious actions; for the peasants, in their fury, tortured and mutilated the sick and the straggling soldiers who fell into their hands; the troops in revenge shot the peasants, and the marches could be traced by the smoke of the burning houses."

About this time letters from Victor to Ney were intercepted by our scouting parties; and from these it appeared that the former had, by Joseph's order, opened a communication with the Junta of Seville in the month of April, and that from this step he anticipated the most favourable results.

CHAPTER XCVII.

TALAVERA, 1809.

GREAT events now followed each other with marvellous rapidity.

Napoleon, on becoming involved in a new war with Austria, left Soult behind him, with orders to defeat it, but it paralysed him. His own staff concealed from him the advance of the British, and ultimately he was compelled to abandon his conquest. Sir Arthur had the king, with Marshals

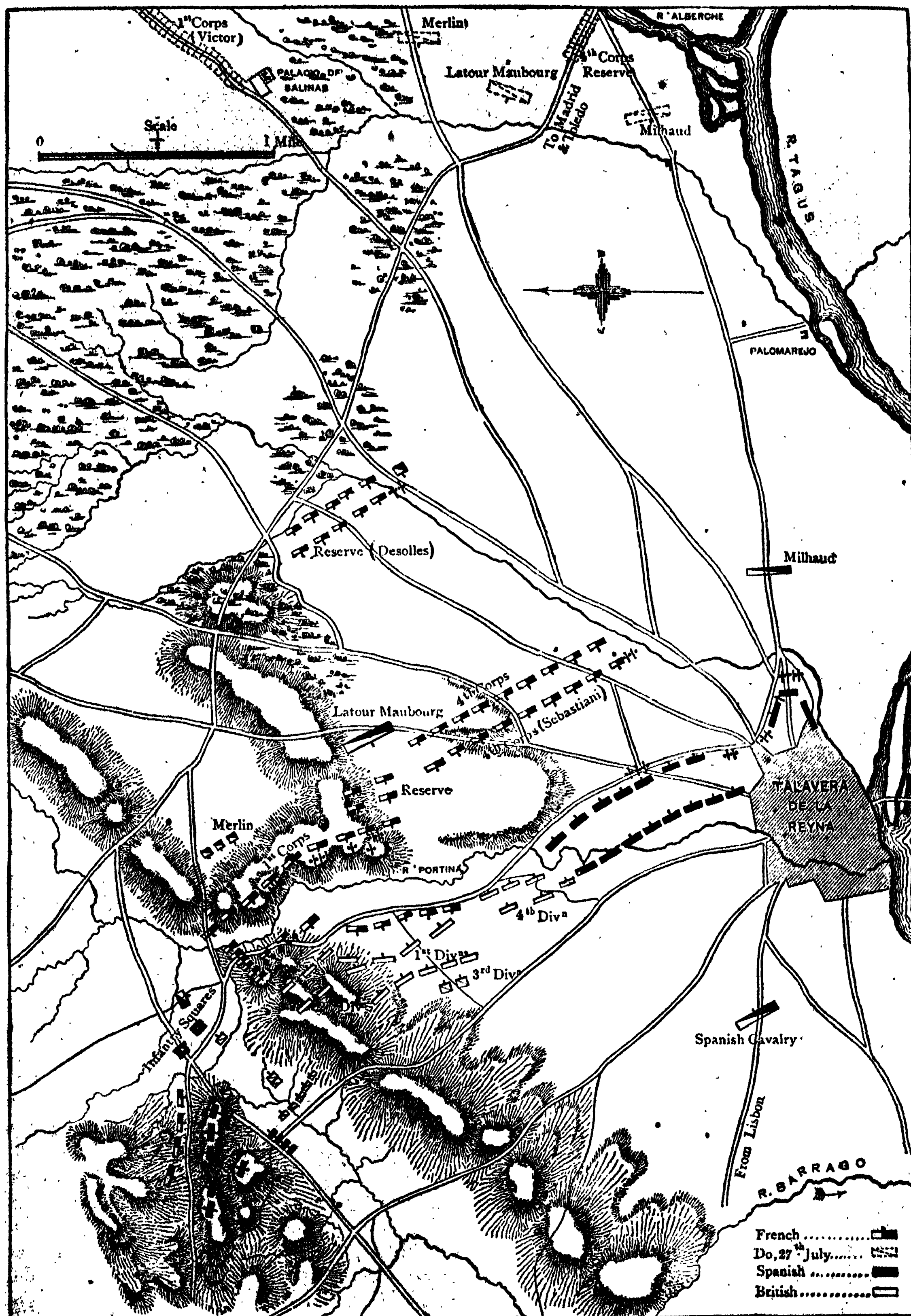


THE BATTLE OF BUSACO.

invade Portugal once more; but he was three months in accomplishing that which Napoleon would have done in a fortnight. All Portugal to the Douro was at last fully in the hands of the Duke of Dalmatia; but before he was quite in a condition to advance upon Lisbon, Sir Arthur Wellesley landed once more, at the head of an army, and he was forced to retreat again, as our troops were upon him almost before he was aware of their landing. There was treachery in the French camp; his leading generals were conspiring to seize him, and to make terms with the British commander; to place St. Cyr at their head, to march on Paris, and force a change of system upon the Emperor. Soult discovered the plot in time to

Jourdan and Victor, in the valley of the Tagus, and thus could pursue Soult no farther; nor was there, as yet, any immediate necessity for doing so.

When, in 1809, the combined British and Portuguese armies moved from Lisbon to the North of Portugal, to expel Marshal Soult from Oporto, the march upon Amarante, the passage of the Douro, and the occupation of Oporto, may be justly ranked among the most brilliant exploits of ire Duke of Wellington; but the nature of vice in which the troops were engaged was undoubtedly calculated to put to a severe trial the discipline of those engaged in it. The length of the marches and their rapidity, the rough state of the weather, the obstacles presented by the



*PLAN OF THE LAST ATTACK OF THE FRENCH AT THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

nature of the country, the arid and mountainous Tras-os-Montes, where the troops were often compelled to march by torchlight to avoid the risk of being dashed to pieces in the craggy paths and ravines they were obliged to traverse, all served to make the campaign an arduous one. On the other hand, the hospitality of the honest Portuguese peasantry made them anxious to alleviate the sufferings of their deliverers, who were forced to proceed through their country by painful night marches in such inclement weather; but towards the close of June the whole of the disposable British forces crossed the frontier and entered Spain.

They amounted to 19,000 infantry and 1,500 cavalry, divided into four divisions and ten brigades, a force absurdly small when compared to the legions they were to oppose. The French, under Victor, upwards of 20,000 strong, were on the Tagus; Marshal Sebastiani's corps, not quite so numerous, was in La Mancha. Many thousands were in and around Madrid. Marshals Soult, Ney, and Mortier, with large forces, were in Old Castile, Leon, and Galicia; besides which there were a division of cavalry and 40,000 infantry stationed in Arragon and Catalonia.

To co-operate, however, with Sir Arthur, were 57,000 Spaniards and Portuguese, under Romana, Blake, Beresford, and the Duke del Parque.

On their march our troops were in a state of starvation. The Spanish authorities failed in all their promises of supply, and a loaf of bread sometimes cost a dollar. For three days at a time, the men were often without any food beyond a half biscuit. On the other hand, to plunder was death!

The Spanish commander-in-chief, Cuesta, an eccentric and impracticable old man, had been attacked at Santa Olla, and driven in great disorder to the Alberche, where his troops joined the British, and where the position of the Allies occupied nearly two miles.

Relinquishing the south side of the Tagus, Marshal Victor was now in position at Talavera de la Reyna, and in his rear were King Joseph with his own Guards, a body of horse, and the army corps of Marshal Sebastiani. Those 7,000 cavalry and 43,000 infantry covered Madrid.

Sir Arthur Wellesley had with him at this time exactly 18,000 infantry, 3,000 cavalry, and 30 pieces of cannon; while 8,000 men, recently landed from Britain, were on the march to join him.

Talavera, an ancient but poor-looking town, as the houses are seldom more than one story high, stands in a fertile and beautiful plain of vast extent, intersected by the Tagus, which is there crossed by a bridge of thirty-five arches, 1,200 feet in length. It received the adjunct of La Reyna from having been bestowed by Alonzo XI. on his queen, Dona Maria.

The immediate country in front of the allied position was covered with cork and olive trees up to the Alberche. A series of unconnected but steep hillocks, running parallel with the Tagus, at a distance of two miles, bounded this plain on the left; and half a mile beyond was a mountain ridge from which they were separated by a rugged hollow.

The Spanish infantry, clad in dark brown uniforms, were posted by Sir Arthur in two lines on the right, having their flank resting on the town of Talavera, which reached the river. Their left was closed by a mound, crested by a large field redoubt, in rear of which was posted a brigade of British cavalry. Their front was protected by a convent, with garden walls, ditches, and felled trees. They were completely sheltered from the fire of the French guns.

The Allies were drawn up in one continuous line; the Spaniards on the right, the British on the left. The latter extended from the town to the hills of Talavera, which form part of the Sierra de Gata. Our right, says Lord Londonderry, leaned on some rising ground, and a strong redoubt had been begun, for the purpose of increasing its defensibility; but it was not sufficiently advanced to add to the security of the troops who were in position there. These consisted of Campbell's division, and next to them were two battalions of the 1st and 3rd Guards; next in the alignment was the brigade of Cameron, and the Germans; then those of Mackenzie and Rowland Hill.

Two brigades of our cavalry, one heavy the other light, were in the valley behind the eminence; while the Duke of Albuquerque, with a cloud of Spanish horse, supported our cavalry on the left.

The great battle of Talavera was preceded by two distinct but minor conflicts, and by what General Napier calls the combat of Salinas, in which 10,000 Spanish infantry with all the artillery, "as if deprived of their senses, broke and fled away in confused heaps" on the approach of the French cavalry within pistol-shot. The gunners fled with their horses, the foot cast away their muskets. Cowardice and confusion reigned supreme in the Spanish ranks. Their adjutant-general was the first man to fly; and old Cuesta, clambering into his antique coach, followed his example. Sir Arthur Wellesley restored order to some extent; and while this disgraceful flight was occurring on his right flank, his left, composed entirely of our

steady British infantry, displayed the greatest intrepidity.

Marshal Victor seeing that Donkin's brigade was a slender one, and that the summit of the hill on the British right was naked, or unoccupied by troops, thought to seize it by a sudden assault, while this, to him, most favourable confusion reigned among the Spaniards.

This was on the evening of the 27th of July.

The sun was just beginning to sink beyond the mountains which bound the valley of the Tagus, when the marshal, without informing King Joseph, directed Ruffin's division to attack, Villatte's to support, and Lapisse to assail the German Legion as a favouring diversion for Ruffin, without engaging seriously. The German Legion, however, maintained its ground. About the same time a fire commenced from the left of the British line, which was taken up by the Guards, and partially went down the line of the brigade. In this petty conflict the loss of the British amounted to 800 men; that of the French was estimated by the dead found at 1,000. The French came on with such impetuosity as to throw the 87th and 88th Regiments into confusion temporarily. The latter corps—the Connaught Rangers of gallant fame—retired in line, protecting by its fire the advanced troops, who were greatly outnumbered by the enemy. During this movement they were forbidden to fire unless they could cover their men. Corporal Thomas Kelly, of No. 4 Company, was the first who pulled a trigger.

"Do you see that officer standing by the olive tree in front of me?" he said to Lieutenant (afterwards Major) Stewart, the adjutant. "He is a dangerous man, sir, and has been giving directions to his soldiers that won't serve us. Four of our company have been hit already; but if you will allow me, I think I could do for him."

"Then try, Kelly," was the reply.

The corporal fired, the French officer fell; and his men, disconcerted by the loss of their leader, ceased to harass the regiment, which retired through a wood, and took up a position on the left of the allied army.

In this affair, our 29th hurled back the French 9th at the point of the bayonet.

By daylight next morning, two strong columns, supported by a third, came furiously on against the left of the British position, under cover of a fierce cannonade. At that crisis, the whole height, in the dusk of dawn, seemed to sparkle with red fire, as the musketry enveloped it. Advancing almost at a run, the French crossed the ravine and mounted the slope, where they were received by the brigades of Tilson and Richard Stewart. In the former were the Kentish Buffs, the 66th, and one company of the 60th Rifles. In the latter were the 29th Regiment and a battalion of detachments. A destructive fire of musketry ensued on both sides; but the assailants were repulsed and driven back to their own ground. In this attack, General Hill, who commanded the division formed by these two brigades, was wounded.

In forty minutes, 1,500 British soldiers perished. All that night was passed by the troops under arms. Each dragoon stood or lay by his horse's bridle, and the infantry were on the exact spot they had occupied during the day; but no attack was made in the dark. On both sides the bivouac fires blazed redly up.

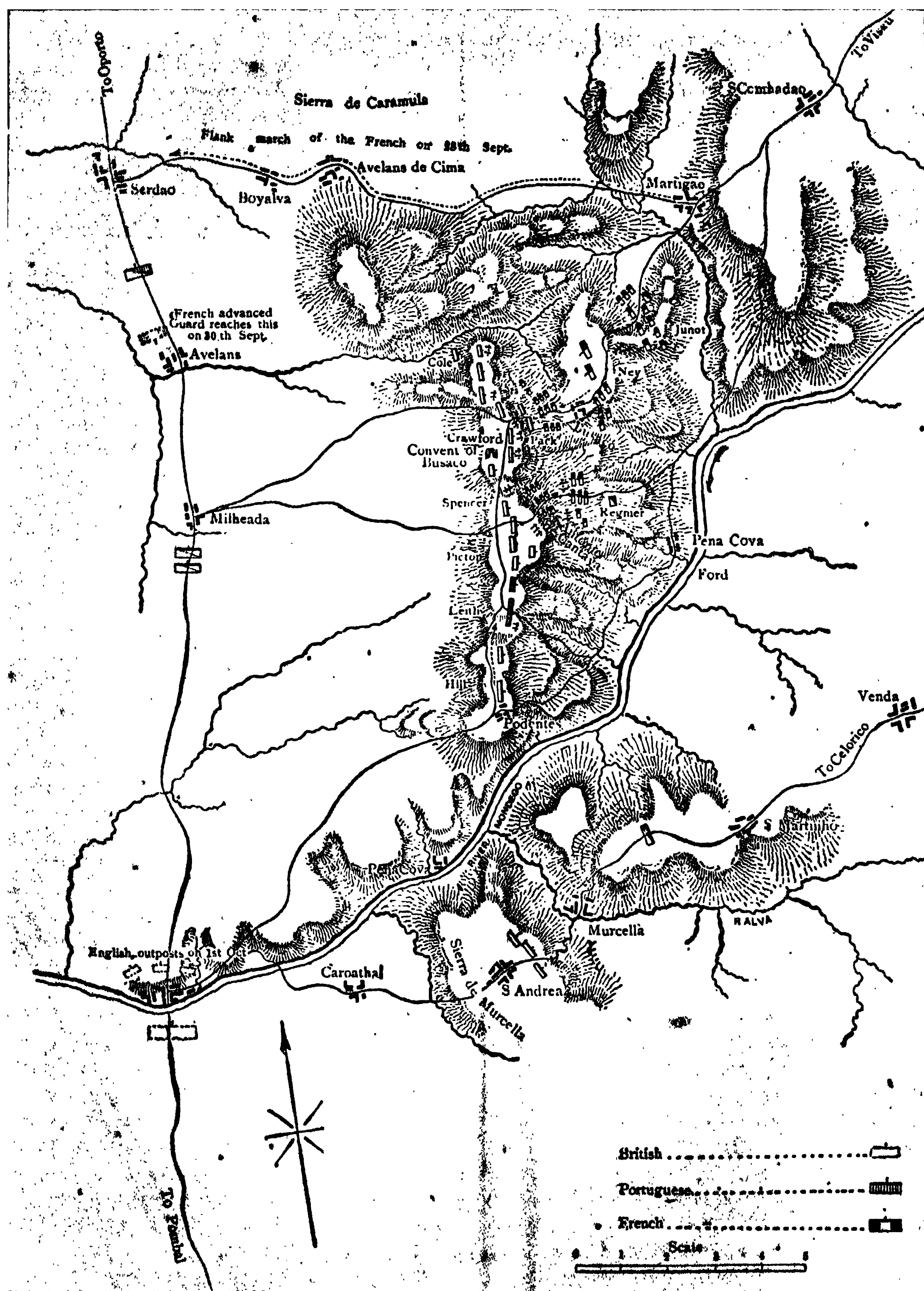
These affairs were the precursors to the greater and more bloody engagement of Talavera.

At one o'clock on the same day, the 28th of July, the roll of the French brass drums was distinctly heard to pass along their whole line, and through clouds of flying dust the steady flashing of steel showed that once again they were in motion. Through those whirling clouds, the fixed bayonets and the blades of swords broke sharply out at times; and the brass helmets then worn by the French cavalry were seen to gleam in lines, as their squadrons wheeled and deployed.

The day was one of intense heat, and the unclouded sun shone with a steady glare on the glittering appointments of the moving masses. Marshal Victor had now ascertained the exact position occupied by the British army; and judging rightly that if it could be shaken, he should soon make short work of the Spaniards, he burst upon it with all his weight and strength.

At the moment of the French advance, some hundreds of our soldiers, who had been bearing the wounded to the rear, came marching back in a body, and were supposed to be a fresh corps joining the army; this made Victor more anxious than ever for battle. The great valley soon seemed to be covered with moving masses—a human tide—rolling onward to the attack. Eighty pieces of cannon poured their iron tempest on the British lines, favouring the advance of the light troops, "who came on with the swiftness of a hailstorm, and were closely followed by the broad black columns, in all the majesty of war."

Seated on his horse, Sir Arthur Wellesley, from the summit of a hill, had a clear view of the whole field where the terrible game was about to be played. He could see the column of Sebastiani rushing on with the usual *élan* of the French troops,



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF BUSACO.

and falling upon Campbell's division with the fury of a raging sea; but that officer, assisted by Mackenzie's brigade and two Spanish battalions, withstood their utmost efforts. Their line of skirmishers

seemed to melt away; their front was broken by hideous gaps made by the withering fire of the British, who met them with tumultuous hurrahs, and, without giving them a moment's respite, hurled them breathlessly back amid terrible carnage, over their own dead and dying, and captured ten pieces of cannon; but Campbell was too prudent a soldier to break his line by a pursuit.

Our soldiers had received instructions to reserve their fire till the enemy should have closed, and, after giving it with effect, to bring the bayonet into play immediately; and these orders were here obeyed to the letter. A crashing volley had been poured in, and a rush with the charged bayonets followed it. The conflict which then ensued was more desperate, more completely hand-to-hand, than usually occurs in modern warfare. The clash of steel as bayonet-blades, musket-butts and barrels met in fierce collision, could be distinctly heard, and over all the wild *mêlée* were the uplifted colours waving.

The enemy, however, were veteran troops, and though driven back, re-formed and would have recaptured their guns; but just as they were preparing to advance again, a regiment of Spanish cavalry took them in flank and completely overthrew them.

While this changeful combat was going on, Villatte, preceded by a corps of chosen grenadiers, and supported by two corps of *chasseurs à cheval*, advanced with his column up the great valley. Upon this Sir Arthur ordered General Anson's cavalry, composed of the 23rd Light Dragoons and 1st German Hussars, to charge the head of the advancing force. The brigade advanced at a canter, which speedily became a wild gallop, till the riders came to a watercourse, which, pouring through a chasm at the base of the position, had not been perceptible to them. Beyond it the French threw themselves into squares, hedged about with steel, and opened a fire which emptied many a saddle.

"I will not kill my young mens!" was the exclamation of Arentschild, the colonel of the Germans, who reined up his regiment; but not so our fiery 23rd. The whole regiment went plunging down into the chasm, riders and horses rolling over each other in dreadful confusion; the survivors came spurring and scrambling up the opposite bank by twos and threes. Their colonel was wounded. Ponsonby, next in command, re-formed and led them on, and passing like a whirlwind between the cross fire of two of Villatte's squares, the shattered regiment fell with dreadful fury upon a brigade of French chasseurs in the rear.

Fierce and short was the combat then! The Polish Lancers and Westphalian Horse came to the aid of the chasseurs, and the overmatched 23rd were broken and cut to pieces. A few survived to reach the Spanish lines; but 200 officers and men lay dead between the squares of Villatte.

While this encounter was taking place, the hill which formed the key of the position was once more assailed; while the column of Lapisse, having crossed the watercourse, pressed hard upon the British centre, where his artillery made deadly lanes through the ranks of Sherbrooke. But the advancing mass was so vigorously encountered that it gave way in disorder; and our brigade of Guards, led by General Campbell, full of ardour, pursued the enemy so far as to expose itself to be attacked by the reserve, and to be taken in flank by a fire of artillery.

Six hundred Guardsmen perished, and the destruction of the rest seemed inevitable, when Sir Arthur ordered forward the 1st battalion of the 48th, led by two gallant officers, Colonel Donellan and Major Middlemore, to succour them and the Germans, who were also in confusion.

The former, the last officer in our service who adhered to the old Nivernois or three-cornered cocked hat, threw back the 48th into open column of companies, to allow the broken Germans to pass through and re-form. He then wheeled the regiment into line and advanced. At that moment he was mortally wounded, and lifting his old Nivernois to Major Middlemore, requested him to take the command.

With the 48th our light cavalry now came on, while the Guards rallied and advanced again. Hotter grew the fire of the British, and their ringing cheers—sure augury of triumph—rivalled almost the roar of the musketry, and drowned the shrieks and cries of the wounded as it swelled along the whole line, on perceiving that the foe was falling back. King Joseph's Guards and the reserves, in the hands of a more able general than the Duc de Belluno, might yet have restored the conflict; but the French could combine no more. Beaten on the left, with the loss of its guns, the corps of Sebastiani was in utter confusion; the troops in the valley on the right, confounded by the headlong charge of the 23rd Dragoons, and scared by seeing four distinct lines of cavalry still in reserve, remained stationary. No impression had been made on the hill. Lapisse was lying on the field mortally wounded; his division had fled, so the king began to fall back on his first position.

Although some skirmishing was kept up by the light troops, and a heavy cannonade, the battle was over, and the French completely beaten.

In the evening of the 28th, the grass, which was very long and dry, ignited; the fire spread rapidly,

and many of the helpless wounded were scorched to death. During the night, the troops lay under arms, and suffered greatly from the want of provisions.

Next morning nothing was visible of the French army save a rear guard of cavalry; and soon the glitter of their helmets faded away, as they disappeared on the road to the heights of Salinas, beyond the Alberche.

The British losses were two generals—Mackenzie and Langworth—31 other officers, and 767 sergeants and soldiers; 3 generals, 192 officers, 3,718 sergeants and soldiers wounded; with 652 of all ranks missing.

The French suffered, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, a total loss of 7,389 of all ranks, including two generals killed; ten guns were taken, and seven more were found abandoned in the woods.

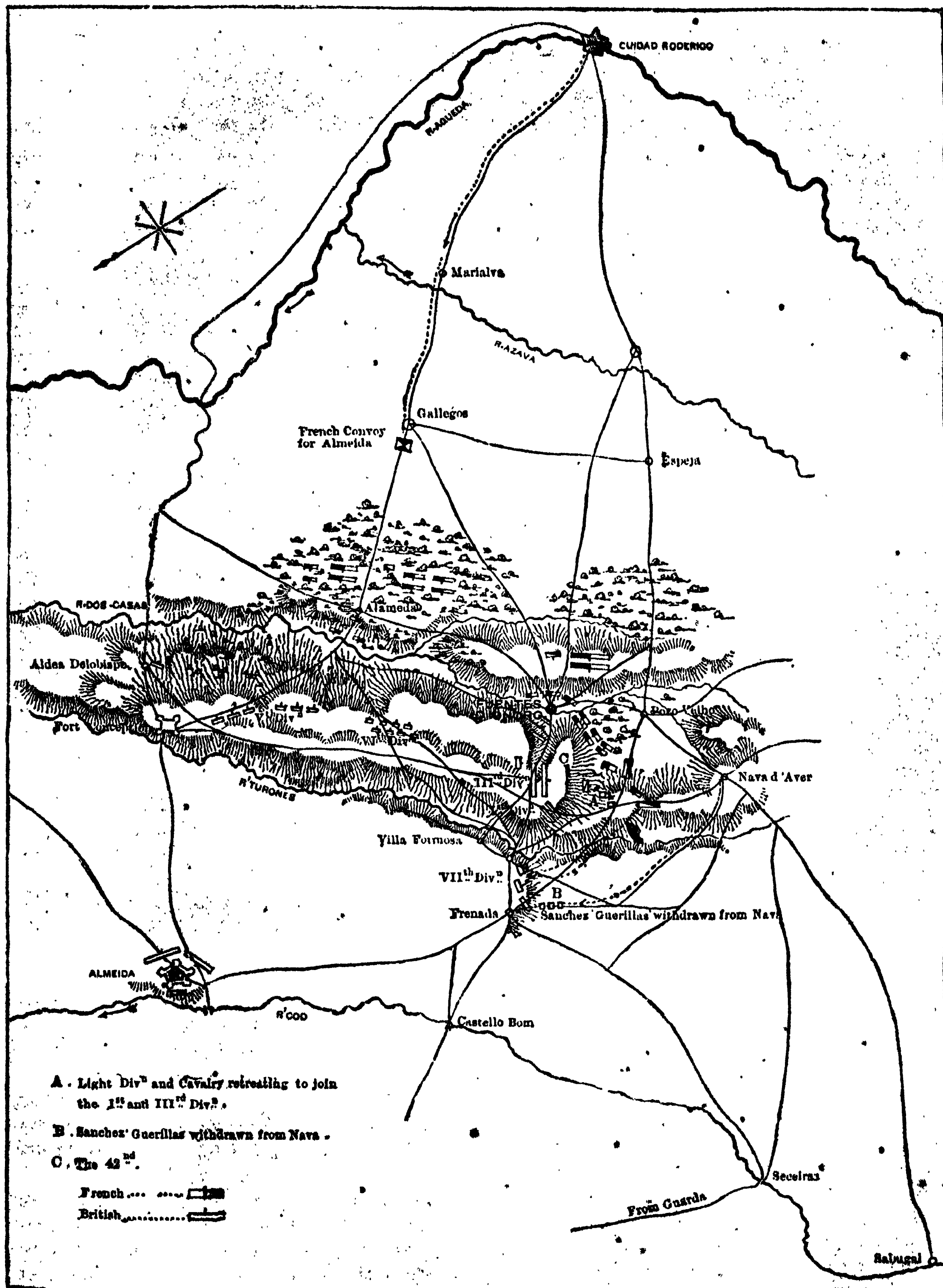
On the day after the battle, General Robert Crawford came in with the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th Regiments of Light Infantry, making one of the most remarkable marches on record. After a tramp of twenty miles, they had been bivouacked near Malpartida de Placencia, where Spanish runaways brought to sea; but that of Talavera. In their anxiety to take part in the battle, these corps instantly got under arms and resumed their route. They got over sixty-two English miles in twenty-six hours—this, too, during the hottest season of the year, each man loaded to the weight of 60lbs. Closely and compactly the corps of this noble brigade came into the camp of the victors, with their bands playing, leaving only seventeen stragglers by the way. They were too late to share in the glory of Talavera; but they immediately took charge of the outposts. "Had the historian Gibbon known of such an effort," says Napier, "he would have spared his sneer about the delicacy of modern soldiers."



GATE IN TALAVERA.

The British had won a great victory; but their situation was only so far improved that they were for a time free from an overwhelming force in their front.

Had Crawford's brigade of light troops arrived only a few hours earlier, more might perhaps have been done; but it came at a moment when our successes were not sufficient to reconcile us to our position, for we were in a state that bordered on starvation, our bread was expended and cattle were wanting.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF FUENTES ONORO, SHOWING THE BRITISH SECOND POSITION.

CHAPTER XCVIII.

BUSACO, 1810.

Sir Arthur Wellesley's position on the Guadiana, subsequent to the victory at Talavera, though somewhat to the disadvantage of his own army, checked the advance of the French into Andalusia; but the destruction of the best of the Spanish troops at the battle of Ocana, in November, 1809, together with the contemptuous neglect of Cuesta and the Junta, compelled him at last to give up for the present the prosecution of the war in Spain, to retire into Portugal, and confine his efforts to the defence of that country. The army, in consequence, crossed the Tagus.

The confident expectation of the Emperor, that "the Leopard would fly into the sea," seemed as if it was about to be realised. The withdrawal of Sir Arthur—now created Viscount Wellington—was an immediate signal for King Joseph's rapid advance upon the South; and everything seemed to indicate that the entire peninsula would become the prey of the invader.

The French, under Marshal Massena, whose ferocities in other lands had won him the unenviable sobriquet of the "Son of Rapine," entered Portugal on the 16th of September, 1810, in three columns, under Junot, Ney, and Regnier; while the Allies retreated in the finest order by the road on the left bank of the Mondego, leaving the other through Vizen to Coimbra open.

Massena had to wait five days at Vizen for his artillery; this delay enabled Lord Wellington to execute one of the most brilliant manœuvres of this campaign. At Ponte de Murcella, the day after Massena reached Vizen, the bridge was destroyed.

Boasting that he would plant the eagles of France on the towers of Lisbon, Massena, the Marshal Prince of Essling, came on, to find the rocks of the Sierra de Busaco bristling with British bayonets, and their colours waving in defiance on their summit.

The position of Busaco, in the province of Beira, is one of the loftiest, and the view from thence one of the most extensive, in Portugal. It extends from the edge of the Mondego to the great Oporto road; and its summit is crowned by a convent of barefooted Carmelites. This building was and is surrounded by an almost impervious wood, and stands in what may be termed the crater of the loftiest ridge.

Within its circuit are various chapels; and on the apex of the mountain, which is within this enclosure, there towers high against the sky a mighty stone cross, on a foundation so huge that not less than three thousand cart-loads of stone were required for the construction of its base.

The mountain ridge measures sixteen miles in width from the right, from whence it gradually falls away towards Mondego on the left, and splits into tongues of land—rugged, craggy, and lofty. In front of the position lay gorges of indescribable depth, and defiles barely passable for sheep; and, to form some idea of the extent of the ground our troops occupied, it is only necessary to state that after 50,000 men had been placed upon it, a space of nearly two miles intervened between the left of General Leith's corps and the right of the 3rd division, standing in line.

By daybreak on the 27th of September, the arrangements of Wellington were complete; and his army was in order of battle, perched high along the mountain range.

On the right was the division of Rowland Hill, guarding the declivities towards the Mondego, and flanked by that stream; the corps of General Leith stood next; then Picton's, Spencer's, and Crawford's light division; and, last of all, upon the extreme left was that of General Cole. The cavalry were sent to the plains in front of Mealhada, where they had room to act. The artillery were posted to the best advantage; and in the morning subsequent to this formation the enemy were seen approaching from the direction of Martiago.

Nothing could be more varied, more interesting or enlivening, than the scene then viewed by our troops from the lofty heights of Busaco. As these commanded a vast prospect eastward, the movements of the French army were distinctly visible; it was impossible to conceal them from the troops stationed on the whole range of the mountain, nor did this seem to be the care of the enemy.

The rising grounds, says Leith Hay, were covered with marching troops and cannon or equipages; the wide extent of country seemed to contain a host gradually condensing into many solid masses, that were partially checked in their progress only by the base of the grand natural barrier on which the Allies were posted. It was not alone an army that was pouring forward, to that base, but a multitude—cavalry, infantry, artillery, country

cars, horses and mules laden with baggage, their attendants, sutlers, and camp-followers of every description.

As they drew nearer, the different uniforms of corps could be seen, the waving of the unfurled tricolors; and that peculiar cadence on the drum to which the French usually march came floating upward on the morning wind.

In the Records of the 88th Regiment we find the following passage:—

"The weather was calm and fine, and the dark mountains rising on either side were crowned by innumerable fires. The French were apparently all bustle and gaiety, and following their usual avocations with as much *sang-froid* as if preparing for a review, not a battle. Along the whole British line, the soldiers in stern silence examined their flints, cleaned their locks and barrels, and then stretched themselves on the ground to rest, each with his firelock within his grasp. In their rear, unsheltered by any covering but his cloak, lay their distinguished leader. An hour before day on the 27th of September, Lord Wellington passed through the ranks on foot. He passed in comparative silence, for British soldiers seldom indulge in those boisterous demonstrations of joy so common with the troops of other nations, and, indeed, are rarely known to huzza except when closing with the enemy; but wherever he was recognised, his presence was felt as a sure presage of another victory, to be gained by the men whom he had already led in so many fields of triumph. To be beaten when he commanded seemed, in the opinion of his soldiers, next to impossible."

When Wellington first took up this strong position, some of his generals expressed a doubt that the Prince of Essling would dare to attack it.

"But if he does I shall beat him," was the confident response.

General Napier mentions a curious incident which preceded the action. The light division had established itself in a pine wood, and bivouacked, but a peasant advised its removal, saying that "no person who slept there had ever escaped it." He was laughed at by men and officers, yet he did not fable. In the night the whole of the light troops, officers and men, were seized with a sudden frenzy, and starting from sleep dispersed in all directions; nor was this strange terror allayed till voices were heard crying out that the enemy's cavalry were among them, when they mechanically rallied, and the illusion passed away.

Massena's ground did not afford him any extended front of attack, so two points were chosen. Regnier was to fall on Picton, while Ney assailed the light division. These points were three miles apart. The last-named corps was posted on the brow of a hill, overhanging a ravine so deep and savage that the eye could scarcely discern troops at the bottom, yet so narrow, that the twelve-pound guns of Massena ranged across it.

Before daybreak, and while the stars were yet glittering in the clear cold sky, five columns of attack were in motion; and Regnier's troops having comparatively easier ground, were amidst the pickets and skirmishers of Picton's divison almost, as soon as they could be perceived. The principal attack was entrusted to an *élite* corps, headed by three of the most distinguished regiments in the French army—the 32nd, 36th, and 70th—led by General Merle, an officer who had won the highest reputation at Austerlitz. They pressed forward with such gallantry as to draw forth hearty plaudits from the British.

The resistance they met with was most vigorous, and six guns swept the ascent with grape; yet in half an hour the French, over a pathway strewn with mangled corpses and wounded men, were close to the summit of the mountain, with such astonishing ardour that they overthrew all who stood in their way. The right of the 3rd division was driven back; the 8th Portuguese Caçadores were completely broken; the highest part of the crest was won, between Picton and Leith, and the leading battalions established themselves among some crowning rocks, while the supports, wheeling to the right, prepared to sweep the whole summit of the *sierra* with the bayonet and bullet.

The situation was in the highest degree critical. Lord Wellington instantly opened two guns loaded with grape upon their flank; a heavy fire of musketry was poured upon their front. The contest was short and warm. Joined by a wing of the 45th, the Connaught Rangers were coming on, led by Wallace, their favourite old colonel, who closed a brief address with these words:—

"Now, mind what I tell you! When you arrive at the spot I shall charge; and I have only to add the rest must be done by yourselves. Press on them to the muzzle; I say, Connaught Rangers, press on to the rascals!".

This animating address was received by the men with silence and a deep attention, that indicated decision and firmness.

Flanked, then, by five companies of the 45th, this matchless Irish regiment came on. Their charge was fearful. The enemy, breathless and exhausted, could only oppose them by a straggling fire, till before the levelled bayonets they were hurled over the cliffs with fearful rapidity. Many

of our own soldiers went down the cliffs with them, amid the most dreadful clamour of cries, yells, and imprecations. Elsewhere many of the enemy were literally picked out of the holes in the rocks by the Connaught Rangers.

"Twenty minutes sufficed to decide the question," says the Regimental Record, exultingly, "and to teach the heroes of Marengo and Austerlitz that, with every advantage of position on their side, they must yield to the Rangers of Connaught."

Here Lord Wellington galloped up to the 88th, and taking its colonel by the hand, said—

"Wallace, I never saw a more gallant charge than that just made by your regiment."

By this time the battalions which had first gained the ridge had wheeled to their left, with their right flank overhanging a precipice on the reverse side of the mountain range; and our position must have been lost, had a sufficient reserve supported them, as Picton's troops were mostly engaged elsewhere. A misty cloud concealed the summit of the hill, and this hostile column, ensconced among the rocks and vapour, was unseen by any but Lieutenant-General Leith, who at once put a brigade in motion to attack it. "The Scots Royals were in reserve; the 38th were seeking to turn the enemy's right; and the 9th, under Colonel Cameron, menaced his front. The precipice stopped the 38th; but Sir Alan Cameron, K.C.B., formed line under a violent fire, and, without returning a shot, ran in upon the French grenadiers, and drove them from the rocks with irresistible bravery."

By a destructive fire of musketry, he plied them as long as they were within range; but he refrained from pursuit, lest, in the probable confusion, the crest of the hill should be again lost.

The attack led in person by Marshal Ney had as little success. Crawford had made masterly arrangements. He concealed the 43rd and 52nd Regiments on a scooped platform, where the Germans, on higher ground, could support them, and some rocks overhanging the ravine he had to defend furnished natural embrasures for his cannon.

While the morning was still dark, or at least obscure, three heavy French columns entered the woods. One, led by General Marchand, on emerging from a gloomy chasm, wheeled to its left, with intent to turn the right of the division; another, under Loison, rushed straight up the face of the mountain by the road that led to the convent gate; the third remained in reserve. Our skirmishers plied them thick and fast with musketry, and our cannon were worked with all speed; but with every round the range grew shorter and more contracted, till they were hastily drawn in as the head of the French column, all breathless and blown, and with faces begrimed by biting their cartridges, came swarming up the steep with cries of triumph.

Standing on a rock, Crawford, who had watched their approach, waved his sword, and cried—

"Forty-third and Fifty-second, charge!"

Then, we are told, a "horrid shout" startled the French column, and eighteen hundred British bayonets went flashing over the brow of the hill; yet so resolute were the enemy, that each man of the first section raised his musket, and two officers and ten soldiers of the 52nd fell. But they could do no more. Unable alike to retreat or resist, they were hurled back in dreadful confusion; and, with their knapsacks and kettles, muskets and bayonets, they were rolled like a torrent of hailstones down the steep; and not the weapons only, but the very hands of our soldiers became in an instant reddened with their blood. All down the face of the hill, as day stole in, could be seen the dead and dying of Ney's attacking column, as it retired a shattered and wavering mass.

Amid all this carnage, the brilliant historian of the war relates that a poor orphan Portuguese girl, seventeen years old, and very handsome, was seen coming down the mountain, driving an ass laden with all her property, through the midst of the French army. Unconscious of her peril, she now passed over the field of battle with childish simplicity; but no man on either side was so brutal as to molest her.

The rout of Ney's column, and destruction of his leading regiments, served to leave the victory in the hands of the British. The French fell back and drew off. The desultory firing of the light troops ceased; and by two o'clock in the afternoon, parties from both armies, during a brief interval of truce, were seen amicably intermingled and assisting each other in the search after the wounded, and their conveyance from a field which Massena fought unnecessarily and Wellington reluctantly.

The greatest losses were on the side of the French, who had one general and 800 men killed; two generals wounded, and one, St. Simon, made prisoner. Their total loss by every casualty was estimated at 4,500 men; while that of the Allies did not exceed 1,300 of all ranks.

Unable to overcome the allied army in combat, the Prince of Essling turned its flank, when Lord Wellington retired to the famous lines of Torres Vedras, among the heights of which his army remained secure from every attack; and where he opposed a resistance which compelled the French marshals, notwithstanding the great superiority of their forces, to relinquish their designs upon Lisbon.

CHAPTER XCIX.

FUENTES ONORO, 1811.

THE year 1811 saw the war being still fiercely waged, with varying turns of fortune, in the Spanish peninsula. While the allied army lay secure in the lines of Torres Vedras, its attention turned to the security of Lisbon, Soult, at the head of 14,000 men, advanced to Badajoz, to open a communication across the Tagus with Massena. The capture of Olivença and the investment of Badajoz followed; and Beresford, with his Portuguese, marched against it after the reduction of Campo Mayor and the retreat of Massena into Spain.

After passing the Guadiana, Lord Wellington gave directions for the siege of Badajoz, before which Marshal Beresford broke ground in April. Marshal Massena had reached Ciudad Rodrigo on the 25th of the month, and, having concentrated his forces, crossed the Agueda on the 2nd of May, and advanced towards the allied army, then posted between that river and the Coa, in order to relieve the French garrison in Almeida.

On the approach of the enemy, the light division and the cavalry fell back upon Fuentes Onoro, where three other divisions were posted, and where Lord Wellington resolved to receive the attack of the enemy.

Fuentes Onoro is situated in a mountainous district, near the right bank of the Rio das Casas; it was then a beautiful village, hitherto, until these operations, untouched by the ravages of war. It is situated in a valley, having on one side a morass, bounded by a thick forest; on the other the ground is undulating and the surface rocky. A portion of the village crowns the summit of a ravine, and rises abruptly from the river, and there its picturesque old chapel and some houses, being difficult of access, formed points for making a resolute defence. Every family in Fuentes Onoro was known to the light division, "and it was with deep regret," says Napier, "they found the preceding troops had pillaged it, leaving shells of houses where three days before a friendly population had been living in comfort. This wanton act was felt so much by the whole army that 8,000 dollars were subscribed for the inhabitants; yet the injury sunk deeper than the atonement."

Lord Wellington did not wish to risk much for the blockade, and he knew that the Prince of Essling could bring upon him superior forces; for so neglectful was the Portuguese Government, that their troops were destitute of all supplies, and were abandoning their colours in thousands. For food our own troops were not much better off; and thus when the 92nd Highlanders arrived on the position of Fuentes Onoro, the officers and men were literally starving, "which circumstance," says Mackinnon, in his History of the Coldstreamers, "being made known to the brigade of Guards, they volunteered giving up a ration of biscuit then in their havresacks, which was received by the gallant Highlanders with three hearty cheers."

Fuentes Onoro had been the scene of a long and sanguinary contest on the 3rd of May; the lower part of the village had been several times taken and retaken during the night, and the bodies of the slain lay thick about its hedgerows and vineyard-walls; and during the night each army occupied that part of the place which had remained in its possession when darkness and mutual exhaustion put a temporary stop to the battle.

The following day was passed in reconnoitring and manœuvres. The British force in Fuentes Onoro was considerably reinforced from the 1st division, and among other regiments sent in for its defence were two battalions of Highlanders, the 71st and 79th; while a third, the 92nd or Gordon Highlanders, under Colonel Cameron, of Fassifern, was stationed on the right of the village, to cover a brigade of nine-pounders.

The intention of the Prince of Essling was to commence the attack about daybreak, but a delay of two hours occurred; the summer day was fully in, and all his movements were plainly visible. Withdrawn from Alameda, and supported by all the French cavalry, the 8th corps was seen moving in dark masses to turn the adjacent village of Poco Velho, and the morass and wood already mentioned. Both of these were occupied by General Houston's corps, his right being thrown back on the plain towards another hamlet, called Nava d'Aver. His 6th corps and the division of Drouet were also seen deploying to the left, yet keeping a force to menace Fuentes Onoro; on which our light division and cavalry hastened to the support of Houston.

Lord Wellington had not more than 1,500 or 1,600 cavalry in the field; and the total amount of all his effectives was under 30,000 men.

Massena's hussars, lancers, and dragoons were

computed to exceed 4,000, and his infantry at 40,000 men.

The action was begun by the cavalry, ours being charged by the French under Montbrun. Most unequal was the conflict, for so many troopers had been drawn from the ranks to act as orderlies, that of British cavalry, and their files were seen closing in to one particular point, where tumult and disorder reigned supreme, and the flashing of sword-blades and the explosion of pistols at close quarters, and amid clouds of whirling dust, seemed to indicate some extraordinary occurrence.



MONUMENT AT ALBUERA.

not more than a thousand were left in those squadrons to oppose the enemy, who with one tremendous shock drove in all the out-guards, cut off Norman Ramsay's battery of Horse Artillery, and fell like a torrent upon the reserves and 7th division.

As their leading squadrons came somewhat confusedly on, with their horses loosely in hand, they were checked by the steady but slender band

Anon the British hurrah rang high in air—lances swayed to and fro—the mass of horsemen were burst asunder—and sword in hand from amid them came Norman Ramsay, at the head of his battery of flying artillery, "his horses, breathing fire, stretched like greyhounds along the plain, the guns bounding behind them like things of no weight, and the mounted gunners following close, with heads bent and pointed weapons, in desperate career."



BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

On beholding this, Lieutenant-Colonel W. Brotherton, at the head of our 14th (or Duchess of York's Own) Light Dragoons, dashed forward to his aid, and with a single squadron checked the pursuers; while General Charles Stewart, afterwards Lord Londonderry, joining in the charge, after a hand-to-hand combat, took prisoner the French general, Lamotte.

Again the French cavalry came on in masses; ours retired in rear of the light division, then formed in square; and the *Chasseurs Britanniques*, who were ranged behind an old wall, poured upon the foe a fire so steady and deadly that they retired in disorder, with many a riderless horse. Meanwhile the enemy had made great progress in the wood near Poco Velho; and as our divisions were separated, and the right wing turned, there were chances that the battle might be lost if the original position above Fuentes Onoro was not regained with speed. To achieve this, Lord Wellington sent the 7th division to Frenada, and made other dispositions to secure the post.

Crawford, with his light division, covered the movement of the 7th towards Frenada, and then fell back slowly in squares of battalions. The French cavalry outflanked him, and surprising a post held by Colonel Hill, of the 3rd Scots Guards, took him and his party prisoners. Continuing their course towards the 42nd Highlanders, under Lord Blantyre, they were vigorously repulsed, and swept backwards in disorder. From the higher ground about Fuentes Onoro, at this crisis, the whole of the vast plain before it appeared to be covered by a confused multitude of armed men, and amidst the dust the infantry squares seemed to shimmer like glittering specks.

The French cavalry, however, only hovered about Crawford's steady squares, and the plain was soon clear of them. They formed a reserve to the 1st division; the Rifles occupying the rocks on its right, and connecting it with the 7th division, which arrived at Frenada, and was joined by the corps of the famous Don Julian Sanchez. On beholding this new front so deeply lined with troops, Massena halted and opened a cannonade, to which the British guns replied; while a body of his infantry, which attempted to steal down a ravine where the Turones flowed, was repulsed by the light companies of the Foot Guards.

While all this strife was going on around it, a fiercer battle was being waged within the village of Fuentes Onoro. Wellington, observing the serious efforts of Massena upon this point, and that the two Highland corps already named and other troops there required support, ordered up the 24th, 25th, 74th, and 88th British regiments, with the 9th and 21st Portuguese.

This was about half-past twelve o'clock, and the combat had lasted for nearly eight hours without intermission. The heat of noon was most oppressive now, and the ammunition of the defenders was nearly expended. The Highlanders, disputing every foot of ground, had been driven to the churchyard at the end of the village, where they fought hand to hand with the grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, over the tombs and graves; while the French 9th Voltigeurs had penetrated as far as the ancient chapel, and were preparing to debouch upon our centre.

Thus the enemy had actually possession of the village for a time, but their triumph was of short duration. Wellington was speedily on the spot, and, on inquiring what regiments were in reserve, on hearing the 88th named, "Is Wallace with the 88th?" he asked; and on being answered in the affirmative, he said, "Tell him to come down and drive these fellows back; he will do the thing properly."

In columns of sections, left in front, and in double-quick time, the 71st and 79th Highlanders and 88th Regiments came down the road leading to the chapel, and they were warmly cheered by the troops lying about the wall of the burying-ground. Forming line to the front, they rushed with wild cheers and levelled bayonets on the Voltigeurs and some hundreds of the Imperial Guard, casting in their fire as they advanced, and, totally overthrowing them, hurled them out of the village.

In their flight, about 150 of the Imperial Guard ran down a street the farther end of which had been barricaded by our troops on the preceding night. Shut up in a complete *cul-de-sac*, the result may be imagined—a frightful slaughter, but it was unavoidable. Some of the French Guards sought, vainly, a refuge by bursting into the houses, and ascending the chimneys; but they were pulled down by the heels and bayoneted. In his excitement, a lieutenant, named George Johnston, succeeded in climbing to the summit of a stone cross, in a square near the river, and taking off his cap, waved it in defiance of the enemy.

In his despatch of the battle, Wellington particularly praises the gallantry of the three regiments which cleared the village; and makes special mention of Colonel Mackinnon, who led the charge, and of Colonel Wallace and Adjutant John Stewart, of the 88th. In this affair Colonel Cameron, of the 79th, fell mortally wounded.

Though the battle raged along the banks of the

stream at one time, and among the lower houses near it; at another among the heights and around the chapel; and though the Voltigeurs and Guards actually penetrated into the village—the heart of the position—yet it was never entirely abandoned, even for a moment. So the battle lasted in its fury till evening; the British holding the chapel and the crags near it, and the French retiring about the distance of a cannon-shot beyond the stream.

So ended the battle, and night began to descend on Fuentes Onoro.

Massena was recalled to France, and the Duke of Ragusa came in his stead to command the Army of Portugal.

At twelve o'clock on the night of the 11th of May, a tremendous explosion announced that General Brennier had blown up a mine, to facilitate the escape of his garrison from Almeida, which had been abandoned to its fate by the result of Fuentes Onoro; and, by this rough expedient, the greater part of his force, 1,500 strong, succeeded in effecting their escape.

CHAPTER C.

ALBUERA, 1811.

MARMONT, on assuming the command, retired towards Salamanca, in the vicinity of which he cantoned his army; and by the 8th of May Beresford had completely invested the French garrison in Badajoz, which Marshal Soult intended to succour, and left Seville for that purpose, on his march being reinforced by fresh troops.

In consequence of this movement, Beresford raised the siege and advanced to meet him; when it was agreed with Blake, who commanded the Spaniards in this direction, that the united forces should take up a position at the village of Albuera; that there battle should be offered to the enemy; and that Beresford, though junior, should take the supreme command. Joaquim Blake had been appointed in 1809 Captain-General of the Coronilla, or Lesser Crown, a title given to the Union of Valencia, Arragon, and Catalonia. He was the son of an eminent Irish merchant, who had settled at Velez, near Malaga, and who was descended from an ancient family in the county of Galway.

Soult, it was quickly learned, was advancing from Seville, resolved alike to raise the siege of Badajoz, and drive Beresford across the Guadiana. Wellington was hastening to the scene, but arrived too late. As Soult drew near, Beresford found that he must either fight or retreat, and, like a brave soldier, preferred the former. Prudence suggested a retreat, but the wish of his soldiers was for battle. So he chose his own ground, seven miles from Badajoz, at the village of Albuera.

The name of this glorious yet gratuitously disastrous battle is borne on the colours and drums of two of our cavalry and eleven of our infantry regiments.* These are the 3rd Dragoon Guards; the 4th Hussars, then known as the Queen's Own Dragoons; the 3rd Buffs; the 7th Royal and 23rd Welsh Fusiliers; the 28th and 29th; the 31st, long known as the "Young Buffs;" the 39th, 48th, 57th, and 60th Rifles, with the 66th Foot.

The town of Albuera stands on the bank of a small stream which flows into the Guadiana, and runs parallel with the heights on which the Allies were posted. The village, for such it is in reality, is traversed by the high road that leads from Seville to Badajoz. It consists, says Sherer, of a street of mean houses, with a church. The road crosses the river by a handsome stone bridge. Immediately to the left of Albuera is another bridge, old perhaps as the days of the Moors, of unhewn stone, narrow and incommodious. The Albuera in summer is never above knee-deep. From its banks the ground rises in gentle undulations, which afford no single *point d'appui* more favourable than another, when line has been formed from hill to hill and eminence to eminence.

It was here that the Anglo-Portuguese army took up its position on the evening of the 15th of May, their left resting on Albuera, and flanked by the abrupt bank of the stream, together with walls and houses; but their right, which extended to a considerable distance, found no important feature to rest upon.

There were now in position 30,000 infantry, more than 2,000 cavalry, and 38 pieces of artillery, 18 of which were nine-pounders. The British, who were the pith and soul of the whole force, did not exceed seven thousand; and already the jealous arrogance of Blake was shaking the authority of Marshal Beresford.

Marshal Soult had 4,000 veteran cavalry and

19,000 chosen infantry, with 40 pieces of cannon, "obedient to one discipline, animated by one national feeling; their composition compensated for the want of numbers, and their general's talent was immeasurably greater than his adversaries'." Besides all this, the French had an undoubted contempt for both the Spanish and Portuguese troops.

Soult reconnoitred the position of Beresford without interruption, on the evening of the 15th. He knew that the 4th division was still before Badajoz, covering the removal of the siege matériel to Elvas, a service so completely effected that not a single article fell into his hands. He heard that Blake would not be on the position before the 17th, with his Spaniards, and he resolved to fight on the morrow. A hill in the centre, commanding the road that led to Valverde, was, he saw, the key to the whole position, if an attack was made in front; and if he could suddenly roll his masses up there, he might hurl the right on the centre, and push it into the valley of the Aroya Val de Sevilla, in rear of Albuera. Thus the Valverde road would be seized, the retreat cut off, the victory complete.

The right of Beresford and the left of Soult were only divided by a hill about a cannon-shot from each. This height was neglected by Beresford, so in the night Soult placed in rear of it the greatest portion of his artillery force, under General Rutz, his 5th corps, under Marshal Girard, and the heavy cavalry, under Latour Maubourg—thus concentrating 15,000 men and 30 guns within fifteen minutes' march of the right wing of Beresford, who as yet could see nothing of his intended plan of attack.

Before shots were exchanged on the morning of the battle, about nine o'clock, Blake and Cole came into position, with 16,000 men.

About that very hour, a heavy force of French cavalry, supported by one great oblong column of infantry and ten guns, was seen moving past from some woods, led by Godinot, and flanked by the light horse of Werlé's division, to make straight for the bridge of Albuera, and attempt by dint of cannon and musketry to force the passage. Two regiments of French hussars rode down the river in view of Otway's horse, while the lancers crossed the stream above the bridge.

In vain were their lances levelled against our 3rd Dragoon Guards, who, by the sheer use of sword and pistol, drove them back into the stream; while Dickson's Portuguese artillery ploughed deadly lanes through the massed column of Godinot, which pressed onward by the bridge, though the stream was quite fordable on both sides of it.

Beresford now saw that Werlé did not closely follow Godinot; in this he detected a feint, and knew instinctively that the chief effort of Soult would be against his right. Ordering Blake to throw a force across the broad part of the hills, at right angles with their proper front, he drew the Portuguese of the left wing towards the centre; he sent a brigade to support Count Alten at the bridge of Albuera, and directed Hamilton to hold the rest in hand as a reserve.

Over all the hills the smoke of the far-stretching conflict was curling now; and the incessant booming of seventy-eight pieces of cannon awoke with the sound of thunder the echoes of every rock and ravine. The 13th Dragoons were posted above the bridge; and while these and other movements were being made, Beresford galloped to Blake, who had refused to change his front, and only assented when the enemy's columns appeared in glittering masses on his flank.

Great was the confusion that now took place; and ere the awkward Spaniards were formed the French were among them!

Marshal Beresford endeavoured at first to bring the Spanish troops to the charge, and in his energy seized an ensign by the breast, and bore him and his standard by main force of hand and arm to the front; yet not a man followed, and the little coward, when released from the marshal's sinewy grasp, ran back to the wavering ranks of his men.

Finding the Spaniards unwieldy, and incapable of executing a nice manœuvre, he passed through them to their front the whole of William Stewart's division. This done, that officer deployed his 1st brigade, consisting of the 3rd Buffs, the 66th, the 2nd battalion of the 48th, and the 31st, into line, and, under Colonel Colborne, pushed them up the hill against the columns of the enemy. Most spirited was the advance of the four regiments, and most admirable their firing; but before they could come within charging distance, the enemy's cavalry—four regiments of hussars and lancers—came swooping down, *sabre à la main*, on their right flank.

A mere boy, Ensign Thomas, of the 3rd Buffs, who refused to give up the colours of his regiment, was cut down and killed on the spot. A lancer actually fell upon Beresford, who came up amid the wild tumult; but he, being a man of great strength, wrenched the spear from his hand and unhorsed him.

Heavy rain and mist, mingled with the smoke of the powder, as it rolled along the hills together, had so far obscured the atmosphere as to enable the French dragoons to come on unseen, and to

slay or take two-thirds of Colborne's brigade. The 31st alone, being formed in column, escaped this charge, and stood its ground; while the cavalry, riding furiously over everything, captured six guns. A gust of wind which blew aside the vapour enabled General Lumley to see the mischief, whereupon he sent four squadrons of horse to the front. The Conde de Penne Villamur's Spanish dragoons were ordered to charge, but when within a few yards of the foe they wheeled about and fled; and all this while the stupid Spanish infantry were firing blindly on the British division that had passed through them to the front!

But now the 29th, or Worcestershire, came swiftly on to succour Colborne; and, "terribly resolute, that regiment smote friends and foes in their onward progress"—*i.e.*, shot down the blundering Spaniards, that they might succour their English comrades.

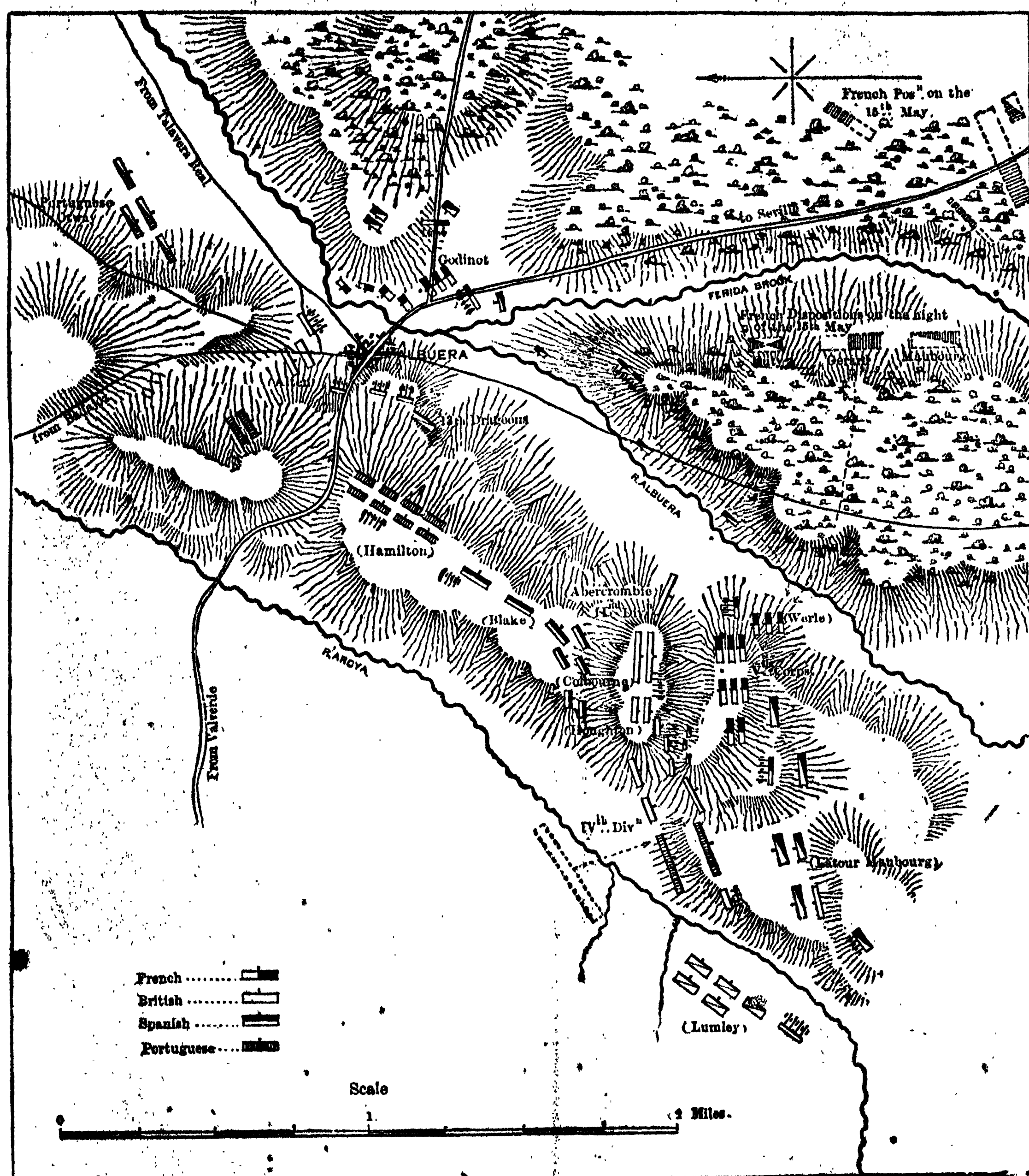
A wing of the Buffs, which had been ordered to be thrown forward, confused by the cavalry attack, fell among the brigade of General Houghton, which was advancing in column to the support; and the consequence was that the 1st brigade suffered terribly, as well by a tremendous fire of grape from the height as from the cavalry, which cut them up at leisure. The Buffs, 66th, and 48th were almost annihilated; and the 31st only escaped the same fate by having had time, as we have stated, to form in column, and thus present a solid front to the enemy.

Having completed its formation, Houghton's brigade advanced gallantly to the charge in this most confused battle, the general himself setting them an example with the most devoted courage; but while waving his hat in front of the line three bullets pierced him, and he fell. Undaunted even by this, the brigade pressed on, eager to close; and the regiments of which it was composed—the 29th, 1st battalion of the 48th, and the 57th—vied with each other in valour. The first and last-named corps, led by Colonel Inglis, and the other, under Major Way, performed, indeed, prodigies of heroism. In the ranks of the 57th alone there fell here, Colonel Inglis and 22 officers, with 400 men out of 570; but, notwithstanding all their efforts, seconded by those of the 28th, 34th, and 39th, under Colonel Abercrombie, the enemy succeeded in holding their ground. At this crisis we had lost a whole brigade of artillery; a large number of our men were prisoners; a deep gully prevented the British from using their bayonets, and affairs wore a most unpromising appearance. But Marshal Beresford determined to make one more effort for victory, and happily the effort was not made in vain.

At this crisis Major-General the Hon. Lowry Cole led the fusilier brigade, consisting of the 7th and 23rd Regiments, up the heights, and, driving off the lancers, recovered five guns and one standard. "Such a gallant line," says Napier, "arising from amid the smoke, and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's heavy masses, which were increasing and pressing forward as to an assured victory; they wavered, hesitated, and then vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while the fearful discharge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Myers was killed, Cole, and Colonels Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe fell wounded; and the fusilier battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships. Suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a majesty the British soldier fights! In vain did Soult, by voice and gesture, animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardiest veterans, extricating themselves from the crowded columns, sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open on such a fair field; in vain did the mass bear itself up, and fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately on friends and foes, while the horsemen, hovering on the flanks, threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop our astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in front, their measured tread shook the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation; their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as foot by foot, and with a horrid carnage, it was driven by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves, joining with the struggling multitude, endeavour to sustain the fight. Their efforts only increased the irremediable confusion, and the mighty mass, like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the ascent. The rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and fifteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill."

Yet so terrible were the casualties in every regiment, that we may state as an example that when the Royal Welsh Fusiliers came out of the action, Captain Stainforth's company was commanded by a corporal named Thomas Robinson. When Colonel Inglis fell, as his 57th men swept over him, he waved his cap, and cried after them, "Well done, my lads, you'll die hard, at any rate!"

While upon the right this tremendous conflict had been going on, several attempts had been made to force a passage into Albuera, in the direction of the bridge; but these were all defeated by the bravery of the Portuguese, who hurled back the columns as fast as they came on; while Alten's light Germans lined the walls about Albuera, and seemed to garland them with fire.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

No officer or soldier on this terrible day failed in doing his duty; and at the close of the action the dead and wounded men of our gallant 31st and 57th Regiments—the latter popularly known as the "Die-Hards"—were found lying in two distinct lines on the very ground they occupied when fighting. "They fought, too, in every imaginable order," says one who led them there. "They resisted cavalry in square, deployed into line, and received and returned repeated volleys, while a few yards only divided them from their opponents. At last everything was carried by the bayonet." To

add to the horror of the scene, at the close of the day our artillery were compelled to gallop over everything, as they came past with blood and brains and human hair upon their hoofs and wheels. "They were compelled to pass over them (the wounded), deaf to their cries, and averting their gaze from the brave fellows thus laid prostrate in the dust."

Seven thousand of the Allies and more than eight thousand of their enemies were struck down. The French took 500 prisoners, who were unwounded, also a howitzer and several stand of colours. We had no trophy to boast of but the piles of corpses that lay within the lines; and all that night the pitiless rain poured down upon them and the dying, while the banks of the swollen Albuera and woods around them were echoing with the cries of the perishing sufferers. The latter so far exceeded the sound in the ranks, that when the French drew off and the pickets were posted, none were left to carry the wounded or bury the dead; and when Beresford in his distress applied to Blake for a few men, in his wrath and jealousy the Iro-Spaniard refused!

By three o'clock in the afternoon of the day of battle, both armies had resumed the positions they had respectively occupied in the morning, and remained in them during the 17th of May; but on the following day Marshal Soult retired towards Seville, pursued for some distance by the allied cavalry, though far inferior in numbers; and the siege of Badajoz was at once resumed, the place being completely re-invested on the 25th of May, under the immediate superintendence of Viscount Wellington.



VIEW OF BADAJOZ.

"It is impossible," observed Beresford, in his despatch recounting the history of Albuera, "to enumerate every instance of discipline and valour shown on this severely-contested day; but never troops more valiantly or more gloriously maintained the honour of their respective countries."

The leader was afterwards created Viscount Beresford, and from the Portuguese Government received the titles of Duke of Elvas, Marquis of Campo Mayor, and Count Trancoso.

During the action Beresford exposed himself with a degree of intrepidity which could hardly fail to spread an example of heroism around him. He repeatedly dragged the Spanish officers from their ranks and compelled them to lead on their men.

CHAPTER CI.

ARROYO DE MOLINOS, 1811.

As an example of a surprise, conducted in a triumphant and masterly manner, we have no instance in our warlike annals superior to that achieved by our troops at Arroyo de Molinos, a village of Spanish Estramadura, between Alcuesca and Montanches.

Certain stirring movements formed the prelude to this famous surprise.

Wellington, we have said, had re-invested Badajoz; but on Marshal Marmont, with the French Army of Portugal, effecting a junction with that of the South, under Soult, they advanced to relieve the fortress. Wellington therefore found it necessary to relinquish the siege, and withdraw the allied army across the Guadiana. Accordingly, on the 16th of June the 2nd division of infantry, broke up from its bivouac in front of Albuera, and re-crossed the former river to Torre de Mouro, where the greater part of the British army was in position, with its right resting on Elvas and its left on Campo Mayor. In September the main body of the army, under Viscount Wellington, crossed the Tagus and invested Ciudad Rodrigo. Towards the end of September, Marmont, having been reinforced, advanced to that place; and, after a partial engagement at El Bodon, Wellington withdrew to a former position on the Coa.

But while Rodrigo was being blockaded, General Hill, with a corps of observation, co-operated with the Spaniards in Estramadura against General Drouet, who had first joined General Girard, commander of the 5th corps of the French army; but who, after various movements, had returned to the Morena, leaving his colleague at Caceres, between the Tagus and the Guadiana. From that place he was driven, on the 26th of October, by Rowland Hill, who, hoping to cut him off from the bridge of Merida, moved by a cross road next day.

On the march he learned that Girard had halted at Arroyo de Molinos, leaving a rear guard on the road to Caceres, which showed that he knew nothing of the cross-road movement, and looked for pursuit only from Caceres. It was resolved, therefore, to fall suddenly upon his quarters, if possible, in the night.

For this purpose General Hill's corps began its march at four o'clock on a beautiful evening from Alesida. But just as the sun set the rain began to fall with great violence, and the October evening soon became dark; but the march was continued to Malpartida, a little town having but one feature, a handsome church decorated with Corinthian pillars. "Marching under cloud of night, even in the finest summer weather, is a most unpleasant operation," wrote a 92nd officer, who served on this expedition; "how much more unpleasant, therefore, must it be to a poor soldier in a dark and stormy night, on a road covered to the depth of several inches with mud and water, and a surface so uneven that at every few yards the foot either sinks deep in a rut, or comes bump upon a stone, and throws the owner completely off his balance, or precipitates him into the puddle?"

Pale and weary after a night march, the troops entered Malpartida, from whence they proceeded to Torre Mocha, a well-built little town, lying in a fertile flat on the right bank of the Salor; and early on the morning of the 27th they arrived by a forced march at Alcuesca, within three miles of Arroyo de Molinos, where the division of General Girard lay in quarters.

The little town of Arroyo lies in a plain, and close behind it rises a rocky sierra, the Montanches, crescent-shaped, about two miles wide at the base of the chord. From Alcuesca one road led to it direct, another entered it on the left; and three led from it, the most distant of the last being the road to Truxillo (the birthplace of Pizzaro), which rounded the extremity of the hill—the nearest was that which led to the beautiful old Roman city of Merida, and between them lay that which leads to Medellin.

The autumn weather was wet and stormy, and the mud from the roads being splashed upward into the kilts of the Highlanders, occasioned them the greatest annoyance. No fires were permitted; the rain fell in torrents during the whole of the night pending the intended attack; yet not a murmur was heard, for the men bore their sufferings in silence. The 71st Highlanders occupied Alcuesca, and placed pickets in every direction, to intercept spies, or all who might give Girard intelligence of General Hill's vicinity.

At two o'clock in the morning of the 28th of October, the sergeants went round their respective companies, and in whispers bade the drenched soldiers stand to their arms and fall in, the utmost silence being necessary to ensure success.

The whole then moved to a low ridge, half a mile from Arroyo, under cover of which they formed in three columns of attack—the infantry on the wings, the cavalry in the centre. In the darkness of the yet unbroken morning, the wretchedness of the sodden and now tattered uniforms, and the pallor of visage consequent to almost daily starvation and exposure, after long and weary night marches, were all unseen, and the columns moved to the points of attack.

The left, commanded by Colonel Stewart, consisted of his own regiment, the 50th, two of Highlanders (the 71st and 92nd), with one German company of the 60th Rifles and three field-pieces. The 50th approached the place in close column, the other two corps at quarter distance.

The right, led by Major-General Howard, consisted of the 28th, 34th, and 39th Regiments, with another Rifle company, the 6th Portuguese Infantry of the Line, and the 6th Caçadores, with two field-pieces and a howitzer.

The centre column consisted of the 9th and 13th Light Dragoons, the 2nd Hussars of the German Legion, and the Conde de Penne Villamur's Spanish cavalry, under Sir William Erskine.

The left column marched straight upon the village; the right to seize the Truxillo road, while the cavalry kept the centre.

By four o'clock one brigade of Girard's division had commenced its march by the Medellin road; but the brigade of Dombrouski and the cavalry of Briche were still in the place; the horses of the rear guard, unbridled, were haltered to trees, and Girard was in a house waiting for his charger, when two British officers suddenly galloped into the street, and in an instant all was confusion and dismay.

The French trumpets sounded; the cavalry rushed to bridle their horses, and the infantry hurried in crowds to their alarm posts; but a tempest of wind and rain was raging, and a thick mist was rolling down from the rocky Sierra de Montanches. Amid the roar of the elements, a terrific shout was heard mingling with the strange yells of the bagpipes, while the 71st and 92nd Regiments came charging down. According to Lord de Ros, their pipers, with some spirit of waggery, struck up "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye waken yet?" and on the corps rushed into the village.

Fighting and struggling hard amid the mist and obscurity, the French rear guard of horse was hurled to the end of the village, past the church, and down the street, while the 50th came on, covering the three field-pieces. Throwing themselves into squares, the French infantry endeavoured to cover the main body of the cavalry; but, says Napier, "the 71st lining the garden walls, opened a galling fire on the nearest square; the 92nd, filing out of the street, formed upon the French right; and the 50th, following closely, secured the prisoners."

Grey dawn was stealing in now. The guns in front of the 50th were carrying death through the French squares, and the Highlanders advanced to the charge; but the French, declining the honour intended for them, wheeled to the right about, and rushed towards the steep ridge of the sierra in their rear, overlooking the road to Medellin.

Headed by Villamur's Spanish cavalry, the rest of the attacking force had skirted outside the houses of Arroyo to intercept the line of retreat, while the guns plied the three retiring squares. Our 13th Dragoons captured the French artillery, while the 9th and German hussars dispersed their cavalry. Girard, though wounded, was an intrepid officer, and kept his infantry well in hand while falling back towards Truxillo; but the right column of the Allies, under Howard, was already in possession of that line of escape, the artillery and cavalry were close upon his flank, his men were perishing by fifties at a time, and his situation was desperate. Still he would not surrender, and simply giving the order to break and disperse, he desired his men to scale the almost inaccessible rocks of the Montanches.

Not less eager and obstinate, his pursuers now divided. The Spaniards ascended the sierra at an easier point on his left; the 39th Regiment and Ashworth's Portuguese turned the flank of the mountains by the Truxillo road; while the 28th and 34th, led by General Howard, followed him step by step up the rocks, taking prisoners on every hand. But ultimately the pursuers, being heavily laden with all their accoutrements, were overmatched in speed by men who had cast away everything to accelerate their flight.

It was here that the British 34th or Cumberland Regiment encountered the 34th of the Imperial Line, and the corps simultaneously recognised each other by the number on their caps and breastplates. In the "Recollections of the Peninsula," it is recorded that several of the French officers as they tendered their swords, after a white handkerchief had been tied to the blade of one in token of submission, embraced the officers of the British 34th, saying—

"Ah, messieurs, nous sommes dis frères, nous sommes du trente-quatrieme régiment tous deux. Vous étes des braves. Les Anglais se battent toujours avec loyauté, et traitent bein leurs prisonniers."

"Ah, messieurs," said one French officer, "la fortune de la guerre est bien capricieuse!"

The brass drums and drum-major's staff of the French 34th were captured on this occasion, and are now retained by the British 34th; and Sergeant Moses Simpson, who actually took the staff from the hands of the tambour-major, is, or was lately, barrack-sergeant at Northampton, where he was presented with a gold medal by the officers of the regiment.

Generals Girard, Dombrouski, and Briche made their escape into the mountains of Guadalupe, and then crossing the Guadiana at Orellana, on the 9th of November joined Drouet with 600 men, the remains of 3,000 who had been in Arroyo. They were said to have been among the finest of the French troops in Spain, and their courage and hardihood at a crisis so startling afforded no small proof of their superiority.

There were taken 1,300 prisoners, including General Bron and Colonel the Prince d'Aremberg; with thirty other officers. All the artillery, the baggage, and the military chest were captured. The loss of the French must have been severe, for, exclusive of those who fell in and about Arroyo, upwards of 600 dead were found in the woods and on the mountains.

The British loss was very small, being only seven killed and thirty-seven wounded, of all ranks. One officer, Lieutenant Strenuwitz, aide-de-camp to Sir William Erskine, was taken prisoner; his enthusiasm having carried him into the heart of the enemy's cavalry. He was an Austrian, and distinguished for high courage; but having abandoned the French to serve under Don Julian Sanchez, he became liable to death by the laws of war. General Hill applied on his behalf to General Drouet, who was so good-tempered that, though smarting under the sudden disaster at Arroyo de Molinos, he released the solitary prisoner whom Girard had taken.

At Arroyo the remarkable coolness of the future Lord Hill presented a great contrast to the fury and rage of the French general who had been taken by the Highlanders in their first onset. After all was over and the prisoners secured, Hill, on hearing that there was a general officer among them, sent an aide-de-camp to desire his company at breakfast. The officer, proceeding to deliver his message with all due courtesy, was rather surprised to find General Bron leaping about the yard in which the prisoners were collected, in a frenzy of rage, tearing his cocked hat to pieces with his teeth, and incapable of listening to or understanding the intended civility. He returned in despair to General Hill, to state the frantic condition of the Frenchman, and the bad success of his embassy.

"Very well," replied the general, laughing; "go back, and as soon as he leaves off biting his hat, explain to him that he will find his breakfast ready at my quarters, and that I shall be very happy to receive him there."

This exploit at Arroyo set all the French corps in motion to revenge it; yet, on the 28th of November, Hill, by a forced march, surprised a body of French infantry and some hussars a league beyond La Nava, in Estramadura, after which he took up his quarters in the city of Merida, where all the horses, mules, and asses taken at Arroyo were sold by auction, and the produce thereof, together with the contents of Girard's military chest, distributed among the troops who were

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CHAPTER CII.

BAROSSA, 1811.

We ought to have related in its place, chronologically, that before Massena invaded Portugal, and King Joseph had subdued all Andalusia save Cadiz, the Spaniards, after long demurring, admitted an auxiliary British and Portuguese force into that city, under General Graham, the future Lord Lynedoch, whose arrival was signalised by the cannonade of Matagorda, an old fort which we have referred to in Volume I., as the scene of some of our military operations in the wars of Queen Anne.

In the attack made on this place by the French in the year 1810, it was vigorously defended by a detachment of the Scots Brigade, under Captain Maclaine, with twenty-five marines, twenty-five seamen of the *Invincible*, and twenty-five artillerymen. It was a small fort, without ditch or bombproof; yet the little garrison held it for fifty-four days, but

not without great loss, comparatively speaking. A Spanish seventy-four and a flotilla had co-operated in the resistance until daybreak on the 21st of March, when a dreadful shower of red-hot shot compelled them to cut their cables and run under the guns of Cadiz. Then the fire of forty-eight cannon and mortars of the largest size was turned upon the fort, the feeble old ramparts of which were soon bruised to dust and ruin under this crushing tempest of metal, leaving only the brave hearts of the garrison for defence.

Close and fast shot the foe, and fast too fell the little band of Maclaine. Six times within one hour the staff of the Spanish flag was broken; and ultimately the colours were secured to an angle of the crumbling wall, most unwillingly by our men, the sailors especially, as they were shouting to Maclaine to hoist British colours, as they attributed the slaughter to their fighting under a foreign flag.

This tempest lasted for thirty hours, and sixty-four men out of one hundred and forty had fallen. The fort was not more than one hundred yards square; and "here," says Napier, "be recorded an action of which it is difficult to say whether it were most feminine or heroic."

The action referred to, as detailed in "The Eventful Life of a Soldier," won the woman for long after in Scotland the sobriquet of "The Heroine of Matagorda." She was the wife of Sergeant Reston, of the Scots Brigade.

Under fire, she tore up her linen to form bandages for the wounded; and water being wanted, a drummer-boy was ordered to draw some from a well, but the scared child did not seem much inclined to the task, and lingered at the door of a hut with the bucket in his hand.

"Why don't you go for the water?" asked the surgeon, angrily.

"The puir bairn is frightened," said Mrs. Reston, "and no wonder; gie the bucket to me."

And under all that dreadful storm she proceeded coolly to the well, procuring water for the wounded. General Napier states that a shot cut the bucket-rope in her hand, but she recovered it, and fulfilled her mission.

Her attention to the wounded was beyond all praise, says Sergeant Donaldson, of the 94th; she carried sand-bags for the repair of the batteries, and handed ammunition, wine, and water to the men at the guns. "I think I see her yet," he adds, "while the shot and shell were flying thick around her, bending her body to shield her child from danger by the exposure of her own person."

She died at an old age, in Glasgow, without other token to her merit than that accorded by the humble book of her husband's comrade.

General Graham, finding that a diversion he had projected proved impracticable, sent boats to bring the survivors from Matagorda. With these boats went Major Lefebre, an officer of great promise, but only to perish, as he was the last man whose blood crimsoned the ruins.

Such was the stirring prelude to the battle of Barossa.

On the abandonment of Matagorda, the Spaniards in Cadiz became so apathetic that General Graham said, with caustic bitterness, "They wished the British to drive away the French solely that they might eat strawberries at Chiclana." In December, 1810, Soult was ordered to co-operate with Massena; and when his departure took place, in the January of the following year, Victor's force being weak, Graham undertook, in concert with La Pena, the Captain-General of the Isla de Leon, to raise the blockade of Cadiz by a maritime expedition. Contrary winds baffled the project; and in February Victor was reinforced by 600 cavalry and 10,000 infantry.

The British troops passing the fort in a gale on the 22nd, landed at Algesiras, and marched to Tarifa, where they were joined by the garrison. On the 27th, La Pena came in with the Spanish contingent; and Graham, to preserve unanimity and flatter Spanish pride, ceded to him the command, though doing so was contrary to his orders from head-quarters.

The forces were re-organised. General Lardizabal had the vanguard; the Prince of Anglona the centre; the reserve, consisting of the British troops with two Spanish regiments, was confided to Graham, and the cavalry of both nations to Colonel Whittingham, a British officer in the Spanish service.

After various movements and skirmishes, Graham and La Pena reached the Cerro de Puerco, named by us the heights of Barossa, about four miles from the confluence of the Santé Petri with the sea. The actual name of Barossa is applied to a tower and *vigia*, or watch-house, on the ridge which creeps in from the coast of Andalusia, and overlooks a broken plain, which was bounded on the left by the cliffs of the seashore, on the right by the forest of Chiclana, in front by a wood of sombre pines, beyond which rose a long narrow height, called El Bermeja, only to be reached by penetrating through the pine-wood or by the beach under the cliffs.

Their forces now mustered 11,200 Spaniards, 4,300 British and Portuguese, and 800 cavalry;

and in the conflict that ensued, La Pena skulked most infamously away with the entire body of the Spanish troops, leaving the British, after a long march, to encounter unsupported the whole corps of Marshal Victor, the Duc de Belluno.

The troops therefore straggled; and before all had arrived, the insolent Spaniard, La Peña, as if in contempt of General Graham, without disclosing his own plans, sent Lardizabal straight to the mouth of the Santé Petri. Zoyas had cast a

PLAN OF THE ACTION AT REDINHA.

Graham, foreseeing that the latter would come out of his lines and fight, had previously obtained La Pena's promise to make short marches, and not approach the enemy except in a mass. In violation of this promise, the march from Casa Vieja had been one of fifteen hours' duration, over such execrable roads as are only to be found in Spain; and the night march that ended at Barossa was still more fatiguing.

bridge there on the 2nd, but he was surprised in the night and driven into the Isla; so the former officer had to fight his way back, with the loss of 300 Spaniards, ere he could effect a junction.

La Pena now ordered Graham to follow the vanguard, but the latter, seeing how matters were likely to turn, argued justly that the Duc de Belluno could not attack Lardizabal and Zoyas, as "no general would lend his flank to an enemy,"



THE "HEROINE OF MATAGORDA" (see page 413).

says Napier, "by assailing the Bermeja while Barossa was occupied." Lacy, chief of the Spanish staff, controverted this, and La Pena peremptorily ordered Graham to march. With great temper, he obeyed this discourteous order, leaving only the flank companies of the 9th and 82nd Regiments, under Major Browne, to guard his baggage. He moved, however, in the persuasion that La Pena would remain at Barossa with Anglona's division and the cavalry, because a Spanish division was still behind, near Medina; yet, scarcely had he entered the pine-wood, when La Pena carried off the corps of battle and the cavalry by the sea-road to Santé Petri, leaving Barossa crowded with baggage, and protected only by a rear guard of four guns and five battalions."

Marshal Victor, during these movements, kept close in the forest of Chiclana. His patrols could see no enemy, and the march of Graham, now abandoned to himself, for two miles seemed safe enough—yet Victor was watching him.

He had recalled Cassagne from Medina when La Pena first reached Barossa, and was now hourly expecting him; and he felt so sure of victory as to order most of his cavalry upon certain points to cut off the fugitives of the action; while he had in hand 9,000 soldiers and 14 guns, under Ruffin, Villatte, and Laval.

Three battalions of grenadiers formed his reserves, two of which, with three squadrons of cavalry, he attached to Ruffin, the rest to Laval. Villatte, with 2,500 men, now covered the works of the camp against Zoyas and Lardizabal; but Cassagne was still distant, when Victor, seeing Graham threading the pine-wood, Zoyas and Lardizabal on the Bermeja, a third body with the baggage on Barossa, a fourth moving on the coast, and a fifth on the march from Vega—none apparently acting in unison—poured into the plain, formed line, and began the battle, confident in conquest.

Laval confronted "the slender red line" of Graham; while Victor, leading Ruffin's column in person, ascended the rear of the heights of Barossa, and intercepting the Spanish division on the Medina road, hurled the rear guard off the hills towards the sea, dispersed the baggage, and took three guns.

Major Browne, with the grenadiers and light companies of the 9th and 82nd, unable to withstand this living torrent, retired slowly, and sent for orders to Graham, who was then near Bermeja.

"Fight!" was the laconic answer; and "facing about himself," says the historian of the war, "he regained the open plain, expecting to find La Pena and the cavalry upon Barossa Hill. But when the view opened, he beheld Ruffin's brigade, flanked by the two grenadier battalions, on one side, the Spanish rear-guard and the baggage flying towards the sea on the other, the French cavalry following the fugitives in good order, and La Pena—nowhere!"

His situation was now desperate. To retire upon Bermeja would bring the enemy furiously in conflict with the Allies on that narrow ridge, where the result could only be disastrous; and so, though the key of the battle-field was already in Victor's possession, "the gallant Graham," true to the sobriquet attached to his race, resolved, at all hazards, to make a counter attack.

Under Major Duncan, ten guns opened a terrific cannonade against the column of Laval; while Colonel (afterwards Sir Andrew) Barnard, rushing out with his riflemen and some Portuguese companies, commenced the battle. Without attending to the formal details of regiments or brigades, so sudden was the new feature of affairs that the rest of the troops formed simply two masses. With one, General Dilkes marched resolutely against Ruffin, while Colonel Wheatly led the other against Laval, whose artillery replied vigorously to that of Duncan.

The cannon of Ruffin ravaged the flank of Wheatly's column, and the infantry on both sides closed in eagerly; while the pealing musketry and the boom of the guns echoed from hill to hill, and along the wooded plain below. By a firm, rapid, and resolute charge, the 87th overthrew the first line of the French; and though the latter fought valiantly, it was hurled in confusion against the second line. On, and on yet, went the brave Irish with their bayonets. Both lines were swept away together, and fled, covered by the reserve of grenadiers.

"Meanwhile, Graham's Spartan order had sent Browne headlong upon Ruffin; and though nearly half his detachment went down under the first fire, he maintained the fight until Dilke's column, having crossed a deep hollow, came up, with little order indeed, but in a sharp fighting mood."

The whole rushed up the green hill-slope towards the summit, and there their numerous antagonists met them, and for some time a desperate and doubtful combat was maintained. Ruffin and Colonel Rousseau, who commanded the chosen grenadiers, both fell mortally wounded. Steadily and stoutly the small British force bore onward, their slaughtering fire going right into the teeth of the foe, at nearly pistol-range, till the latter were fairly driven over the hill, with the loss of three guns and many brave men.

All the discomfited divisions of Victor now retired concentrically from their different points; and when they met *en masse*, endeavoured to renew the deadly game, but the splendid play of Duncan's guns rendered the attempt vain. Close, murderous, and terrible were the lanes of blood and mutilation made in their ranks, till they gave way altogether, and began a retreat which the victorious British, who had been twenty-four hours under arms and without one morsel of food, were too exhausted to pursue.

Meanwhile, during this succession of terrible infantry combats, the infamous La Pena, who deserved to have been brought to the drum-head and shot, looked idly on. He gave not the slightest aid, not even menacing Villatte, who was close to him and comparatively weak. The regiment of Ciudad Real, the Walloon Guards, and some guerilla cavalry certainly came, without his orders, but not until the battle was over. Even Whittingham's Spanish cavalry never struck a blow that day, though they mustered 800 sabres, and the French only 250.

Drawing off his 180 German hussars, the brave Frederick Ponsonby reached the field in time to charge the French squadrons and take two, but Rousseau's grenadiers repelled him.

Such was the unequal battle of Barossa, which lasted only an hour and a half, in which time there were 50 officers, 60 sergeants, 1,100 British soldiers, and more than 2,000 French killed and wounded. Six guns, an eagle, two generals (both mortally injured), and 400 prisoners remained in the hands of the victors.

This eagle, the first captured in the Peninsula, was taken by Sergeant Patrick Masterton, of the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers. It belonged to the French light infantry. The sergeant received an ensigncy in the Royal York Light Infantry; and the 87th, in memory of his exploit, have on their colours an eagle with a wreath of laurel above the harp.

For several hours Graham remained on the heights, still hoping that La Pena would gather some fire or courage from the example of valour and glory won by the British—but in vain. There had come over to him 4,000 fresh men and a powerful train of artillery from Santé Petri. La Pena had therefore 12,000 infantry and 800 cavalry, while before him were only the remains of Victor's shattered corps, retreating in the greatest disorder upon Chiclana, but military spirit was extinct in the Spaniard. Graham could no longer endure his command; so leaving the dastard on the Bermeja, he marched the British troops into the Isla de Leon.

General Graham, a lineal descendant of the warlike house of Montrose, was, for his many brilliant services here and elsewhere, created Baron Lynedoch of Balgowan, in the county of Perth, colonel of the 1st Royal Scots, and governor of the castle of Dunbarton.

CHAPTER CIII.

COMBATS OF REDINHA AND SABUGAL, 1811.

BAROSSA was scarcely won, when Wellington and Massena had to play the game of attack and defence.

Wellington's forces on the south bank of the Tagus had intercepted all communication between that marshal and Soult; hence while the latter was invading Portugal on one side of the river, Massena was quitting the other, pursued by the allied army, leaving behind a desert, and an awful scene of wanton and wilful rapine.

"In the hills was found a house where thirty women and children were lying dead from hunger; and sitting by the bodies were fifteen or sixteen living beings—only one a man—so enfeebled by want that they could not devour the food that was offered them. All the children were dead; none were emaciated, but the muscles of their faces were invariably dragged transversely, as if laughing, and unimaginably ghastly. The man was most eager for life; the women patient and resigned, and they had carefully covered and laid out the dead. A field of battle strewed with bloody carcases would have been a solacing sight by comparison."

Under Ney, the rear guard of Massena—so well named "the Child of Rapine"—was roughly handled by the light division at the old Castello de Pombal, near a town on a hill by the Sora, on the 10th of March; and on the following day he offered battle at Redinha, with 5,000 infantry, some cavalry, and guns, in a place where some fine old pine woods covered his wings, which were posted

on the brow of the table-land he occupied. The deep bed of the Sora protected his right; his left rested on the Redinha, which flowed round his rear, brawling through a hollow under a narrow bridge, beyond which, on a rugged height, was his reserve, so skilfully posted as to seem a great force.

Under Sir William Erskine, the light division soon swept over the timbered hills that covered Ney's right; and, like red dots in the distance, the skirmishers pushed into the green open plain, where they were checked by a withering fire and a charge of hussars, who cut off fourteen, and sabred many more.

Erskine's bugles then sounded to form line, which, on outflanking the French right, was reinforced by two regiments of dragoons; at the same time Picton had seized the wood that covered the French left, and thus Ney's position was laid bare. But now Wellington, deceived by the skilful manner in which the reserve beyond the bridge was posted, brought all the allied troops into line; but Ney would not retire. He even charged Picton's skirmishers, under Colonel Williams, and the 4th Caçadores, under Colonel de Rego, and held his ground, though the 3rd division was nearer to the bridge of the Redinha than his right, and there were troops and guns in the plain more than enough to overwhelm him.

Both sides remained an hour quiet, while many a poor fellow was breathing his last, or writhing in agony by the margin of both rivers, when suddenly three cannon-shots from the British centre gave the signal for a magnificent spectacle.

"The woods seemed alive with troops, and instantly 30,000 men, presenting three gorgeous lines of battle, were stretched across the plain, bending on a gentle curve, and moving majestically onwards; while horsemen and guns, springing simultaneously from the left, charged, under a general volley from the French battalions, who were thus covered with smoke, and when it cleared away none were to be seen!"

Marshal Ney had anxiously watched the progress of this splendid formation, and had opposed Picton's skirmishers with his left, while he withdrew the rest of the rear guard so rapidly as to gain the village of Redinha before even the cavalry could touch him; the utmost efforts of the light troops and horse artillery only enabling them to gall the rearmost with a shot or two at times. One howitzer was dismounted, but the village was in flames between it and the pursuers; yet Ney, in person, carried off the injured piece, with the loss of twenty men, and great danger to himself, for the British guns were thundering after him, and "the light troops, like heated bloodhounds," passed the narrow bridge with his men.

"But as the enemy commanded these passages with cannon," says the Duke of Wellington, in his despatch to the Earl of Liverpool, "some time elapsed before we could pass over a sufficient body of troops to attack the heights on which they had taken post. The 3rd division crossed, however, and manœuvred upon the enemy's left flank, while the light infantry and cavalry drove them upon their main body at Condeixa."

In this combat at Redinha, we lost 12 officers and 200 men. Ney lost as many; and he might have been destroyed but for the array by which Wellington scared him, and, according to Napier, "paid him too much respect."

Condeixa, where Massena now took a position, commanded two roads—one which led to Coimbra, and the other to the Sierra de Murcello. Setting fire to Condeixa, he moved to a position on the Murcello road. Wellington gave no orders in the night to attack; but early next morning, while a dense mist shrouded all the French position, Sir William Erskine, hearing the dull sound of a multitude coming out of its depth, "with astounding indifference, and against the opinion of all the officers about him," ordered the 52nd Regiment, in column of sections, and without an advanced guard or file, to plunge into the blackness and obscurity below. As the road dipped down suddenly, the regiment vanished in an instant, and, unconsciously passing the French out-pickets in the mist, nearly captured Ney, who always slept with his outposts.

The rest of the division was about to follow, when the red flash of musketry was seen amid the vapour, and the dull boom of field-pieces was heard. Then the sea of fog rose slowly, the dawn was stealing in; and, lo, just as the whole division was about to fling itself into the stormy gulf, on the opposite side of the mountain were seen the Oxford Light Infantry engaged in the heart of a French army!

To turn the French left, Wellington sent Cole's column, by a circuitous route, towards the sources of the Deuca and Ceira, Picton more directly to menace the French flank, and the main body was coming up; when Erskine, as we have shown, had forced the light division into action prematurely, at Cazal Nova, and a heavy skirmish ensued; after which Ney, covering his rear with guns and light troops, retired from ridge to ridge, till he reached the strong pass of Miranda de Corvo, where Massena was in position.

The light division lost 11 officers and 150 men at Cazal Nova; the loss of the French was greater,

and 100 prisoners were taken. Another combat ensued at Foz d'Aronce.

Massena, fearing that Sir Lowry Cole would get into his rear, crossed the Ceira in the night; and, being among the mountains, directed Ney, after destroying his baggage and ammunition, to cover the movement, but not to risk an action. Ney disregarded this order, and engaged with twelve battalions, some cavalry, and guns, on the rugged ground to the left of Foz d'Aronce. There he was overthrown by the furious advance of the 3rd division, and his men fled in confusion.

Many rushed into the deeps of the river, and were drowned; others were crushed to death on the bridge; while elsewhere they fired on each other in the dark. Five hundred of them perished; of ours, four officers and sixty men. An eagle was afterwards found in the bed of the river.

Ney, however, kept his post on the Ceira till all had passed, when he blew up seventy feet of the bridge, and remained with a weak rear guard. "Every horror that could make war hideous attended this retreat," says Napier; "distress, conflagration, death in all modes—from wounds, fatigue, water, the flames, and starvation! On all sides, unlimited violence and unlimited vengeance. I, myself, saw a peasant hounding on his dog to devour the dead and dying; and the spirit of cruelty smote even the brute creation, for the French general, to lessen incumbrances, ordered beasts of burden to be destroyed, and the inhuman fellow charged with the execution hamstrung 500 asses, and left them to starve. They were found so by the British; and the mute, sad, deep expression of grief and pain visible in the poor creatures' looks excited a strange fury in the soldiers—no quarter would have been given at that time—human feelings would thus have led to direct cruelty. But all passions are akin to madness."

Wellington states in his despatches that the conduct of the French in this retreat was "marked by a barbarity seldom equalled and never surpassed." The pursuit of Massena led to that which was termed

The Combat of Sabugal.

After attempting to hold the Guarda mountain, on the flank of the beautiful Estrella, from whence he was driven with the loss of 300 men taken, Massena descended to take a position beside the Coa. On being reinforced there, he formed his troops in two sides of a triangle, with Regnier commanding at the apex, which was Sabugal, a town in the Portuguese province of Beira, situated in a plain on the right bank of the Coa, its leading features being two parish churches and a lofty castellated tower. Both his wings were covered by the river, which had a sharp bend at Sabugal; and the right had an open communication with the fortress of Almeida, on which the rugged ravine of the Coa forbade an attack.

After menacing the right wing for two days, suddenly at daybreak on the 3rd of April, Wellington sent Slade's cavalry and the famous fighting light division, composed of the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th Regiments, across the stream by a long détour, to penetrate between the left wing and the centre of the French.

The 3rd division crossed the Coa at the same time by a closer movement, yet still above the Sabugal bridge, which the 5th division and the artillery were to force. In reserve were two other divisions. Thus it was anticipated that General Regnier, whose main body was posted above the bridge, would be pierced, turned, and surrounded before he could be succoured; "but one of those accidents so frequent in war marred this well-concerted scheme."

Owing to a dense and frowsy fog that settled along the banks of the Coa, the troops failed to gain their points of attack simultaneously; and Erskine, while failing to put the light division in a right direction, did not keep his columns together, and, without communicating with Colonel Beckwith, who led his first brigade, carried off the cavalry.

Being left thus totally without instructions, that officer halted at the appointed ford; until a staff officer came up and asked him peremptorily "why he did not attack."

Rash though the act might prove, Beckwith could only comply, and passed through the river, which was both rapid and deep. On the other side a steep and wooded hill sloped upward, and four companies of dripping Rifles at once began the ascent, followed by the 43rd Light Infantry; but the caçadores of the brigade had, in the mist or confusion, joined another column, marching independently to the right, on the true point of direction.

At this time the rain was pouring heavily on hill, and wood, and stream; the mist yet lingered, and all was obscurity, so none of the other divisions had reached their respective posts as yet. The attack of Beckwith was, therefore, premature and perilous, and at a point not intended, "for Regnier's whole corps was in front, and one bayonet-regiment, with four companies of riflemen, were assailing more than 12,000 infantry, supported by cavalry and artillery!"

Scarcely had the Rifles reached the crest of the hill, when a strong force of French cavalry drove them back upon the 43rd. At that instant the last of the mist passed away, and Colonel Beckwith saw all the peril, yet his gallant heart never failed him.

It seems almost incredible, yet so it was, that with one firm charge of bayonets the 43rd gained and kept the summit of the hill, although showers of grape from two howitzers were dealing death and horror in their ranks, and they were assailed on both wings.



FRENCH MILITARY UNIFORMS, 1811.

Most luckily, Regnier had not expected an attack, and, consequently, for the convenience of water, had placed his main body in the low-lying ground beyond the hill on which the strife commenced. His attack when he made it was therefore an up-hill one; and his musketry, heavy at the beginning, when concentrated on the small frontage of the 43rd soon increased to a dreadful leaden storm, in which the bullets whizzed through the air like rain, his men, the while, uttering those clamorous halloos peculiar to the French when advancing.

With great presence of mind, at this juncture Captain Hopkins, of the 43rd, commanding a flank company, ran it out double-quick to the right, and seized a small eminence close to the French cannon, and commanding an ascent up which the enemy were advancing to turn Beckwith's right.

His first and unexpected fire threw them into confusion; they rallied, but were cut up by a second; a third time they made head, but a sudden charge shook them; the clamorous yells gave place to oaths and cries of rage, and the two battalions of the 52nd, attracted by the firing, came rushing on to succour the 43rd, and formed line to the front.

"The centre and left of the 43rd were all this time furiously engaged, and wonderfully excited; for Beckwith, with the blood streaming from a wound in the head, rode amongst the skirmishers, praising and exhorting them, in a loud and cheerful tone, as a man sure to win his battle; and though the bullets flew thicker and closer, and the fight became more perilous, the French fell fast, and a second charge again cleared the hill."

The 43rd, under Major Patrickson, captured a howitzer, and, according to the Duke's moderate

praise in his despatch, "particularly distinguished themselves"—a mild way of describing glorious heroism.

While dragging off the howitzer, and while the skirmishers went plunging down the hill in eager pursuit, small bodies of cavalry came spurring in from all quarters, and compelled them to regain the main body, then formed for shelter in rear of a stone wall.

To this barrier one French squadron rode close, with brilliant daring, and were in the act of firing their pistols over it, when one withering volley laid every man lifeless on the ground. A heavy column came rushing up to retake the howitzer, which had been left on the edge of the ascent; but no man could reach it and live, so close and terrible was the fire of the 43rd.

Two of our guns now came into action, while at the same time the 52nd charging, rushed with great impetuosity on the flank of the enemy's infantry, and, scattering them, made the blood-stained hill above the Côa ours again. Fearing that he would have his troops destroyed piece-meal, Regnier at last put all his reserves, 6,000 infantry, with artillery and cavalry, in motion, and, outflanking the British left, attempted once more to storm the height. But at that moment the 5th division, with bayonets flashing and colours flying, defiled swiftly across the high narrow bridge of Sabugal, while our cavalry appeared menacingly on the hills beyond the French left. Then the 3rd division suddenly emerged from the woods on Regnier's right, and opened a fire which decided the issue of the contest.

He began a hurried retreat to escape being surrounded; and meeting his right wing, which had also given way, both retired together, closely pursued by our cavalry, who handled sword, pistol, and carbine so long as opportunities were given them.



NATIVE FESTIVAL IN JAVA.

Such was the combat of Sabugal, which did not last quite an hour. The mist was gone now, and when the sun of the April morning stole into the valley of the Coa, there could be counted 200 red-coats stretched on the turf, while the enemy's loss was greater. On the hill were heaped 300 dead bodies, the greater part around the howitzer, being those of men who had perished under the fire of the 43rd. More than 1,200 wounded were also there—so unwisely had Regnier handled his troops

and so constant and deadly had been the file-firing of the British soldiers. It was, therefore, no exaggeration of Wellington to say that "this was one of the most glorious actions British troops were ever engaged in."

Massena retreated to Ciudad Rodrigo, on the 5th of April, when the real vigour of French discipline became singularly manifest. His soldiers, who for months had lived by rapine and violence among the unhappy Portuguese, and whose line of retreat had been marked by atrocity, suddenly became endued with order and quietude. No rudeness was offered to the Spaniards, of whom Joseph Bonaparte was to be the mock king; and everything was scrupulously paid for, though bread was two shillings a pound, and everything else was of proportionate value! Massena himself, also, firm and terrible as he was in Portugal, always treated the Spaniards with gentleness and moderation.

CHAPTER CIV.

JAVA—CORNELIS, 1811.

EVERYWHERE now our fleets commanded, in every sea; so that the colonies of France and Holland could receive but scanty and precarious support from their mother countries.

In the Indian seas, nothing now remained to the Dutch subjects of Napoleon, save the rich island of Java, and some settlements on the richer and far larger island of Sumatra. Of these, the reduction was first proposed to the governor-general by Sir Stamford Raffles, a man of rare talent, trained in the service of the East India Company, who, during a brief sojourn on the coast of Malacca, had contrived to obtain much information concerning the Indian Archipelago; and the Earl of Minto, though bred to the law, and not a soldier, determined to accompany the troops.

He left Calcutta on the 9th of March, 1811, for Madras, which was to furnish part of the armament. The Bengal troops had embarked in April, and about the middle of the following month the whole expedition arrived at Malacca, the starting-point for the conquests about to be made.

Doubtless the difficulty was great in voyaging with a large fleet amid an archipelago where for several months of each year the wind blows from one point of the compass, and where, though the water is deep, the passage between the isles is often so narrow that only one ship can pass at a time, and then so close to the land that her sides are brushed, and she is overshadowed by the luxuriant vegetation, which extends to the water's edge; for there the orange, lemon, cocoa trees, and butter-palms, all grow together wild.

According to the "Memoirs of Sir Stamford Raffles," the accounts of this navigation were contradictory and obscure; few of the naval men engaged on the expedition had been there before, and their opinions formed a most perplexing maze, yet the sea force was numerous, and led by distinguished officers. Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Stopford, in the *Scipio*, 74 guns, commanded the squadron, which consisted of three sail of the line, seven frigates, four sloops of war, four of the Company's cruisers, and seven gun-boats, with fifty-seven transports, making one hundred sail in all.

There was no time to waste in discussions, as the favourable monsoon was nearly terminating when our forces collected at Malacca; so Raffles, the real planner of the expedition, suggested the south-west passage, between Carimata and Borneo, "and staked his reputation on the success which would attend it," as he had previously ascertained the practicability of this passage in a small vessel called the *Minto*. It was adopted, and in less than six weeks after quitting Malacca, the whole fleet was in sight of Batavia.

The squadron was in imminent danger on one occasion, from a sudden squall of wind and rain, which drove the transports into shoal water, where many of them struck the ground in a heavy sea; but the bottom being soft and muddy, they received no damage.

On Sunday, the 4th of August, 1811, the whole expedition came safely to anchor; and a landing effected at Chillingching, ten miles to the eastward of the city of Batavia—a place which the enemy had left entirely unguarded.

The care of this important island had been secretly entrusted by Bonaparte to General Jansens, the Dutch general, Daendels, not being sufficiently well-affected to his cause to keep out the British. The city was abandoned by the French and Dutch

troops, and by all the most respectable inhabitants, the moment our colours were seen in the bay.

General Sir Samuel Achmuty commanded the troops, who were 12,000 strong, and formed in four brigades. One-half were British soldiers. Ere the enemy retreated, the pipes which conveyed water to the town were cut off, the bridge over the river Aujol was destroyed, and the storehouses, containing a rich collection of spices, were set on fire. Some of them our troops saved from destruction. Batavia, the capital, to which the Dutch had given the proud title of "Queen of the East," was formally surrendered on the 8th of August by the burghers, the garrison having retreated to Wettevreedin.

The climate soon proved so noxious, that the hospitals were speedily crowded with our soldiers and sepoys, till it is said that at one time there were 5,000 men on the sick-list; but neither these disastrous circumstances nor the strength of the works prevented the final conquest of the island.

On the 10th of August, in the morning, Colonel (afterwards Sir Robert Rollo) Gillespie marched to Wettevreedin; but the Dutch had abandoned their cantonment there, and taken post two miles farther up the country, at Cornelis. There their position was strong, and defended by an abattis, occupied by 3,000 of their best troops (according to Macfarlane's "India"—by 20,000, according to Captain Brenton), with four horse-artillery guns; and in their rear was the fort of Cornelis, with other strong works.

Cannon were brought to the front by our seamen, and batteries were formed of twenty eighteen-pounders, and eight mortars. These kept up a constant fire for two days, when that of the enemy began to slacken; and at dawn on the 25th of August an assault was made, the principal attack being made by Colonel R. R. Gillespie, supported by Colonels Gibbs and Macleod, officers like himself of resolute bravery.

Major-General Wetherall commanded the reserve, and remained in the batteries.

Colonel Gillespie having made a circuitous route of many miles, through a difficult and intricate country, came suddenly upon the enemy's works, before the rear could come up, and stormed the lines with the leading corps, and the most splendid success followed. Fort after fort was captured at the point of the bayonet; the passage of the river was effected, the position forced, and the superior numbers of the enemy were driven from it with great slaughter.

A thousand men lay dead in the works, a multitude were killed in the retreat, and 5,000 were made prisoners by Colonel Gillespie, who followed the fugitives for ten miles with his dragoons. He made one French general captive in the works, another in the pursuit, and also a colonel, and had a personal encounter with a field-officer, whom he slew.

A tremendous explosion of the magazine of one of the Dutch redoubts—whether by accident or design was never ascertained—took place at the instant of its capture, and destroyed a number of our officers and men, who were crowding on the ramparts which the enemy had abandoned. Colonel Macleod, who attacked another redoubt, fell in the moment of victory.

In all, 27 sepoys and 114 British were slain; 123 sepoys and 610 British were wounded; 13 were missing. In addition to the 1,000 Dutch buried in the works and killed in the flight, some of the rivers were choked with dead, and all the huts and neighbouring thickets were filled with wounded. General Jansens, who had thrice rallied his retreating troops, followed by a weak escort, escaped with difficulty, the sole remains of his army being 10,000 men.

There were taken 130 pieces of brass and iron cannon at Cornelis, and 613 on the forts, with shot and shell in proportion.

"On the 27th of August," says the "History of British India," "the day after the bloody battle of Cornelis, the good, the learned, the poetical Doctor John Leyden, the associate and friend of Sir Walter Scott, the bosom friend of Sir Stamford Raffles, the admired of all who knew him, died of the country fever at Wettevreedin." This enthusiastic Scottish poet had accompanied the troops as an assistant surgeon, but his labours proved too much for him, and he expired in the arms of Raffles. Sir John Malcolm wrote of him thus:—

"Where sleep the brave on Java's strand,
Thy ardent spirit, Leyden, fled;
And Fame with cypress shades the land
Where genius fell and valour bled.
When triumph's tale is westward borne,
On Border hills no joy shall gleam;
And thy loved Teviot long shall mourn
The youthful poet of her stream."

Immediately after the battle of Cornelis, a summons was sent to General Jansens to surrender the island of Java to the British forces. This was haughtily declined, so preparations were immediately made for sending a force against the second place of importance there, Surabaya, on the eastern Straits of Madura, where General Daendels had built a fine arsenal and other extensive works.

This force was commanded by Commodore

Broughton. Another body of troops was detached to Cheribon; and the frigates *Nisus*, Captain Beaver; *President*, Captain Warren; and *Phœbe*, Captain Hillyear, were sent on that service. On the 4th of September the commodore sailed for Greisse and Surabaya, having under his orders the *Illustrious*, *Minden*, and *Lion*, seventy-four-gun ships; and the *Leda*, thirty-six-gun frigate. He was accompanied by transports containing a body of sepoys.

The Governor-General, Lord Minto, after the surrender of Batavia, having taken up his residence in that town, Rear-Admiral Stopford, at his request, consented to remain until the island was completely conquered, and this was speedily accomplished. Captain Beaver took possession of Cheribon, on the north coast of Java, at the bottom of a deep bay, where there was a large Chinese village and a fine mosque. Captain Warren, of the *President*, who conveyed the summons of surrender to that place, hauled down the French colours with his own hand, and hoisted the Union Jack on the fort; taking prisoner with his gig's crew the French general, Jumelle, who had just arrived, and was in the act of changing horses to proceed eastward. Captain Hillyear, of the *Phœbe*, at the same time reduced and took possession of Tagyall.

On September the 5th, Lieutenant-General Sir Samuel Achmuty sailed in the *Modeste*, 36 guns, Captain the Hon. G. Elliot; and the rear-admiral on the following day, having with him on board the *Scorpion*, 74 guns, two companies of artillery and four field-pieces. With the troops embarked on board the ships of war, assisted by the seamen and marines, he hoped to effect the reduction of other settlements before the transports could arrive, and thus avoid the delay occasioned by the bad sailing of these vessels. In this enterprise the greatest unanimity prevailed between the land and sea services.

The admiral anchored on the 9th off Samarang, and nine days after was joined by Commodore Broughton, with the ships and transports under his orders. The admiral and general then summoned Samarang, a large town having then about 40,000 souls, and defended by a stone rampart, with bastions and a wet ditch; but the officer in command resolved to fight, so they proceeded to attack and destroy some gun-boats, a service performed by Captain Maunsell. On the 12th the town was entered without opposition, the enemy, 1,500 strong, having previously abandoned it for a fine position seven miles distant.

Admiral Stopford feeling convinced that the French would retire on Surabya, hastened thither with the flag-ship, the *Lion*, *Nisus*, *President*, *Phœbe*, and *Harpy*, directing the other vessels to follow him as fast as possible. On the 18th Captain Harris, of the *Sir Francis Drake*, 38 guns, joined him, with information that the island of Madura and the whole settlement of Samarang had surrendered.

That officer was then ordered to take command of the troops, which were landed on the 19th, and proceeded to Greisse, of which place he took possession nine days subsequently. Captain Harris, with his little army, then marched to Surabaya, of which he took formal possession in His Majesty's name. In Fort Ludovick, at this place, he took ninety-eight guns, chiefly of brass.

The capture of the principal forts in the island having been effected by the joint operations of our seamen and soldiers, Jansens, the captain-general, surrendered with his whole army, and the conquest of Java was complete.

The reduction of Madura by the frigates *Drake* and *Phaeton* forms the most interesting episode in the war there. It is seventy miles long, contiguous to Java, and was governed by a sultan of its own; but the French had landed troops, hoisted their flag, and considered it a colony of theirs.

Captain Harris, a mere youth, with the marines and small-arm men of the two frigates, completely drove the French out of the island, and rendered it a dependency of Java.

On the night of the 29th of August, he landed three miles from the fort of Sumanap, with eighty men and six field-pieces, two of which were two-pounders, and marched in order and silence against that place, the outer gate of which they found open. He stormed the inner, though defended by guns, taking prisoners 400 Madura pikemen. When day broke the French colours were seen flying on the east end of the town, which was summoned by Captain Pellew, who had with him 100 men and a field-piece, reinforcements having come from the frigates.

The governor, at the head of more than 2,000 men, returned an insulting answer. Yet within five minutes the fort, a regular work, armed with sixteen six-pounders, was carried by storm, and its garrison, consisting of 2,000 Madura pikemen, 300 European infantry, and 60 artillerymen, became prisoners of war.

Lieutenant Rooke, of the Royal Marines of the *Drake*, was twice speared by the natives while wresting the colours from a French officer, whom he slew in the contest.

Colonel Gillespie was appointed commandant of Java, which the exulting Raffles, little foreseeing how soon it would be quietly given back to the

Dutch, described it as "the other India," and of which for a time he was nominated lieutenant-governor.

The property taken by the captors amounted to £1,000,000 sterling, which was paid to them within the space of five years.

CHAPTER CV.

CIUDAD RODRIGO, 1812.

The year 1812, as the war progressed, saw increasing jealousy, and even mistrust, on the part of the Spaniards, who threw impediments in the way of every design, if it originated with a British officer, or was to be carried out by British soldiers; yet our army came to fight for Spain, whose sons were incapable alike of freeing or defending her.

Almeida had been again restored, and preparations were made to throw across the Agueda a bridge on tressels, sufficient to resist the influence of the stream. Stores and ammunition, with a train of heavy artillery, were moved to the front; and the divisions there were busily engaged in the construction of gabions and fascines. Everything indicated that Ciudad Rodrigo was about to be regularly besieged, and that the first opportunity which offered for that purpose would not be allowed to pass.

Marshal Suchet, now master of Tarragona, sat down before Valencia; Victor drove the Spanish general, Ballasteros, under the guns of Gibraltar, and then turned his attention to Tarifa; while Drouet enforced the submission of Estramadura, and Seville was kept in subjection by Soult. In Tarifa, 1,000 Britons, under Colonel Skerret, found employment for the Duc d'Albufera. The French in Madrid were moved towards Toledo; Marmont broke up from Placencia, and fell into the same line; while D'Orsenne, with the French army of the centre, took the road to Burgos.

No sooner was Lord Wellington acquainted with all these movements than, directing General Hill to keep Drouet in play, to draw off part of the enemy's force from Ballasteros, he resolved to invest Ciudad Rodrigo in due form; and, if possible, wrest it by the sword out of the hands of a garrison now left entirely to its own resources, under the governor, General Barnier.

For this siege, 35,000 men, including cavalry were disposable, and the materials requisite for it were placed in villages on the left bank of the Azova river, while the ammunition was at Almeida, where seventy pieces of cannon had been quietly and secretly collected; but so meagre were the means of transit, that only thirty-eight of these—twenty-four-pounders—and twelve howitzers could be brought, by the temporary bridge of the Agueda, to the trenches.

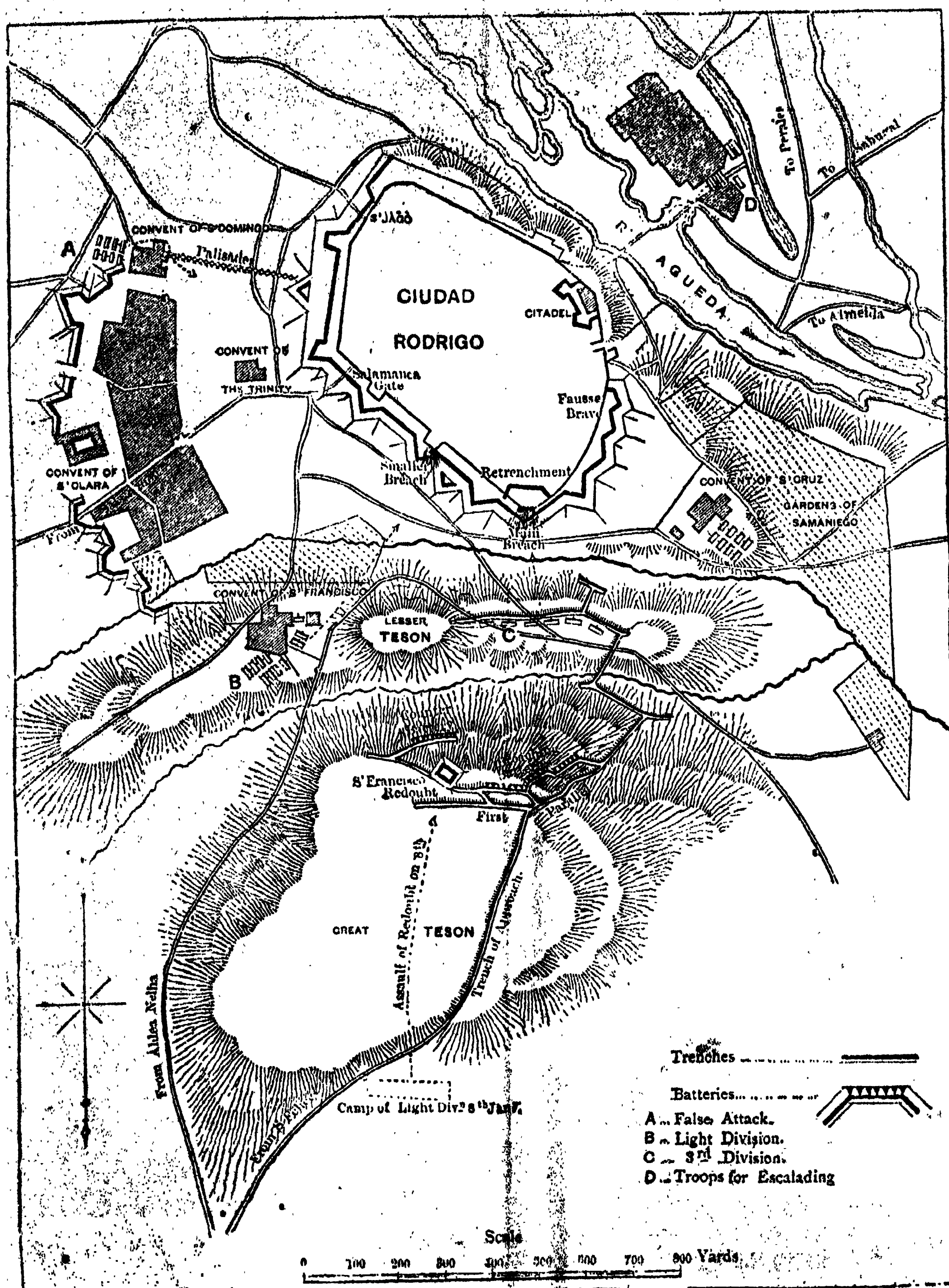
Ciudad Rodrigo—the "Mirobriga" of the ancients; and so named from Count Roderick, who founded it in 1170—is one of the barrier fortifications on the side of Portugal. It has seven gates, is defended by a wall, a deep fosse, and a strong citadel. It stands in Leon, on the Agueda, which is there crossed by a handsome bridge.

Overlooking a fertile plain, studded by seventy-eight villages, which compose its *partida*, it occupies high ground on the right bank of the stream. Its old rampart, which now forms a promenade for the citizens, was thirty feet high, nearly circular, and flanked by a few projections. A second bulwark, called a *faussebraye*, with a ditch and covered way, enclosed this rampart; yet it was placed so low on the descent as to give little cover to the main wall.

Outside these walls, the suburb of San Francisco was entrenched, and within it two large convents had been fortified and loopholed for musketry; as was also the Convent of the Holy Cross, on the opposite side, near the Agueda. Between these points was an elevated ridge, known as the Little Teson. In rear of it, and parallel therewith, was another, called the Great Teson. In the centre of the latter was an enclosed and palisaded redoubt, called the Francisco, which was supported by two guns and a howitzer, placed on the flat roof of a convent in the fortified suburb. An ancient castle that formed part of the walls gave access to the bridge, at pistol-shot distance, but was of little value in defence.

It was resolved, in the first place, to storm the Francisco redoubt, form a lodgment there, and run the first parallel or trench along the ridge of the Greater Teson, and there place thirty-three guns in battery, to ruin the defences, and drive the besieged from the fortified convent; then, pressing the sap, to raise breaching batteries on the Lesser Teson, to blow in the counterscarp, and open a

second breach. But previous to breaking ground before the little city, Don Carlos de España and the other bank. There the unfortunate fellows had to cook their wretched pittance of rations—



PLAN OF THE ASSAULT ON CIUDAD RODRIGO.

Don Julian Sanchez were pushed forward to the Tormes, and the four divisions of British troops, with Pack's Portuguese, commenced the siege. As neither fuel nor shelter were to be had on that side of the Agueda, our troops kept their camp on beef and rice—and each day ford the river in frost and snow, to push on the siege; while 800 carts, drawn by horses, brought ammunition from the rear. With all the delays, drawbacks, and the chances of the weather, Wellington calculated upon



STORMING OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.

reducing the place in twenty-four days. "He hoped to steal that time from his adversaries, yet knew, if he failed, the clash of arms would draw their scattered troops to this quarter, even as tinkling bells draw swarming bees; and to make them thus gather and consume their magazines was an essential part of his warfare."

On the 8th day of January, 1812, the light division, under General Crawford, crossed the Agueda, and formally invested the town, by taking their post beyond the Greater Teson, where they remained so quiet that General Barnier did not think the siege had as yet commenced. He was undeceived, however, when in the evening the troops stood to their arms, and Colonel Colborne, with his regiment—the 52nd—and two companies from each battalion of the light division, suddenly stormed the Francisco redoubt at nine o'clock, pouring against it with such headlong fury, that his soldiers appeared to be at one and the same moment swarming across the ditch and up the rampart, fighting on its summit and in the heart of the place. The gates were blown open by a shell; many of the defenders were killed, and forty men made prisoners—our loss being only twenty-four of all ranks. A lodgment was thus made, but the front was instantly subjected to a shower of shot and shell, which continued, like a roaring tempest of iron and flame, throughout the whole night; yet when daybreak came the parallel, 600 yards in length, was sunk three feet deep and four wide, so well did our soldiers ply their shovels. The communication over the Teson was completed, and the siege of Rodrigo begun in earnest.

On the following night the 1st division mounted the trenches, and rapidly the whole place was environed by a cordon of posts, to preclude external communication, while 1,200 workmen commenced three counter batteries, for thirty-three pieces of cannon; and though still shot, shell, and grape were showered upon them, before daylight they were all secure and under cover; and so unremitting in zeal and courage were the troops and their officers, that before noon on the 13th, not only was the first parallel completed, but the three batteries also.

At this stage of the operations, intelligence reached Viscount Wellington which, though it did not alarm him, increased his anxiety for the reduction of Rodrigo. It was to the effect that the Duke of Ragusa, after marching as far as Ocana, had suddenly announced that his presence was not required in the east of Spain, and, returning with four divisions, was advancing by the pass of the Guadarama towards Valladolid and Salamanca, with the too probable intention of relieving Ciudad Rodrigo, or at least throwing supplies into it; for, strange to say, though Salamanca is only sixteen leagues from that place, up to the 12th not a rumour of the siege had transpired.

Wellington now ordered the batteries to be armed, to open, and, without pausing, to silence the enemy's fire and ruin his defences. By this means he hoped to effect a breach in a few days, before what he dreaded most might take place—a junction between the armies of Marmont and D'Orsenne, whose forces would far outnumber ours. While urging on the siege, he took every precaution to secure those employed in it from interruption, by moving into closer vicinity many of the troops that were cantoned in his rear. By this he calculated that an army of 38,000 infantry and 2,500 cavalry could within a few hours be assembled at any point, and that thus he had little ground for apprehension, let Marmont come when he chose.

The garrison had hitherto confined their resistance to a heavy cannonade from the walls. On the 14th they tried the fortune of a sortie; but Lord Blantyre's brigade, with a detachment of Germans, repulsed them with vigour, and drove them into the town with loss.

On that morning twenty-five twenty-four-pounders were placed in battery, with orders to breach, if possible, and also to fire upon the San Francisco convent, then full of troops. At four in the afternoon they opened, and a spectacle more striking has rarely been witnessed by a British soldier, wrote one who was present. The January evening was one of remarkable stillness and beauty; there was not a cloud in the sky, nor a breath of wind astir, when suddenly the deep, hoarse booming of the artillery broke the stillness, and vast volumes of white smoke from our batteries curled upward in the air. Floating slowly towards the town, with the impetus of their discharge rather than that of the air, the volumes of cloud enveloped the lower part of the hill, with its ramparts and bastions, as in a dense veil, "whilst the towers and summits, lifting their heads over the haze, showed like fairy buildings, or those unsubstantial castles which are sometimes seen in the clouds on a summer's day."

Promptly were the flashes of our guns responded to; and the roar of their discharge re-echoed by the Sierra de Francisco, with the crash of the iron balls against the masonry, and the fall of the masonry itself, as portions of the ramparts gave way, rang out upon the evening air.

By the 17th our trenches were within 180 yards of the body of the place. From the new batteries

so heavy a fire was brought to bear, both upon the main breach, which had now been effected, and an old tower to the right of it, that the latter fell with a sullen roar, and the former was reported practicable. Along the glacis pits were next dug here and there; into these—as in later days before Sebastopol—riflemen were introduced, with orders to fire into the embrasures and pick off the French gunners beside their cannon; while showers of grape and canister were directed so incessantly by day and night at the breaches as to preclude all attempts on the part of the garrison to barricade or repair them.

Willing to spare the lives of his own troops and those of the garrison, Wellington now summoned the latter to surrender, and the reply of their brave leader was admirable.

"Sa Majesté l'Empereur," said General Barnier, "m'a confié le commandement de Ciudad Rodrigo. Je ne plus pas le rendre. Au contraire, moi et la brave garrison que je commande s'enseveliront dans ses ruines!"

So nothing now remained but to carry the place by storm. On the 19th the order to attack was issued, and it terminated with these remarkable words: "Ciudad Rodrigo must be stormed this evening!"

"We shall do it!" was the confident comment of the soldiers.

For this perilous duty, the 3rd and light division, with Pack's Portuguese, were formed in four columns.

"1st, Right Attack.—On the extreme right, troops posted in some houses beyond the bridge were to cross the river and escalade an outwork in front of the castle, where there was no ditch, but where two guns commanded the junction of the counterscarp. On their left, two regiments, assembled behind the convent of Santa Cruz, with a third in reserve, were to enter the ditch at the extremity of the counterscarp, escalade the *faussebraye*, and scour it on their left as far as the great breach.

"2nd, Great Breach.—One hundred and eighty men, carrying hay-bags, were to move out of the second parallel, followed by a storming party, and supported by Mackinnon's brigade of the 3rd division.

"3rd, Left Attack.—The light division, assembled behind the convent of San Francisco, to send three rifle companies to scour the *faussebraye* on the right. At the same time, a storming party, preceded by men carrying hay-bags, and followed by the division, to assault the small breach detaching men, when the *faussebraye* shall be passed, to their right to assist the main assault, to the left to force the Salamanca gate.

"4th, False Attack.—An escalade to be attempted by Pack's Portuguese, at the opposite side of the town."

The right attack was conducted by Colonel O'Toole, of the 3rd Caçadores; 500 volunteers, under Major Manners, with a forlorn hope, under Lieutenant Mackie, of the 88th, composed the storming party of the 3rd division; while 300 volunteers, led by Major (afterwards General Sir George) Napier, with a forlorn hope, under Lieutenant Gurwood, composed the storming party of the light division.

It was past six in the evening when the orders for storming reached the head-quarters of the 88th Regiment, the command of which had devolved on Major Thompson, in consequence of the illness of Colonel Wallace. A few minutes after the brigade was formed, General Mackinnon sent for the major, and told him that, "the forlorn hope was to be led by a subaltern officer of the 88th;" adding that, "in the event of his surviving, he should, as a matter of course, obtain a company." Major Thompson felt the compliment thus conveyed to the 88th Regiment; and on his informing the officers of it, Lieutenant William Mackie, then senior of his rank, stepped forward, and, lowering his sword, said—

"Major, I am ready for that service."

"Go, then," replied the major, shaking him by the hand; "go, Mackie, and God bless you!"

On hearing this, the Connaught Rangers pressed forward in such numbers that there was the greatest difficulty in selecting twenty, the number to which the forlorn hope was limited. Like others, this corps was formed in sections, right in front, ready to obey the signal gun, and Picton, as he passed them, said—

"Connaught Rangers, it is not my intention to expend any powder this evening; we shall do the business with the cold iron."

With calm determination, the stormers prepared for the bloody task in hand—knapsacks and havresacks were thrown off, in too many instances never more to be resumed; stocks were unbuckled; the cartridge-box slewed round to meet the hand more readily; flints were screwed afresh; the sergeants called the rolls in subdued tones; and no man was missing.

Again "the evening was calm and tranquil," says Lord Londonderry, "and the moon, in her first quarter, shed over the scene a feeble light, which, without disclosing the shape or form of particular objects, rendered their rude outline distinctly visible. There stood the fortress, a confused mass of masonry, with its open breaches like

shadows cast upon the wall; whilst not a gun was fired from it, and all within was still and motionless as if it were already a ruin, or its inhabitants buried in sleep. On our side again, the trenches, crowded with armed men, among whom not so much as a whisper might be heard, presented no unapt resemblance to a dark thunder-cloud, or a volcano in that state of tremendous quiet which precedes its most violent eruption. But the delay was of short continuance; and at a few minutes past seven o'clock, the word was passed that all were ready, and the troops poured forward with the coolness and impetuosity of which British soldiers alone are capable, and which nothing can successfully oppose."

The signal given, a hum, that seemed to deepen to a roar, passed over all those thousands that crowded the trenches, and the space between them and the ditch of Ciudad Rodrigo was suddenly covered by a living tide of armed men rushing madly to the assault, swept the while by an instantaneous tempest of grape from the dark ramparts, where the guns flamed forth, and the close, rattling musketry flashed out fiercely and fast.

So rapid were the troops on the right that, before they could reach the ditch, Ridge, with the 5th, Donkin, with the 77th, and Campbell, with the Scots brigade, had already scoured the *faussebraye*, and pushed up the great breach, which resembled a cataract of stones and mortar, amidst bursting shells, the whistling of grape and musketry, and the demon-like yells of the French, who were hurled back, at the bayonet's point, beyond the inner retrenchments. Rallying there, under a fire from the houses, they struggled to maintain their ground. None would yield on either side; yet the stormers could not get on, as the corpses, falling across each other in heaps, choked up the narrow passage, which every instant was swept by grape from two cannon that flanked the breach, at the distance of a few yards; but, trampling alike upon the dead and the living, on the stones now slippery with blood, our brave fellows maintained the conflict.

Mackinnon had fallen, and many more were falling; when the acting-engineer, observing the destruction these two guns were causing, ordered some men of the 88th who were near him to storm one on the left. Finding the impossibility of doing so while encumbered with their firelocks, three, named Brazel, Kelly, and Swan, threw them aside, and, armed only with their bayonets, plunged into the embrasure, and then literally put the whole of the French cannoniers there to death; but not before Swan had his arm hewn off by a sabre stroke.

The stormers of the light division—who would not wait for the hay-bags, and had 300 yards of ground to clear—had meanwhile rushed to the crest of the glacis, flung themselves impetuously down the scarp—a depth of eleven feet—and swarmed, with fixed bayonets, up the *faussebraye*, under a murderous discharge of grape and musketry. The ditch proved dark and devious, and the devoted men of the forlorn hope swerved to the left; while the stormers, with wild hurrahs, rushed straight to the breach, which was so narrow at its summit that a single gun placed across it nearly barred the aperture. There the forlorn hope rejoined, and the whole mass struggled forward; yet the head, forcibly contracted as the rough ascent narrowed, staggered under the withering and concentrated fusilade, and, "with the instinct of self-preservation, the men snapped their muskets, though they had not been allowed to load; and Napier, his arm shattered by a grape shot, went down."

"Use your bayonets! use your bayonets!" was his cry as he fell; while the unwounded officers sprang to the front, sword in hand. The impulse of victory was given, and, with a furious shout, the corpse-encumbered breach was won!

Coming up abreast, rank on rank, the supporting regiments speedily gained the ramparts now; the 43rd wheeled to the right, the 52nd to the left, and Ciudad Rodrigo was won. During this conflict, which lasted barely ten minutes, the fighting at the great breach was unabated; but when the stormers under Mackie and the 43rd Light Infantry rushed along the walls towards that quarter, the French wavered. Three of their smaller magazines exploded in succession at this crisis; and, like a living tempest, the 3rd division burst through the retrenchments. For a time, the routed garrison still fought in the streets, but finally fled towards the castle, when a shout from a remote quarter announced that Pack's Portuguese had succeeded in their escalade, and opened a way for the 3rd division.

Following the fugitives, the first to arrive at the gates was Lieutenant Mackie, with his party, or the few survivors of it. The enemy inquired for a general officer to receive their surrender. Mackie, being an officer of grenadiers, pointed to his epaulettes, as a guarantee of their safety in capitulating to him; and on this the gates were immediately opened. The officer commanding the advance of the light division coming up at that moment, the Governor and his staff were by him conducted to Lord Wellington, who by this time had reached the ramparts.

Now, says Napier, plunging into the town from

all quarters, and throwing off all discipline, the troops committed terrible excesses. Many houses were soon set in flames; churches were ransacked, and the wine bodegas emptied. Intoxication added to the wild tumult; some defied their officers, and shot their comrades; and a fire having been madly and wilfully lighted in the heart of the great magazine, the whole place would have been blown to atoms, but for the coolness and courage of a few, who extinguished it. Colonel Macleod, of the 43rd, "a young man of a noble and energetic spirit," placed guards at the breach, and constrained his men to keep their ranks for a time.

At last silence reigned in Ciudad Rodrigo. The flames died out; the drunken dropped asleep; the moaning wounded were removed to temporary hospitals; and dawn saw the restoration of order, and the burial of the dead.

Of the French, 300 fell and 1,500 were made prisoners. An immense store of ammunition was taken, with 150 pieces of cannon. The loss of the Allies was 1,200 soldiers and 90 officers. Of these, 650 men and 60 officers suffered in the breaches. Generals Crawford and Mackinnon were among the killed; and "with them died many gallant men, amongst others, a captain of the 45th, of whom it has been felicitously said, that three generals and seventy other officers had fallen, yet the soldiers fresh from the strife talked only of Hardyman."

General Vandeleur was severely wounded. Unfortunately the slaughter did not end with the storm, for as the prisoners and their escort were marching out by the breach, an accidental explosion killed many of both.

Such was the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, which lasted only twelve days—half the time originally calculated by Wellington. Mackinnon was borne by the officers of the Coldstream Guards to Espeja, and there interred. Crawford, who belonged to the old family of Kilbirnie, in Stirlingshire, was buried amid the ruins of the great breach. He was borne to his place of rest on the shoulders of his men, and Charles Stewart, the Adjutant-General, was his chief mourner.

No time was lost in putting Ciudad Rodrigo into a more complete state of defence; and long before Marmont, who had been exerting himself to relieve it, could get his army into the field, that of Wellington was in full march to other fields of glory. By the Spanish Government he was created Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo.

CHAPTER CVI.

BADAJOZ, 1812.

As Rodrigo had been reduced in a much shorter time than Lord Wellington had anticipated, or the enemy had apprehended, it was to be supposed that they would take early measures to prevent, if possible, Badajoz from falling into our hands. But in order to attempt this with any prospect of success, it was necessary for the French to concentrate their forces, as Wellington was at the head of nearly 60,000 British, Spanish, and Portuguese troops. In planning and conducting this new enterprise, he was equally aware as when he invested Rodrigo of the necessity and advantage of vigorous, decisive, and of secret measures. He was sensible that if he won Badajoz by storm, the loss of life would be great; but he would gain time, and the probability was that, if he pressed the siege in a regular manner, his loss in the end might be greater; and he might be obliged to fight a battle during the progress of it.

Success depended upon secrecy, and it was evident that if stores, artillery, and ammunition were to be collected for the reduction of Badajoz, neither Soult nor Marmont should be alarmed. The matériel for the attempt must be obtained from Lisbon or Almeida, and was to be brought forward by roads least likely to cause any observation from the enemy; while the garrison of Elvas, under the pretext of repairing the fortifications of that place, was employed in the manufacture of platforms and fascines. By strenuous exertions, Lord Wellington rendered his battering-train effective; but he was scarcely prepared for a regular siege, being without mortars, while his miners were few and inexperienced.

On the 6th of March the army broke up from its cantonments, and, leaving a division, with some cavalry, to watch the line of the Agueda, reached Elvas on the 11th, and on the 16th crossed the river Guadiana. Three divisions, under Beresford and Picton, at once invested Badajoz; while the

remainder drove back General Drouet from Villafranca, and compelled him to concentrate.

While the 3rd, 4th, and the famous light division, sat down before Badajoz, the 1st, 6th, and 7th, with two brigades of cavalry, under Sir Thomas Graham, covered the siege; the 2nd division, with Hamilton's Portuguese, and a brigade of cavalry, under Sir Rowland Hill, took post at Merida and Almendralejo, in Estramadura.

It was evident that Marmont, who hovered out like a fan, having eight regular bastions and curtains, with good counterscarps, a covered way and glacis.

A long promenade of poplar trees lies along the bank of the Guadiana, which, though fordable in summer, rolls in a deep and rapid flood during winter. Badajoz, though a fortress of the third order, is deemed the bulwark of Spain; and five gates give access to its narrow, crooked, but picturesque streets, over which towers the heavy



VIEW OF SALAMANCA.

about Toledo and Valladolid, did not mean to act in conjunction with Soult, who was then at Cadiz; thus Wellington resolved not to lose an hour in reducing the formidable fortress of Badajoz, before which a British army, in this war, now appeared for the third time.

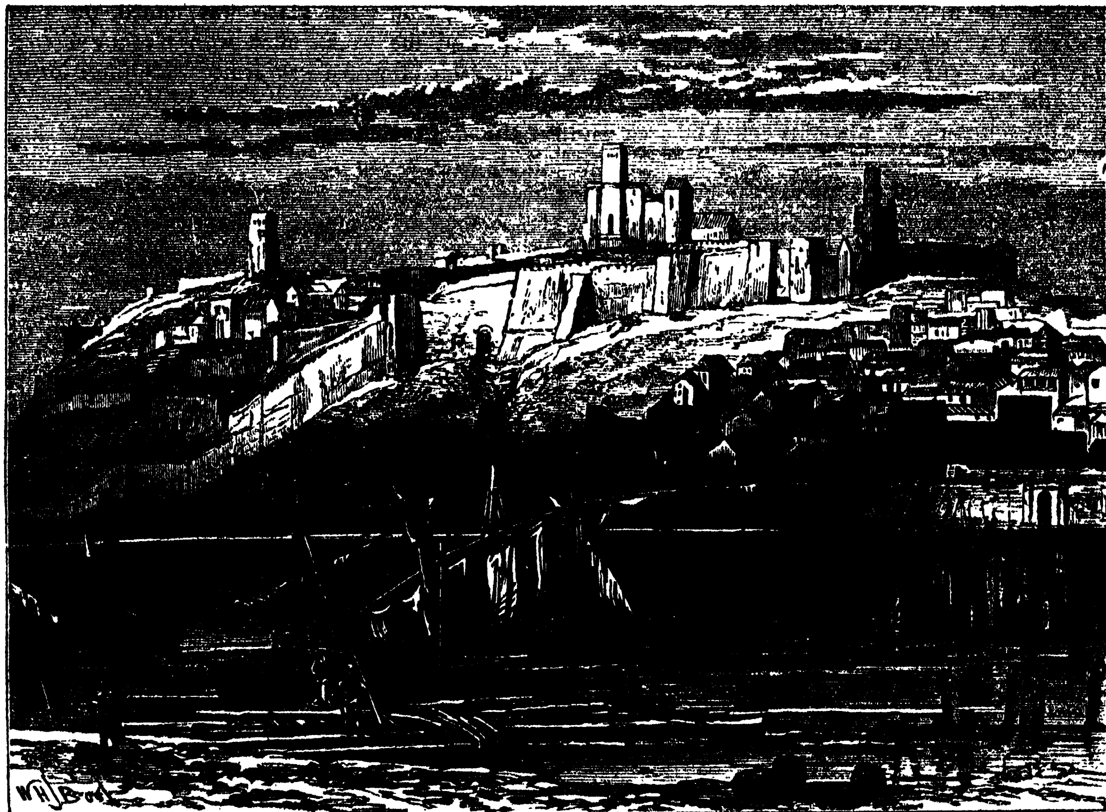
Badajoz, a strong and ancient city, in past ages many times taken and retaken by the Moors and Goths, stands upon an eminence at the union of the Rivollas with the Guadiana, a noble river, which there is 500 yards wide, and crossed by a bridge of twenty-eight arches. Its castle, built on calcareous rock, rises some hundred feet above the level of the river; and the town, from the angle formed by the confluence of the streams, spreads mass of its cathedral. The precipitous rock on which its castle stands may be deemed the termination of the range of the Toledo mountains.

In this place was now a garrison composed of Frenchmen, Hessians, and some renegade Spaniards in the service of Joseph Bonaparte. They numbered in all about 5,000 men, and were commanded by Generals Phillipon and Vaillant. There were five French battalions, and two of the regiment of Hesse-Darmstadt—none of the former had eagles. The old castle was the extreme point of defence on their left; and from thence to the Trinidad bastion, terminating the eastern point of resistance, an inundation protected the ramparts, a short interval excepted, which was defended by

an outwork beyond the stream, called the Lunette of San Roque.

On the right of this work, also beyond the Revollas, another outwork called the Picurina, was constructed, on an isolated hill about the same distance as San Roque from the castle; and these outworks had a covered communication with each other, and the San Roque had one with the town. But an inundation cut off the Picurina—which was an enclosed and palisaded work—from the latter. The right bank of the Guadiana was destitute of houses; but there, on a rocky height, stood Fort San Christoval, 300 feet square, and from its elevated position looking down upon the castle, which was exactly opposite to it, and only 500 yards distant.

The January of 1812 was cold and rainy; but, notwithstanding its inclemency, on the afternoon of the 17th we broke ground within 160 yards of Fort Picurina, a howling tempest of wind and rain stifling the sound of pick and shovel; and during all that night and the following day our troops, though seriously inconvenienced by the weather, and a terrible cannonade from the town, pushed forward the trenches, and achieved an opening 4,000 feet long, into a parallel of 600 yards, 3 feet deep, and 3 feet 6 inches wide. The 20th was spent in completing the parallel, and erecting two batteries; one to beat down the palisades of the Picurina, and the other to enfilade the space between it and the town. For five days the besiegers continued to push forward their trenches, harassed by an unceasing fire of shot and shell from the guns of Phillipon, and also by the elements. So stormy were the latter, that on the night of the 21st the waters of the Guadiana deepened with unlooked-for rapidity, and, with a mighty crash, swept away a pontoon bridge by which the troops employed in the siege communicated with their depôts; but the disaster was speedily remedied by the skill and zeal of Lord Wellington, who substituted another.



THE CASTLE OF BADAJOZ.

The guns flashed nightly amid the misty gloom, and the sputtering port-fires gleamed with a weird effect on the parapets and in the parallels. The rain continued to fall in torrents; the trenches were flooded, and the ground became so soft and muddy that it was found almost impossible to work the guns with effect, or to drag them from place to place; so it was resolved to carry the Picurina by

assault, and this was done in splendid style by 500 men of the 3rd division, with the loss of 4 officers and 50 men killed, 15 officers and 250 men wounded. In the attack on the Picurina, some of the ladders proved too short; but Captain Oates, of the 88th, observing that though the ditch was deep it was very narrow, called out—

"Come, my boys, though the ladders are too short to mount up the ditch, let us try our hand with them across it."

This was but a minor affair, yet the effect of the assault by night, the thousands of rockets that sparkled in the sky, the clangour of alarm-bells and drums in the city, the streams of fire that came from the Picurina, in the red light of which the dark figures of the combatants could be seen with bayonet and butt-end in close *mêlée*, all made up a startling scene; till the men of the 52nd and the Cameron Highlanders took Gaspar Thierry and eighty-six survivors prisoners—the rest being slain or hurled into the foaming Guadiana and drowned.

The celerity with which this outwork was carried alarmed Phillipon, who now began to stimulate the courage of his soldiers by urging them to prefer death to being immured in a British prison-hulk, as so many of their comrades then were. "An appeal," says Napier, "which must have been deeply felt, for the annals of civilised nations furnish nothing more inhuman towards captives of war than the prison-ships of England."

Throughout the whole of the 26th, working parties were employed in the Picurina; and against them the enemy from Badajoz directed a severe and unceasing fire. With their accustomed bravery our troops sustained it; and in the same night they not only established the second parallel, but formed two breaching batteries, which were armed and in full operation next morning. It was now a complete trial of skill between the besiegers and the besieged, for the latter, aware of the intended point of attack, busied themselves in counter-works. The fire was incessant on both sides, and more than once a desperate sortie was attempted. Lord Wellington having at last brought up the 5th division from Beira, and thus strengthened a portion of his line which had been vulnerable, determined to bring matters to a crisis; and finding that three breaches were effected, he issued orders on the 6th of April for a general assault.

All these were the preliminaries to that conflict so savagely fought, so terribly won, so dreadful in every circumstance—those hours of darkness and death, long known in our army as "the night of horrors at Badajoz;" a scene so awful that, as Napier says, "posterity can scarcely be expected to credit the tale, but many are still alive who know that it is true."

Eighteen thousand soldiers, second to none in the world, were burning to be led to the attack, which was to be made on several points.

Picton's division, on the right, was to quit the trenches and scale the walls of the castle, which varied from eighteen to twenty-four feet in height.

Sir James Leith's division, on the left, was to make a false attack on the Pardeleras; but the real assault was to be made on the Bastion de San Vincente, where the glacis was mined, the ditch deep, and the works filled with resolute Frenchmen, each of whom was armed with three loaded muskets.

Under Colville and Barnard, the 4th and light divisions were to advance against the breaches, furnished, like the 3rd and 5th divisions, with ladders and axes, and preceded by storming parties of 500 men, each led by their forlorn hopes, composed of volunteers, officers and men. The light division was to attack the Santa Maria quarter; the 4th division, the Trinidad; and, between these attacks, Major Wilson of the 48th, or Northamptonshire, was to storm the San Roque with the guards of the trenches; while, on the other side of the Guadiana, General Power was to make a feint at the bridge-head. Such were the plans of attack.

Darkness came down on Badajoz; the troops fell into their ranks, and in deep silence awaited the signal which was to send thousands into eternity.

The night of the 6th April, though cloudy and starless, was dry, and the air around the beleaguered city was dense with watery exhalations from the Guadiana on one side, the Rivollas on the other, and from the trenches. In the latter, a low murmur —the hum of subdued voices—rose at times from the deep, massed columns of the British. Along the dark walls of the city red lights were occasionally seen to flit, for the French were not unprepared. At ten o'clock the place was assailed simultaneously at all the points already described, but an unforeseen accident delayed the attack of the 5th division. A lighted carcass—a composition of the direst combustibles—thrown from the castle, fell close to the 3rd division, exposed its scarlet columns, and forced it to anticipate the attack by half-an-hour. Thus everything was suddenly disturbed; yet, silently, swiftly, and furiously, the 4th and light divisions poured forward to assail the breaches. Then a mighty shout, the united roar of thousands of voices, broke upon the still night air, as San Roque was encompassed with fire and

smoke, and burst into with such impetuosity that scarcely any resistance was made.

A blaze of light that broke upon the darkness, with the steady and continuous rattle of musketry, indicated the assault of the castle, where Kemp led the 3rd division, in the absence of Picton, who had been hurt by a fall in camp. Passing the Rivollas in single files, by a narrow bridge, under a terrible fire of musketry from the whole face of the works, he re-formed his men as fast as they came in, and led them impetuously up the rugged hill with great bravery, but only to fall at the foot of the castle wall, severely wounded. As he was borne to the rear he met Picton at the bridge, hurrying sword in hand to assume his place.

The fire from the walls never checked the soldiers of the 3rd division for a moment—they reached them in perfect order, and, rearing their ladders, began to escalade; but for that the foe were fully prepared. Enormous beams of timber, huge stones, loaded shell, cold shot launched from the hand, grenades, and missiles of every kind, were rained upon their devoted heads, crushing to death all who planted foot on the foremost ladders; while a murderous discharge of musketry dealt destruction on the centre and rear of the columns. Fresh ladders were reared, and other men mounted; but all who gained the summit were stabbed, shot, or roughly hurled over to die on the bayonets of their comrades below. In some instances the ladders, with their living freights, were hurled bodily from the wall, to fall with dreadful crashes, and amid deafening shouts, upon the armed crowds below.

Still swarming up the ladders that remained—ladders planted in some instances on the very bodies of the fallen—after being driven back to the edge of the hill, and once more led to the attack by Colonel Ridge, our intrepid soldiers still strove to reach the walls. By one ladder at last they were won. The garrison became terror-stricken; another ladder and another was reared; with pale faces, with flashing eyes, and mouths black with biting cartridges, up rushed the desperate stormers—the ramparts were won; by bayonet and butt-end the garrison were driven off. Some were destroyed on the instant; others, in sullen despair, flung down their arms. The gallant Ridge fell, "and no man died that night with more glory—yet many died, and there was much glory."

While the attack against the castle was proceeding, one of the most tremendous conflicts ever beheld in war was being maintained on the ramparts of the Bastion de San Vincente and at the breaches. In the nervous language of Napier, they were "such as if the earth had been rent asunder, and its central fires were bursting upward uncontrolled."

As the troops approached the breaches, the latter seemed buried in darkness; save the explosion of a solitary musket, there came no sound from them. The hay-packs were flung into the ditch, and the stormers of the light division—500 chosen men—leaped downward without opposition, when suddenly a bright flame that shot upward showed all the terrors of the scene. On one side the yawning breaches, and the ramparts on each side bristling with steel bayonets, and dark with French uniforms; on the other, the scarlet columns of the British, "deep and broad, and coming on like streams of burning lava."

A dreadful crash as of thunder followed, accompanied by a sudden blaze of light. Then all was dark again; and it became known that, by the explosion of hundreds of live shells and sunken powder-barrels, the stormers had been blown to pieces.

At the brink of the ditch, the veterans of the light division stood for a moment, as if amazed by this terrific catastrophe; then, with shouts of rage and defiance, they flew down the ladders, or, reckless of the depth, plunged like madmen into the dark gulf below; while, amid a blinding blaze of musketry, the men of the 4th division came on with similar fury, but only to get entangled in the counter-guard of the Trinidad, which was so full of mud and water that a hundred of the Fusiliers, all men who had fought and conquered at Albuera, were smothered in it without a wound.

Those who followed them wheeled to the left, and came upon a rough and unfinished ravelin, which, in the dire confusion of the time, was mistaken for the breach, and instantly covered with brave fellows, whom a fire from the ramparts beyond it swept away in hundreds. Frightful was the disorder now; the ravelin was crowded with the men of both divisions, and while some fired at the ramparts, others rushed towards the breach, all cheering vehemently. "The enemy's shouts were also loud and terrible, and the bursting of shells and grenades, the roaring of guns from the flanks, answered by the iron howitzers from the parallel, the heavy roll and explosion of the powder-barrels, the whizzing flight of blazing splinters, the loud exhortations of the officers, and the continual clatter of the muskets, made up a maddening din."

Like leaves swept before a whirlwind, a multitude of soldiers rushed to the summit of the great breach; but, lo! across that perilous gap glittered a dreadful and impassable *chevaux-de-frise*. It was

composed of sword-blades, keenly edged, sharply-pointed, and fixed immovably in ponderous beams, chained together, and wedged deep in the shot-riven ruins. For ten feet in front of this dreadful barrier the ascent was covered with loose planks, studded with iron spikes, on which the feet of the foremost being set, the planks slipped, as they were intended to do, and the men rolled, torn and dying, to perish amid the ranks behind. Beyond the *chevaux-de-frise* were seen the dense dark ranks of the French, plying their volleys thick and fast, laughing, shouting, gesticulating, and exulting in their dreadful stratagem, their brass drums the while incessantly beating the *pas de charge*. They plied their shot with terrible rapidity, for every man had, as we have said, three loaded muskets, each of which, in addition to a ball cartridge, contained a cylinder of wood filled with slugs, which scattered like hail when they were discharged. Many officers and men who reached the summit grappled with the sharp blades of the *chevaux-de-frise*, and in striving to break them down were severely cut and bayoneted.

Again and again did the fierce stormers hurl their strength up the breaches, to be repelled by these barriers of bristling steel; while the bursting shells and the thundering powder-barrels shed tempests of iron splinters and blazing brands among them. Hundreds had fallen, and hundreds more were falling, wounded unto death by mutilations of every description. Blood and brains, torn corpses and dismembered fragments, made the ascent of the breaches and all the approaches thereto beyond description horrible and loathly. "Nevertheless, officers of all stations, followed more or less numerously by their men, were seen to start out, as if struck by a sudden madness, and rush into the breaches, which, yawning and glittering with steel, seemed like the mouth of some huge dragon, belching forth smoke and flame."

Barrels of flaming pitch, and bags of gunpowder that exploded on reaching the ground, were poured into the crowded ditches, where the bundles of hay that had been used to facilitate a descent took fire, and thus many of the helpless wounded were unhappily burned to death. Into these ditches the storming parties were ultimately driven, where, unable to advance, yet unwilling to retire, they remained, enduring with a degree of patience that was most marvellous the weight of a fire to which even they had seen no parallel. Gathered in dark groups, they leaned on their muskets and looked with fierce desperation at the Trinidad; while the French, stepping out upon the ramparts, aimed shot after shot among them by the brilliant but ghastly light of the fire-balls, which they threw over from time to time.

"Why don't you come into Badajoz?" was ever and anon their mocking cry.

Ere the cathedral bells tolled midnight more than a thousand of our men had fallen.

Lord Wellington now gave orders to retire and re-form for a second assault. He had just heard that the castle was won; and, believing that the enemy would still defend the town, he was resolved to assail the breaches again.

The retreat from the ditch was not effected without fresh carnage and confusion. All this while the 3rd division was lying close in the captured castle, and, either from fear of risking the loss of a point which ensured the ultimate capture of the whole place, or that the egress was too difficult, made no attempt to scour the breaches on the inside.

In another quarter, the 5th division had commenced the false attack on the outwork called the Pardeleras; and on the right of the Guadiana, the Portuguese were sharply engaged at the end of the long bridge. Thus the town of Badajoz was literally zoned with fire, the flashes of which were reflected a thousand times in the waters around it. During the feint on the Pardeleras, Walker's brigade, surmounting every obstacle—a mine that was sprung beneath the soldiers' feet, beams of wood and live shells rolled downward on their heads, showers of whistling grape from the flank of the ditch, and withering musketry—had won the ramparts of San Vincente, and, wheeling to the right, advanced in the direction of the breaches, where their presence was sorely needed.

By one of those strange accidents which occur in war, and for which there can be no accounting, an unexpected stand made by a body of the enemy, under General Vielland, paralysed their energies, and they were driven back to the very bastion over which they had found an entrance. There, however, 200 men of the 38th, or Staffordshire, who had been kept well in hand by Colonel Nugent, checked the French by a volley, and made a rush at them with the bayonet. Walker's brigade then recovered its order, and, advancing in a body towards the breaches, took their defenders in the rear of those dreadful *chevaux-de-frise*, and entirely dispersed them.

The 4th and light divisions, which Lord Wellington had withdrawn and re-formed, were led again to the front. The garrison offered no further resistance, and Badajoz was entered on all sides, for by this time the 3rd division had blown open the gates of the castle. With a few hundred men,

Generals Phillipon and Vielland, both wounded, fled across the river into Fort San Christoval, where next day they hoisted a white flag, in token that they and their men, like those in the town, were prisoners of war, surrendering to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the future leader of our armies in the Crimea. There were here taken, for transmission to London, the colours of the garrison, and those of the regiment of Hesse-Darmstadt.

With the capture of Badajoz the scene of horrors did not close, for others followed the wild fury of the assault and storm; and many a brave officer and many a good soldier strove in vain to check the madness that prevailed among their comrades. For hours ere the dawn came, shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, cruelty, murder, and savage lust reigned supreme. The streets and squares resounded with shrieks and lamentations, with wild shouts and reckless oaths, the roar of flames bursting from windows, the smashing in of doors, the report of firearms; and for two days and nights this was the state of things in the picturesque old thoroughfares of Badajoz. On the third day discipline resumed its sway; the wounded were removed and the dead buried. There were expended during the siege 31,861 round shot, 1,826 shells, and 1,659 rounds of grape. There were captured 179 guns and mortars, and 6,000 stand of arms.

During the siege and storm, there fell 5,000 men and officers, including 700 Portuguese; of these, 3,500 perished on the night of the assault. Five generals were wounded, Kemp, Harvey, Bowes, Colville, and Picton; the first three severely. More than 2,000 officers and men perished in the breaches alone, and no regiments suffered more than the 43rd and 52nd Light Infantry.

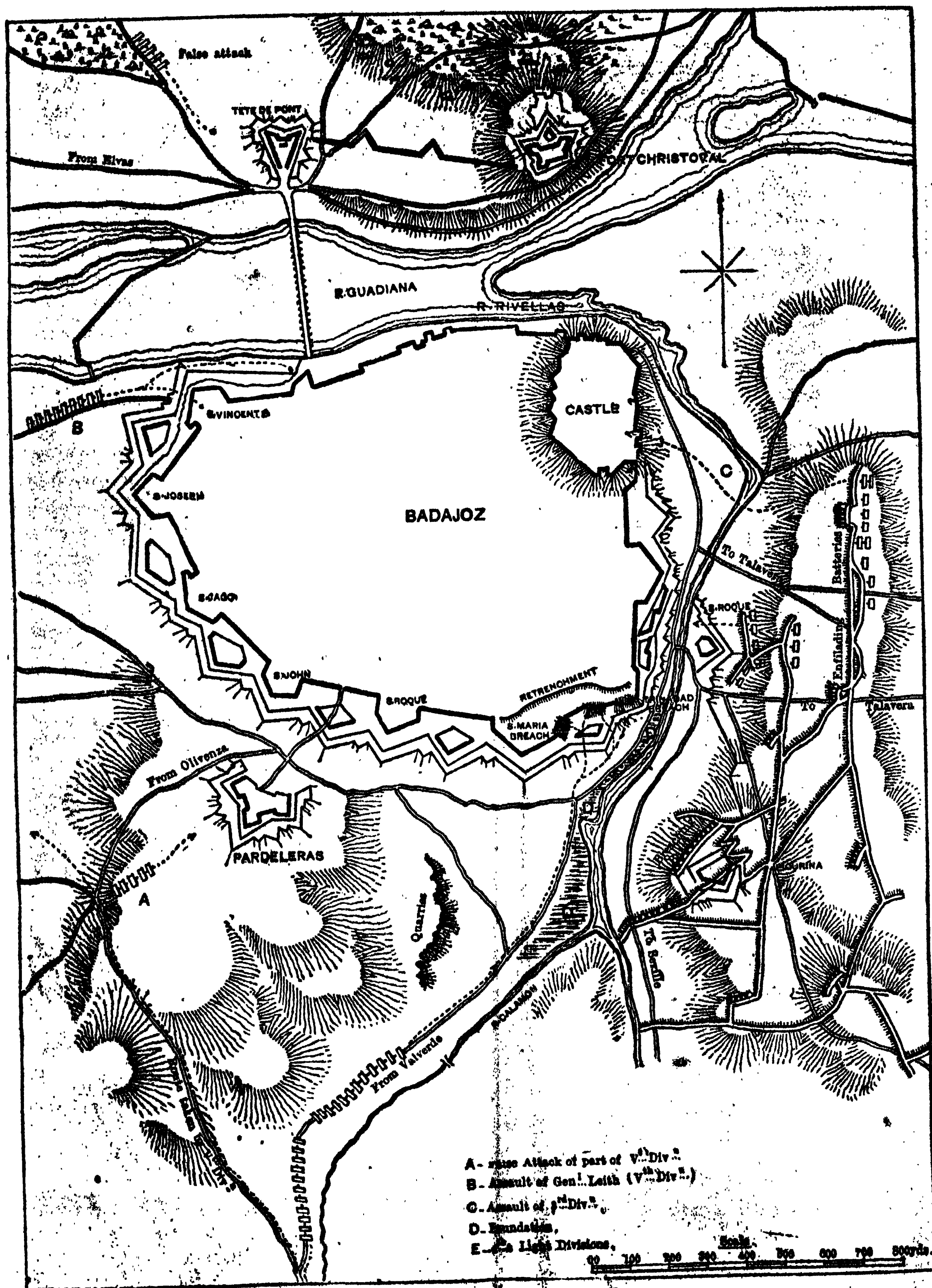
"Let it be remembered," says Napier, "that this frightful carnage took place in a space of less than a hundred yards square; that the slain died not all suddenly, nor by one manner of death; that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water; that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions; that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking, and that the town was won at last—these things considered, it must be admitted that a British army bears with it an awful power! And false would it be to say that the French were feeble men; the garrison fought manfully and with good discipline, behaving worthily. Shame there was none, on any side. Yet who shall do justice to the bravery of the British soldiers—the noble emulation of the officers? Who shall measure out the glory of Ridge, of Macleod, of Nicholas; of O'Hare, of the Rifles, who perished on the breach at the head of the stormers, and with him nearly all the volunteers for that desperate service? Who shall describe the valour of that Portuguese grenadier, who was killed, the first man at the Santa Maria; or the martial fury of that desperate rifleman who, in his resolution to win, thrust himself beneath the chained sword-blades, and there suffered the enemy to dash his head to pieces with the butt-ends of their muskets? Who can sufficiently honour the intrepidity of Walker, of Shaw, of Canch, or the resolution of Ferguson, of the 43rd, who, having at Rodrigo received two deep wounds, was here with all his hurts still open, leading the stormers of his regiment, the third time a volunteer, and the third time wounded? Nor are these selected as pre-eminent; many and signal were the other examples of unbounded devotion, some known, some that will never be known; for in such a tumult much passed unobserved, and often the observers fell themselves, ere they could bear testimony to what they saw; but no age, no nation ever sent forth braver troops to battle than those who stormed Badajoz! When the havoc of the night was told to Wellington, the pride of conquest sunk into a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers."

CHAPTER CVII.

ALMARAZ, 1812.

On the fall of Badajoz, Soult retired towards Seville; while Wellington, with the main body of his army, crossed the Tagus; but so many obstacles were to be overcome before Andalusia could be properly invaded in 1812, that he resigned the idea, and, instead, meditated operations against the Duke of Ragusa.

To obtain success, it was necessary to isolate him as much as possible, and for that purpose various movements were planned. Among these, the most important was the destruction of the bridge and forts erected on the Tagus, at Almaraz (near the road from Truxillo to Talavera de la



PLAN OF THE ASSAULT OF BADAJOZ.

e de

Reyna), where the river is spanned by a magnificent bridge, built in 1552 by the city of Placencia.

Almaraz had been made a great depôt for the munition of war; it was strong in works, facilitated



STORMING OF BADAJOZ.

the passage of the Tagus for aid coming from Soult, and served as a base for operations in the rear and on the flank of the British. General (afterwards Lord) Hill, whose division was in the Alentejo, was charged with the execution of this great and perilous enterprise, to understand the real nature of which we must endeavour to describe the country.

From the city of Toledo to the little town of Almaraz, the left bank of the Tagus is overshadowed by rugged mountains, almost impassable by troops. From Almaraz to the Portuguese frontier, the banks are more open; yet the Tagus is only to be crossed at certain points, to which execrable roads lead. From Almaraz to Alcantara, all the bridges had been blown up; and those of Arzobispo and Talavera, above Almaraz, were useless because of the savage mountains.

The pontoon train of Soult had been taken in Badajoz; so the sole means of communication between him and Marmont was the latter's bridge of boats at Almaraz, where, in order to secure it, the marshal had erected three strong forts and a *tête-du-pont*.

The first, on the north bank, called from his Italian title, Ragusa, contained stores and provisions, and though unfinished, was very strong, and had a loopholed tower, twenty-five feet high, of solid stone. On the southern bank, the bridge had a fortified head of masonry, flanked by a redoubt called Fort Napoleon, placed on a height a little in advance. It, also, was strong, as it contained a second internal defence, with a loopholed circular stone tower, a ditch, drawbridge, and palisades. These forts were armed with eighteen guns, and, held by 1,100 bayonets, secured the passage of the river; while the mountains already mentioned precluded the march of an army, save by the Truxillo road, which goes over the lofty and rugged Mirabete Sierra. To secure the summit there, the French had formed a line of works across the throat of the pass, where they had a large fortified house, connected by smaller posts with the ancient fortress of Mirabete, a square tower exactly like those which stud the Scottish borders. It was surrounded by a barbican twelve feet high, and armed with eight guns.

To reduce all these works, Sir Rowland Hill now marched, with a force of 6,000 men, including 400 cavalry, two field brigades of artillery, a pontoon equipage, and a battering train, comprising six twenty-four-pound howitzers. It was his intention on quitting Truxillo, in order to keep his movements concealed from the enemy, to march in the night, and halt his troops before dawn in the wood of Jarciejo, midway between that town and Almaraz. Without sound of drum or bugle, the midnight march began; descending from Truxillo towards the Almonte, many of the soldiers carrying, in addition to their heavy accoutrements, sledge-hammers and iron levers, to beat down stockades and gates, together with scaling-ladders for the assault. These they bore by turns.

Before dawn the whole force were secreted, and bivouacked in the wood of Jarciejo, where they remained for the entire day, keeping close within its leafy recesses, as they were now in the immediate neighbourhood of the unsuspecting enemy, upon whose strongholds a night attack was to be made.

Early on the morning of the 16th, the troops were formed in three columns.

The first, composed of the 28th and 34th Regiments, with a battalion of Portuguese *caçadores*, under the orders of General Chowne, was to take by storm the high-seated tower of Mirabete.

The second column, commanded by General Long, was directed to storm the fortified house, and other works erected across the Mirabete pass. These consisted chiefly of a strong gate, a breastwork, and palisades, loophooled and defended by cannon. He had with him the dragoons and some artillery.

The third column was General Howard's own brigade (3rd of the 2nd infantry division), and consisted of the 50th Regiment, 71st Highland Light Infantry, and the 92nd Gordon Highlanders, with some artillery. Led by Sir Rowland in person, the third column had orders to carry Almaraz "at the point of the bayonet."

It was to penetrate by the narrow and difficult way of Roman Gordo against the forts; but, either by the ignorance or treachery of the guide, was twice led astray, amid the darkness and solitude of these wild sierras. Thus it was close on dawn of day before the three regiments neared the village of Almaraz, at the base of the hills, by descending the rough channel of a rill, a toilsome path, permitting but one file abreast, as the rocks rose abruptly on each side of it; and, moreover, it was mbered by large stones and fallen trees, over the soldiers had to struggle with their ets, ladders, and levers.

d now the intention of taking Almaraz by a perfect surprise was frustrated by the garrison in the tower of Mirabete. Chowne's column having made an assault on the outworks, its garrison, to alarm the forts at the bridge, shot scores of rockets into the dark and starless sky; tar-barrels blazed on every turret, and red signal lights glared in

every embrasure, to announce that the British were in motion among the mountains.

Sir Rowland Hill was now perfectly aware that to attempt to capture the forts by surprise was hopeless, as the assault upon all the various works should have been simultaneous. As the column of Howard scrambled down the narrow rut, having left the cannon among the hills, all was still and dark in Almaraz, and no sound was heard there but the ripple of the Tagus, as the boats of the pontoon bridge jarred and heaved, and some small hillocks concealed the descending troops till they were formed into companies and regiments; then the colours were uncased, and the flints and priming examined. The grey dawn was just stealing in when the lights of Mirabete went out, and "pillars of white smoke rose on the lofty brow of the *sierra*, the heavy firing of artillery came rolling down the valley of the Tagus, and the garrison of Fort Napoleon, crowding on the ramparts, were gazing on those portentous sounds of war, when, quick and loud, a British shout broke on their ears, and the 50th Regiment, with a wing of the 71st, came bounding over the low hills."

The French were filled with astonishment to find an enemy so close to them, while Mirabete—deemed by them the only avenue to the Tagus—was still defended; yet they were not unprepared, a patrol of our cavalry having been seen from the fort on the 17th, and in the evening of the 18th a traitorous Spanish woman had given exact information of Hill's numbers and designs.

This caused the commandant, Aubert, a *chef de bataillon*, to reinforce Fort Napoleon, where six companies of infantry were now under arms, with artillery. Captain Candler, of the 50th (unhappily a married officer, with a large family), led the forlorn hope, and was the first man who fell. A bullet pierced his brain. Then General Howard leading on, commenced the escalade by leaping into the ditch of Fort Napoleon, under a heavy fire of cannon and musketry, while those of Fort Ragusa took our troops in flank.

A wide berme in the middle of the scarp kept off the ends of the ladders (which were cut in two for convenience in carrying them down the rivulet) from the parapet; but the brave fellows of the 50th and 71st leaped on the berme itself, and drawing up the ladders, planted them anew. Then with a second escalade they won the rampart; and, closely fighting with bayonets, clubbed muskets, sledge-hammers, and crowbars, went together into the intrenchment, and heaved like a human surge around the base of the stone tower.

Aubert was taken prisoner, but with permission to retain his sword. A few moments after an officer of the 71st Highlanders, to whom he failed to explain this, clove him down with his claymore. The garrison fled towards the bridge head, but the victorious troops would not be shaken off; they entered that work too, in one confused mass with the fugitives, who continued their flight over the bridge itself, pushing their headlong charge and slaying the hindmost.

They would then have passed the river next, had not some stray shots from the forts, which were now cannonading each other, destroyed a boat or two; thus the garrison of Aubert found the deep Tagus before them, and a victorious foe behind.

Many of the French leaped into the river and were drowned, the rest were made prisoners; and, to the astonishment of Hill's soldiers, a panic pervaded the other side of the Tagus, where the garrison of Ragusa fled with those who got over. Eager to capture that place, several grenadiers of the Gordon Highlanders tossed aside their bonnets and muskets, flung themselves into the river, and daringly swam across to bring back the pontoon bridge. Privates Gall and Somerville were the first to achieve this service, for which they received two doubloons from Sir Rowland Hill. On first gaining possession of the platforms, which were literally ankle deep with brains and blood, the stormers slewed round the guns upon the recoiling French, and literally blew their heads off in scores, as they crowded into the square, where the 71st Highlanders captured a standard of the *Corps Etranger*.

The grenadiers of the 92nd having repaired the bridge, Ragusa was entered. All the troops filled their havresacks with biscuits; the stores, towers, boats, and palisades were then burned. The French dead, 436 in number, were thrown into the ditch; the cannon were then spiked and hurled over among them, together with the ramparts, burying all in one vast tomb. The whole of the works were utterly defaced; one tower being destroyed by a mine, in which perished the engineer officer who formed it.

In the night the troops returned to the Mirabete ridge, with 250 prisoners, including a commandant and sixteen other officers. Our own loss was two officers and 180 men. The prisoners were sent to the rear, in charge of Lieutenant John Grant, of the Gordon Highlanders.

"Rapidity was an essential cause of this success," says Napier. "Foy had ordered D'Armagnac to reinforce the forts with a battalion, which might have entered Ragusa early in the morning of the

19th; but instead of marching before daybreak, it did not move until eleven o'clock, and, meeting the fugitives on the road, caught the panic.* Hill was about to reduce the works at Mirabete, when Sir W. Erskine, confused by the French movements, gave a false alarm, which caused a retreat on Merida. Wellington, in reference to this error, told the Ministers that his generals, stout in action as the poorest soldiers, were overwhelmed with fear of responsibility when left to themselves. . . . All officers knew that, without powerful interest, future prospects and past services would wither under the blight of a disaster; that a selfish Government would instantly offer them as victims to a misjudging public and a ribald press, with which success is the only criterion of merit. English generals are, and must be, prodigal of their blood to gain reputation; but they are timid in command, because a single failure, without a fault, consigns them to shame and abuse."

Aubert, the commandant of Almaraz, expired of his wound at Merida, and was buried there with all the honours due to his rank, by order of Sir Rowland Hill.

CHAPTER CVIII.

SALAMANCA, 1812.

It was in the summer of 1812 that Wellington resolved to fight the Duke of Ragusa in the open field. Several reasons concurred to make this the proper season for doing so—Napoleon was in Russia; the allied army was stronger, in cavalry especially, than it had been since the war began. Wellington found himself at the head of nearly 40,000 men of all arms, including 3,500 horse, with fifty-four guns. Previous to entering Spain, General Hill was ordered, as related, to destroy the pontoon bridge across the Tagus at Almaraz, and demolish the forts of Ragusa and Napoleon which had been erected there. The siege of the Salamanca forts, and the combats between the Douro and the Tormes, with those of Castrejon and the Guerena, followed. The 21st of July saw the Allies concentrated on the Tormes. Between the latter and Huerta the French crossed the river, pressing forward their left to gain the Ciudad Rodrigo road. Wellington also crossed by the bridge of Salamanca; and before daylight next morning, after a tempestuous night of wind and rain, both armies were in position: the right of the Allies extending nearly to the steep heights called by the Spaniards the Sister Arapiles, their left rested on the Tormes; and the enemy's front was covered by a wood, amid which was a height, crowned by an old chapel dedicated to Nuestra Señora de la Pena.

On his left rose the solitary Arapiles, savagely steep and rugged hills, about a cannon-shot apart; and though their possession would have enabled Marmont to fight the impending battle with every prospect of success, they were neglected by the British at first.

Both armies became anxious to seize them ere long, and the business of the day opened with attempts to do so on both sides. The enemy so far succeeded that they gained the more distant of the two hills, compelling Wellington to throw back his right wing, and occupy the village of Arapiles with light infantry only.

The ground of these operations lies westward of the ancient city of Salamanca; the country around, which is chiefly a dead flat, almost destitute of trees, and very deficient in water, though lofty mountains—the Sierras of Bejar, Gata, and Puerto del Pico—bound the prospect to the south.

Lord Wellington, ready either to engage or fall back as circumstances might require, held his troops in hand throughout the greater portion of the day; for the manœuvres of Marmont were extremely perplexing, and till he should have developed his plan of battle more fully, nothing remained for his opponent to do but watch the moving battalions of the enemy, as they marched and counter-marched, their bayonets flashing in the sun, at times through flying clouds of dust, the Ciudad Rodrigo road being their chief aim, to cut off our communication with that fortress. Wellington saw this, and remained on the watch to take advantage of the first mistake made by Marmont; and the time to do so came at last.

Severe fighting had taken place about Arapiles, from which a detachment of our Foot Guards would not be driven, and the 3rd division, under General Pakenham, had taken ground to the right to support them. "Such a change of position, moreover, had been effected in the allied line as to bring the right very nearly to the ground which at dawn the left had occupied, and to

change in a great degree the entire front of the previous order of battle. By these means Lord Wellington, having secured his communications with Portugal, felt comparatively at ease, and, wearied with observing the movements of the enemy, had descended from the high ground at the Arapiles, and, with his staff and as many officers as could be gathered around him, sat down to a hasty meal.*

While this repast on the sward was still in progress, it was announced to him "that Marmont was extending his left!" Starting to his feet and resorting to his telescope, he saw the error committed by his opponent, and, with his customary decision, turned it to instant account. He perceived that Marmont was aiming at too much; that the filing constantly in one direction disconnected the divisions of the French army, leaving an interval where he might strike to advantage. He struck, with that precision which belonged to him, and from that moment the day was his own.

Wellington, we have said, dined amid the ranks of the 3rd division, and Pakenham, its frank and gallant leader, was one of those who shared his hurried and soldier-like repast; and to him he gave his orders thus:—

"Do you see those fellows on the hill, Pakenham? Throw your division in columns of battalions—at them directly, and drive them to the devil!"

The division was instantly formed as ordered. As he passed to the front, Pakenham checked his horse for a moment near his brother-in-law, and said—

"Give me a grasp of that conquering hand!" and then rode off; while Wellington, turning to his staff with an approving smile, said—

"Did you ever see a man who so clearly understood what he had to do?"

He was right, for the attack of the 3rd division, led on by Pakenham, was one of the most perfect movements made in battle. The French left wing was at that moment entirely separated from the centre, when the scarlet masses of the British, "as if possessed by some mighty spirit, rushed violently down the interior slope of the mountain (the Arapiles), and entered the great basin amid a storm of bullets, which seemed to shear away the whole surface of the earth over which they moved."

Heedless alike of a charge of cavalry and of the plunging fire which the enemy's batteries opened, on went those fearless veterans of the 3rd division, foot and horse together, without check or pause, until they won the ridge; and then the infantry poured in a deadly volley, while the cavalry came tearing on, with the breeze at their backs, sending clouds of rolling dust before them, and fell sword in hand upon the French, who in that quarter were pierced, broken, and utterly discomfited. Many French officers were seen rushing to the front to animate their men; and one, an officer of the 22nd Regiment, the leading corps of the French column, snatching up a musket, shot Major Murphy, of the 88th, through the heart. At the same moment a ball struck the pole of the king's colours of that regiment, nearly cutting it in two, and taking an epaulette off the shoulder of Lieutenant d'Arcy who carried it. The Irish cried out, "Revenge!" Then Pakenham cheered, and desiring Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace to "let them loose," the Connaught Rangers went plunging with their bayonets into a deep and ponderous mass of the enemy.

So close was the struggle, even when the infantry mingled, that in many instances the British colours were seen waving above the battalions of the enemy; while our dragoons at one time broke through square and line, taking deep vengeance for the fall of General le Marchant, by the havoc they made in the dark ranks of those who slew him.

By this brilliantly-executed manœuvre, the whole of the enemy's left was destroyed. Three thousand prisoners remained in our hands, with two eagles and eleven pieces of cannon; while the rest, broken and dispirited, fell back in utter dismay on their reserves, whom they swept away with them in their flight.

From his post on the Arapiles, Marmont suddenly beheld with confusion the country beneath him covered thus by the masses of the enemy—the British in red, the Portuguese in blue—at a moment when he was in the act of executing a most complicated movement. Meanwhile, in the centre a fierce contest was going on, caused by an unsuccessful attempt made by General Pack, with his Portuguese, to capture that Hermanito, or Arapiles height, of which Marmont still retained a hold. Just as they gained the summit, when breathless and blown, they were charged by a line of 1,200 infantry. Unable to sustain the shock, they broke and fled in such confusion that the flank of our 4th division, with which they communicated, was left uncovered and exposed.

Against it all the efforts of the enemy were directed, and, General Cole having fallen wounded, a serious impression was made; till the steady advance of the 5th division speedily restored the battle, and from that moment our victory was never doubtful. Pouring into the enemy's lines a well-directed fire, steadily advancing, as they fell back

stumbling and in disorder over their own dead and wounded, they won the crest of the position. A fatality was on the usually brilliant Marmont that day; he was hurrying in person, in the desperate hope of repairing the fatal errors already committed, when an exploding shell stretched him on the earth, with a broken arm and two deep wounds in his side. Confusion now reigned supreme in the French army; and the troops, distracted by ill-judged orders and counter-orders, knew not when to move, whom to fight, or whom to obey. All the skill exhibited by the manœuvres of the past week, one brief half-hour had compromised!

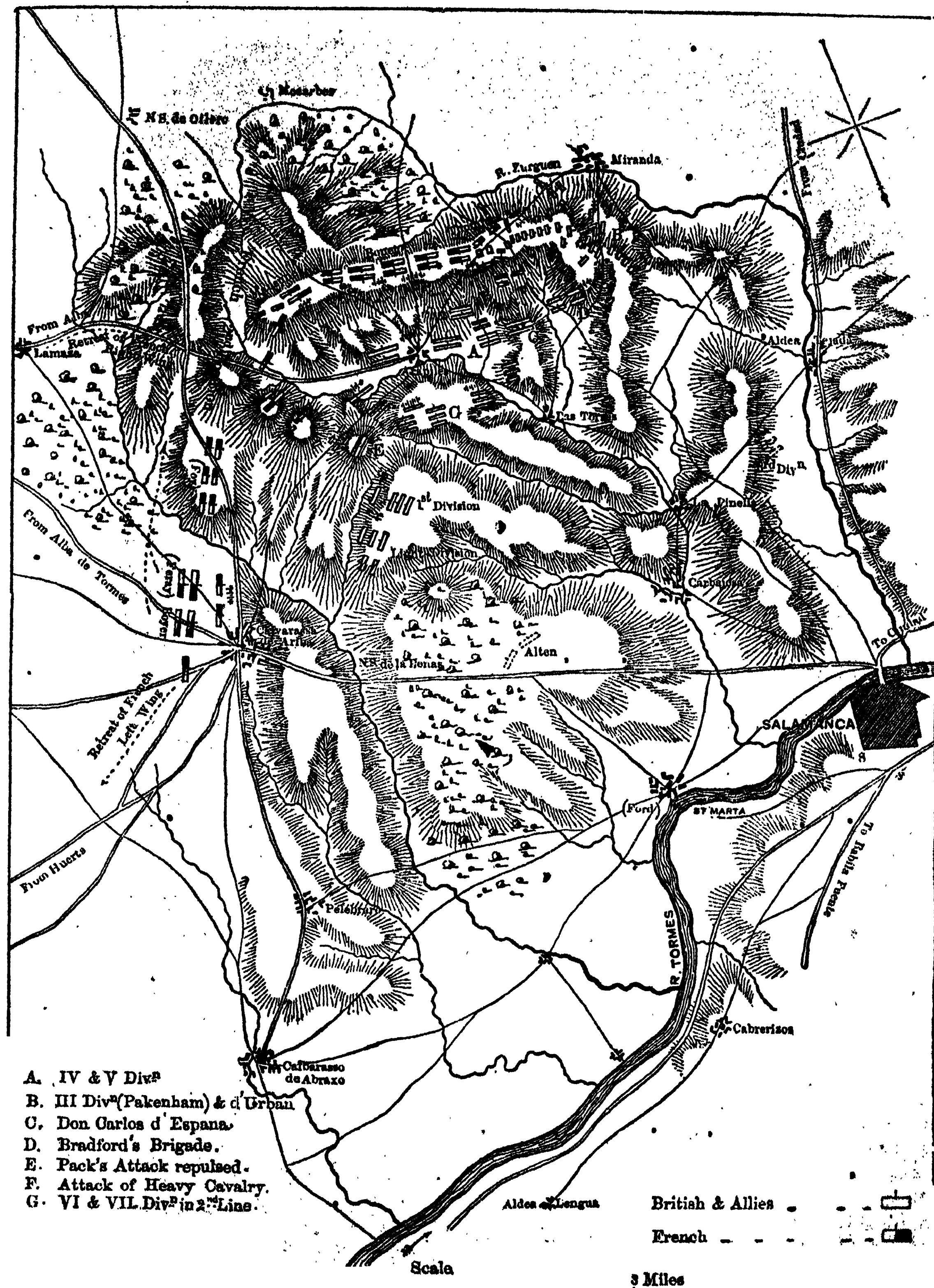
The advance of the 5th division, amid clouds of smoke, a stream of fire, and over a hill covered with the dark bodies of the fallen Portuguese, was the crisis of the battle, and it was evident that victory would remain with that general who had the strongest reserves; and Wellington, personally present that day at every point; when and where he was required, now brought up the 6th division, and turned the scale by a splendid and successful charge of bayonets. Yet the struggle was a terrible one. Hulse's brigade, which was on the left of the division, covered the turf in hundreds, while the 11th and 61st Regiments fought their way desperately to the front, through a dreadful and concentrated fire; and Boyer's dragoons, breaking in through a gap between the two divisions, cut down by



TOLEDO.

their swords many men of the 53rd, or Shropshire ;egiment; but that brave old corps never lost an ;ch, nor could the impetuous attack of General ;lausel, on whom the command of the French had levolved, after the successive fall of Marmont, ;onet, and Thomières, avail at any point, after the first burst, against the firmness of the Allies.

southern Arapiles were re-won. The French ls, Menne and Ferey, were wounded, the rely, the second mortally; Clausel was also hurt, and the fainting Marmont, borne on the shoulders of six grenadiers, was already far from the field. Again Boyer's dragoons came on at a



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF SALAMANCA.

canter with all their blades uplifted, but were swept away, as horse and rider went down in heaps before the withering fire of Hulse's grand brigade. The 3rd division continued steadily to outflank more and more the left of the falling foe. The slope of the Arapiles was abandoned, General Foy retired from the village of Calvarassa Ariba, "and the allied host, righting itself as a gallant ship after a sudden gust, again bore onwards, in blood and gloom; for though the air, purified by the storm of the night before, was peculiarly clear, one vast cloud of smoke and dust rolled along the basin, and within it was the battle with all its sights and sounds of terror."

Out of the cloud, the waving of a standard, a sudden line of caps and faces, or the gleam of a ridge of steel, with the incessant flashes of the red musketry, ever and anon broke forth. When Wellington, with the 6th division, had thus restored the combat in the centre, he ordered the 1st division, which up to this period had scarcely been under fire, to push on between Foy and the rest of the French army, which would have rendered it impossible for the latter to rally or escape. But the order failed in execution, and Foy, posted on undulating ground, and flanked by dragoons, covered the roads that led to the fords of Huerta and Encina; while General Maucune, after being driven from the Arapiles, on being reinforced by fifteen pieces of cannon, took post in front of a cork-tree forest, covering the road to Alba de Tormes; and in rear of this wooded ridge was all the rest of the French army, falling back in ruin and disorder before the advancing regiments of the 3rd, 5th, and 6th divisions.

In two lines, flanked by horse, the famous light division now hurried to the front, against Foy. These were supported by the 1st division in columns, flanked on the right by two brigades of infantry. The 7th division and the Spanish troops followed in reserve. The whole country was covered with soldiers pouring impetuously to the front, and a new army seemed to have arisen out of the earth.

Covering his rear by clouds of skirmishers, Foy fell back by wings in succession. From every rise in the ground these fronted about, and firing heavily into the light division, a pile of corpses and crawling wounded followed every fire, and for three miles this march under musketry went on. Occasionally it became more deadly, when a gun was unlimbered and discharged; but the French aim was often baffled by the rapid gliding of the lines, and by the twilight, for the last rays of the sun had already faded from the bloody summit of the Arapiles and the spires of Salamanca. On the last defensible ridge, he augmented his skirmishers at a place where a marshy stream was flowing. Next he redoubled his musketry, and made a menacing demonstration with his dragoons and lancers just as the night closed in. Then our British cannon opened once [illegible]redly belching forth round shot and grape through the darkness and gloom, amid which the main body of the French army seemed to disappear, and their fringe of skirmishers also vanished.

Meanwhile one division, under Maucune, was still combating valiantly on very high ground. He was outflanked and outnumbered, yet he knew that with him lay the glory of covering the retreat of the beaten army; and Pakenham, who expected a fierce and prolonged resistance, advised Clinton not to assail him until our 3rd division should have completely turned his left. In spite of this, however, the gallant Clinton rushed with his troops into action under extreme disadvantage, for after having his ranks ploughed down by a brigade of French artillery, they advanced to a close attack; and in the darkness of the night the fire showed from afar how the tide of battle went.

"On the British side a sheet of flame was seen, sometimes advancing with an even front, sometimes pricking forth in spear-heads; now falling back in wavy lines; anon darting upwards in one vast pyramid, the apex of which often approached, yet never gained, the summit of the mountain; but the French musketry, rapid as lightning, sparkled along the brow of the height with unvarying fulness, and with what destructive effects the dark gaps and changing shapes of the adverse fire showed too plainly. Meanwhile Pakenham turned the left, Foy glided into the forest; and Maucune's task being then completed, the effulgent crest of the ridge became black and silent, and the whole French army vanished as it were in the darkness."

The field of Salamanca was won!

Till ten at night the light and 1st divisions continued the pursuit, marching fast, with their arms shouldered, save when an opportunity came [illegible] send in a volley with effect; and even at ten it [illegible]ld not have ceased, had not Wellington calculated on being able, when the next day came, of [illegible]g able to dictate his own terms to the enemy. [illegible]ere were but two points at which the Tormes [illegible]e crossed, namely, at Huerta and Alba. Of [illegible]er he took command, by pushing on the [illegible]vision towards it; while the latter he left, he thought, in the safe keeping of a Spanish [illegible] The latter, however, abandoned their post; and the consequence was, that when the

morrow came, and the pursuit was resumed, it led only to a combat with the rear guard, as the whole main body was safe beyond the river.

Clausel had marched all night, and finding the ford at Alba de Tormes open, had passed through with all his troops. Save at La Serna, where three battalions of French infantry and a body of cavalry halted and faced about, there was no more fighting. There the horse brigades of Baron Bock and General Arens, by one brilliant charge overthrew the cavalry in a moment; they next dashed into the square of toil-worn infantry, and swept through and through them till all were killed or taken.

The corps engaged here were the present 16th Lancers, and the 1st and 2nd German Dragoons, with two others.

By gaining Salamanca, the allied leader had accomplished one part of his mighty plan. He had effectively cleared the northern frontier of Portugal, and rendered it impossible for the enemy to unite against him overwhelming numbers, save on a line entirely in the rear.

The results of the Salamanca operations were, according to Napier, as follows :—Marmont's army, 42,000 strong, with 74 guns, passed the Douro on the 18th of July, to attack Wellington. On the 30th it re-passed the river in full retreat, having in twelve days marched two hundred miles, and fought three combats and one general action, in which one marshal of France, seven generals, and 12,500 men and regimental officers were killed, wounded, or taken, together with two eagles, several standards, and twelve pieces of cannon, exclusive of seventeen more taken at Valladolid.

The losses of the Allies were one marshal, four generals, and about 6,000 men and officers killed or wounded. Captain Lord Clinton conveyed to London the captured eagles and colours.

"It was a fine sight after the battle," wrote an officer to a paper of the time (the *Edinburgh Star*), "to see the whole people of Salamanca come out to welcome us, the women bringing wine and refreshments of every kind to the wounded. General Cole was struck by a ball, which entered near his shoulder, passed by the lungs, and came out at his back. If you had been at the Arapiles, you would have said there never was warmer work or a more glorious business."

The *Portuguiz Telagrafo* states that Marshal Beresford was wounded in the leg while leading on the 11th Light Dragoons, and again when charging with a brigade of Portuguese infantry; and it redounded but little to the credit of the people of Salamanca when, during the operations of subsequent months, after falling back from Burgos, when a position was taken up temporarily by the British on nearly the same ground, it was found to be strewed by the half-buried skeletons of those who had fallen in the battle of the 22nd of July.

CHAPTER CIX.

BURGOS, 1812.

The battle of Salamanca produced an important change in the aspect of Peninsular affairs. Joseph fled from Madrid, and, retiring towards Valencia, ordered Soult and Suchet to repair his ruined fortunes, and Soult saw the necessity of such a junction. He destroyed his heavy cannon, and quitted Cadiz to meet the fugitive usurper. His retreat rendering Sir Rowland Hill's presence no longer necessary in Estramadura, that officer rejoined the army with his division, to act in concert under Wellington.

As the Spaniards now sought only to be put in possession of the castle of Burgos—they would after that be able with their own troops to find Clausel plenty of employment—Wellington resolved upon the reduction of that stronghold.

Accordingly, two divisions were left to garrison Madrid, from which Wellington marched on the 1st of September, while Hill took post at Arunjuez, the Windsor of the Spanish kings.

There was not much fighting in the progress of Wellington's march, which carried the British troops through the valley of Arlanzon to Burgos. Frequently the enemy appeared disposed to make a stand, at Cigales and Ducas, at Torquemada, Cellada del Camino, and elsewhere, for he showed 18,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry in line; but their flanks were always turned, and as the French seemed more disposed to save their baggage—the plunder of churches and palaces—than to risk a battle, they always fell back; and on the 19th of September Wellington entered Burgos, one of the quaintest cities in Old Castile, which, with its gloomy houses and silent streets, is "like a city

of the Middle Ages, a living page of the reign of Philip II.," as Blanqui describes it, in his "Voyage à Madrid."

It is situated on the right bank of the Arlanzon, at an altitude of nearly 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, on the high road from Madrid to Bayonne. It is an irregular and decaying town, of cruciform shape, surrounded by high walls, and was protected by a castle of considerable strength, of which the ruins alone remain. Its streets are sombre, narrow, and tortuous.

The Allies entered amid the greatest confusion. The garrison of the castle had set fire to several houses, the walls of which might impede their line of fire; and the *partidas*, "gathering like wolves round a carcass, entered the town for mischief."

In the castle there had been placed 1,800 infantry, besides a force of artillery; and Du Breton, the governor, "in courage and skill surpassed even the hopes of his most sanguine countrymen." The military works enclosed a rugged hill, between which and the Arlanzon the city was situated. An old wall, parapeted anew with planks, was the first line of defence; the second, within it, was of earth, a kind of field-work, but well palisaded. A third and inner line, similarly constructed, contained two elevated points, on one of which was an intrenched building called the White Church; on the other rose the ancient keep of the castle, an edifice old perhaps as the days of the Cid Rodrigo and his bride Ximena.

This last and loftiest point was intrenched and surrounded by a casemated work called the Napoleon Battery, which commanded every point save the north. There the hill of San Michael, only 300 yards distant, and quite as lofty as the castle, was crowned by a horn-work (*i.e.*, two half-bastions and a curtain), with a sloping scarp, twenty-five, and a counterscarp, ten feet high. Nine heavy guns, eleven field-pieces, and six mortars armed the fortress; and, as the reserve artillery and stores of the army of Portugal were deposited in it, the armament could be greatly augmented. Such was the famous castle of Burgos.

It was formally invested on the night of the 19th of September, and the siege was entrusted to the 1st and 6th divisions. Wellington's train was quite inadequate to warrant hope of success. He had only eight battering guns, viz., three long eighteen-pounders, five twenty-four-pound howitzers, and scanty ammunition; but on the first night of the investment the first assault was made.

Major Cocks, with the 79th Highlanders, supported by Pack's Portuguese, drove in the French outposts on the hill of San Michael; and in the night, when reinforced by the 42nd Highlanders, ladders were planted against the work, and the kilted men swarmed up its face with great gallantry, but the French were numerous in that quarter, and well prepared. A terrible fire was opened upon the attacking troops; every Highlander who reached the top of a ladder was instantly bayoneted, and in his fall he knocked down several others. The attack was therefore attended with great loss. Major Somers Cocks, however, forced an entrance at the gorge, and the 42nd rushed into the works, which were immediately captured. The conduct of Major Dick, of the Royal Highlanders, was commended in the Marquis of Wellington's public dispatch.

The garrison was then cut off, but the stormers not being closely supported, the French broke through them with the loss of only 150, whereas ours was above 400 men and officers. Wellington's means for reducing the place were so small, that he relied on the contingencies of water becoming scarce and the magazines being destroyed, rather than on the result of shot and shell; thus it was that 12,000 men were set to the siege, while 20,000 formed the covering army.

From that night up to the 20th of October the siege dragged on; and brave hearts and strong arms had to accomplish with lead and steel much that should have been entrusted to the engineer. "Instead of battering in a breach," says Lord Londonderry, "mines were carried under the castle walls and exploded; while by escalade the troops won post after post, not without a terrible, though necessary, expenditure of human life; for the castle of Burgos was a place of commanding altitude, and, considering the process adopted for its reduction, one of prodigious strength."

Nothing could exceed the heroism of our officers and men. Though twice repulsed on the night of the 21st, and subsequently on the 29th, the assailants won the outer line of defences on the 4th of October. Prior to these there had been no less than five assaults, all so much alike in their details of danger, suffering, and bloodshed, that to tell them would but weary the reader. In one of these, on the 8th of October, Major Cocks, the gallant leader of the assault on San Michael, was slain, with many more of his regiment.

In the last assault, the explosion of a mine under San Roman was to be the signal for advancing; and between these attacks the works covering an old breach which had been effected were to be escaladed.

Shedding a dull, red, smoky glare for a moment

over everything, the mine at San Roman exploded at half-past four in the morning, doing but little injury to the church, which was resolutely attacked by some Spanish and Portuguese troops; and though the enemy sprang a counter-mine, which shook the whole edifice to ruins, the surviving assailants lodged themselves amidst them.

Meanwhile, 200 of the Foot Guards, with strong supports, pouring through the breach just referred to in the outer line of defences, scaled the second, but between it and the third were vigorously met by the French. A similar number of Germans, under Major Wurmb, also well supported, simultaneously stormed the new breach, and some men mounting the hill actually gained the third line. Unfortunately, at neither of these points did the supports follow closely enough, and the Germans, cramped by a palisade on their left, extended their right towards the Guards.

At that moment the gallant Colonel Du Breton came dashing forward with a charge of bayonets from the high. steep ground, and in an instant cleared the breaches of all but the dead and dying. Major Wurmb and many other brave men fell, and our Guards were driven beyond the outer line of works. More than 200 men and officers perished in this morning's conflict; and next night, by a sally, the enemy recovered the blood-stained ruins of San Roman.

The siege was now virtually drawing to a close; for though the French were beaten out of those ruins again, and a gallery was opened from them against the second line of works, these were mere demonstrations, for the fate of Burgos was to be decided outside. While the siege was in progress, 44,000 good French troops, under General Souham, were preparing to raise it. The latter officer assumed the command in Spain on the 3rd of October, and Wellington had now good cause for apprehension. Reinforced by every disposable man from the North, Souham was in full march to give battle should such be necessary, and to relieve Du Breton's beleaguered fortress. Elsewhere, too, all the movable columns of the enemy were pouring towards Burgos as to a common centre. Abandoning Seville, Soult was marching upon Granada; while Joseph Bonaparte and Marshal Jourdan hastened to join him with their troops. The whole, when united, moved upon Madrid;* thus by the 21st of October no fewer than 70,000 men were in position about Aranjuez.

Burgos was still holding out; and with the defective means of attack at his disposal, its reduction to Wellington seemed hopeless. His real strength, exclusive of the British troops, was his Portuguese, chiefly led by British officers; for, besides those killed and wounded in the siege, the sick had gone to the rear faster than the recovered men came up. The odds were too much against him to commit his fortune to the chance of a battle there.

An order to raise the siege being given, the guns and stores were removed from the batteries; but as the greatest part of the draught animals had been sent to Santander for powder and artillery, the long eighteen-pounders were abandoned.

Thus, after five assaults, several sallies, and thirty-three days of close investment, during which the besiegers lost more than 2,000, and the besieged more than 600 men killed and wounded, the siege of Burgos was abandoned.

The French suffered greatly from continual labour, for their numbers were few; and want of water and bad weather had to be endured. The castle was too small to afford shelter for all, thus many had to bivouac between the lines of defence, and so were constantly in the open.

The valour of Colonel Du Breton was greatly extolled; and after the Restoration, in happier times, when a lieutenant-general commanding in Strasburg, he had the pleasure of paying the usual military honours to the Duke of Wellington, who was then inspecting the frontiers.

And now ensued the famous but miserable retreat from Burgos, which was commenced on the night of the 21st of October. After darkness was fairly in, the army left its position without beat of drum; the artillery, the wheels thickly muffled with straw, passed the bridge over the Arlanzon, immediately under the castle guns, with such silence and celerity that Du Breton, though ever alert and suspicious, knew nothing of the departure until some of the Spanish *partidas*, beginning to lose nerve, broke into a gallop. As the clatter of the hoofs went upward, the red flashes of the cannon broke from the castle walls, and a storm of round shot and grape was poured down at random till the range was lost.

On the 23rd our infantry crossed the Pisuerga; but while the main body made this long march, Souham, who had passed through Burgos on the preceding night, vigorously attacked the rear guard under Sir Stapleton Cotton, composed of cavalry and horse artillery, with two German battalions and some *partidas*. On the 25th the bridges over the Carrion and Pisuerga were blown up to arrest the progress of the enemy. Those on the Duero, at Tudela and Puente del Duero, shared the same fate; but many of the French swam the river at Tordesillas, so active were they in the firm pursuit that followed the abandonment of Burgos.

CHAPTER CX.

ALBA DE TORMES AND HUEBRA, 1812.

The horrors and sufferings endured by our troops on their memorable retreat from Burgos formed a prominent feature in the history of the war, and were long a … tradition in the service; yet it was shorter than that which ended at Corunna, though it elicited the spirit of impatience with which British troops endure a retrograde movement, however necessary. *Much of the disorganisation which Moore saw among the snowy mountains of Galicia was exhibited by our men, together with the same gallantry whenever they faced about to confront the enemy.

In the numberless rencounters and skirmishes which were daily occurring during the retreat, and the various changes and manœuvres from Burgos and Madrid to Salamanca, and from thence by Huebra and Alba de Tormes to the winter quarters at Frenada and Coria, the same spirit of valour was always displayed. Our men were willing to die with arms in their hands, but not by the slow process of starvation.

To cover the retreat of the whole army, on the 8th of November, and to check the advance and pursuit of Soult, the 1st brigade of the 2nd division of infantry was ordered to defend to the last extremity the little town of Alba de Tormes, near the eastern borders of Leon. Alba contained little more than three hundred houses and seven convents, surrounded by a ruined Moorish wall, and an old castellated tower, in which was deposited all the armour of the Dukes of Alba, who take their title from this place, and who are now Dukes of Alba and Berwick.

This was a most forlorn and desperate duty for a small brigade, when we remember that the pursuing force was augmented now to nearly 90,000 men. On being reinforced by General Hamilton's Portuguese brigade and two companies of Spaniards,



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SOULT BEFORE ALBA (*see page* 452).

the men of the 1st brigade, consisting of the 50th, 71st, and 92nd Highlanders, took every means to render the place as defensible as possible, by cutting trenches, throwing up breastworks of earth, and barricading the streets and fallen portions of the ancient wall.

But unfortunately the town lay low, near the Tormes, and was commanded by two important heights. Its aspect was most miserable and desolate, as the whole of the inhabitants had fled, in mistrust of the British and utter terror of the French. For the preceding thirty-six hours the soldiers had been without food; they were drenched by rain, wearied by a long and forced march, and yet had to remain under arms all night beside the Moorish wall.

When day dawned there was no enemy in sight; so guards and advanced sentinels were posted, and the troops were dismissed to such quarters as they could find in the empty houses, the doors and shutters of which they broke up for fuel, to dry the only clothing they possessed, as the baggage was far away on the road towards Portugal. Another day of starvation was before them. However, about nightfall, the commissary by great exertions procured some horse-beans, of which a handful was given to each officer and soldier.

Next morning some muleteers arrived with flour, and all who baked in the brigade were set to work. While, hollow-eyed and famished, they crowded about the oven doors, shots were heard from the videttes of the 9th Light Dragoons posted in front of the town.

"Stand to your arms! the enemy is coming on!" was the cry of the mounted officers; and then drums were beaten, and pipers blew "The Gathering." The hot loaves were rent in handfuls; some men got too much, some too little, and many got none, but all rushed to arms. The old wall and the rudely-constructed trenches and barricades were manned by the troops, many of whom were shirtless and shoeless, and all nearly in rags.

General Hamilton's preparations for defence were most vigorous. In the old castle he placed 150 men; the town he divided into three districts, sending a British regiment to each. To the Gordon Highlanders was apportioned that which faced the road by which the enemy must come. That portion of each battalion which was not required to line the walls formed a reserve in the little square. The sappers were ordered to undermine the bridge of the Tormes (which at Alba is deep and rapid), for the purpose of blowing it up to prevent pursuit, in the case of having to fall back; a most useful precaution as the event proved.

After firing their carbines, the Light Dragoons retired through Alba, and crossing the bridge, halted on the other side of the river, just as the bayonets of Soult's advanced guard began to glitter in the rising sun when the head of a column came in sight.

Halting, it presented a front of only a company of infantry between the two green hills that overlook Alba, and are some three hundred feet or so in height. At that time the enemy were quite out of musket-range. While all was silence and expectation among the forlorn few in Alba, a staff officer, wearing a cocked hat and green uniform, trotted his horse, a white one, leisurely towards the town, and had the temerity to reconnoitre it, accompanied by an orderly, who was on foot.

Nearly twenty of the Gordon Highlanders levelled their muskets to fire, when Cameron, their colonel, called to them sternly—

"Recover your arms! recover! I will by no means permit an individual to be fired on!"

This daring officer, who proved to be no other than Marshal Soult, ascended each of the heights in succession, where his orderly, by his directions, was seen to place eighteen stones at intervals equidistant, nine upon each, after which they disappeared to the rear.

In a few minutes after, nine pieces of artillery were galloped up to each height, the horses were untraced, the limbers cast off, and the magazines opened, and a cannonade was poured upon the troops in Alba, who had not a gun wherewith to reply; and it continued without a moment's cessation, from ten o'clock on the morning of the 10th of November till five in the afternoon, the gunners only pausing to cool their guns and await the completion of a plan formed by Soult for cutting off all in Alba.

Thirteen hundred rounds of shot and shell were thrown into the place, and, "perhaps, to so hot a discharge of cannon a body of troops so small, and in such a defenceless place, had never been subjected before." The enemy's light troops were pushed forward close to the old wall, but were always repelled by a hot fire of musketry.

"During the cannonade," writes an officer who [wa]s present—Lieutenant Hope—"French infantry, [co]nsisting of 8,000 men, were repeatedly formed to carry the place by assault; but, notwithstanding the dreadful showers of shot and shell which plunged and danced in the streets in every direction, the bold and determined manner in which the soldiers performed their duty, and the intrepidity and firmness of officers commanding regiments, deterred them from making the attempt."

Napier says that for two hours the garrison could only reply by musketry, but eventually it was aided by the fire of four pieces from the left bank of the river; and that "the post was thus defended until dark with such vigour that the enemy would not assault."

But ere the darkness had closed, an aide-de-camp, on a foam-flecked horse, came in with tidings that a great column of French cavalry had turned the position by fording the Tormes some miles above Alba, which the Marquis of Wellington directed General Hamilton to abandon forthwith. Not a moment was to be lost now; the French guns were still in position, and their infantry was coming on!

With their arms at the trail, the troops quitted the town double-quick. The sentinels on the wall were left standing on their posts to the last moment; but Lieutenant John Grant, of the 92nd Highlanders, was left with ten men to bring them off. To the last these men skirmished with the enemy. Some placed their feather bonnets conspicuously on a portion of the wall, to attract the bullets of the French, while taking quiet "pot shots" at them from another quarter. After a little time they were all collected, and crossed, at a rush, the bridge, which was blown up so quickly that Lieutenant Grant, the last officer out of Alba, was struck by some of the stones.

The French now entered the town, where the deep broad Tormes, with its shattered bridge, lay between them and the retiring British, who lost 100 men in the defence; and where two companies of Spaniards, who had been left, a forlorn band, in the old castle, opened a sharp and continuous fire of musketry, the red flashes of which were visible to their late comrades as they retreated along the road to Ciudad Rodrigo; thus frustrating Soult's plan for cutting them off by his cavalry, which appeared in about half-an-hour after, and were received in square, and repulsed with loss.

The 16th of November found the Allies retreating by three roads, all of which led by Tamames, San Munoz, and Marten del Rio to Ciudad Rodrigo, through a forest filled with wild swine, which the famished soldiers shot in hundreds, and such a rolling fire of musketry woke the echoes of its dingles, that more than once Wellington thought the enemy were upon him; and near this forest he was actually overtaken by the French cavalry, who captured General Sir Edward Paget, and might perhaps have taken our "Great Captain" too, as he was continually riding without escort between the columns.

The Fight on the Huebra.

The main body of the army soon passed the river Huebra, and took post in its rear. But when the light division arrived at the edge of a table-land which overhung the fords, the French cavalry appeared in great masses, while the sharp hiss of bullets, and the splintering of the branches and stems of the trees along the river bank, gave notice that their infantry were also up; as Soult, thinking to forestall the Allies at Tamames, had sent a column towards that place, but finding Sir Rowland in position there, he wheeled off to the right, in hopes to cut off the rear guard.

Fully warned by the musketry, the British and German dragoons crossed the Huebra in time; and the light division should have followed without delay, for the forest ended at the edge of the table-land, and the descent to the stream—800 yards—was quite open and smooth.

"Instead of this," says Napier, "General C. Alten ordered the division to form squares! All persons were amazed; but then Wellington came up, and caused the astonished troops to glide off to the fords."

Then four companies of the 43rd, with one of Rifles, left by him to cover the passage, were immediately assailed on three sides by a fire which showed that a large force was close at hand. A thick grey mist and a driving sleety rain prevented them from seeing their adversaries, but they were forced through the wood, and out upon the open slope, where they held their ground for a quarter of an hour; when, thinking they had done enough to cover the rear, with a defiant shout, they made a rush for the fords, which were deep, and which they passed under a sharp fire. Yet only twenty-seven men fell, for the watery tempest beat in the eyes of the French and baffled their aim; while the guns of the light division, playing from the low ground with pestilent showers of grape, checked the pursuit, though the booming thunder from thirty pieces of heavy French artillery in reply, "bellowing through the mist and rain," showed how critically timed was the passage of the deep broad river.

Its banks were steep and rugged, but the French infantry opened out to the right and left; thus several fords were to be watched and defended. The 52nd Light Infantry and the Portuguese defended those below; the guns, supported by the Rifles and the 43rd, defended those above and in rear of the right of the light division. On higher ground was the 7th division; while the bulk of the Allies were massed on the right, covering all the roads that lead to Ciudad Rodrigo.

At the ford held by the 52nd, a furious attempt was made to force the passage, which was gallantly repulsed by that noble regiment; but the sharp, rattling skirmish, and the hoarse boom of the cannonade echoing along the river's bank, continued until dark; and heavily indeed did the French guns play on the light and 7th divisions.

Of a necessity the former was held near the fords, drawn up in column, and ready to form square instantly, if a sudden charge of cavalry should carry off its guns from the flat ground; "and it was plunged into at every round, yet suffered little loss, because the clayey soil, saturated with rain, swallowed the shot and smothered the shells. But the 7th division was, with astonishing want of judgment, kept by Lord Dalhousie on open and harder ground, in one huge mass, tempting havoc for hours, when a hundred yards in his rear the rise of the hill and the thick forest would have entirely protected it, without in any manner weakening the position! Nearly 300 men were thus lost."

Before daylight on the 18th, the army was to have been drawn away from the river's bank. But Wellington felt that the Huebra, though a good line for defence, was difficult to quit at that season of the year, as the miserable roads that ascended from its steep bank to the higher ground were mere muddy gullies and marshy water-courses; and, by the overflow of a stream, he knew that the principal road was impassable at a mile from the position. Hence, to effect a retreat in time, without clubbing his columns, and without being attacked, required the greatest nicety of arrangement.

The stores and baggage he despatched in the night, with orders not to halt until they were near Ciudad Rodrigo; and now occurred a strange episode, for which we must again quote Napier, who had it from the Great Duke's own lips.

"Wellington, knowing that the direct road was impassable from the flood, had directed several divisions by another, longer and apparently more difficult. This seemed so extraordinary to some generals, that, after consulting together, they deemed him unfit to conduct the army, and led their troops by what appeared to them the fittest line of retreat! The condemned commander had, before daylight, placed himself on his own road, and waited impatiently for the arrival of the leading division until dawn; then, suspecting something of what had happened, he galloped to the other road, and found the would-be leaders stopped by that very flood which his arrangements had been made to avoid! The insubordination and the danger to the whole army were alike glaring; yet the practical rebuke was so severe and well-timed, the humiliation so complete and so deeply felt, that with one proud and sarcastic observation, indicating contempt more than anger, he led back the troops and drew them all off in safety."

Notwithstanding the presence of Wellington, there were still danger and confusion; for even on the proper road there was one gully so deep that, when covering the rear, the whole light division could only pass it in single file, over a fallen tree! Luckily, the Duke of Dalmatia, unable to feed his troops for one day longer, halted on the Huebra, and had sent his cavalry to Tamames. As there were no means for conveying them, the wounded of the Allies—most of whom had dreadful cannon-shot injuries—were left to perish among the marshes and hollows about the Huebra by a horrible and lingering death.

Much of the baggage fell into the hands of the French. Napier says the exact loss of the Allies on the retreat was never exactly known, and sets it down at not less than 9,000 lives. Exclusive of those who perished of fatigue, General Stewart says 846 of all ranks were killed in the daily skirmishes.

Such was the retreat from Burgos. On reaching the winter-quarters, on the frontiers of Portugal, thousands perished of sheer exhaustion, or were sent home to become burdens to their friends or themselves for the remainder of their lives.

CHAPTER CXI.

VITTORIA, 1813.

The next great battle on Spanish ground—great, unquestionably, from the number of men engaged on both sides, and the mighty results that followed in totally expelling the invaders from the Peninsula—was that fought in the following year, upon the plains of Vittoria.

The star of Napoleon was already beginning to wane. His losses in Russia caused the defection

of Prussia; and then the Crown Prince of Sweden called on the Germans to combine in the great work of restoring the liberties of Europe. Austria, united with Russia and Bavaria, followed the example. The Russian bayonets soon glittered by the flat shores of the Elbe, and those of France fell back before them. Hostility of their former allies made the French jealous of those who remained; and a concentration of forces was necessary, lest their communication with France might be interrupted.

With a considerable portion of the Peninsular troops, Soult had been ordered to join the Grand Army in Germany; but notwithstanding this diminution, the force left in Spain amounted to 150,000 men. Part of these were in Catalonia and Valencia; the remainder were scattered over Castile, Leon, and the northern provinces.

In May, 1813, the British army once more took the field. On the 16th, five divisions, under Sir Thomas Graham, crossed the Douro in boats, with orders to march upon Zamora, from whence the enemy retired before him, destroying all the bridges ere they went; while by the end of the month Wellington, with the cavalry, reached Salamanca. With the glories of twelve victories encircling their colours, his troops came on; and so proudly confident was their great leader of all they would achieve, that on the morning this march to the front began, he raised himself in his stirrups, and waving his hand, cried, "Adieu, Portugal!"

June saw the French army still retiring. On the 12th, after blowing up the castle of Burgos, with 400 of their own men in it, they fell back on Vittoria in the night. The Allies then crossed the Ebro near its source, by the bridges of San Martino and Fuentes de Arenas; and on the 19th of June the whole French army, led by Joseph Bonaparte, with Marshal Jourdan acting under him as major-general, was massed in front of Vittoria.

From many signs of concentration, it was evident that Joseph would now make a final and determined stand in defence of the crown he had usurped, or find it torn ingloriously from his brow, and nearly on the same ground where, as already related, Edward the Black Prince defeated Henry of Trastamara, in the days of Pedro the Cruel.

On the 20th the Marquis of Wellington reconnoitred the enemy, who were strongly posted with their right in front of Vittoria, which stands partly on the slope of a hill, and partly at the entrance of a beautiful vale through which the Zadora flows. A few miles in its rear are the snowy peaks of the Biscayan mountains. An old wall surrounds it, and above it rise the spires of the Carmelite and Dominican churches. The French left rested on the heights of La Puebla de Argazon. In rear of the divisions which formed the left was a strong reserve, at a village called Gomecha; while the right of the centre was formed upon a hill which commanded the whole valley—a position in every way most defensible—and Joseph had with him 60,000 men and 152 pieces of cannon wherewith to maintain it.

The forces of Wellington, were superior in strength, as he had 60,000 British and Portuguese, with 90 pieces of cannon; and the Spaniards, under Murillo, raised his numbers to 80,000 men. But the position of the French was one of vast strength; and it was a somewhat remarkable omen of victory in that place, that some time previously the Prince of Brazil should have conferred upon him the title of Duque de Vittoria. He determined to attack the enemy, and at an early hour on the morning of the 21st of June he carried his determination into effect.

He projected three distinct battles in one. Graham, moving on the Bilbao road, with 20,000 men, was to force a passage against Reille, supported by the Galicians, to shut up the French centre and left between the Zadora and the heights of La Puebla. Sir Rowland Hill, with the 2nd division of infantry, Murillo's Spaniards, and Sylviera's Portuguese, in all 20,000 men, was to force the passage of the Zadora, beyond the Puebla defile, assailing Marousin there with his right; while his left, threading the pass to enter the basin on that side, menaced the French left and secured the bridge of Nanclares.

In the third or central battle, four divisions of British infantry, the great mass of the artillery, the heavy cavalry, and all the Portuguese horse, in all 30,000 men, were to be led by Wellington in person. Between these three points of attack, the country was so rough and rugged that exact concert in movement could not be maintained, hence each general of division was, in a great degree, left to his own resources.

The weather had been rainy and moist, and thus, amid clouds of thick vapour, on the eventful morning of the 21st the allied troops moved from their camp near the Bayas river, and slowly approached the Zadora; while Hill, on the other side of the ridge, commenced the passage of that river beyond the defile of the Puebla. As the morning mists dispersed and the sun shone out, the allied army as it moved to the front in three great masses must have presented a spectacle of unusual grandeur to the French in their fine position, as their dense masses came on in succession; the brilliantly polished barrels and bayonets



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

shining steadily in the rays of the sun, the silk standards of so many varied colours—red, blue, white, or yellow—marking by pairs the various battalions; and the many different uniforms, the scarlet of the British, the blue of the Portuguese, the sombre brown of the Spaniards, and the still darker columns of the rifles and *caçadores*. Many warlike sounds added to the effect of the scene, for there were "the neighing of the cavalry horses, the roll of tumbrils and gun-carriages, the distant yet distinct words of command, the mingling music of many bands, the trumpets of the horse, the bugles of the rifles, and the hoarse wailing war-pipes of the Highland regiments, ever and anon swelling upon the breeze, pealing among the heights of Puebla, and dying away among the windings in the vale of Zadora."

On the other side, the lines of the French in position were perfectly motionless. They looked dark and sombre, save on their left, where stood some brigades attired in light green uniforms with white trousers. On Hill's side, the Spaniards of Marshal Murillo led the way, and their 1st brigade assailed the mountain to the right of the great road that led to Puebla; but the ascent proved so steep that his soldiers appeared to climb rather than march up the ascent; and his 2nd brigade, which was to connect the first with the British troops below, ascended only half-way. Little opposition was made, till the Spaniards were near the summit, when the skirmishing commenced; and, amid defiant shouts and cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Murillo fell wounded from his horse. At this time Rowland Hill's brigades of British were halted in column, and then, according to the well-known "Journal of a Soldier of the 71st Highland Light Infantry," orders were given to brush out the locks of the muskets, oil them, and examine flints.



VITTORIA.

His 2nd brigade then came on; and Jourdan becoming aware of the importance of the height, reinforced Marousin. Under the gallant Colonel Cadogan, the 71st Highlanders and another battalion of light infantry, were sent forward by Hill to the succour of Murillo. A roar of musketry covered all the hill; and though the Highlanders fell into a species of ambush, where many of their men were killed and wounded, the summit was speedily won, but not without a bloody struggle. The Highlanders, according to the Journal already quoted, with their piper playing their invariable

air, "Johnny Cope," pushed on with the bayonet, through clouds of smoke and sweeping volleys of shot; and a shout of rage burst from them when the gallant Colonel Cadogan, whom they idolised, fell from his horse, and was seen writhing on the grass in the agony of a mortal wound. He died in the arms of Captain Seaton, of the 92nd Highlanders, a few minutes after. They rushed on with renewed fury, together with the Spaniards of Murillo; and, after frightful carnage, compelled the enemy to retire with precipitation down the mountains. The French left was thus completely broken, and the British colours waved in triumph on the summits of La Puebla de Argazon. "We lay on the height for some time," says the Journalist of the 71st. "Our drought was excessive there was no water there, save a small spring, which was rendered useless. One of our men stooped to drink—a ball pierced his head; he fell in the well, which was discoloured by brains and blood. Thirsty as we were, we could not drink of it. There were 300 of us on the height able to do duty, out of 1,000 who drew rations that morning. The cries of the wounded were most heart rending."

Encouraged by his good fortune, Sir Rowland Hill now ordered his 2nd and 3rd brigades to attack the heights of Subijana de Alava; and here the 92nd Gordon Highlanders took ground on the same spot where, after the battle of Najera, four hundred and forty-six years before, 200 gallant Englishmen, under Sir Thomas and Sir William Felton, were surrounded and cut to pieces by 6,000 Spaniards, under Don Tello. After a stern and severe conflict, these heights were also won, together with the village in front of General Count Gazan's portion of the French line; and then connecting his right with the troops on the mountain, Hill maintained that forward position in spite of all the enemy's efforts, until the central portion of the battle was begun by Wellington on his left.

In writing of the spirit with which our troops engaged at Vittoria, Sergeant Donaldson, of the Scots Brigade, in his "Eventful Life of a Soldier," says, "those who have not known it from experience can form no idea of the indifference with which our soldiers entered a battle, after being some time in the Peninsula. As an instance of this when we were lying in front of the enemy in expectation of being engaged, one of our men, a Highlander, having lost a small piece of ornamented leather which is worn in front of the uniform cap, on taking it off the deficiency caught his eye, and looking at it for a few moments, he said, very seriously, 'I wish there may be an engagement to-day, that I may get a rosette for my cap!'"

Keeping all his cavalry massed as a reserve, Wellington placed the 4th division opposite the bridge of Nanclares, and the light division at the bridge of Villadas, both being covered or concealed by rugged ground and woods; the light infantry were so close to the water that they could have shot down the French gunners as they stood beside their cannon at the loop of the stream. However, their skirmishers prolonged Hill's battle, by a sharp fire on those of the enemy. While waiting for the 3rd and 7th divisions, which had not yet reached the point for a combined attack, a Spanish peasant came in haste to Lord Wellington and told him that "the bridge of Tres Puentes had been left unguarded," and offered to guide the troops across it.

On this, General Kemp's brigade was at once ordered to that quarter, and being concealed by some rocks, passed the narrow bridge at double-quick pace, with their muskets at the trail; and mounting a steep piece of ground, lay close under its crest, where they were actually in the rear of King Joseph's advanced posts, and close to his line of battle. Two cannon-shots were now fired by the enemy, and one of them cut in two the peasant who had acted as guide. The whole of our 15th Hussars, clad in blue, and then laced with silver, now defiled across the bridge, horseman after horseman; but still the French in that quarter remained motionless.

It was now long past noon. The assault by Hill on the village of Subijana was fully developed and successful; and the clouds of white smoke that rolled far up the green valley of the Zadora on the extreme left, together with the reverberated reports of cannon, announced that Graham's attack had begun on Reille's force, by the Bilbao road. Joseph and Jourdan, finding both flanks menaced thus, made their reserve move towards Vittoria, and gave Count Gazan orders to fall back by alternate masses; but at that critical moment our 3rd and 7th divisions were seen pouring down in successive regiments towards the bridge of Mendoza, so his cannon opened upon them at once, while his light troops commenced a heavy fire of musketry, and his cavalry drew near the bridge.

Some British cannon replied from the opposite bank; and now Barnard, springing to the front, led the rifles of the light division in a most daring manner between the French cavalry and the river, taking their light troops and cannon alike in flank, engaging them so closely that our artillerymen,

taking his dark-green uniforms for those of the enemy, poured shot and shell upon them all.

Amid this confusion, a brigade of the 3rd division passed the bridge of Mendoza unopposed, while the other forded the stream higher up, followed by several other corps; on which the French abandoned the ground in front of Villadas, and the battle, which had slackened a little, now became more furious, as the passing regiments formed up to the front and opened fire. Hill was still pressing forward on the right; more distinct and heavy grew the din of combat on the left, where Graham was fighting. The 4th division passed the bridge of Nanclares; and now the whole vale of the Zadora, the heights of Gomecha, and those of La Puebla, the woodlands, the hedgerows, the bridges, were enveloped in smoke, streaked with incessant flashes of fire. In and about the hamlets, every cottage, garden, and vineyard-wall, became a breastwork, for the possession of which armed men contested desperately, often foot to foot and hand to hand.

Our 7th division and Colville's brigade of the 3rd, having forded the river with success, formed up on the left, and became immediately engaged with the French right; after which Wellington led Picton and the rest of the 3rd division at a swift run across the front of both armies, towards the central battle, or central point of attack, where Sir Andrew Barnard's rifles led the van. At the same time that the 4th division crossed the bridge of Nanclares, with all their arms flashing in the sun, our heavy cavalry, a splendid array of horse, galloped over also, squadron after squadron, and formed in the plain between the troops of Cole and Hill.

By this movement the French were caught in the midst of their dispositions for that retreat which King Joseph had already deemed it necessary to order. In clouds their skirmishers came rushing out, while fifty pieces of cannon loaded the air with the sound of thunder as they played on the Allies with increased activity. The guns of Wellington replied. The shot on each side sent up clouds of dust to mingle with the dense smoke of the battle; and when this veil cleared for a little, the French were seen retiring to a second range of heights, in front of Gomecha, yet still holding the village of Ariniz, on the main road.

"Picton's troops, always headed by the riflemen of the light division, then plunged into that village, amidst a heavy fire of muskets and artillery, and three guns were captured. But the post was important; fresh French troops came down, and for some time the smoke, dust, and clamour, the flashing of the fire-arms, the shouts and cries of the combatants, mixed with the thundering of the guns, were terrible; but finally the British troops issued forth victoriously on the other side."

Ariniz was won! During this conflict, the 7th division, reinforced by Vandeleur's brigade, was heavily raked by a battery at the village of Margarita, until the Oxfordshire Light Infantry carried it by the bayonet; and, in wild *mêlée*, the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers carried the village of Hermandad; and thus fighting desperately from point to point, the whole British line continued to advance over ground that became exceedingly diversified with woods and plains, in some places covered with waving corn, intersected by watery ditches, vineyards, and little hamlets.

Over this plain, for the distance of six miles, the battle resolved itself into a running fight and cannonade—dust, smoke, tumult, death, and agony filling all the landscape—as the tide of war rolled on towards the low and half-ruined walls of Vittoria. Cannon were captured at every few yards; and by six in the evening the French had reached the last defensible ridge, only one mile in front of the city. Beyond the latter, in the plain, were thousands of carriages and wagons, with the baggage animals and non-combatants, the ladies of Joseph's court, the women and children of the army, "huddling together in the madness of terror; and as the British shot went booming overhead, the vast crowd started and swerved with a convulsive movement, while a dull and horrid sound of distress arose; but there was no hope, no stay, for army or multitude. It was the wreck of a nation!"

Reille's corps was still maintaining its post at the upper Zadora; and the columns of the south and centre taking ground on the last ridges between two hamlets named Ali and Armentia, their muskets flashed like lightning in the evening sky, garlanding all the ridges with fire; while more than eighty pieces of cannon, massed all together, nearly wheel to wheel, pealed with so dreadful a sound that the hills seemed to labour and shake; and the gunners, as they used their rammers and sponges with almost frantic energy, seemed more like fiends than men, amid the haze and smoke.

On the 3rd division fell the brunt of that dreadful storm, and the French generals began to draw off their infantry from the right; while our 4th division, with a mighty and irresistible rush, carried the hill on the left of this, the last French position.

The heights were all abandoned then; and at that moment Joseph, finding the royal road so blocked up by carriages that the artillery could not pass, indicated that by Salvatierra as the line of retreat, and the troops went off at once in confused masses.

"Spur, spur!" was now the cry, as our light cavalry swept, sword in hand, to the front, to intercept this new line of retreat, which passed a marsh now choked by wagons, carriages, and terrified fugitives. The greater part of the French guns were abandoned here; the artillerymen slashed through the traces with their swords, and fled with the horses, in many instances riding down their own infantry.

The French cavalry, however, preserved some order, and many were seen galloping to the rear with women and children on their holsters or cruppers, as they bore them out of the dreadful scene. Closely and vigorously did our dragoons pursue, and our horse artillery, also, with shot and shell; but neither the bravery of the French cavalry, which made some most splendid charges, nor the darkness of night, stopped their victorious career till the fugitive mobs were past Metanco.

Owing his safety to the speed of his horse, Joseph fled towards Pampeluna, hotly pursued by Captain Wyndham, with a squadron of the 10th Hussars. These, after passing through Vittoria, had charged and completely dispersed the French baggage-guard.

Never was a rout and never was a victory more complete! The number of French slain was comparatively small; but, in the words of General Count Gazan, "they lost all their equipages, all their guns, all their treasure, all their stores, all their papers; no man could even prove how much pay was due to him. Generals and subordinate officers were alike reduced to the clothes on their backs, and most of them were barefooted."

From the field the French carried off only two pieces of cannon. Marshal Jourdan's baton, the colours of the 4th battalion of the Imperial 100th Regiment, 143 pieces of beautiful brass cannon, all the parks and depôts from Madrid, Burgos, and Valladolid, carriages—many of them filled with ladies—baggage, ammunition, and the military chest, remained in the hands of the victors. Their loss in men did not exceed 6,000, while that of the Allies amounted to 5,176 killed, wounded, and missing. The British losses were more than double those of the Portuguese and Spaniards. "The spoil was immense," says Napier; "yet so plundered by the followers and non-combatants, that the fighting troops may be said to have marched upon gold and silver without stopping to pick it up; that of five millions and a half of dollars, indicated by the French accounts to be in the money-chests, not one dollar came to the public."

At Pampeluna, the flying French army bivouacked on the glacis in front of the town; but in a state of such utter destitution and wild insubordination, that the governor would not suffer them to enter the gates.

Lord Wellington returned to Vittoria about nine in the evening, and found every door closed and every lattice darkened. A solitary oil lantern hung in front of each house gave the little city a mournful and melancholy aspect. Two nights before its streets had been one blaze of light, in honour of the presence of King Joseph!

"On the day after the battle," writes an officer who was engaged, "in company with another, I rode out to view the ground on which the armies had contended. It was strewed with dead and wounded, with accoutrements and arms, a great part of the latter broken. At those points where the more obstinate fighting took place, the ground was literally covered with bodies. A great number of wounded—French, British, and Portuguese—lay along the road, groaning and craving water. The village of Gamara Mayor was shattered by shot. The bridge was covered with dead, and its arches were choked up by bodies and accoutrements. . . . A few straggling peasants could be seen at a distance, watching an opportunity for plunder. There was a dreadful silence over the scene. . . . In our way back to the town, my companion's attention was attracted by a dead Portuguese. He raised up the body, and desired me to look through it. I did absolutely do so. A cannon-ball had passed into the breast and out at the back; and so rapid must have been its transit, from its forming such a clean aperture—in circumference about twelve inches—that the man must have been close to the cannon's mouth when he was shot. It spoke volumes for the courage of the troops."

Along the whole line of road from Vittoria to the Pyrenees, a distance of one hundred miles, the way strewn with dead or abandoned horses, dilapi- carriages, clothing of every kind, uniforms, ks, rich dresses, laces, veils, gloves, and bonnets, torn forth from mails and imperials, by the rude bands of guerillas, *caçadores*, and peasants; letters, orders, and French bank-notes in bundles, too, lay there.

Many unfortunate women—some of them the wives of officers, and others ladies of the court—barefooted, almost naked, and in the most pitiable n, were overtaken in wild and solitary places, and most barbarously used and then murdered by the merciless Spaniards.

All whom our cavalry found alive, and could secure, were carefully sent under escort to the rear. Among these was the Countess de Gazan.

CHAPTER CXII.

TARRAGONA, 1813.

WHEN Wellington began that triumphant march from Portugal, which was to end by hurling the invaders over the Pyrenees, he put every sword and bayonet in the Peninsula in operation against them; and in the scope of these combinations was an attempt to retake Tarragona, by an allied force under Sir John Murray, in June, 1813.

This ancient Catalonian seaport stands near the mouth of the river Francali. It is built on a hill, and is surrounded by walls with towers and turrets, erected in some parts by the Moors, and others by the Christians of the Middle Ages. Its siege, capture, and sack, by the French, in 1811, were alike discreditable to the talent and humanity of Marshal Suchet; and now it was doomed to undergo a second siege, at the hands of friends and allies.

The Spaniards were to oppose the forces of Marshal Suchet, in front of Xucar; while Murray, with an Anglo-Sicilian army, was to sail for Tarragona, in his rear.

In pursuance of his instructions, Lieutenant-General Sir John Murray sailed with 15,000 men of all arms; of these, 8,000 were British and German. His cavalry made up only 800 sabres. For a wonder in British military annals, his battering-train was both powerful and efficient; the materials for gabions and fascines having been previously collected at Iviça, by the naval force under Admiral (afterwards Sir Benjamin) Hallowell—the same brave but eccentric officer who presented Nelson with a coffin. His squadron was strong in ships-of-the-line, frigates, and gun and mortar-boats.

There was, unfortunately, little cordiality between Murray and his second in command, General Clinton; and none between the latter and the Quartermaster-General (afterwards Sir Rufane) Donkin, or between that officer and the admiral. In this unusual state of matters, "subordinate officers also, adopting false notions, some from vanity, some from hearsay, added to the uneasy state of the leaders, and there was much tale-bearing. Neither admiral nor general was very sanguine as to success; and in no quarter was there a clear comprehension of Wellington's ably-devised plan."

The Duc d'Albufera knew quite well, as the fleet bore along the Valencian coast with a fair wind, that it must be bound for Tarragona, which he proposed to reinforce, but was unable to march before the 7th of June; five days before which time Sir John Murray's forces had come to anchor in the bay, from whence he sent Colonel Prevost, with two battalions and some pieces of cannon, to attack San Felippe de Balaguer, a small town on the right bank of the Segre, at the base of a steep mountain, where there was a castle, old as the days of the Conde de Urgel, with a fort only sixty feet square, garrisoned by a hundred Frenchmen.

It crowned a steep and isolated rock, blocking up the only way between Tortosa and Tarragona. The mountains on either hand commanded it, but they were inaccessible to cannon.

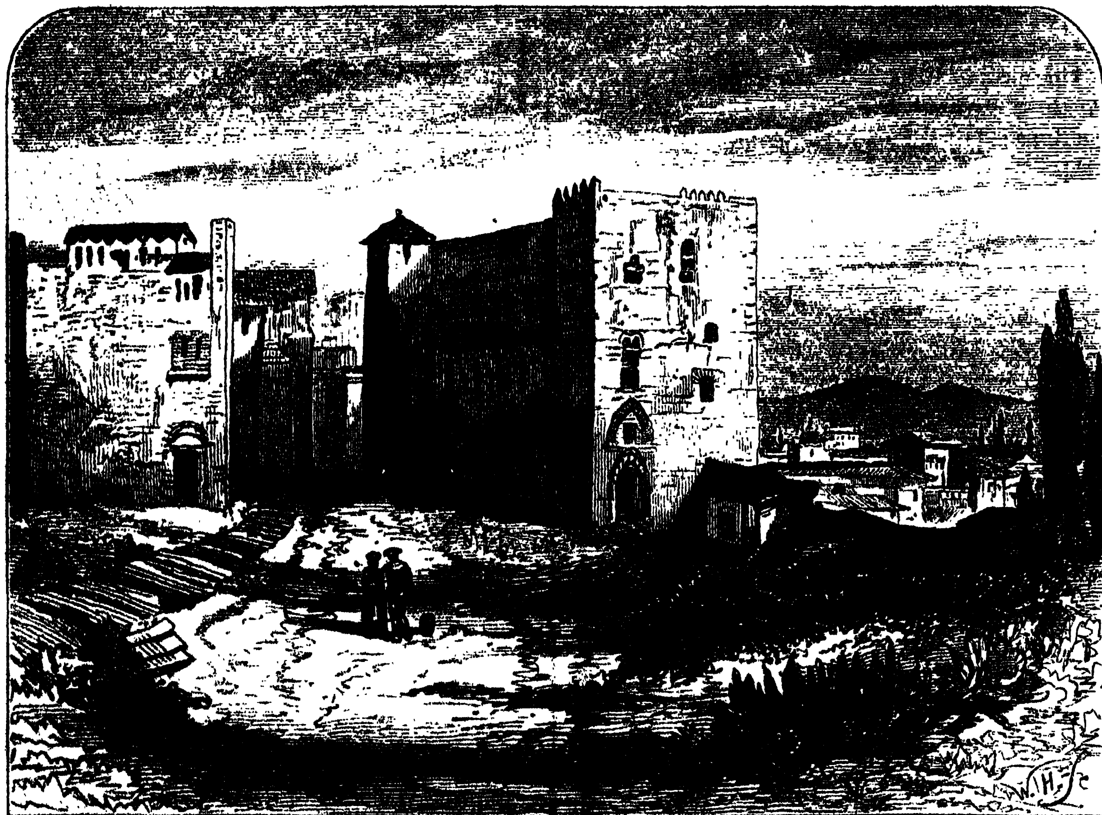
Landing on the 3rd, on being joined by a Spanish brigade, Prevost, in conjunction with the navy, got two six-pounder guns in position on the heights south of the pass; from that point they shot shrapnel shells at 700 yards' distance. On the 4th two twelve-pounders and a howitzer, dragged to the same position by our seamen, opened also; and by nightfall they brought up, by the most unparalleled exertions, five twenty-four-pounders, with all their necessary stores. On the face of the bare rock the troops constructed their batteries with infinite labour; the earth to form them being all carried up from below, as everything else was, even to water from the ships' casks, from the landing-place, half a league distant.

The little garrison, refusing all terms, continued to fire with vigour and with success; so one of the British batteries was relinquished, and a violent storm prevented the completion of the others.

Sir John Murray had been, at an early period, warned by Colonel Prevost that his force was insufficient, so a second brigade of Spaniards was sent to him; but his breaching batteries were still incomplete on the 6th, and out of three guns one was rendered unserviceable. Marshal Suchet, who was coming on by forced marches from the city of Tortosa, on the Ebro, directed the governor of that place to succour San Felippe; and that officer would certainly have raised the siege, had not Captain Peyton, of the *Thames*, frigate, arrived with two eight-inch mortars on the 7th. By the fire of these, he contrived to explode the French magazine, on which this troublesome little castle at once surrendered.

Bertoletti, an Italian, commanded in Tarragona,

and though suspected of disaffection by the Emperor, he proved himself a loyal and resolute officer. His garrison was only 1,600 strong, and of these 500 were privateers'-men and Franco-Spaniards, who served him with vigour and faith; thus, when General Murray occupied the heights of Olivo and Loretto, and the town was bombarded by Admiral Hallowell, the fire was returned with such spirit that our navy came off worst in the encounter.



TARRAGONA.

On the 6th two batteries opened, but at too great a distance; but a third began to hurl its shot at 600 yards from Fort Royal. Two days after, a practicable breach yawned in the outworks; yet the assault was unaccountably delayed, and some of the cannon were removed to the Olivo range, on which the breach in Fort Royal was immediately repaired, and its works were strengthened.

The open country called the Campo de Tarragona was the only point on which troops coming to raise the siege could unite from the various roads that traverse the rugged mountains which environ it; and there Murray had posted his 15,000 fighting men; while Copons, who had 6,000 regulars and the irregular division of Manso, could present 25,000 bayonets. Copons informed Sir John Murray that his troops could only fight in position, and that he could not share in any movement which perilled his retreat into the *sierras;* but his force, the best in Spain, was ready to meet any French column that might venture down to the Campo.

To aid him, either in besieging the city or fighting a battle on the shore, Sir John could reckon on the aid of 800 seamen and marines; while he expected 3,000 more troops from Sicily, and that Sir Edward Pellew, commanding the Mediterranean fleet, would distract the enemy by a demonstration at Barcelona.

To relieve Tarragona, Suchet had more than 160 miles to march; while General Mathieu, who was at Barcelona, had to collect his forces—some 7,000 men—and march seventy miles after Murray had disembarked. He could not move, however, until Tarragona was actually besieged, lest Murray should change his plans and attack Barcelona. Thus Murray could calculate upon ten days clear for operations against the garrison of Bertoletti, before the bayonets of a relieving force would be seen to glitter in the passes leading to the Campo; while



FLIGHT OF THE FRENCH FROM VITTORIA.

eastward and westward the royal causeway that led from Tarragona to Barcelona and elsewhere was exposed to the fire of Hallowell's squadron.

Tarragona itself was a weak place for defence; but, unfortunately, General Murray lacked confidence in himself and in some of his Sicilian troops. Yet he constructed heavy batteries on the Olivo height, posted Manso's column on the Barcelona road, and Valls on that to Lerida, from whence a small body of French troops was said to be advancing.

On tidings arriving that the French were advancing from the eastward and westward, Murray repaired to the admiral, and declared his intention of raising the siege. This idea the admiral would not adopt—for he was the better officer of the two—and commenced to bombard the city.

On the 10th it was announced that 10,000 French, with fourteen guns, were coming on from Barcelona, whereupon Copons formed a junction with Manso; while Murray, in concert with the ships, opened a fire of cannon and mortars from the Olivo, and, declaring he would fight the Barcelona column, sent Lord Frederick Bentinck, with some cavalry, to Altafalla, with orders to seek out a position for a battle. But on this mission he ought to have gone in person, while leaving orders to storm the outworks that night. Then came intelligence that Mathieu was at Villafranca, with 8,000 men; and that Suchet's division was closing on the Col de Balaguer, a pass on the south-east coast of Catalonia, which commands the high road from the mouth of the Ebro to Tarragona. On this, says Napier, his infirmity of mind became at once apparent. At eight o'clock he repeated the order to assault, and the storming party was awaiting the signal when a countermand arrived. The siege was then to be raised, and the guns removed from the Olivo; and they were on the beach on the morning of the 12th for embarkation.

At twelve o'clock Lord Bentinck came in with his cavalry, who were ordered to shoot their horses. It is said Lord Frederick resisted these orders, and began to move towards the pass of Balaguer. The infantry marched to Cape Salou to embark. The cavalry followed Lord Frederick, and were followed in turn by the artillery, with fourteen guns; "yet each body moved independently, and all was confused, afflicting, and dishonourable!"

The guns were being embarked by the sailors, when Murray ordered them to take off the troops instead, "as the enemy was close at hand;" and he desired the officer who commanded the artillery to spike the cannon and burn the carriages. This unparalleled mismanagement excited the utmost indignation in both services, and Murray was personally insulted.

Three staff-officers loudly remonstrated, and Murray again wavered; yet ultimately he renewed peremptory orders to destroy the guns, which was accordingly done. All the troops were embarked on the night of the 12th, and the stores and horses on the following day, without loss or hindrance; but nineteen great battering guns, the carriages of which had been burned, were, in view of the whole fleet and army, with all the platforms, fascines, and ammunition, carried in triumph into Tarragona by the soldiers of Bertoletti!

For all this Murray was at first exposed to great censure; but a writer says "that in his apparent vacillating conduct he was soon after justified by the events of the campaign, in which his troops, under other commanders, were unable to withstand their veteran antagonists."

Murray, whose operations were irregular as those of a partisan, without the dash or vigour of such a leader, hearing of obstacles and delays to the marching and junction of Suchet and Mathieu, made another petty landing with his cavalry, under Bentinck, and the division of Mackenzie. These drove back the French posts on both sides of the Col de Balaguer, after which Murray embarked once more; and so ended the confused, useless, and not very creditable siege of Tarragona, the result of which greatly affected the operations of Lord Wellington.

CHAPTER CXIII.

SAN SEBASTIAN, 1813.

SAVE a petty stand made by a corps under General Foy, at Tolosa, against General Graham, the enemy made little or no resistance after Vittoria, and except from San Sebastian, Pampeluna, and a few other places, were completely driven out of Spain.

It was at this period that the rank of colour-sergeant was first introduced in the British service, their pay being two shillings and fourpence per diem, and their duty being special attendance on the colours in the field.

Wellington had decided on the reduction of San Sebastian, as a desirable point for establishing a communication with Britain by sea. It was accordingly invested by Sir Thomas Graham, at the head of the 1st and 5th divisions. To save time, batteries were erected on the sand-hills, and the convent of San Bartolomé was stormed on the 17th of July. On the 25th two breaches were reported practicable, and a mine sprung under the glacis was the signal for a party of 2,000 men to rush to the assault. This unexpected explosion caused such consternation in the French garrison, that the stormers reached the principal breach with little loss, but as the heavy front and flanking fire shot down 500 of them, the rest fell back to the trenches; and so ended the first attempt to capture San Sebastian.

On the 1st Regiment of Foot the slaughter fell most heavily. "Major Fraser, while gallantly encouraging his brave men, was killed. Though the cannon of the fortress thundered in front, the French poured down their volleys of musketry and grenades, shells and stones darkened the air, yet onward went the Royal Scots, and assailed the breach with an intrepidity which rivalled the gallant exploits of their predecessors under the great Gustavus Adolphus; but success was found impossible, and the stormers were ordered to retire."

The Duke of Dalmatia had now returned from Germany, to resume command of the French Army of the South. His primary object was the relief of Pampeluna, then invested by a corps of Spaniards. After various conflicts, he forced the passes of the Pyrenees, but was ultimately repulsed, and compelled to retreat with the loss of 8,000 men; and Wellington, in August, resumed the position along the Spanish frontier occupied by his army previous to the advance of Soult.

Supplies, stores, and a battering-train having arrived from Britain on the 18th of August, it was resolved to renew the siege of San Sebastian, the garrison of which, during a period of inactivity caused by the singular and insulting refusal of our Admiralty to supply naval aid, had received succour and reinforcements by sea, repaired their damaged works, filled their magazines, and put sixty-seven new pieces of cannon in condition to play. Though 850 men had been killed and wounded in the place since the commencement of the siege, there still remained 2,600 resolute veterans, who were ready to fight to the last, and who celebrated the Emperor's birthday by illuminating the castle at night, and encircling its walls with a legend of lamps, in characters so large that they could be distinctly read by the besiegers.

Our battering-train numbered 117 pieces; "but, by characteristic official negligence," says Napier, "this enormous armament brought shot and shells for only one day's consumption."

Though of small extent, San Sebastian is strongly fortified, and is situated at the foot of a high conical hill, on the summit of which is the citadel, accessible only by a path winding round it in a spiral form. This fortress has five fronts, while the town is protected by bastions and half-moons. The streets are well-paved, straight, and clean. Washed by the river Urumea on the east, and the waters of the harbour on the west, it occupies a narrow tongue of land running north and south, the western shore of which, sweeping round in a deep curve, forms a bay, flanked at its extremity by a lighthouse on a hill, nearly opposite in its position to that of the castle. These eminences are about a musket-shot apart, and form the entrance to the bay, which is further protected by the islet of Santa Clara, standing in the middle of the outlet. At the bottom of this bay, and close to the water's edge, stood the isolated convent of Nuestra Senora de la Antigua; and a few hundred yards nearer the town, on the high road, that of San Bartolomé.

Beyond these edifices rises a triple row of crescent-shaped hills, covered with rich grass, now studded here and there with pretty country houses.

On the 24th of August, Lord Wellington began two batteries on the heights above San Bartolomé, to breach the faces of the horn-work of San Juan and the end of the lofty curtain, which rose in gradation one above another, in the same line of shot; and two days later fifty-seven pieces of cannon opened with a general salvo, or volley, given in concert, and continued to fire with wondrous din and rapidity till evening.

The firing in time destroyed the revetment of the demi-bastion of San Juan, and nearly ruined the towers at the old breach, together with the wall connecting them; and on the 27th, a hundred soldiers in boats captured the islet of Santa Clara, with the loss of twenty-eight of their number. By the 29th it was found that the general firing had damaged the works of the city and castle alike, that the guns in both were nearly silenced; and as sixty-three pieces, of which twenty-nine threw shells or spherical case-shot, were now in play against them, the superiority of our cannonade was established.

About this time Captain Alexander Macdonald, of the Artillery, by voluntarily wading across the Urumea in the night, discovered that river to be fordable. He passed, daringly, close under the works to the breach, and returned. Hence, to

save our guns from being spiked, in case the enemy made a sortie, the vents of those in the Chofre batteries were secured at night by iron plates and chains.

A false attack was ordered in the night, to make the enemy spring their mines, a most desperate service, undertaken by Lieutenant Macadam. The order was so suddenly issued that neither volunteers were asked nor rewards offered for it; but instantly some noble men of the Scots Royals leaped forth to court that which seemed instant death. With a rapid pace, and with loud shouts, in extended line, and firing rapidly, they rushed towards the breach, where the whole party perished save their leader, who was twice wounded, and survived to attain high rank in the service.

By the 30th the sea-front of the place was laid open, from the demi-bastion of San Juan to the most distant of the old breaches, a space of 500 feet; while another battery demolished the face of the San Juan, and the high curtain already mentioned as being above it. The whole of that quarter was now literally in ruins, for the San Bartolomé batteries had broken the demi-bastion of the horn-work and swept away all the palisades. So Lord Wellington now resolved to order an assault for the next day at eleven o'clock, when the ebb-tide would leave full space between the horn-work and the water.

The French state of defence was still strong. Beyond the ruined sea-flank they had a counter-wall, lying parallel with the breach, loopholed for musketry and flanked by traverses. In front of this wall, and about the middle of the great breach, stood the tower of Las Hornos, beneath which was a secret mine, charged with twelve hundredweight of gunpowder. The streets were all trenched, and furnished with barricades or traverses, and in some places with mines. To support this system of defence, a sixteen-pounder at St. Elmo flanked the left of the breaches on the river face; a twelve and eighteen-pounder in the casemates of the cavalier swept the land face of San Juan; and many guns from other points could play on the advancing column. The governor and his garrison were full of courage and resolution.

Wellington now demanded fifty volunteers from fifteen different regiments of the 1st, 4th, and light divisions—"men who could show other troops how to mount a breach"—and instantly 750 gallant fellows responded to the appeal. The 5th division was brought to the trenches; and General Bradford, having offered the service of his Portuguese brigade, had a discretionary power to ford the Urumea and assail the farthest breach.

General Leith, commanding the 5th division, directed the attack from the isthmus; but being offended by the arrival of the volunteers, he would not suffer them to lead the storm. Robinson's brigade was to assault in two columns, one at the old breach between the towers, the other at San Juan and the end of the high curtain. General Graham was to overlook all the operations; and so the night of the 30th of August—the last that many were to spend on earth—closed over San Sebastian.

Heavily and loweringly the dawn of the 31st came in. A dense fog veiled every object—the little bay of San Sebastian, its shattered walls, the bed of the Urumea, and the sea to which it flows—till eight o'clock, when it began to disperse, and then the batteries opened, and again the boom of shot and the crash of exploding shells were heard; while Robinson's brigade, in light marching order, defiled out of the trenches, and made a rush at the breaches. Prior to this movement, twelve gallant men, under a heroic sergeant whose name neither despatch nor history has recorded, rushing to the front in advance of all, leaped on the covered way, to cut the saucisse of the enemy's mines. The latter were fired prematurely. The sergeant and those who followed him perished; while, with a mighty crash, the high sea-wall split, rose in the air, and with a thundering sound, fell upon the advancing column like an avalanche of masonry.

Only forty men were destroyed, the rush was scarcely checked, and over the fallen masses of the shattered wall, through dust and smoke, on went the forlorn hope. Grape, shells, and musketry were raining on them; while their leader, Lieutenant Francis Macquin, of the 4th, or King's, "conspicuous from his long white plume, his fine figure, and his swiftness, bounding far ahead of his men, in all the pride of youthful strength and courage," only reached the foot of the breach to fall dead, and, then, like a dark surge, his men swept over him. Many fell with him, and the bleeding wounded came creeping and moaning to the rear.

The ebbing tide had left a broad strand; the sun had dried the sea-weedy rocks, yet they still broke the ranks of the stormers, and the main breach was two hundred yards from them; and crowding to the river face, the French poured their musketry into the flank of the second column as it rushed along a few yards below them; while the batteries on Monte Orgullo and the St. Elmo sent showers of shot and shells upon them, the two pieces on the cavalier swept the breach at the San Juan, and a four-pounder in the horn-work poured grape shot into their rear.

Up, up, they scrambled into the breach, firing

over each others' heads, and striding over the fast-falling wounded and dead, while the French musketry volleyed with deadly accuracy from the loopholed wall beyond. "In vain, the following multitude, covering the ascent, sought an entrance at every part; to advance was impossible, and the mass slowly sunk downwards, yet remained stubborn and immovable on the lower part. There they were covered from the musketry in front; yet from several isolated points, especially the tower of Las Hornos, under which the great mine was placed, the French still struck them with small-arms, and the artillery from Monte Orgullo poured shell and grape without intermission."

At the San Juan, the aspect of affairs was still worse. To reach the summit of the lofty curtain seemed practicable; and the effort to force a way there being constant and strenuous, the slaughter was proportionate, for the flanking traverse was manned by French grenadiers, who disdained to yield; the sixteen and eighteen-pounders swept the front face, and the musketry from the horn-work that of the river.

"The Royal Scots," states the Record of that Regiment, "commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Barns, were directed to make their attack on the left of the second breach, and were supported by the 38th Regiment. The assault was made with great gallantry, some of the traverses of the semi-bastion were carried by the leading companies; but were retaken by the enemy. Nothing could exceed the bravery and steadiness of the troops employed at this point; and the enemy, observing the whole division in motion, sprung a mine on the top of the curtain; but the explosion was premature, and only a few of the leading men of the Royal Scots suffered from it. Yet, undismayed by the bursting mine and fierce opposition of the enemy, the Royal Scots pressed forward upon their adversaries and carried the coverlain."

During these assaults the British batteries kept up a constant counter-fire; and the reserves of the 5th division fed the attack until the left wing of the 9th Regiment only remained in the trenches. The 750 volunteers from the fifteen different corps, who had been with difficulty restrained in the parallel, were now vociferously demanding "why they had been brought there if they were not to lead the assault." And now, these resolute, reckless, and gallant spirits, whose presence had so mortified General Leith, burst loose, officers and men. They swept like a whirlwind into the breaches; they swarmed up over the heaps of fallen masonry, the dead and the wounded: but on the crest the stream of fire and lead struck them down; rank after rank went up to totter and sink, and when the smoke melted into thin air, all were dead. In the words of General Graham, "no man outlived the attempt to gain the ridge."

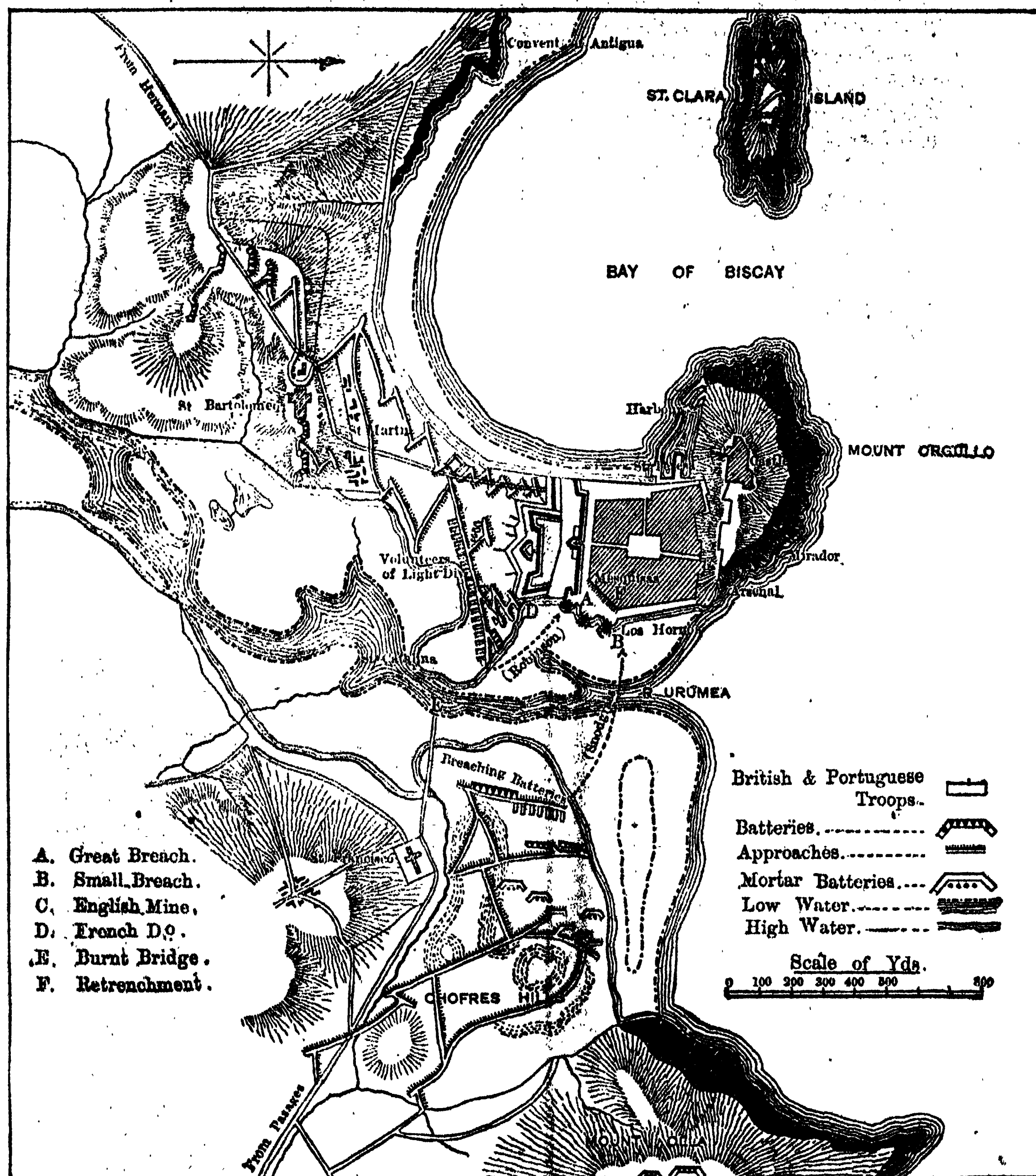
Standing on the nearest of the Chofre batteries, he beheld this frightful destruction with a stern resolution to win at any cost. He, "the hero of Barossa," was a man to have put himself at the head of the last company, and died there sword in hand, rather than survive defeat. He now directed a new attack on the horn-work, and concentrating the cannonade of fifty pieces upon the high curtain, sent their shots over the heads of the troops gathered at the base of the breach, and speedily strewed the rampart with the mangled bodies and limbs of its defenders. When this unexpected storm of bullets first swept over the heads of our soldiers, some of the less experienced in war began to shout, "The batteries are firing on us; they are firing on the stormers!" But the veterans of the famous light division knew better, and, amid the very heat of this cannonade, had effected a secure lodgment amid the ruins of some houses within the rampart, and on the right flank of the great breach.

For half-an-hour the iron tempest rained on the summit of the shattered works, and on the houses in their rear, when a roar of French musketry again broke forth, showing that the defenders were unsubdued. About this time, the 13th Portuguese Regiment, under Major Snodgrass, and a detachment of the 24th, or Warwickshire Regiment, led by Colonel Macbean, entered the Urumea from the Chofres. The ford was deep, as the water rose so high that the men had to keep their cartridge-boxes out of it. When they were in the middle of the stream, which is there two hundred yards wide, a shower of grape from above made terrible havoc among them; many were killed, and more sank wounded, to drown miserably. But closing in, shoulder to shoulder, the survivors moved steadily and sternly on.

A second discharge swept through them with awful effect from front to rear; yet still they moved on, under a combined fire of cannon and musketry, booming, roaring, and flashing all at once from the castle, St. Elmo, and the Mirador. On landing, the Portuguese rushed against the third breach, while the party of the 24th reinforced those to whom the great breach was assigned.

Again the fighting grew desperate at all the points of attack; higher grew the heaps of slain, and bullets overtook the wounded as they crawled away for shelter. Once again the wedged mass of stormers, their eyes flashing, their faces pale

with fury, their mouths black with the powder of bitten cartridges, sank to the foot of the ruins they were unable to capture. The living sought shelter from the leaden rain as best they could; and the ness. Yet fortune favoured them. A vast number of powder-barrels, live shells, and other combustible materials, accumulated in rear of one of the traverses, caught fire. A sheet of flame wrapped



PLAN OF THE ASSAULT OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

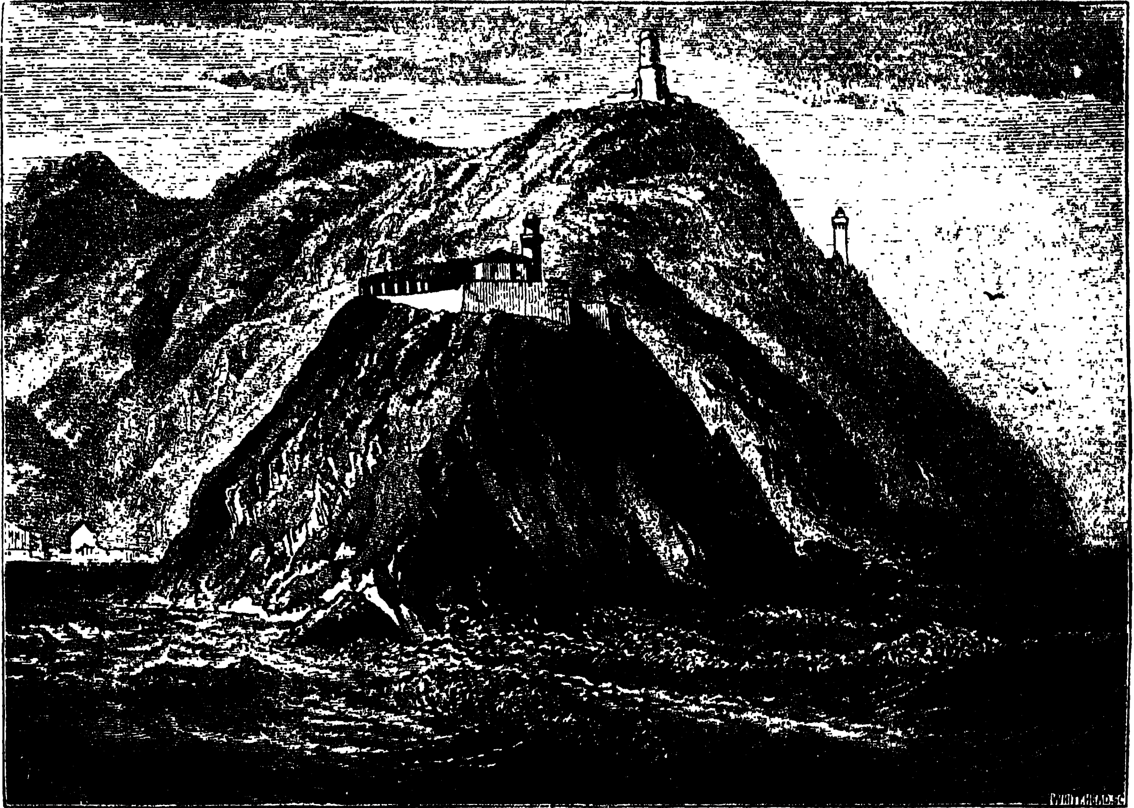
dead and wounded lay so thickly together "that it could hardly be judged whether the hurt or unhurt were most numerous."

The tide was rising fast; the reserves were all engaged, and now no greater effort of strength or valour could be expected from our soldiers, whom fierce resistance had driven to the verge of madness.

the whole of the lofty stone curtain; a succession of crashing explosions followed, and more than three hundred French grenadiers were destroyed, amid suffocating eddies of smoke. This decided the fate of San Sebastian.

Our stormers burst in at the first traverse; the French, bewildered by the terrible catastrophe,

gave way for a moment, but only to rally again; and, with bayonet and butt-end, a close and desperate struggle ensued on the summit of the curtain. The tricolour on the cavalier was torn down by Lieutenant Richard Gethius, of the 11th Regiment; and, as the stormers increased in number every moment, the foe was driven back; the horn-work, the land front beneath the curtain, and the loop-holed wall that faced the greater breach were all abandoned; and then the light division, from the French left, burst into the streets with furious cheers. The 13th Portuguese, at the small breach, also found entrance and mixed with them.



SAN SEBASTIAN.

For five consecutive hours had this deadly work lasted about the shot-riven walls, yet the undaunted French commandant, even while the victors were pouring through the streets, still fought at his barricades, although his garrison was so reduced that even to retreat in rear of the line of defence separating the town from Monte Orgullo was difficult. It was thought that the latter might have been carried at once, had an officer of sufficient rank been at hand to direct the troops; but already three generals—Leith, Oswald, and Robinson—had fallen wounded in the trenches; Sir Richard Fletcher was killed, and Colonel Burgoyne, next in command of the Engineers, was wounded. The battalion officers were embarrassed for want of orders; and as a thunder-storm burst from the mountains with singular fury just as the place was carried, it added to the confusion of the time, and the opportunity was lost.

Fortified places are seldom carried by assault without the commission of great irregularities on the part of the victors; but on this occasion the British troops went beyond all that had occurred at Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz. Irritated by the fatigue and sufferings they had undergone for nearly six weeks, goaded by the memory of a former repulse, and burning for revenge, they poured, an armed and infuriated tide, through the streets. Wine and spirits were found in abundance. Some houses caught fire; the flames spread from street to street, till the whole town became involved in one general conflagration, and amid it the most dreadful scenes occurred, for many while overcome by their own intemperance were burned to death. The shrieks of women, the wild shout of the drunkard, execrations in several languages, the groans of the wounded, and the prayers of the

helpless, mingled with the crash of falling walls and the roar of the flames.

A British staff-officer, being mistaken for a provost-marshal, narrowly escaped a volley of musketry; and a Portuguese adjutant, who, like him, had been seeking to repress the fury of the common rank and file, was butchered in the market-place—not suddenly, but deliberately. Yet amid all these outrages, there were not wanting traits of nobleness.

In the afternoon of that eventful day, two officers went to the great breach, to search among the dead who lay there so thick for the body of a missing friend. While employed in this melancholy task, a musket-ball suddenly whistled between their heads, and on looking round they saw a wounded Frenchman, with his musket just discharged. Exasperated by an attack so unprovoked, one of them called to a British soldier, and said, "Shoot that scoundrel."

The man addressed went up to the Frenchman, who, incapable of standing, reclined among the stones; he levelled his musket, but instantly "recovered" it, and, turning to the officer, said—

"Lord, sir, I can't shoot a poor devil like that."

"The soldier," adds Lord Londonderry, "suffered nothing for his humanity, and the wounded Frenchman was kindly removed to the hospital."

The carnage in the breaches was appalling. Half of the volunteers perished, and the whole loss, since the renewal of the siege, exceeded 2,500 men and officers. "Among the last," says Napier, "may be mentioned Lieutenant John O'Connell, of the 43rd, in blood nearly related to the Agitator. He was gentle, amiable, and modest, and brave as man could be; and having previously been in several storming parties, here again sought in such dangerous service the promotion he had earned before without receiving—he found death."

During this siege, Thierry records that several of our pieces were discharged as many as nine thousand times, without experiencing any material damage. Their fire was so accurate that they threw shrapnel shells over the heads of the stormers, to sweep the summit of the great breach, and it was one of those shells which fired the combustibles in rear of the traverse, so fatally for the garrison.

Monte Orgullo was now to be attacked. It is steep and difficult of ascent, and just below the castle were four batteries, connected with masonry, thrown across its face; and from their extremities were ramps connected by redans, which led to the fortified convent of Santa Teresa. Towards the harbour and behind the mountain were sea-batteries; and had fresh troops been there, the war-worn besiegers would have found the capture difficult; but the garrison was greatly reduced. The engineers were all killed, the governor was wounded, as were 500 of his men. He had 1,300 fit for duty, with 500 prisoners to guard. He had only ten guns fit for service, and three of these faced the sea. There was little water in the place, and his soldiers had to lie on the naked rocks, exposed to our fire.

On the day after the assault, Lord Wellington arrived; and on the 3rd of September the governor was summoned. His resolution was yet unshaken, "and the vertical fire was continued day and night, the British prisoners suffering as well as the enemy; for the officer in the castle, irritated by the misery of the garrison, cruelly refused to let the unfortunate captives make trenches to cover themselves."

The French afterwards complained that their wounded and sick, placed in an empty magazine, on which a black flag was hoisted, were fired upon, although the British prisoners in their scarlet uniforms, were posted around it, to aid the claims of humanity.

New breaching batteries were commenced, and armed with guns, which at first were dragged through the Urumea in the night. Ammunition was scarce with the besieged, and, contrary to Wellington's expectation, "the horrible vertical fire" subdued their energy; yet they still continued to resist till the 8th of September, when fifty-nine heavy pieces of cannon opened on them all at once, from the isle of Santa Clara, the isthmus, the horn-work, and the Chofres. In two hours the Mirador and the Queen's Battery were destroyed, the French fire extinguished, the whole hill furrowed up, and the little castle, crowded as it was with men, literally overlaid by a storm of descending shells; and now the governor surrendered.

With all the honours of war, his drums beating and colours flying, saluted by the British troops, this gallant French officer marched from the place he had defended so well, at the head of a garrison now reduced to one-third of its original number; and thus, after sixty-three days of open trenches, terminated the siege of San Sebastian.

With reference to the survivors of the escalade, the colonel of the 52nd directed that "officers commanding companies will desire each non-commissioned officer and private of the storming party to wear a mark of distinction, the pattern of which may be seen at the adjutant's tent; and to acquaint them that it is the intention of the officers to give them a badge of merit, and to communicate this important service, lately performed, to the magistrates of their respective parishes."

CHAPTER CXIV.

THE "SHANNON" AND "CHESAPEAKE," 1813.

While Britain was waging this strife on the continent of Europe, she had the further involvement of a war with America. The British claimed the right of searching American vessels for deserters; the Americans resisted, and hence the war arose, and lasted for three years, from 1812 to 1814. The Americans made some useless raids into Canada, while our troops destroyed the public buildings at Washington. Of the many naval engagements between pairs of ships, the most remarkable were one between the British frigate *Guerrier*, and the American ship, *Constitution*, the latter proving victorious; and a second frigate duel off Boston between the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake*, in which we proved the victors.

A battle fought off Demerara, between the *Peacock*, 18 guns, and the *Hornet*, an American, also armed with eighteen guns, ended in the total destruction of the former by the American Captain Lawrence, who was rewarded by Congress with the command of the *Chesapeake*, and drew the attention of our Government—ever slow to learn—to the reconstruction of our frigates and sloops of war. Our eighteen-pounder ships being too slight, says Captain Brenton, a heterogeneous body was constructed, a frigate only in name, but not in fact—ships of sixty guns, carrying twenty-four-pounders on their main-deck, and having one complete tier of thirty-two-pound carronades from stem to stern, along the gangways, quarter-deck, and forecastle. In such ships no honour could have been won by capturing ordinary frigates, and disgrace would have been attached to their surrendering to an American seventy-four. The British Navy, he continues, depressed by repeated mortifications, had, in some measure, lost much of its ancient spirit; and the dissatisfaction expressed in the public journals of the empire, produced, as no doubt many of the writers intended, an emotion of discontent in the bosoms of our seamen.

This impression was, however, removed by the result of the action so gallantly fought on the 1st of June, 1813, between the *Shannon*, of thirty-eight eighteen-pounders, and an American frigate of the same force of guns, but with a very superior crew, as she was manned by many volunteers, and the most ardent naval spirits in Boston; while her adversary had only 306 men and 24 boys, and of the former, twenty-two were Irish labourers, taken on board two days before the action, simply to assist in working the guns.

Her commander, Captain Philip Bowes Vere Broke, an officer of great sense, resolution, and skill, was the son of Philip Broke, of Nacton, in the county of Suffolk. He had long been watching the *Chesapeake*, as she lay at anchor in the harbour of Boston, securely defended by the guns of Forts Warren and Independence. From this magnificent harbour, Commodore Rogers, in the *President*, with the *Congress*, another large frigate armed with twenty-four pounders, had both effected their escape during a fog on the 13th of May, passing by the *Shannon* and *Tenedos*. Finding that the *Chesapeake* alone remained, Captain Broke sent the *Tenedos* to cruise off Cape Sable, while he remained closely in sight of Boston Harbour, and on the 1st of June sent in a formal challenge to Captain Lawrence, of the *Chesapeake*, to quit the shelter of the forts, and come out and fight him on the open sea.

He pledged his word that no other ship should interfere with them, whatever might be the event of the battle, and required the same pledge from Captain Lawrence. Whether it was in compliance with this challenge, or in obedience to his orders, that the American captain put to sea is uncertain; but soon after the stately frigate was seen coming out of Boston Harbour under a cloud of canvas. In the city tidings of the great duel about to be fought spread like wildfire. The most extravagant anticipations of victory were indulged in; balls and suppers for the American conquerors were at once set in preparation. The spectators in thousands covered every eminence along the coast from whence the ships could be seen, and from fifty to sixty yachts, pinnaces, and pleasure-boats, crowded by enthusiastic Americans, accompanied the *Chesapeake* from Boston Roads, but of course kept out of gun-shot.

A bright sun shone on the picturesque and beautiful city; the day was fine, the wind light and soft. Broke and his officers had also their anticipations of victory, for the day was an auspicious one in our naval annals. It was the anniversary of the great sea-fight in 1666, between the English fleet under Albemarle and the noble Rupert, against De Ruyter and Van Tromp; and of Lord Howe's signal victory over the French fleet in 1794.

On seeing the long-waited-for antagonist coming forth, the *Shannon*, with a blue ensign at her gaff-peak, stood in towards Boston, exercising, but not firing, her great guns. At twelve o'clock she lay-to, Cape Anne bearing north-north-east half east, and about fourteen miles distant. Half-an-hour later the *Chesapeake* drew near, with her royals set and studding-sails run out; and the *Shannon* stood off the shore to gain a little more sea-room, and keep clear of the small fleet that accompanied her adversary.

At forty minutes past three, Captain Lawrence hauled up his courses and fired a gun, thus intimating that he would not be led farther from the land. Captain Broke responded by laying his foretopsail aback, on which Lawrence again steered towards him.

At four in the afternoon, when Boston lighthouse, west by north, was eighteen miles distant, the *Chesapeake* was still coming on under topgallant-sails, jib, and foresail; the crew having, for the easier handling of the ship in action, taken in the studding-sails, and sent their royal yards on deck. They had three ensigns displayed; one of unusual size in the main-rigging, one at the gaff-peak, and one at the mizzen-topgallant-mast head. The stars and stripes were floating at the main, and at the fore was a white flag, with the motto—

"Sailors' Rights and Free Trade."

At ten minutes past five Captain Broke ordered his drums to beat to quarters. The watch on deck, while the crew stood to their guns and every officer and man repaired to his station, filled the *Shannon's* foretopsail, kept her mainsail shivering, and set her jib and spanker. The wind was still light, and she went through the water at about two knots an hour.

At forty minutes past five, the Americans hauled up within two hundred yards of the *Shannon's* weather-beam, and gave three cheers, to which the crews of the pleasure-boats, at a comfortable distance, responded. Captain Broke now addressed his ship's company, telling them to "remember that the event of the day would decide the superiority of British seamen, when well trained, over those of other nations; and that the *Shannon* would that day show how short a time the Americans had to boast, when opposed to equal force."

Yet, in such a trial of strength, and in any conflict by land or sea, with Americans, it cannot be forgotten that there is little honour to be won by a victory over our kindred, and people of the same race as ourselves.

The two ships were now not more than a stone's throw asunder, the *Chesapeake* about one point abaft the starboard beam of the *Shannon*, whose guns were most deliberately and exactly levelled and pointed, as the object varied its position; and at ten minutes to six she gave her opponent a broadside, beginning with the aftermost guns on the starboard side. The crash of her shot was followed by groans and cries, and showers of splinters that flew over the enemy's decks.

The *Chesapeake* was forging too fast ahead to receive more than a second discharge from the aftermost guns, so Captain Broke ordered his boarders to prepare. In trying to haul up her fore-course, the *Chesapeake* fell on board the *Shannon*, whose starboard bower anchor caught the mizzen-chains of her antagonist on the port side; and here a heavy fire of musketry, almost muzzle to muzzle, took place between the marines of both ships. This had only lasted a few minutes when the Americans appeared to flinch, and, sword in hand, the gallant Broke, at the head of his boarders, mounting on the forecastle carronade, leaped on the quarter-deck of the *Chesapeake*, closely followed by Lieutenant Watt, and by Sergeant Molineux and Corporal Osborne, of the Marines, with their bayonets fixed.

This division was supported by the boarders from the main-deck, under Third-Lieutenant Falconer and Midshipman Smith. Furiously they poured on board, with pike and bayonet, cutlass and pistol, and as furiously were they met with the same weapons. Close, brief, fierce, and heart-...ding was the struggle; but Captain Broke, ...llowed by sixty seamen and marines, slew every ...n who opposed his passage round the gangway; ..., as the Americans had lost their captain, three ...tenants, and bugle or rallying man, at the ...ment the two ships grappled, they made now an indifferent resistance.

While the hand-to-hand struggle was going on, the bow guns of the *Shannon*, under the command of Lieutenant Wallace, made dreadful havoc on the main-deck of the enemy. Mr. Comahan, a midshipman, perched himself on her mainyard, whence with musketry he killed or wounded every American in the main and mizzen-tops. Though impeded by the fire of small-arms, Captain Broke had cleared the enemy's quarter-deck. "Our men," writes Captain Brenton, "gave three cheers, rushed forward, and, carrying all before them, united on the forecastle. It was in making a charge along the larboard gangway that Captain Broke nobly saved the life of an American seaman who called for quarter; but the villain, suddenly snatching up a cutlass, gave his deliverer a blow on the back of his head which had nearly proved fatal at the time, and from the effects of which he never recovered. The

Shannon's people instantly cut the miserable man in pieces."

The Americans were now rallying on the main-deck, when again the British boarders made a desperate and overpowering rush among them, hewing and stabbing right and left. They were completely overborne, and in fifteen minutes from the commencement of the action the stars and stripes were torn down, and the Union Jack floating up in its place told the crestfallen spectators that the *Chesapeake* was a prize to the *Shannon!*

During this portion of the conflict, the two ships had separated, and the British ensign hoisted at the gaff-peak of the prize was a small blue one, which Mr. Watt, the first-lieutenant, unfortunately wished to replace by a large white one, which he had, with gallant forethought, brought on board with him for that express purpose. The people on board the *Shannon*, on seeing the blue ensign hauled down, and that the firing still continued, concluded that the Americans had overpowered all who followed Broke, and hence they turned their fire upon the quarter-deck of the *Chesapeake*. Before this fatal error was rectified by the rehoisting of the blue ensign, Lieutenant Watt was killed, and some of the *Shannon's* men were wounded by the hands of their own shipmates.

The crew of the *Chesapeake* being driven below into her hold, a Royal Marine sentinel was placed over the main hatchway. The Americans most treacherously fired from the hold and killed him. On this our men, with loud imprecations, poured down a heavy fire upon them, till they shrieked for quarter, and promised to deliver up the offender. The whole of the prisoners were then secured and handcuffed on the orlop deck, as many of them were drunk, and nearly all were riotous. Some there were who were quiet; silent and mortified by the result of the frigate duel, which made a great noise in its time. So lately as 1827, we find a writer in the *Morning Chronicle* boasting that the Americans in it excelled most in their gunnery; but the reverse was the case. "Five shots passed through the *Shannon*," says James, in his "Naval History;" "one only below the main-deck. Of several round shot that struck her, the greater part lodged in her side, ranged in a line just above the copper. Until her shot-holes were stopped, the *Shannon* made a good deal of water on the larboard tack; but on the other not more than usual. Her fore and mainmasts were much injured, and her bowsprit and mizzen were badly wounded. No other spar was damaged, and from her perfect state aloft, the *Shannon* at a moderate distance appeared to have suffered very little in the action."

Now for his report of the enemy's state:—

"The *Chesapeake* was severely battered in her hull—a shot passed through one of the transoms, equal in stoutness to a sixty-four-gun ship, and several shot had entered the stern windows. She had two main-deck guns and one carronade entirely disabled, one thirty-two-pound carronade dismounted, and several carriages broken. Her three lower-masts—the main and mizzen especially—were badly wounded; her lower rigging and stays were a good deal cut; but neither masts nor rigging were so damaged that they could not have been repaired without the ship going into port."

At seven in the evening the fleet of pleasure-boats, with their crowds, returned disconsolately into Boston Harbour, and all ideas of balls and suppers had by that time faded away; and so, too, nearly had the *Shannon* with her prize from view, in the offing, as they stood away towards Halifax, where they arrived on the 5th of June.

The loss on board the *Shannon* was eighty-seven killed and wounded, including Captain Broke and five other officers. On mustering the crew of the *Chesapeake* next day, it was found that she had begun the action with 440 men, of whom the second-lieutenant, master, a marine officer, some middies, and 90 seamen and marines were killed; Captain Lawrence, 2 lieutenants, some middies, and 110 men wounded; "making a total of killed and wounded between the two ships of 300 men, or twenty men for every minute the ships were engaged."

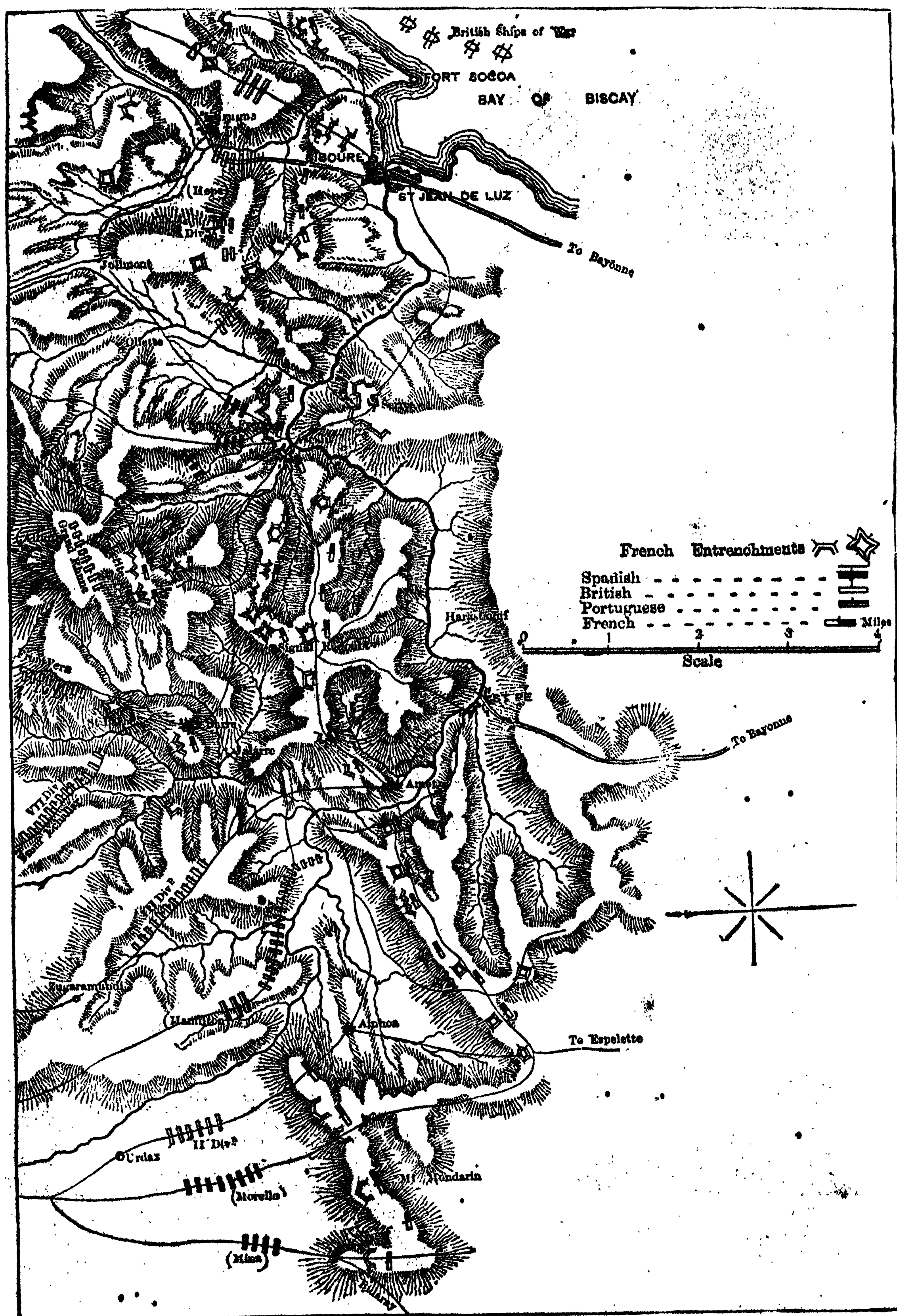
Captain Lawrence died of his wounds on the 4th, and was buried by the British with the honours of war, most justly his due, for no braver officer ever fought under the stars and stripes; but his body was afterwards removed from Halifax to Boston.

Captain Broke afterwards returned to England in the *Shannon*, and was created a baronet for his services. He died a K.C.B. and Admiral of the Blue. For many long years after their duel off Boston Harbour, the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake* were seen, as sheer hulks, lying quietly at anchor in the Medway off Chatham.

In the September of the same year, 1813, H.M. brig *Boxer*, Captain Samuel Blythe, was captured by an American schooner of double her strength in size and guns, off Portland, in the United States. The first broadside killed Captain Blythe and some of his men. The *Boxer's* main-topmast was shot away at the same moment, and she very soon became a wreck. The Americans boasted of this as a mighty achievement, and maintained that the gun-brig had 104 men on board, though only ninety hammocks were found.



FIGHT BETWEEN THE "SHANNON" AND "CHESAPEAKE."



PLAN OF THE BATTLES OF THE NIVELLE.

CHAPTER CXV.

NIVELLE.

After the fall of San Sebastian, the hostile armies in Spain remained for some time inactive, or occupied principally in the task of strengthening their different positions, and preparing for further efforts at conquest. Meantime the troops suffered severely from the inclemency of the weather. While exposed on the bleak summits of the Pyrenees, some there were who cast fond and longing eyes upon the distant sea, "the high road to Old England," which the Highlanders of Hill's division hailed with three loud cheers when first they came in sight of it; others gazed with a different interest on the beautiful plains of Bearn, Gascony, and Languedoc, which stretched like a map at their feet; while the close vicinity of the watchful French outposts rendered the greatest vigilance necessary, and made the guard and picket duties most severe.

The moment so ardently desired arrived at length.

Early on the morning of the 7th of October the tents were struck, and under the cloud of a dark and stormy sky, the army descended from the heights, crossed the Bidassoa, and established itself, with little opposition, on French territory; and the news of this movement—the invasion of the enemy's country—caused a thrill of triumph in the hearts of all at home. The continued inclemency of the weather and the wretched nature of the roads retarded the advance of the troops until the 10th of November, when, the last preparations having been made, the columns, 90,000 strong—of these 74,000 being British and Portuguese—with 95 guns, moved down the passes of the Pyrenees in silence, and halted each at its appointed post to await the dawn, ere making the final attack upon the various forces in front.

This was commenced by the light division, after which the 4th carried a strong redoubt in front of the village of Sarre, fourteen miles southwestward of Bayonne, and driving the enemy out, continued its advance against the heights beyond, exposed to a fire from certain intrenchments by which the position was secured. All these works were abandoned in succession as the division advanced, driving the enemy in utter disorder towards the bridges on the Nivelle; the garrison of one redoubt, which alone made any proper resistance, being taken prisoners.

The attacks made by Lord Wellington elsewhere were equally successful, and all terminated in the Duke of Dalmatia withdrawing the whole of his army, and resigning his position to the Allies, the details of whose operations were as follows:—

On the side of France each lieutenant-general had a special position to defend. The left of the Count d'Erlon's first line, which rested on the fortified rocks of Mondarain, could not be turned; his right was on the Nivelle, or Nivonne, as it is sometimes called, a Spanish stream, which flows through the Basses Pyrenees into the Bay of Biscay. His second line was on a ridge, several miles behind; and three great redoubts, in a row, were on this ridge. On his right, General Clausel's position extended to Ascain, fortified by many redoubts, trenches, and abatis.

Soult's weakest point was between the Rhune mountains and the Nivelle, where the space, gradually narrowing as it approached the bridge of Amotz, was the most open and least fortified. Moving from the Puerto de Maya in the night, Hill was to attack D'Erlon's post. On Hill's left, Beresford was to hurl the 3rd division in all its strength against the redoubts at the bridge of Amotz. Farther to the left again, the 7th division, marching from the Echallar Pass, was to storm the Grenada Redoubt, pass the village of Sarre, and assail Clausel, abreast of the 3rd. Yet farther to the left, the 4th, from the slopes of the Greater Rhune was to rush upon St. Barbe. Beyond Sarre were Giron's Spaniards. All these other troops gained their respective stations so secretly in the night, that the enemy had no suspicion of their presence, although for several hours they were lying within half musket-range of the field-works. Towards dawn five or six cannon-shots, fired at random from some low ground near the sea, pealed through the darkened air; then the silence seemed to deepen, while quietly, with arms loaded, ammunition cast loose, and colours uncased, the Allies waited the sunrise, when three guns fired from the summit of Mount Atchulia were to be the signal for close battle.

The morning of the 10th of November dawned with unusual splendour on the rugged scenery of the Lower Pyrenees and the low range of hills that rise on the left of Nivelle, all bristling then with French bayonets, and covered by a network of their redoubts and intrenchments. As the first ray

of the sun played on the green summit of the Atchulia, the three signal-guns pealed upon the air, and every man sprung to his arms; while, to their astonishment, from amid the hitherto silent hills the French of Soult saw the Allies rushing downward to the attack.

The light division came round the swelling flank of the Great Rhune, from the summit of which the mountain guns and two companies of our 43rd Light Infantry commenced the attack in one quarter, while the remainder of that gallant old regiment advanced against some high rocks, over which a biting fire of musketry was flashing; but the quick even run of the advancing line deceived the aim of the enemy, so few of our men fell, till the whole battalion reunited, and, after rushing over a half-mile of rough ground, threw themselves into lower works or cuttings, and there remained panting and breathless within pistol-shot of the enemy; and then, when their breath returned, they arose, and with a stern shout commenced the assault.

The defenders were quite as numerous as the assailants; "but strong and valiant in arms must the soldiers have been who stood in that hour before the veterans of the 43rd."

An officer of grenadiers alone ventured to withstand the headlong rush. On the high stone wall of the first redoubt—a veritable castle—he stood, exposing his tall and noble figure, hurling down stones with both hands, till a ball pierced his heart, and he fell dead, when his men, shrinking on each side, sought shelter among some rocks. Close and fierce was then the fight; bayonets flashed in the sun, and butt-ends were whirled in the air, to be whirled again covered with blood and brains, as man sought man, till the French were beaten, trod under foot, or literally turned by cold steel out of the redoubt, while our soldiers rushed to storm another, and another still beyond; and then, in an inconceivably short space, the white colours of the 43rd were seen flying in triumph in the morning breeze on the Donjon, as they named it. In twenty-six minutes they took this last redoubt, hurling 600 chosen veterans out of it, but losing 11 officers and 67 rank and file; while elsewhere the remainder of the light division cleared the whole Rhune.

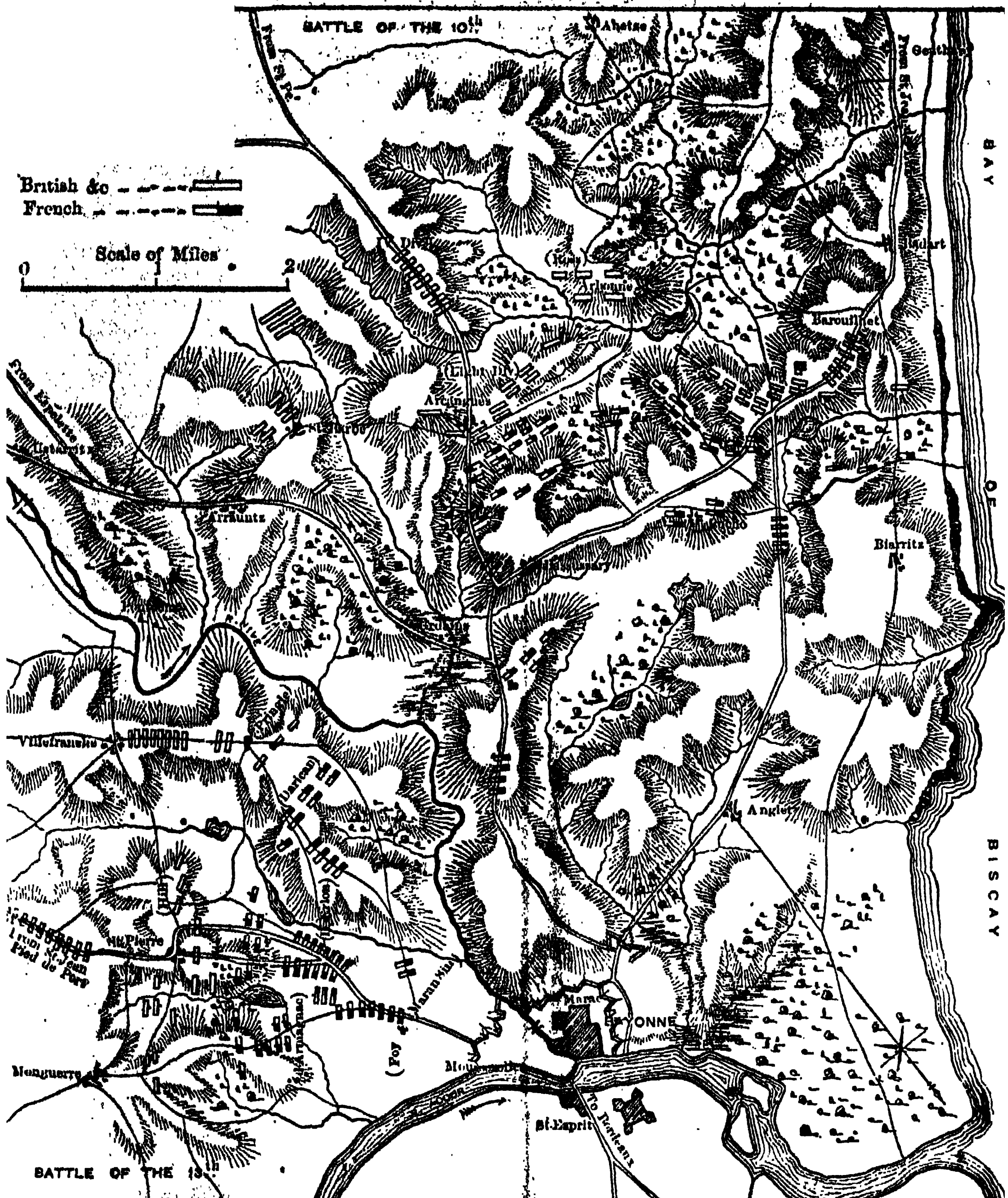
The same signal-guns which sent them against it had dispatched the 4th and 7th divisions against St. Barbe and Grenada; and while eighteen pieces of cannon heavily pounded the former, the troops advanced with ladders to the escalade. Creeping round, our skirmishers opened a fire in rear of the work; on this the French leaped out and fled, while Ross's battery of flying artillery, galloping to a rising ground in rear of the Grenada Redoubt, unlimbered, and by sheer dint of cannon-shot drove them from it. After that the 4th division, as related, won the village of Sarre and the heights beyond it, and advanced to the attack of Clausel.

"It was now eight o'clock," says Napier, who was then an officer of the 43rd, "and to the troops posted on the Rhune a splendid spectacle was presented. On one hand, the ships of war sailing slowly to and fro were exchanging shots with the fort of Socoa; while Hope, menacing all the French lines in the low ground, sent the sound of a hundred pieces of artillery bellowing up the rocks. He was answered by nearly as many from the tops of the mountains, amid the smoke of which the summit of the great Atchulia glittered to the rising sun, while 50,000 men, rushing down its enormous slopes with ringing shouts, seemed to chase the receding shadows into the deep valley. The plains of France, so long overlooked from the towering crags of the Pyrenees, were to be the prize of battle; and the half-famished soldiers, in their fury, were breaking through the iron barrier erected by Soult as if it were but a screen of reeds."

The most dense portion of the battle now raged over a space eight miles in length, yet its skirts spread wider still. Far away on the right, after a long and toilsome night march, Hill had got near the enemy at seven in the morning; yet the ground was so wild and rugged that eleven struck in the village spire of Ainhoe ere he, with three divisions, approached within cannon-shot of D'Erlon's second line, which was strengthened by redoubts, each containing 500 men. They were placed upon the summit of a high ridge, thickly clothed with brushwood and wild laurels, and were further covered by a rough ravine. At the head of the 6th division, General Clinton turned the flank of this ravine, and drove the enemy from their works at the bridge of Amotz. Defiling through this ravine came the blue masses of Hamilton's Portuguese, with the red-coats of the 2nd division—Hill's own—menacing the second and third redoubts on the ridge. These were instantly abandoned. A hutted camp was set on fire, and under cloud of its smoke, the French in that quarter began to retreat towards San Pé, pursued by Clinton. Another division, forming the French left, began its retreat to Cambo, on the Nive.

It was the swift and fierce progress of our troops, advancing like a line of fire across a prairie, that rendered D'Erlon's fight on the right bank so feeble; for after the fall of San Barbe and Grenada, Conraux sought to defend the heights of Sarre,

as we have shown, in vain; for while the 4th and 7th divisions carried those points amid prodigious slaughter, another captured the bridge of Amotz. there was an immense amount of close and deadly—even ferocious—close fighting; and when Conraux sank mortally wounded from his horse, his



PLAN OF THE BATTLES ON THE NIVE.

The French were thus driven from all their works that covered the bridge on both sides of the Nivelle; and the division of Conraux, spreading from Sarre to Amotz, was swept away by superior numbers at every point.

In storming these various redoubts and works, scattered troops retired; and the 3rd division, establishing itself between the bridge of Amotz and some works called the Redoubt of Louis XIV., caused D'Erlon to dread that he might be cut off; hence he fell back, and by doing so had his communication with Clausel's force cut off.

Firmly and bravely stood the latter for a time, covered by the Redoubt of Louis XIV. and eight field-guns; but Ross's flying battery soon silenced these, while our infantry stormed the redoubt itself, and bayoneted the whole garrison. Conraux's troops were still flying; those of General Marousin were hurled headlong into the deep ravines in their rear; ridge after ridge of glittering bayonets, with tricolours flying above them, seemed to melt away and disappear; but still Clausel, amid smoke, and blood, and dreadful slaughter, held his post.

A large body of conscripts, recently armed and recently clothed, with Taupin's division, forming his right, fighting nobly and desperately, he still thought he might dispute the victory. With the French 31st and 88th Regiments, he made several movements, and, aware that he could retreat by the bridge of Ascain, resolved to renew the already failing fight; but his plans failed, and he was swept away by our irresistible light division. The rout soon became general along all the lines; and, leaving 600 of their 88th Regiment to their fate, in a strong work called the Signal Redoubt, the French fled like flocks of sheep towards the different bridges of the Nivelle; for they were now being rapidly and sternly taught that for their years of splendid but unprincipled aggression, the days of retribution were come.

The formidable Signal Redoubt now alone barred the advance of the light division, though it had become valueless, when the whole lines of forts on its flanks were abandoned. Colborne approached it in front with the 52nd Regiment or Oxfordshire Light Infantry, and by other troops it was surrounded on every side. Colborne, an officer of great experience, knew that ere long the little garrison in the redoubt must capitulate, so he halted under the brow of a hill to save his men from its fire, when a staff-officer unknown, without order or warrant, directed him to advance. The gallant 52nd, led by Colborne on horseback, now rushed at the redoubt under a most severe fusilade, which three times drove them back. The intrepid Colborne now rode forward waving a white handkerchief, and assured the French commander that he was completely surrounded. On this he surrendered, with the loss of only one man killed; "but on the British side there fell 200 soldiers of a regiment never surpassed in arms since arms were first borne by men—victims to the presumptuous folly of a young staff-officer."

During this affair Clausel's other troops had crossed the Nivelle, pursued by the 3rd and 7th divisions. Soult was not present in any of these actions. On the first alarm, he had hastened with his reserve of artillery and spare troops from St. Jean de Luz to Serres, and was now menacing Wellington's left flank by Ascain. A hard struggle with the column of Marousin, in which General Inglis was wounded, and the 51st and 68th Regiments of Light Infantry were seriously cut up, ended the battle in the centre; for darkness was coming on, and Clinton's troops, without food or rest, had been marching and fighting for four-and-twenty hours.

Ere night closed the whole line of the French intrenchments—the work of three months—was in our hands; and from mountain, ravine, and river they had been hurled in ruin and defeat, with the loss of 4,265 men and officers—including 1,400 prisoners—and one general slain. Fifty-five pieces of cannon were taken; while the Allies had three generals—Inglis, Kemp, and Byng—wounded, and lost 2,694 of all ranks.

With daylight the battle ceased, but the victors remained under arms, expecting its renewal with dawn. About midnight, an accidental conflagration broke out in a line of forest, and for a time completely separated the pickets towards Ascain from the main body, "spreading far and wide over the heath, a blazing sign of war to France."

In the morning the pitiless rain fell in torrents, drenching the bodies of the killed and wounded alike; and hundreds of the latter, who had been shrieking all night for water, turned their baked lips gratefully to the falling shower. Daylight showed Wellington that no attack would be made. Soult, perceiving that his line of defence was pierced in various directions, and that his communications with Bayonne were menaced, had retreated under cover of night, and was already far beyond the Nivelle and in full march towards the Adour.

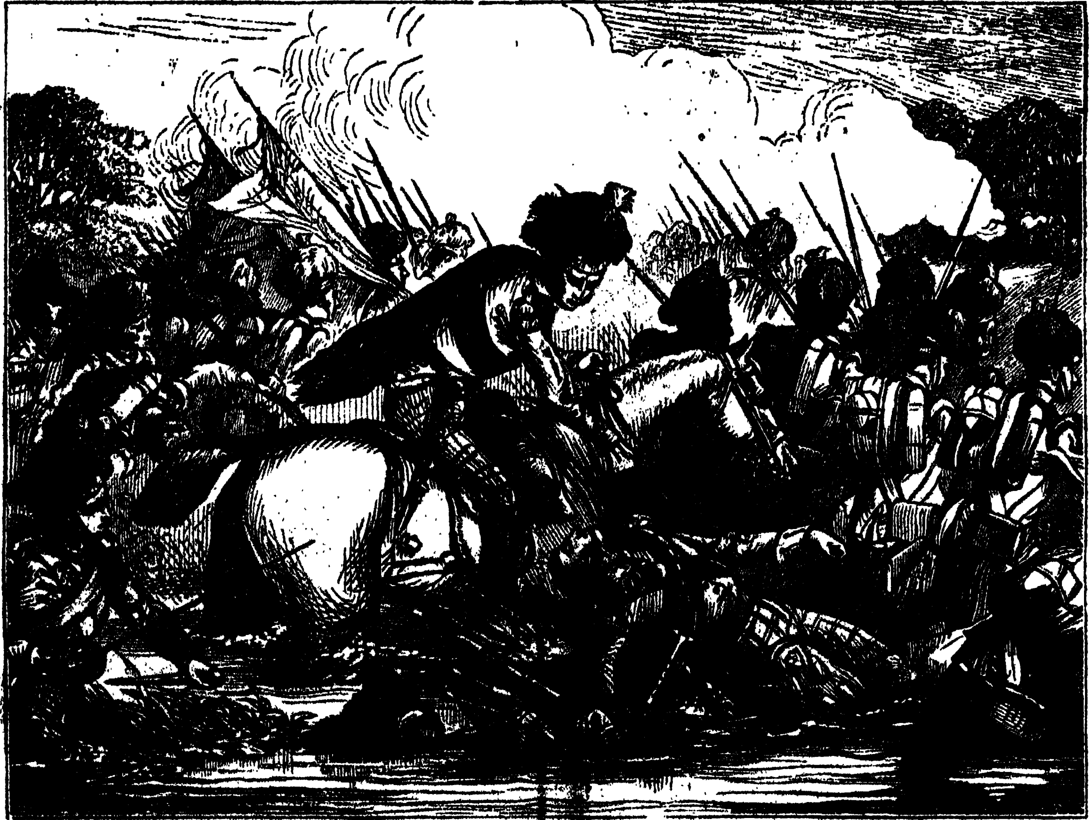
From "Memoirs of the War in Spain," by Marshal Suchet, Duc d'Albufera, we find many plans had been concerted for that leader to act with his division on the right flank of Soult, after the passage of the Bidassoa; but objections were made to every scheme, and Suchet proved of no little embarrassment to the French army. The inutility of Suchet's forces during the advance of the British into France was very singular; at that period they consisted of 20,000 veterans in the highest state of discipline, and might have turned the tide of battle in favour of Soult. But the French system was one of eccentric, while ours was of concentric movements, and hence our success.

During the battle of Nivelle, the Allies had been

peculiarly favoured by the weather. Next morning, we have said, the rain fell heavily, yet the forward movements began; the French were pushed beyond the Nive, a tributary of the Adour, and through the village of Bidart, into an intrenched camp which they had formed in front of Bayonne.

With roads destroyed by hostile operations, and winter torrents swollen by the mountain floods, it was impossible as yet to molest them there, so Wellington cantoned his troops between the Nive and the sea; and then for a long space both armies enjoyed a welcome relaxation from the fatigues and horrors of war.

But, as the distance between the contending forces did not exceed two miles at some points, Wellington, ever wary, was induced to construct a defensive line for the protection of his front against any sudden attack.



CAMERON CROSSING THE NIVE.

CHAPTER CXVI.

NIVE, 1813.

At the village of Cambo, on the Nive, the sentinels of the outlying pickets were so near each other that the French and British could converse at times, and, as if by tacit agreement, no shots were exchanged there. Daily the French drill-sergeants could be seen, cane in hand, drilling the conscripts, and the British used to crowd to the edge of the swollen river, to behold the novel sight of French regiments quietly on parade. The evening of the 8th of December proving a remarkably fine one, the French bands came to the edge of the stream at Cambo, on which the 71st and 92nd Highlanders were cantoned, and played many airs for their amusement. Other courtesies were interchanged by the officers; flasks of wine, bunches of fruit, and London and Paris newspapers were thrown across the stream. Military topics were strictly avoided by the officers of the adverse armies, who spent the evening laughing and jesting like friends, till recalled on each side by beat of drum when darkness came, and they separated to meet next morning sword in hand.

An order having been issued for a general attack on the enemy's position at the Nive on the morning of the 9th of December, the allied forces got under arms an hour before daybreak, in high spirits, and full of enthusiasm at the prospect of fighting the French on their own ground, and carrying their victorious banners farther into France.

Wellington, in addition to his infantry, having no less than 9,000 cavalry and 100 pieces of cannon, had chafed and fretted in his narrow position and at his inability to move, the clayey country at the foot of the Pyrenees having become impassable. On the bye-roads, infantry in heavy marching order sank in mud to their knees, the cavalry to their saddle-girths; while artillery wheels could not be moved at all. But the clearing of the weather in December made him resolve to extend his position to the right; and hence on the morning of the 9th the line of the Nive was to be crossed, a resolution which led to a series of sanguinary battles; for the positions of Soult were alike strong and well-chosen.

A double bridge at Ustaritz, on the Nive, had been broken down, but an island which connected them was possessed by a detachment of our troops. Marshal Beresford had quietly laid his pontoons on the hither side in the night; and on the morning of the 9th a beacon suddenly flaring up on a height above Cambo gave the signal of action, and Colonel John Cameron threw himself into the river at the head of the 92nd Highlanders, which belonged to Hill's division. The latter forced the passage in three columns, above and below the river, but not without resistance, and the winter fords were so deep that some of the cavalry were drowned; and the French were strongly posted, especially at Halzou, where a deep and strong mill-race had to be crossed as well as the river, along the banks of which the red fire of the musketry sparkled out upon the gloom of the wintry dawn.



VIEW OF BAYONNE.

When the Highlanders were in the middle of the stream, Cameron's favourite piper was shot by his side. Stooping from his saddle, he strove to help him; but the man was swept away.

"Alas," cried he, "I would rather have lost twenty men than you!"

At his point Beresford drove back the column of D'Armagnac; but the swampy nature of the ground between the Nive and the high-road, by entangling the advance, gave the latter time to

retreat, while Sir John Hope with his column, following the great road, drove in the pickets and ultimately established himself within three miles of Bayonne.

Murillo, with his Spaniards, forced the passage of the stream at the pretty village of Itzassu, and inaugurated the invasion of France by the murder of fifteen helpless peasants, among whom were some women and children.

Sir Rowland Hill placed a brigade of infantry at Urcurray, to cover the bridge of Çambo and to support the cavalry, which he had dispatched to scour the roads in front. With the rest of his troops he marched against the heights of Mouserolles, where D'Erlon was posted with four divisions. It was now one o'clock, and Soult, with a splendid staff, came galloping in from Bayonne to offer battle. A heavy cannonade took place, and a general skirmish along the front, but no general engagement, because the deep and adhesive mud of the roads retarded the rear of Hill's columns. However, the Portuguese of the 6th division drove the regiments of D'Armagnac, after a furious conflict, out of Villefranque about three in the afternoon, and a brigade was established in advance to connect Hill with Beresford.

Meanwhile, Hope had been fighting his way to the point he attained. Preceded by the fire of his guns, and the rattling shots of a long and thick line of skirmishers, in a great half-circle, his division had come sweeping through mud and mire, over field and hedge, through wood and vineyard, till one o'clock in the day, when he halted in front of Soult's intrenched camp, round which his "fiery crescent" closed, at which time his troops had been twenty-four hours under arms.

Such was the passage of the Nive, which was thus vigorously effected, with the loss only of 800 men on each side; but the fighting on the Nive was by no means over yet.

On the left the troops were placed in their old cantonments; the Guards, with the head-quarter staff and a large artillery force, occupied St. Jean de Luz; the 5th division, Lord Aylmer's independent brigade, and a corps of Portuguese were among the villages extending from thence to Bidart. In like manner, the light division re-established itself in Arcanques, and both from it and the 5th strong pickets were thrown forward to observe the roads, guard the defiles, and give due warning to the troops in reserve, should any movement be made by the enemy; but until ten o'clock in the day no alarm was given. Then, however, the pickets of the 5th and light divisions found themselves suddenly attacked by overwhelming numbers, and a furious contest began.

"We had dreamed of nothing else than a general action this morning," wrote an officer who was present, "and we found ourselves bearing the brunt of it before we could very well make up our minds as to the proximity of the enemy. Everything was accordingly done, every word spoken, and every movement made, under the influence of that species of excitement which absolutely shuts out all ideas, except those which spring from the circumstances immediately about you; I mean, an apprehension lest your men shall give way, and an inexpressible eagerness to close with your adversary. Nor were sundry opportunities wanting of gratifying the last of these desires. We fought, at least where I was stationed, in a thick wood; and more than once it occurred that we fought hand to hand."

The attack in question was planned with skill, and executed with great daring. Soult, during the night of the 9th, had drawn every disposable bayonet from his intrenchments on the Nive, and passing them through Bayonne, advanced to assault the position of Sir John Hope at Arcanques. With loud yells and the rattle of close musketry, the French came on at a running pace upon the pickets of the light division. A cloud of their skirmishers, descending on the left flank, penetrated between the 43rd and 52nd Regiments. The attack was so strong, so rapid, and the foe so numerous, that to fall back on the church of Arcanques, across a common, seemed impossible; yet the pickets fell back steadily, firing into the very teeth of the my at pistol distance. During this, they had imes to run at full speed to gain the common the enemy, who were constantly outflanking , the paths were so muddy and narrow that regular front could be formed, and the fire of pursuing French was as close as their wild and shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" were in-t; but the moment the open ground in front Arcanques was gained, the fugitives faced about, ılder to shoulder, and opened a rolling fire which arrested the French at once.

Half a mile on the left of the 43rd was the Oxford Light Infantry, falling back towards the same ground, which it reached in good time. On the right, however, about a hundred men of the 43rd and our Rifles were intercepted and cut off. "The French were in a hollow road, and careless, never doubting that the officer of the 43rd, Ensign Campbell, a youth scarcely eighteen years of age, surrender; but with a shout he broke into their column, sword in hand, and though the struggle was severe, and twenty of the 43rd and thirty riflemen with their officers remained prisoners, he reached the church."

Here at Arcanques, in the middle of a wood, is an ancient chateau which then belonged to the Mayor of Biarritz. It stands on the right of the high road, and a small lake lies on its left. D'Armagnac's division and D'Erlon's corps now came up, and opened a sharp fire of musketry. To secure their passage, one detachment rushed into the wood, while another bore upon the posts in the village, and at both points the fighting was desperate. The chateau was occupied by a battalion of the Rifles and another of the Portuguese. The church and its burial-ground were garrisoned by the 43rd, supported by two mountain guns; their front being further protected by a thick copsewood, full of riflemen, and only to be turned by two hollow roads that lay one on each side of the bank or eminence on which the church is built.

Hot grew the skirmish and heavy the firing. The whole village of Arcanques and the woods were enveloped in smoke, above which the spire and the roof of the chateau were barely visible at times. And now Clausel came galloping forward with twelve pieces of cannon, which threw both shot and shell into the churchyard, at which 500 infantry made a rush, only to be hurled back by the terrible bayonets of the 43rd, whose white colours were waved in defiance above the churchyard wall. The cannonade, however, must have proved murderous, if our musketry had not compelled the gunners to draw their pieces under cover of a ridge, from whence their shot flew wild and wide of aim. The moment the firing lulled, forward came the French cannon again, and their shells were most destructive, till by dint of musket they were withdrawn again.

The sound of heavy firing at Arcanques soon gave an alarm to brigades that were in the rear; forming beside their cantonments, they moved rapidly and in excellent order to the scene of action. Groups of wounded men, pale, bleeding, and exhausted, and of captured prisoners, met them by the way.

"Push on, push on, or Arcanques will be lost!" was the incessant shout. At last the field of battle came in view, and while they were admiring and cheering the steadiness of "the handful of red-coats" that manned the churchyard wall, the French cannon opened on themselves.

They pushed on, however, and were soon deployed into line. Then followed a sort of lull in the firing, as if Soult was pausing to consider how to act under such a change of circumstances. Then came another furious and bloody onset, made only to be repelled; and when darkness set in the hostile armies were precisely where they had been at two o'clock in the day; and both lay down beside their fires to await the coming morrow.

The fires were made thus on our side. Half the men in each regiment threw off their accoutrements, and set to work felling timber; then they boiled the camp-kettles, and prepared food for themselves and their comrades. In wagons, such of the wounded as were unable to walk or crawl to the rear were conveyed from those places where they were mingled with and sometimes under the dead. "It was a sad spectacle this," wrote an eye-witness. "The shrieks and groans of many of these poor fellows sounded horribly in our ears; while the absolute silence of the rest was not less appalling, inasmuch as it gave too much reason to believe that they were removed from the field only to die in the wagons. Nor were the muleteers and other followers of the camp idle. These harpies, spreading themselves in vast numbers over the face of the country, stripped and plundered the dead in an incredibly short space of time; and they were withal so skilful in their vocation, that they rarely afforded an opportunity of detecting them in the act. Nothing, indeed, has ever astonished me more than the celerity with which these body-strippers execute their task. A man falls by your side, and the next moment, if you chance to look round, he is as naked as he was when he came into the world, without your being able to guess by whom his garments have been taken."

CHAPTER CXVII.

ST. PIERRE, 1813.

THE morrow came, and with it a renewal of the dreadful strife. In front of Bayonne other battles were fought; no less than three at Barrouilhet, and one at St. Pierre—perhaps the most brilliant of all. The morrow came, and over the dead and the dying once more rang the thunder of war, and the mingled shouts of masses closing in the shock of steel. Through the bare winter wood,

once, and once only, over the bloody plateau in front of Arcanques both cavalry and infantry engaged; but France reaped no advantage. On the contrary, the result of each attempt on their part was to increase their own losses, and leave the Allies more than ever confident of conquest. So rolled the tide of battle all that day around Arcanques and before Bayonne, and for a great portion of the following one; for even on the 12th of December the hostile armies still faced each other, and shots were exchanged incessantly. Fresh columns were meanwhile pouring on; many changes of ground took place; but the approach of darkness found both armies jaded and weary with four days of incessant exertion and fierce excitement, during which they had little leisure to eat, and yet less to cook.

The night of the 12th swelled the Nive; and the flood tore away the bridge of communication between the left and the right of the army on the right bank, under Sir Rowland Hill, who was thus isolated, and against whose solitary force Soult now poured his strength. Seven divisions of French infantry, mustering 35,000 bayonets, approached him in front; an eighth, under General Paris, and the cavalry of Pierre Soult, threatened his rear; and to meet all these in front, this gallant old Shropshire gentleman, whose kind heart made him the idol of the troops, had only 14,000 men in position, with fourteen guns; and to check those in his rear, only 4,000 Spaniards, and the cavalry of Sir Hussey Vivian.

The morning of the 13th of December dawned heavily. A thick mist overhung St. Pierre, and under its cover the Duke of Dalmatia formed his order of battle against Hill, whose position occupied a front of two miles. His left, composed of the 28th, the 34th, and 39th Regiments, under General Pringle, was posted on a well-wooded ridge, where stands the Chateau de Villefranque; it was separated from his centre by a small stream, that flowed through a deep marshy hollow.

The centre was on both sides of the highway, near the hamlet of St. Pierre, on a curved height studded with rocks and bushes. On the right were high and dense hedges, one of which covered part of the line, and was all but impassable. Here was posted the brigade of General Barnes; the 71st Highlanders being on the left, the 50th in the centre, and the 92nd Highlanders on the right.

The right wing, under Byng, was composed of the Buffs, the 57th, 31st, and 66th. Ashworth's Portuguese were posted in advance of the hamlet. Their skirmishers lay in a wood, and twelve pieces of cannon faced the road which led to the position of Soult, a range of counter heights one mile in front of St. Pierre. The ground between was broad, but so heavy and enclosed that infantry alone could act [illegible] effect.

As the g[illegible] dawn stole in, the massed [illegible] could be seen dimly [illegible] at times; [illegible] were quite shrouded [illegible] others, and anon they loomed [illegible]stinctly, in their grey great-coats, wi[illegible]uldered and bayonets [illegible]; at half-past eight red musketry flashed out of the mist, and Hill's out-pickets were driven in. Then the morning sun burst forth, and the steel weapons of the adverse lines shone in light; while the rattling fire of the scattered skirmishers sparkled all along the valley, rolled up the green slopes on either flank, and the hoarse booming of forty pieces of cannon shook the heights where Hill was posted.

General Daricou's column was dispatched against that of General Pringle; D'Armagnac, marching by Old Moguerre, faced Byng; and Abbé assailed the centre, where the valiant old Sir William Stewart commanded; while Sir Rowland Hill took his station on a conspicuous eminence, from whence he could watch the whole progress of the battle.

General Abbé, a man of stern valour, dashed on with great vigour, and with the French light in-[illegible] gained ground so rapidly on the left flank of the Portuguese, that Stewart sent the 71st High-[illegible] and two cannon from St. Pierre to aid [illegible]em.

The French, however, won a wood on their [illegible]ght, but were driven out of it by a wing of [illegible]e 50th, which secured the flank of Stewart's [illegible]sition; but against him the whole fire of Soult's [illegible]lery was levelled, so the slaughter there was [illegible]ry great. Towards that point, Abbé pushed on with great intrepidity, though galled by flanking fires of musketry and a furious cannonade in front, and routed the Portuguese, together with the other wing of the 50th Regiment.

Barnes now brought on the Gordon Highlanders from the rear of St. Pierre, and so furious was their counter-attack, that they routed the whole of the French skirmishers, picking them out of their hiding-places by the bayonet, so they fled, leaving their column to meet the Highland charge, before which it wavered, broke, and fled. Abbé instantly replaced the fugitives by another column, while Soult redoubled the fire of his heavy guns on the heights; and a battery of horse artillery came galloping into the valley, along which it sent a plunging fire through the kilted ranks, which were torn up

in a manner so horrible that they were compelled to give way, and retire in rear of St. Pierre. Cameron, their colonel, had his horse shot under him, and would have been bayoneted, but for the bravery and devotion of his foster-brother, Private Ewan Macmillan.

Matters were now seeming desperate. General Barnes was wounded; most of his staff and that of Stewart had been shot down. Overpowered by numbers, the light troops had been driven in, save the few who held the wood; the ground was strewn with mangled dead, or wretched wounded crawling in hundreds to the rear, while the leaden and iron storm swept over them. The French column of attack was steadily coming on; another launched on its right was already victorious, because the colonel of the 71st Highlanders—a regiment second to none in the annals of war—by some disgraceful mistake, ordered them to retire and abandon the Portuguese; while, on another part of the field, the colonel of the Buffs in the same manner abandoned his post to the soldiers of D'Armagnac.

Fearing that all would be lost, Sir Rowland Hill came on the spur from the eminence, and led on the Buffs in person, and the reserves were brought into action; while the right wing of the 50th and Ashworth's *caçadores* still held the little wood with unflinching valour. This gave the shattered Gordon Highlanders time to re-form; and their gallant colonel, John Cameron, a worthy grandson of the great Cavalier Lochiel, once more led them down the road with pipes playing, their yellow colours flying, and their black plumes and green tartans waving on the wind, resolved to give the shock to whatever stood in their way.

"How gloriously did that regiment (the 92nd) come forth again to the charge," says Napier, "with the colours flying and its national music playing as if going to a review! This was to understand war. The man who in that moment, and immediately after a repulse, thought of such military pomp, was by nature a soldier."

"The 92nd," he continues, "was but a small clump compared with the dark mass in its front; and that mass seemed to stand firmly enough until an officer who rode at its head waved his sabre and ordered a retreat. This retrograde movement, for there was no panic or disorder, was produced partly by the gallant advance of the 92nd and the returning rush of the skirmishers, partly by the state of affairs on the right of the French column, where the 71st Highlanders, indignant at the conduct of their colonel, who was not a Highlander, had returned to the fight with such fierceness, and were so well aided by Lecor's Portuguese —Hill and Stewart in person leading the attack—that the hitherto victorious French were overthrown there also, at the very moment when the 92nd came with that brave show down the main road."

The Regimental Record states that on this day the latter corps "made four distinct charges with the bayonet, and lost 13 officers and 171 rank and file."

Daricou's division was now falling back in confusion before the brigade of Pringle, while Buchan's Portuguese regiment, on the extreme right, being detached by Hill to recapture the Moguerre ridge, rallied the 3rd Buffs at a happy moment; for D'Armagnac's first brigade was already fighting its way past Byng's flank at the stream, and was almost in rear of his line.

It was now twelve o'clock, and as the reserves were all engaged, the staff all killed or wounded, three of our generals badly hurt, and the divisions of Foy and Marousin were at hand to renew the fight in the centre, the Allies could not have continued it much longer, thinned and wasted as their ranks were by cannon and musketry.

At this crisis, the quick eye of Hill seeing Buchan's Portuguese fighting bravely at old Moguerre, and Byng holding his ground in the valley by the stream, drew the 57th from them to strengthen his centre; at the same time, the bridge of boats having been restored, the whole of our 6th division, which had been on the march since daybreak, with all their barrels glittering in the sun, appeared in order of battle, by contiguous battalions, on the ridge below St. Pierre. Other drums were heard, and other colours seen flying, as our 3rd and 4th divisions, and two brigades of the 7th, came hurrying on to take part in the battle.

With the first portion of these troops came Wellington in person, wearing a glazed cocked-hat, an oil-skin cape, and a telescope slung over his shoulder. From Barrouilhet he had hurried when first the sound of the cannon reached him; but he arrived only in time to witness the close of the strife—for the fierce crisis was past, and the glory of Sir Rowland was complete.

Soult, still indefatigable, made fresh demonstrations against the centre, but was repulsed; while at the same moment, Buchan, at the head of his Portuguese, hurled D'Armagnac headlong from the ridge of Moguerre. Massed columns of the enemy still continued to encumber the main road and fire from a hillock, till Byng was sent with two battalions against the latter, and some troops from the centre against the former. At this time the

generals and staff were so cut down, that Colonel Currie, the aide-de-camp, could find no superior officer to whom to give the order. Hence he led the troops himself to the attack.

Both charges were successful, and two pieces of cannon were captured. The battle now dwindled down to a skirmish, amid which the French endeavoured to carry off their wounded and rally their stragglers; but at two o'clock Lord Wellington, to end the affair, ordered an advance of the whole line. The French then retreated, but still fighting nevertheless, and followed closely by the Allies, who plied them with musket-shot until darkness fell.

Soult's loss was certainly 3,000, making a total on the five days' fighting of 6,000 men, with two generals—Villatte and Maucomble.

Hill had three generals and 1,500 men killed and wounded; and our loss on the five days' fighting was 5,000 (including 500 prisoners); and five generals—Hope, Barnes, Ashworth, Lecor, and Robinson—were wounded.

"It is agreed by French and British," says Napier, "that the battle of St. Pierre was one of the most desperate of the whole war. Wellington said he never saw a field so thickly strewn with dead; nor can the vigour of the combatants be well denied when 5,000 men were killed or wounded in three hours, upon a space of one mile

et it is strange that the name of this battle is not borne upon the colours of any regiment which was there engaged.

The month of December, 1813, saw the Allies, after being victorious in so many pitched battles, after storming so many strongholds, after sweeping the whole armed force of France over deep and rapid rivers, across wide and fertile plains, through snowy sierras, and the savage passes of the Pyrenees—amid such toil, suffering, and starvation as have rarely fallen to the lot of soldiers—victors once more, and on the soil of France itself.

"Never, in the military annals of Great Britain," says the "Story of the Peninsular War," "had such a brilliant page been recorded; and as events were flowing on favourably, and with a strong current elsewhere, the anticipations of what the next year might bring forth were bright and ardent, and, as they proved, well-founded."



WASHINGTON, FROM THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.



BOARDING THE "ARGUS" (*see page* 488).

CHAPTER CXVIII.

THE TWO BRIGS, 1813.

DURING the prosecution of the war with America, the origin of which we have described in a preceding chapter of this volume, it chanced that H.M. brig-of-war, *Pelican*, commanded by Captain John Fordyce Maples, was ordered on the 12th of August, 1813, to cruise in St. George's Channel, for the general protection of trade; but more particularly to look out for an American sloop-of-war, which had done incalculable mischief to our commerce, and had in a short time made twenty valuable captures.

The orders to search for her were issued by Vice-Admiral Thornborough, and were sent on board just as she entered Cork harbour, about six in the morning, and before the sails were furled; thus, by half-past eight she was beating out of harbour against a heavy head-wind and sea.

About four p.m. on the 14th, after two days of strict and anxious searching, the look-out man at the mainmast-head announced a vessel on fire and a brig standing away from her. On going aloft, the sharp eye of Captain Maples discovered in the vessel edging away the hoped-for cruiser.

All sail was set in chase, and the drum beat to quarters; but the stranger, who actually proved to be the United States brig-of-war, *Argus*, which had just pillaged, and, in her usual fashion, set on fire a British merchantman, made no preparation to fly. She clewed up her courses to shorten sail, and being unable to get the weather-gage, gave Captain Maples an opportunity of running alongside of her; while her commander, Captain W. H. Allen, was confident of "gaining the victory in ten minutes."

The American now ran up the stars and stripes, and they fluttered out amid the smoke of her larboard broadside. The crew of the *Pelican* received it with three defiant cheers; the Union Jack flew up to her gaff-peak at the same moment, and being now in a most favourable position, the broadside was returned with interest; and within musket-range the action began with the most glorious spirit on both sides.

In about twenty minutes the American captain and his first-lieutenant were carried below, severely wounded, while the *Pelican*, being on the weather-quarter of the *Argus*, edged off for the purpose of crossing the latter's stern, to deliver a raking fire; but the sail-trimmers of the *Argus* dexterously threw her maintopsail aback, while luffing close to, thus frustrating the attempt of the *Pelican*, while giving her, at the same time, a destructive broadside.

Undismayed by the result of this manœuvre, the brave Maples and his crew attempted it again; and having shot away the preventer main-brace of the *Argus*, she consequently fell away before the wind, and the *Pelican*, steering under her stern, succeeded in taking a position on her starboard beam.

His wounds having been dressed, the gallant first-lieutenant of the *Argus* now returned to her deck, and found that she was terribly cut up. Profiting by her condition, the *Pelican* passed her broadside, and for some time raked her with round shot and grape, and then the vessels fell foul of each other.

Instantly giving the signal to board, Captain Maples, at the head of his crew, sprang on the deck of the American, sword in hand. A single volley of musketry was nearly all they encountered; but beneath it fell the master's-mate, Mr. Young, "while," as Captain Maples says in his despatch, "animating by his courage and example all around him."

Onward went the Pelicans with pike and cutlass, and in a few minutes all resistance ceased; the can colours were torn down, the British nded in their place, and the *Argus* became after a forty-five minutes' conflict. She ied eighteen twenty-four-pounders and two long twelve-pounders. She lost six killed and twenty-one wounded; six of the latter, among whom was her commander, mortally.

The *Pelican* lost but Mr. Young and one seaman killed, with five wounded. The *Argus* was much cut up in her hull, lower-masts, and rigging, though no spar of consequence was knocked away. The *Pelican* had suffered in a similar manner, and her sides were sown thickly with grape shot. She was superior in size, tonnage, and metal to her antagonist. "In complement, however, the American brig was superior, and not less in apparent quality than in number; for her crew consisted of 122 picked men and 3 boys (so-called)—total, 125—a finer set of fellows than whom was never seen, few of them being less than

six feet in height, and many of them British subjects. The *Pelican's* complement was 104 men of all sizes and ages, and 12 boys; total, 116." When we consider (deducting the killed, wounded, and boys from each side) that 98 athletic Americans surrendered to 99 various-sized Britons, without any material resistance when boarding was resorted to, we may quote this capture of the *Argus* among the most brilliant exploits recorded in British naval annals.

Captain Maples was promoted to the rank of post-captain, and received the Order of the Bath; but the American, Captain Allen, expired during the amputation of his left thigh, and was interred in Plymouth churchyard, with all the honours due to his bravery.

CHAPTER CXIX.

BLADENSBURG AND WASHINGTON, 1814.

THE result of the land war with America, though honourable to our arms, was painful to the proud and irritable emotions of the nation. On every occasion in which our troops were employed, they, with one small exception, displayed the same indefatigable steadiness and heroic bravery which had covered them with glory on such fields as Salamanca and Vittoria; but the measures they were ordered to execute in America were small, petty, and by no means so effectively combined as the operations conducted by the hero of the Spanish war.

A descent upon Washington, an invasion of Baltimore, and, lastly, the conquest of New Orleans, were the principal objects of the new war—incursions which resembled more the plans of our early Danish invaders, than of people accustomed to the scope and system of modern warfare.

On the 5th of June, 1814, after some preliminary skirmishes, a body of Americans having landed at Blackrock, and driven in our garrison at Fort Erie, a severe engagement took place. On this occasion, according to the *London Gazette*, the Americans were 6,000 strong, and our force only 1,500—namely, Royal Scots, 500; 1st battalion King's Own, 480; 100th Regiment, 450; one troop 19th Light Dragoons, and a few artillery. The odds were so much against us that, as Major-General Riall said in his despatch concerning the troops, "although their efforts were not crowned with the success they deserved, yet he had the greatest satisfaction in saying that it was impossible for men to have done more, or to have sustained with greater courage the heavy and destructive fire with which the enemy, from his superiority in numbers, was enabled to oppose them."

Fort Erie was abandoned after this affair; and ere long a position was taken up at Lundy's Lane, when about 5,000 Americans advanced, and attacked with the greatest fury the British, who were only 2,800 strong. Sanguinary indeed was the contest that ensued. The enemy attempted to force the centre, for the purpose of gaining the crest of the position, but were repulsed. About nine in the evening there was a cessation in the firing; but soon afterwards the Americans renewed the attack with fresh troops, and a fierce conflict with musketry and artillery followed in the dark. The Americans charged up hill.

The despatch of General Drummond justly terms it an "extraordinary conflict," being carried on in the utter obscurity and blackness of a very dark night, amid almost impervious woods and jungle; the hostile forces being so closely intermixed that the muzzles of the cannon were sometimes but a few yards apart, and many of the artillerymen were bayoneted in the act of loading; and our cannon were for a few minutes in possession of the enemy, till they were retaken by three companies of the Royal Scots. Such was the pell-mell confusion of this combat, that in limbering-up the guns at one period, an American six-pounder was put by mistake to a British limber and a British six-pounder to an American limber.

At midnight the enemy retreated.

After our army under Wellington had crossed the Pyrenees in triumph, he was enabled to spare a force, consisting of the 4th, 44th, and 85th Regiments, with some pieces of artillery, which were received on board a squadron at the mouth of the Gironde. The ships were the *Royal Oak*, 74, carrying the flag of Rear-Admiral Pulteney Malcolm; the *Dictator* and *Diadem*, 64; five frigates, two bomb-vessels, several brigs, store ships, and transports.

The troops were under the command of Major-General Ross, and sailed for Bermuda, where, on the 24th of June, they joined Sir Alexander

Cochrane, in the *Tonnant*, 80 guns, who was waiting to collect a fleet. On the 36th they were augmented by the arrival of the 21st Scotch Fusiliers, 900 strong; the 27th and 62nd Regiments also came—the two latter for Canada; the former as a reinforcement for General Ross, who, with 3,500 men, had orders to invade the United States of America.

These troops, badly-provisioned, slenderly supplied even with ammunition, and, after their hardships in the Peninsula, many of them requiring repose and attendance in hospital, rather than exposure in battle, were, landed on a morass at St. Benedict's, on the left bank of the Patuxent, a river of Maryland, which throws itself by a large estuary into Chesapeake Bay, twenty-one miles north of the embouchure of the Potomac.

The disembarkation was unopposed. The expedition was supplied with artillery; but for want of horses to drag the guns, only one six-pounder and two small three-pounders were brought on shore; and except those belonging to General Ross and the staff-officers, there was not a single horse with the troops, whose strength does not permit them to be called an army, though Gleig states it at a thousand more than the number given, which we take from Brenton.

The rear-admiral and major-general resolved at once to advance upon Washington, the diplomatic capital of America—the former, with his boats and smaller craft, to follow the troops up the stream.

At four in the evening the bugles, that had been last heard by the legions of Napoleon in the South of France, sounded, and the regiments formed in marching order, and moved in the direction of Nottingham, a town situated on the Patuxent, where it was understood the flotilla was at anchor.

The march was conducted with caution and care. Three companies formed the advanced guard, preceded by a section of twenty files, marching a hundred yards in front; while beyond these were two solitary files to give warning the moment they saw a vestige of armed men. Parallel with the head of these three companies marched the flank patrols. These were parties of fifty men each, in extended order, sweeping the woods and fields to the extent of nearly half a mile.

After the advanced guard, at the interval of 150 yards, came the light brigade, which also had some flankers to secure itself against ambuscades. Then came the 2nd brigade, marching steadily on, and next the artillery—the three toy guns already mentioned—drawn by seamen. Last of all came the 3rd brigade, having a guard in rear of the column, at the same distance that the advanced guard was in front.

Although our troops halted for the day at a point only six miles from St. Benedict's, it is a remarkable fact that during this short march many soldiers dropped out of the ranks and fell behind from fatigue. This was caused by the men, though Peninsular veterans, having been so long confined in the transports, and unaccustomed to heavy-marching order, that they were enervated to an unnatural degree. To add to this, the weather was excessively sultry.

For the night the troops halted, and rested as well as a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning together with a deluge of rain would permit them. Next day they moved to Nottingham, a port of entry on the Patuxent, that they might get in rear of the American flotilla of gunboats, commanded by Commodore Barney, on that river, and prevent it from retreating, while it should be assailed in front by the armed boats of Cochrane's fleet.

On the 22nd the troops were at Upper Marlborough, a few miles distant from Pig Point, on the Patuxent, where Admiral Cochrane, with Captains Barrie, of the *Dragon*, Gordon, of the *Barossa*, and Burdett, of the *Maidstone*, forced the Americans to destroy the whole flotilla.

"Having advanced to within fifteen miles of Washington," says General Ross in his despatch, "and having ascertained the force of the enemy to be such as might authorise an attempt at carrying his capital, I determined to make it, and accordingly put the troops in movement on the evening of the 23rd."

In this advance his only corps of cavalry, a force indispensable for an invading army, consisted of fifty artillery drivers, mounted on such horses as they could collect in the fields or stables on the march. As he proceeded, he received intelligence from various quarters that the Americans were concentrating their troops for the purpose of doing battle in front of the capital; but it was a fatal error on their part to suffer us to advance without making the slightest effort to arrest our progress.

After a halt of some hours, about noon on the 24th the troops perceived a heavy cloud of dust, and on arriving at a turn of the road they discovered the Americans occupying a position of great strength and commanding attitude on a hill at Bladensburg, on the south-eastern branch of the Potomac, which runs past the lower part of the town.

They were formed in two lines, their advance occupying a fortified house which, with artillery, commanded the passage of the stream, which the

British troops had to cross. From the bridge there a broad and straight road leads direct to Washington. It went through the enemy's position, and was carefully defended by artillery and riflemen, and 400 cavalry, the whole being under General Winder.

The Americans were 9,000 strong, with twenty pieces of cannon; being more than double the number of our forces, now weakened by stragglers and sickness, and harassed by a hot and wearying march. The disposition for attack was speedily made, and commenced with so much impetuosity by the light brigade—consisting of all the light companies of the different regiments, and the gallant 85th, under Colonel Thornton—that the fortified house was stormed in a few minutes, the doors beaten down, and the defenders hunted out by the bayonet.

Startled by the rapidity with which all this was done, the enemy began to retire to higher ground, on which General Ross ordered Colonel Brooke's brigade, consisting of the 4th and 44th, to support Colonel Thornton. The latter regiment pressed the American left; the former assailed their right, and compelled them to abandon their guns.

Their first line gave way and recoiled in confusion on the second, which a well-directed shower of rockets, seconded by a bayonet charge, drove in utter confusion from the field. "The rapid flight of the enemy," says General Ross, "and his knowledge of the country, precluded the possibility of many prisoners being taken, more particularly as the troops during the day had undergone considerable fatigue."

Ten pieces of cannon fell into our hands, together with Commodore Barney, commanding that force, who was wounded and taken prisoner, a double mortification, after having been compelled to blow up his gun-boats. The guns were at once destroyed. The position thus won, the road to Washington was open.

Our losses were, of all ranks, 64 killed and 185 wounded, with 18 horses.

The march was resumed upon Washington; and by eight o'clock that evening the victorious little army was in front of it. Before entering, the general sent forward a flag of truce, which the Americans, doubtless in their ignorance of the laws of war, fired upon, and the general's horse was killed under him. A body of troops instantly burst into the house, and every man therein was put to death; then the house itself was reduced to ashes.

"Judging it of consequence," says the general, "to complete the destruction of the public buildings with the least possible delay, so that the army might retire without loss of time, the following buildings were set on fire and totally consumed."

He then enumerates the Capitol, a stately edifice, on an eminence that overlooks the whole city, with oo feet frontage, and 120 in depth; the House of Representatives; the arsenal, dockyard, with all the timber for the construction of ships, the President's palace, rope-work, a great bridge across the Potomac, a frigate of the largest class ready for launching, a sloop of war, and other property to the value of four millions sterling.

There were also taken or destroyed 200 pieces of cannon, seven years' canvas for the American navy, 500 barrels of gunpowder, 100,000 rounds of ball-cartridge, and a vast quantity of small-arms, exclusive of 20,000 stand destroyed by the enemy.

While the 3rd brigade were bestowing some finishing touches to these scenes of rapine, the others having recalled their stragglers by sound of bugle, were advancing from the direction of Bladensburg. As they drew near Washington, a writer who was present states that the blazing of the houses, ships, and stores, all of which were sheeted with fire, the crash of falling roofs, the roar of exploding magazines, and showers of sparks that rose skyward, informed them that the work of destruction was fully inaugurated in the dusk of evening.

"You can conceive nothing finer than the sight which met them as they drew near to the town. The sky was brilliantly illuminated by the different conflagrations, and a dark red light was thrown upon the road, permitting each man to view distinctly his comrade's face. Except the burning of San Sebastian, I do not recollect to have witnessed at any period of my life a scene more striking or sublime."

In the plain before Washington the 1st and 2nd brigades halted, formed close columns of companies, and bivouacked for the night, during which a terrible storm of rain came on, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The flashes of the latter seemed to vie in brilliancy with the flames of Washington, while the thunder seemed to mingle with the noise of falling walls, and the occasional roar of cannon; or the large depôts of gunpowder as they exploded, to send clouds of burning brands into the sky.

The President, Mr. Madison, had been with his troops at Bladensburg that morning; but when the firing began he had galloped back to the city for the entertainment of the American officers after their victory should be won. Hence, when the detachment sent to destroy his house entered the dining-hall, they found a magnificent table laid with covers for forty guests; cut-glass decanters were

cooling on the sideboard; plate-holders stood by the fire-place, filled with china dishes and plates; and all was ready for a ceremonious banquet.

In the great kitchen, "spits loaded with joints of various sorts turned before the fire; pots, saucepans, and other culinary utensils stood upon the grate, and all other requisites for an elegant and substantial repast."

Of this our hungry soldiers partook with infinite relish. They emptied the decanters to the health of His Majesty, which General Ross proposed at the head of the table; and in a few minutes after the stately mansion was a pyramid of flames.



VIEW OF BALTIMORE.

After the lapse of a few days, General Ross, having no object to gain by the retention of Washington, determined on quitting it, a resolution which became the more necessary as the American army had rallied with augmented force in his front. He kept his few troops closely together on the Capitol Hill, and every hour expected to be attacked, when he was saved most probably by the interposition of the elements.

The Americans had just come in sight when suddenly the sky grew dark, and a tremendous hurricane swept over the fire-scathed city. The force of the wind is said to have been beyond all conception. House-roofs were torn off and whisked through the air like sheets of paper; the rain resembled the rush of a cataract; there was no light in the sky save that given by the electric flashes. A mansion was blown down, and thirty of our soldiers were buried in it. The soldiers in many places lay flat on their faces, lest they should be swept away by the wind, the violence of which was such that two pieces of cannon which stood upon the Capitol Hill "were lifted from the ground, and borne several yards to the rear."

This hurricane, which lasted two hours, threw both armies into such confusion, that neither could venture to engage during the remainder of the afternoon; so Ross took advantage of the night in order to effect his retreat, which he did in perfect order, and with consummate tact. It is due to the hospitality and honour of the Americans to record that all the wounded and prisoners he was compelled to leave behind were treated with scrupulous attention and gentleness.

On the evening of the 29th the forces were once more at the morass near St. Benedict's, and were all re-embarked next day.

CHAPTER CXX.

ON THE POTOMAC—BALTIMORE, 1814.

BEFORE proceeding to narrate the subsequent operations of General Ross, we are tempted to relate an enterprise of the true "British tar" character, which was executed by Captain James



ANTWERP.

A. Gordon, in the *Seahorse*, 36 guns, with Captain Napier, in the *Euryalus*, 38 guns, and their bomb-vessels.

He penetrated up the Potomac for fifty miles, at a time when our troops were retiring from Washington. He landed with a party of seamen and marines at Alexandria, the museum of which contains more personal relics of General Washington than are to be found elsewhere. He destroyed there the barracks, the public works, and all the cannon he could find. The garrison fled from the town, into which the bomb-ketches threw some shells to terrify the people.

Captain Gordon then proposed the terms on which he was willing to spare the town from the fate that had befallen Washington, and these terms, which he enforced to the very letter, have been considered a model for future negotiators, and were duly accepted by the Common Council of Alexandria.

The forts were then completely destroyed, with all their artillery. Twenty-two ships that lay in the harbour he seized, loaded with flour and tobacco, and prepared to drop down the Potomac and rejoin the admiral in the bay. But by this time the whole country was alarmed, and it was determined to intercept his little squadron on its return.

For this purpose, several pieces of heavy cannon were mounted on a steep bank, where the river, in making an acute angle, narrows considerably in its channel. To this point also hastened large bodies of infantry; and thus, before the two frigates got their anchors up, more than 5,000 men were ready to obstruct their passage.

Captain Gordon was fully apprised of the reception that awaited him, and made the best possible arrangements to meet it. He ordered the ballast in each frigate to be shifted entirely on one side, causing them to careen over in such a manner as to give their broadsides on one side a surprising elevation, so that their shot would reach even the summit of the hill. The guns were then crammed, rather than loaded, with grape shot and musket-balls; the ships then taking their stations according to their respective draughts of water, the lightest keeping nearest the hostile bank, set sail, and stood leisurely down the Potomac, with all their white canvas spread, and looking, as Nelson used to call those beautiful ships which are now things of the past, "the ladies of his fleet."

Gradually, the narrow angle and the garrisoned point were neared; and the moment Gordon's squadron was within range, a brisk cannonade began from the heights, along which appeared the blue-coated American infantry in line. Regardless of all this, the ships held on their downward course, without changing their order or firing a shot, till they reached the hills where the infantry stood, and had their hulls sown thickly by a volley of bullets, as the fire of 5,000 muskets opened on them. And now the frigates returned the fire!

Each, by a single broadside of small shot, swept the eminences with such dire and dreadful effect, that the enemy's guns were instantly abandoned, and their infantry took to flight *en masse*. The latter had persuaded themselves that no ship could elevate her guns so as to reach the top of the hill they occupied, and hoped by their numbers to overcome the small-arm men of the *Seahorse* and *Euryalus*. But in this hope they were miserably mistaken, for so well had Captain Gordon formed his plans, that not a single shot of all those mighty showers of lead and iron fell short of its mark; and the slaughter among the Americans was truly terrible.

Thus a single broadside—of a very unusual character, certainly—was sufficient to secure the passage of the little squadron; but the dashing Captain Gordon was not content with this. On seeing the enemy abandon their guns, he immediately swept in-shore with his marines, landed, spiked them, and blew up their magazines; and returning safely on board without the loss of a man, he continued his downward voyage without further molestation, and rejoined the admiral in the *Chesapeake*.

Baltimore.

The next important attempt of the invaders was upon Baltimore. The troops having been, as stated, re-embarked, Rear-Admiral Cochrane, a most indefatigable officer, proposed that they should proceed to Baltimore without loss of time. This proposition was at first rejected, but was afterwards agreed to; and General Ross, after receiving a slight reinforcement from the fleet, was able to muster 5,000 bayonets on entering the Patapsco, the river on which Baltimore is built; and on the 11th of September, he reached the promontory on which it was determined to land.

It was dusk when the anchorage was reached; no landing could take place then, but the boats were hoisted out. Every man slept in his uniform (which many were fated never to take off), that all might start at a moment's notice. The night was passed in quietude, the fleet being moored two miles from the shore. "Around us were several ships," says a writer, "which, breaking the tide as it flowed gently onwards, produced a ceaseless murmur, like the gushing of a mountain stream. The voices of the sentinels, too, as they relieved one another on the decks, and the occasional splash of oars, as a solitary boat rowed backwards and forwards to the admiral's ship, sounded peculiarly musical in the perfect stillness of a calm night. Though I am far from giving the preference, in all respects, to a sailor's life, it must nevertheless be confessed that it has many moments of exquisite delight; and the present seemed to me one of the number."

On the morning of the 12th, the troops landed near North Point, on the Patapsco River, thirteen miles distant from Baltimore, the approach to which lies through a small peninsula, formed by the stream named and the Back River. Three miles from the landing-place, the enemy were intrenched across a neck of this peninsula, and towards them the troops advanced in the grey light of the morning.

Major-General Ross and Rear-Admiral Cochrane, with some officers well mounted, and the advanced guard of about sixty mounted gunners, went forward to reconnoitre, and found the enemy employed in the completion of their works, consisting of a deep ditch with a low abatis, which they abandoned as soon as our skirmishers came on, leaving in their hands some United States dragoons, who formed their rear guard.

The major-general now halted, in order to give the column time to close up. At this moment a cloud of American marksmen, who had been concealed in the woods, opened a brisk fire on the advanced party; the skirmishers rushed on to close with them, and the brave General Robert Ross, while mingling with them, received a mortal wound in the breast; and, according to the despatch of

Colonel Arthur Brooke, who succeeded him in command, "he only survived to recommend a young and unprovided-for family to the protection of his king and country."

Though he fell at an early age, he had served in the campaign of Holland as Major of the 28th, and was publicly thanked by Abercrombie for his valour in attacking the French lines. In the campaign of Calabria, he charged the enemy in flank at Maida; and he fought bravely at Corunna. At Vittoria his conduct won him the command of a brigade from Wellington; and at the Pyrenees he had two horses killed under him while leading two charges; and at San Sebastian, Orthes, and the Nive, he was ever seen in front of his troops. A monument was erected to him in St. Paul's, by order of Parliament.

The troops now continued to advance, until they found the enemy drawn up behind a long range of thick palings, about breast-high. They were about 6,000 strong, with six pieces of cannon and some cavalry. Colonel Brooke now made arrangements for a general attack.

Under Major Jones, of the 4th Regiment, the light brigade, covering the whole of the front, drove in the enemy's skirmishers, with great loss, upon their main body. Meanwhile the 4th, under Major Faunce, by a détour through some hollow ways, made, unperceived, a lodgment on the enemy's left. The remainder of the right brigade, under the command of Colonel the Hon. E. Mullins (son of Lord Ventry), consisting of the 44th Regiment, under Major Johnson, the marines of the fleet, under Captain Robbins, and a detachment of seamen, under Captain Money, formed line along the enemy's front; while the left brigade, under Colonel Paterson, consisting of the 21st Scots Fusiliers and a party of marines, remained in column on the road, with orders to deploy to the left and press the enemy's right.

In this order, all our infantry save the 4th Regiment, which was then in motion, remained in anxious expectation of the order to advance. This, however, was not given till that corps had reached the thicket through which it was to make its way, when Colonel Brooke, with his staff, having galloped along the line to assure himself that all was ready, gave the signal.

His orderly sounded the charge, and every bugle in the army repeated the sound; the British cheer rang out, and starting from the ground where they had stood, the troops advanced with speed, coolness, and order.

From the American line there came a dreadful discharge of grape and canister shot, of old locks, nails, broken musket-barrels, and everything they could cram into their cannon, and some of these missiles inflicted severe and lacerated wounds; yet, regardless of this, our men went on without firing a shot, till the muzzles of their muskets were within one hundred yards of the faces of the Americans.

The latter now raised a tumultuous shout, fired a volley from right to left, and then kept up a close and rapid musketry fire, which our troops were not slow in returning; while, giving them back both shout and volley, they pushed on double-quick for the purpose of coming to close quarters with the bayonet—a weapon peculiarly British, and in the hands of our people always irresistible. Hence, though the Americans stood to receive and return our fire till the lines were only twenty yards apart, they dared not hazard a charge.

On the left, where the Royal Scots Fusiliers advanced in column, it was not without much difficulty and great loss that any attempt could be made to charge; for in that quarter seemed to be the best disciplined of the American troops, as well as the main body of their artillery. Towards the right, however, the field was quickly won.

The Americans began to break and disperse, just as the 4th King's Own began to show itself upon the verge of the water that covered their flank; and before a proper ford could be found for that regiment to pass to the front the Americans had fled, for as soon as the left wing gave way, the whole lost heart and fell into confusion. Without the least regard to order or discipline, cavalry, artillery, and infantry were huddled together; the sole object of all seemed to be who should be first out of the field, so that many were trodden by their own comrades, in the mad haste to escape.

In fifteen minutes, says Colonel Brooke's despatch, they were utterly broken and dispersed, and flying in every direction over the open country; leaving on the field two pieces of cannon, and a considerable number of killed, wounded, and prisoners. "The enemy lost in this brilliant affair," he continues, "from five to six hundred men, killed and wounded—at least 1,000 *hors de combat*. The 5th Regiment of Militia, in particular, is represented as being nearly annihilated. The day being now far advanced, and the troops—as is always the case on the first march after disembarkation—being much fatigued, we halted for the night on the ground of which the enemy had been dispossessed."

The body of men routed here, formed but a division of an army consisting of 20,000 men, occupying a formidable position on a range of hills

immediately overlooking Baltimore; the entrance to which by sea was obstructed by a barrier of vessels sunk at the harbour mouth, defended inside by gun-boats, flanked on the right by a strong and regular fortification, and on the left by a battery of heavy guns.

Though with his little force Colonel Brooke at one time contemplated making a dash at Baltimore by a night attack, on further and more mature consideration, it seemed to him and the vice-admiral that the capture of the town would not have been equivalent to the loss which might be sustained in storming the fortified heights.

He therefore very properly resolved on a retreat, particularly when he found that, owing to the shallowness of the river near the position which he then occupied, he could have no hope of obtaining assistance from the fleet.

The total loss of our troops in this action in front of Baltimore was 291 of all ranks killed and wounded.

The retreat was unimpeded, and Colonel Brooke brought back the troops in safety to the shipping, which then proceeded to Jamaica, whence the army, on being reinforced, was sent upon that disastrous expedition to New Orleans, which so closely resembled the ill-fated expedition to Walcheren.

In the following year there was erected at Baltimore a column fifty-two feet high, to commemorate the defence of the city against the British. It has the names of the Americans who fell inscribed on it in letters of gold.

In this war, which America herself had provoked, we captured or destroyed no less than 1,400 of her ships of all kinds.

CHAPTER CXXI.

BERGEN-OP-ZOOM, 1814.

In the meanwhile the Dutch had been making energetic struggles to free themselves from the power of Napoleon, and a strong party had at last declared themselves in favour of the exiled Prince of Orange. In aid of this party, a British force was sent to Holland, under Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Graham, of Lynedoch, including six companies of the Coldstream, the 2nd battalion of the 3rd (Scots) Guards, and other troops of the line, which were to be joined by the 4th battalion of the 1st Royal Scots, who were ordered to march through Holland from the North of Germany.

At the head of only 4,000 bayonets, General Graham advanced to Sandvliet for the purpose of attacking the great fortress of Bergen-op-Zoom, in which there was a fine garrison, under General Bizonet. On their march to join Graham, the sufferings of the Royals were great.

They commenced their march from Lubeck, in Holstein, on January 17th, 1814, and encountered many difficulties from the extreme severity of the weather. While traversing the forest of Shrieverdinghen, 120 men perished in a snow-storm, and great privations were endured during the journey, till the 2nd of March, when the battalion went into cantonments at Rozendath.

To the non-military reader, it may seem surprising how often the name of this corps occurs in our military annals: but it must be borne in mind that it has never had less than two battalions; that in the year 1637 it consisted of 48 companies, of 150 men each; and that in the year of Orthes it had four battalions, quartered thus:—1st battalion in Upper Canada, 2nd battalion in the East Indies, 3rd battalion in France, 4th battalion in Germany and Holland.

Its War Office Record, after the battle of Baugé, in 1421, contains a list of 228 battles and sieges in which the regiment has been engaged, exclusive of the later wars of India and the Crimea. No other regiment in the world can show such a roll of glory!

On approaching Bergen-op-Zoom, Sir Thomas Graham formed his troops in four columns, to carry this strong old fortress by a *coup-de-main.* Two were to attack at different points, the third was to make a false attack, while the fourth was to attempt the entrance of the harbour, which was fordable at low water. Major-General Cooke led the left attack, which began at ten o'clock on the night of the 8th of March, and met with some impediments from the ice—from the half-frozen ditches and muddy sluices—yet, under a fire of cannon and musketry, forced a passage to the ramparts; while the right column, under Major-General Skerret, fought a path into the town itself; but when he

fell, wounded, great loss was sustained through the confusion which then prevailed in the dark, the muskets flashing through the gloom into the very eyes of our men as they advanced, without well knowing whither.

The centre column, which was driven back, formed again, and advanced cheering through the gloom to form a junction with the left upon the ramparts; but daylight broke, and the besieged were then enabled to turn their guns upon the British, who were without protection on the outworks.

General Cooke at length ordered the Guards to retreat, which they did in a steady and soldier-like manner; but a great misfortune happened to the 4th battalion of the Royals, which formed part of the fourth column of attack, while its grenadiers and light company were detached to another point.

They succeeded in crossing the Zoom, and forced an entrance by the Water Port. Having gained possession of the ramparts near their gate, they found themselves, as the day stole in, exposed to a heavy fire of every kind, including grape from two howitzers, handled by a strong detachment of French marines, near the arsenal. Two companies were detached to keep the enemy in check, and were relieved every two hours by other two companies of the battalion, the dead and dying increasing rapidly with each relay of fresh men.

These companies were actively engaged in this service from eleven o'clock until daylight, when the enemy made a furious attack in strong columns, and swept all before them.

A heavy fire of grape was opened upon the battalion from the guns of the arsenal, and it was forced to retire by the Water Port, where a detached battery opened upon it. Being thus placed between two fires, with a high palisade on one flank, and the muddy Zoom, filling fast with the tide, on the other, the battalion was compelled to surrender; but previously its colours were sunk in the river by the adjutant, Lieutenant Galbraith, to prevent them becoming trophies to the enemy.

The battalion then capitulated, upon condition that the officers and men should not serve against France until exchanged.

The failure of the *coup-de-main* occasioned an immense sacrifice of gallant men, 2,100 of our troops being killed, wounded, and taken. "On comparing the assaults on Bergen-op-Zoom, in 1747 [see Chap. X.] and in 1814," says General Stewart, "the coincidence of circumstances in the first part of the operations is very striking. In 1814, the troops scaled the walls; and while one part secured the principal gate and drawbridge, the others got possession of the ramparts, and ranged themselves along two-thirds of the bastions, and all with no effectual resistance from the enemy. But in the further execution and final result of this bold and well-arranged enterprise, so creditable to the commander, and which deserved a better fate, the troops of General Graham were not so fortunate as those of Count Lowendahl."

As his strength was now so reduced that further operations would have been futile, General Graham, with General Bizonet, the governor, agreed to a suspension of hostilities. On the following day the captured battalion of the Royals marched, with drums beating, out of Bergen-op-Zoom, and on the 8th of April embarked for England, from whence it was sent to America.

Lord Proby, who commanded the Guards on this occasion, returned special thanks to the officers and men of both regiments engaged at Bergen-op-Zoom, in a Brigade Order, dated Hogerhyde, 10th of March:—

"Colonel Lord Proby returns his best thanks to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the detachment from the 3rd brigade of Guards who were engaged in the attack on Bergen-op-Zoom.

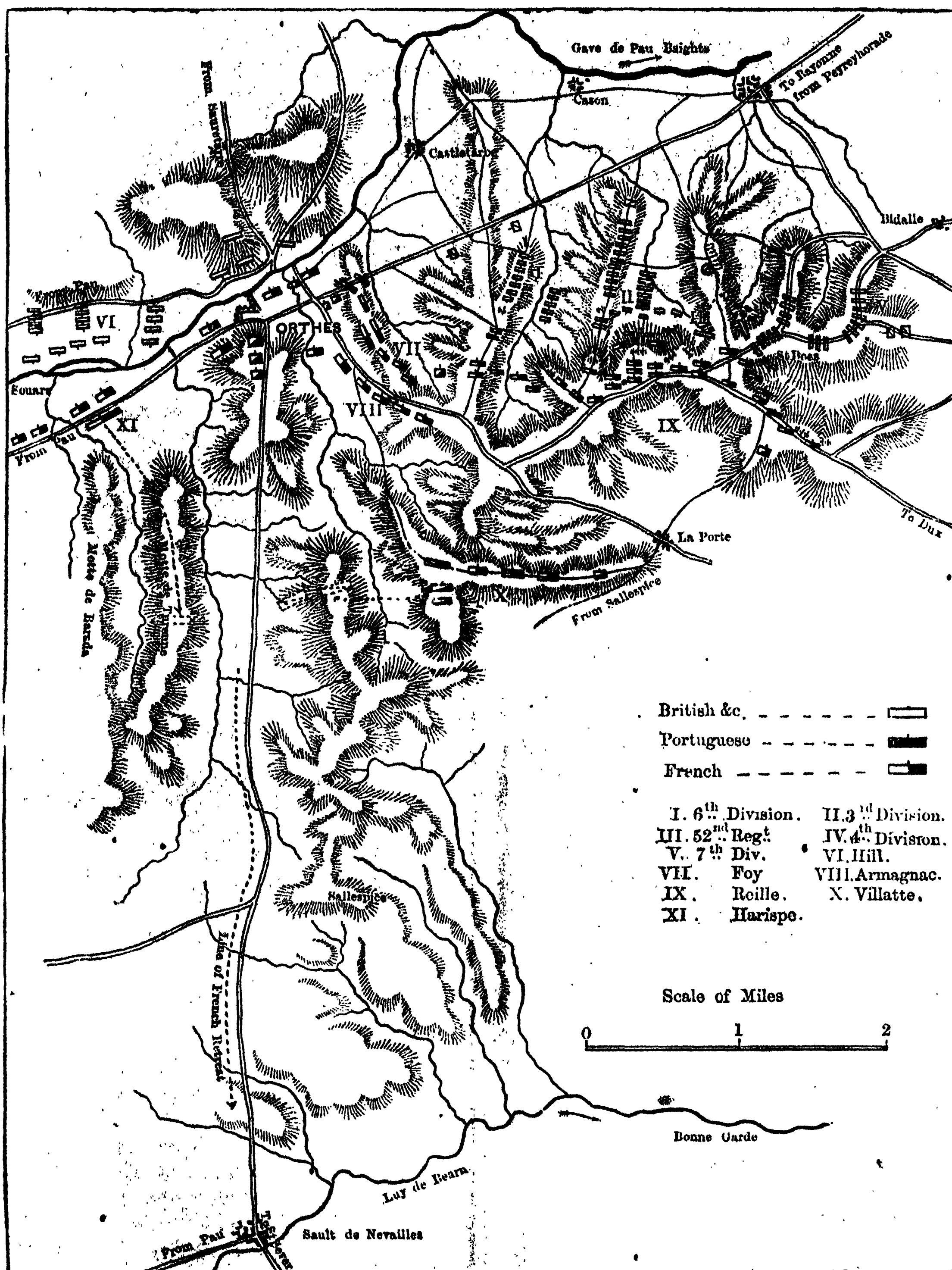
"He feels equally satisfied with the gallantry which they displayed in the assault, with their steady conduct during the many hours they maintained their position upon the ramparts, and with the soldierly and orderly manner in which they effected the retreat."

"Lord Proby particularly remarked the excellent conduct of the officers who commanded the advanced party and that which carried the ladders, Captain Rodney, and Ensigns Gooch and Pardoe."

The troops afterwards crossed the Scheldt to Antwerp, and the 3rd of August saw them at Mechlin.

In the fine old church of Bergen-op-Zoom there yet remains a tablet, on which are inscribed—as a tribute from their comrades—the names of our officers who fell in this most useless attack on the fortress, which still ranks as one of the first in the Low Countries.

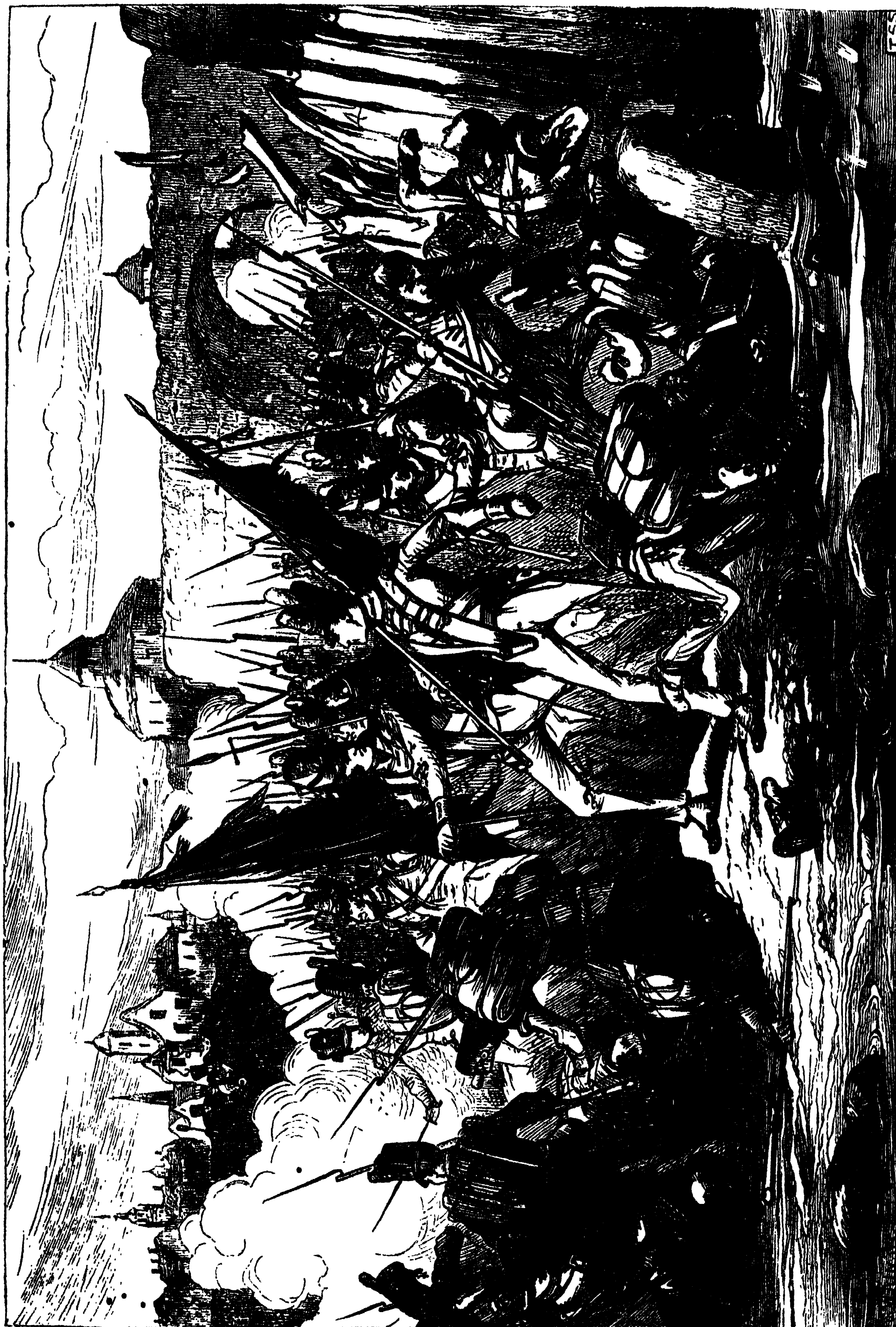
On the 30th of January, 1795, it had been given up, with other Dutch strongholds, to the French, who engaged to restore it to Holland; yet they continued to maintain their right of garrisoning it till the conclusion of the war changed once more the map of Europe.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF ORTHES.

Lord Proby was afterwards Earl of Carysfort, and died a general officer.

Six companies of the Guards who had served at Bergen-op-Zoom were successively quartered at West Wesel, Mechlin, Lippels, and Dendermonde. They afterwards crossed the Scheldt and took possession of Antwerp. On the 3rd of August they moved to Mechlin, and next day entered Brussels.



THE ATTACK ON BERGEN-OP-ZOOM.

CHAPTER CXXII.

ORTHES, 1814.

The last great battle, save one, which was fought during the protracted war in the Peninsula was that of Orthes.

The severity of the season after the conflicts before Bayonne, subsequent to the passage of the Nive, compelled the Allies to remain in winter quarters; and, consequently, nothing of importance occurred until the middle of February, 1814, when Wellington sought to lure Soult from his position near Bayonne.

On the 14th, Hill's division broke up from Urcuray, and obliged the enemy to retire on St. Palais. General Harispe left a garrison in St. Jean Pied de Port, which was blockaded by the Spaniards under Espoz-y-Mina; but being joined by other troops, he made a stand on the ridge of La Montagne, from whence he was driven across the Bidassoa. The left wing of the Allies, intended for the investment of Bayonne, marched at one o'clock on the morning of the 23rd, driving the French outposts before them, and got their heavy guns into battery. The Adour was now to be spanned by a bridge of boats, 800 yards long; and this was achieved in presence of the French army under Soult. In the evening, when a company of the Coldstream and five of the 3rd or Scots Guards, had passed, two columns of the enemy deployed into line, fired a volley, and rushed on them, yelling, with bayonets fixed. The handful of Guards, however, being well posted on a ridge of sand, with their right flank resting on the river, their left towards the sea, the allied artillery from the other side sweeping the ground in their front (assisted by a discharge of those rockets in which Lieutenant-General Sir William Congreve had recently wrought such improvements that they now bear his name), the enemy were thrown into great disorder, and compelled to retire.

As only fifteen men in marching order could cross by the pontoons at a time, it was not until the evening of the following day that the whole of the 1st division and some of the cavalry were on the right bank. On the 26th another bridge was constructed below the town. The following evening, after a sharp skirmish, saw Bayonne blockaded by Sir John Hope, with the left wing, while the direct road to Bordeaux was now open by the bridge thrown across the Adour.

Lord Wellington, at the head of the corps of Hill and Beresford, made good the passage of the Gave d'Oléron at various points, and drove the enemy, with heavy loss, within the *tête-du-pont* of Peyreyhorade, which is defended by an ancient castle, flanked by two massive towers. By this the communications between Sauretarre and the Gave de Pau were threatened. Upon this Soult withdrew his troops from the former place, and took up a new and more formidable position on the other side of the river; but he was now completely out-generalled—isolated from Bayonne, he saw the road to Bordeaux threatened!

Having studied well the face of the country, however, he declined to accept the gage of battle which the eager Wellington was so anxious to deliver. He hovered for a time on the high road to Dux, a town on the left bank of the Adour, defended by old walls, flanked by towers. There the ground was sloping, as the road passed near a formidable hill, which was strengthened by the village of St. Boes, on which it rested. His position was a ridge partly bare and partly wooded, and is thus described:—

"In the centre was an open rounded hill, from whence long narrow tongues shot out towards the high road of Peyreyhorade on the left; on the right, by St. Boes, towards the church of Baights. The whole presented a concave front, covered with a marshy ravine, which was crossed by two shorter necks coming from the round hill in the centre. The road from Orthes to Dux passed behind the line to the village of St. Boes; and behind the centre a succession of undulating bare heathy hills trended for several miles to the rear. Behind the right the country was low and deep; but Orthes, receding from the river up the slope of a steep hill, was behind the left wing."

Orthes, a little manufacturing town on the right bank of the Gave de Pau, had as yet no name in history, save that which it won during the religious wars of the sixteenth century, when the Huguenots put its garrison to the sword, and threw all the monks over the bridge into the river.

General Reille, with the divisions of Taupin, Roquet, and Pain, on the right, held the ground from St. Boes to the centre. The Comte d'Erlon, with those of Foy and D'Armagnac, was on Reille's left, extending along the ridge to the Peyreyhorade road — the second being in reserve. Villatte's

division and the cavalry were posted above a village named Routun, on open hills covered with brown heath, from whence they overlooked the low country, and were in readiness to ride to the succour both of Reille and D'Erlon. Harispe occupied the town and lofty bridge of Orthes. He had there twelve guns; twelve more were upon the round hill in the centre of the position, to sweep the ground beyond St. Boes; and sixteen were in reserve on the road to Dux.

Such was the position of the French army when, a little after daybreak on the morning of the 27th of February, Wellington for more than an hour reconnoitred it with care and keenness from an old Roman camp, which crowned a hill nearly as lofty and as isolated as that which formed the centre of Soult's position. Then the camp, with its ancient mounds, was open, bare, and grassy; now it is covered by trees and vineyards.

Skirmishing and the exchange of cannon-shots had begun about daybreak on the allied right, and the French cavalry at times pushed their squadrons forward on each flank; but it was not until nine o'clock that Wellington ordered the real attack to commence. Advancing, and firing steadily as they advanced, the 3rd and 6th divisions won with difficulty the lower part of those ridges held by Foy, and sought to extend their left toward Soult's centre with a sharp fire of musketry. The main contest was, however, on the other flank, where Sir Lowry Cole, while keeping Anson's brigade of the 4th division in reserve, assailed St. Boes at the head of Ross's corps and the Portuguese of Vasconcellos, his object being to cut a passage to the open ground beyond, and turn Soult's right flank.

Loudly rang the roar of battle there, and fierce and slaughtering was the struggle. Five times with the bayonet, led by their officers sword in hand, did the soldiers of the gallant Ross (who afterwards fell at New Orleans) break through the little vine-clad cottages, their gardens, and enclosures, and five times did he carry his portion of the battle into that open space beyond, to be five times hurled back over the dead and dying; for the French guns from the central hill swept them in front, and the reserve battery of sixteen guns on the Dux road tore through them from flank to flank with round shot and grape.

Sergeant Donaldson, of the Scots brigade, in his well-written little narrative, says, "The French made a most obstinate resistance at the point we had to carry, and kept up a severe cannonade on us, by which many of our men were decapitated in consequence of their firing chain shot."

And mingled with the din of the cannon and musketry in and about St. Boes were the yells of the French, the hurrahs of the British, the oaths, cries, prayers, and other exclamations of the Portuguese, as all mingled and grappled in wild *mêlée* together; till Taupin's supporting columns, pouring in a murderous fire, and lapping the flank with pestilent skirmishers, forced Cole's shattered regiments back from the open ground into St. Boes.

"It was in vain," says Napier, "that the Allies, with desperate valour, broke time after time through the narrow way, and strove to spread a front beyond. Ross fell dangerously wounded; and Taupin's troops, thickly clustered and well supported, defied every effort. Nor was Soult less happy on the other side. From the narrowness of the ground, the 3rd and 6th divisions could only engage a few men at once; hence no progress was made. One small detachment which Picton extended to his left, attempting to gain the smaller tongue jutting out from the central hill, was suddenly charged as it neared the summit by Foy, and driven down again in confusion, losing several prisoners."

For no less than three hours did that desperate combat continue on the side of St. Boes, and thickly lay the pale corpses there. Wellington sent a battalion of *caçadores* from the Roman camp to protect the right flank of Ross's shrinking brigade from the biting fire of the French skirmishers, which came in white spirts from every bush and wall; but this was of no avail, for already had their countrymen, under Vasconcellos, given way, in utter disorder. The impetuous French came pouring on, with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur,*" and "*Tue! Tue!*" and the British troops retreated through St. Boes with extreme difficulty.

This happened at the very moment of Picton's repulse elsewhere; and Soult, who was seated on horseback on his central hill, the key to all his combinations, deeming that the hour of victory had come, smote his right thigh with exultation, and exclaimed, with reference to Wellington—

"At last I have him!"

"And it was no vain-glorious speech," says the great historian of the war; "the crisis seemed to justify the exultation. There was, however, a small black cloud rising just beneath, unheeded by the French commander, amid the thundering din and tumult that now shook the field of battle, but which soon burst with irresistible violence."

Wellington, seeing the great strength of St. Boes, suddenly changed his plan of battle.

Supporting Ross with Anson's brigade, which as yet had not fired a shot, he backed both the 7th

division and Hussey Vivian's cavalry, thus establishing a heavy body towards the Dux road. He then ordered the 3rd and 6th divisions to be thrown in heavy columns upon the French left; and at the same moment sent down the Oxford Light Infantry from the Roman camp, with orders to cross the marsh in front, mount the French position, and assail the flank and rear of those troops who held our 4th division in play at St. Boes.

In obedience to this, the gallant Colborne led his regiment across the marsh under a scattering fire. The men in some places sank to their knees, in others to their waists; yet, with stern resolution, quietly and steadily they struggled on, those veterans of one of the finest battalions of the light division, till they obtained firm footing and closed their ranks, at the very moment when Taupin, on the French right, was pushing with ardour through St. Boes, and when Foy and D'Armagnac, hitherto masters of their ground, were being assailed by the columns of the 3rd and 6th divisions.

With loud and ringing cheers, and a rolling fire of musketry, the men of the 52nd dashed to the front, all covered with mud and mire as they were, and getting in between Foy and Taupin, and cutting to pieces a French battalion in the fury of their advance, threw everything before them into disorder. General Bechaud was slain, Foy was dangerously wounded, and his troops, discouraged by this sudden storm, for the 52nd came like a thunderbolt from a quarter where no enemy was looked for, got into confusion; and the disorder spreading to the wing of Reille, he was forced to fall back and take up a new position. The narrow pass behind St. Boes was thus opened; and, seizing the critical moment, Wellington thrust through it the 4th and 7th divisions, with Vivian's cavalry and two battalions of artillery, and thus secured victory by spreading a front beyond.

On the other flank, the 3rd and 6th divisions had won D'Armagnac's ground, and established a battery of cannon on an eminence from whence the bullets made long and ghastly lines through those dense masses, almost mobs, in which the French were wont to fight under Bonaparte—a trick in war, by which the rear pushed on the front—and though a squadron of gay *chasseurs à cheval*, in light green uniforms, with brass helmets, and dancing plumes of long horsehair, came *sabre à la main* down the Orthes road to charge their guns, they pushed their brave career too far. They got entangled in a hollow way; a shower of grape tore through them, and men and horses were alike destroyed.

The 3rd and 7th divisions now advanced, and the wings of the army were united.

On the heathy hills beyond the Dux road, Soult now concentrated his forces; and then, with the divisions of Pain, Roquet, Taupin, and D'Armagnac, he endeavoured to cover and rally Foy's disordered infantry. But his troubles were not yet over, and his foes were not all in front. When Wellington so suddenly changed his plan of attack, Hill, at the head of 12,000 men, received orders to force the passage of the Gave, partly to prevent Harispe from falling upon the flank of the 6th division, and partly in the hope of a successful issue; and so it happened.

He forded the river above Souars, drove back the troops, and obtained possession of the heights above Gave, cut off the French from the Pau road, and turned the flank of those in Orthes; thus menacing Soult's only line of retreat by Sallespice, at the very time that the junction of wings was effected on the French position by the Allies.

On seeing that Hill's successful passage of the Gave rendered his whole position feeble, Soult gave orders for a general retreat along the whole line; but this movement was a matter of peril. The heath-clad eminences on which he was now fighting formed for some distance a succession of parallel positions, ending in a low green ridge, running rearward on a line with the St. Severs road. On the opposite side of the latter was a similar ridge, along which Sir Rowland Hill, judging by the sound of the firing how matters went with Soult, was rapidly bringing on his division.

The French yielded; and the Allies advanced step by step, with a terrible din of musketry and cannon, and the continued fall of many men on both sides. When the colours and glittering bayonets of Hill's division appeared upon the opposing ridge, and the danger of being cut off from Sallespice became imminent, the French retreat became more hurried and confused, and on perceiving this Hill quickened his pace. At last both sides were in motion double-quick; the mounted officers went at a canter, and ere long the pace of the infantry became a violent run. From the French ranks many men broke away in crowds, particularly conscripts, and rushed across the fields towards the fords of the Gave; a rush was made by the rest to gain the bridge of Sault de Nevailles, so that the whole country seemed to be covered by mobs of disorganised Frenchmen.

Among these our cavalry dashed forward in pursuit, and first fell upon a body which faced about, under General Harispe. This was at three in the afternoon, according to the Records of the

7th Hussars, a corps which charged more than once. In one charge, 300 men were sabred, and 2,000 threw down their arms in an enclosed field; 16 officers and 700 men were taken near Sault de Nevailles by the 7th alone, and the pursuit was continued to the Luy de Bearn, five miles from the field of battle.

So many fugitives threw away their muskets that, according to Donaldson's narrative, the road there was "almost impassable by the number of arms lying upon it. Near this place lay a sergeant of our light brigade, extended by the side of a French grenadier, their bayonets transfixed in each other, and both quite dead."

As the darkness closed in, a corporal of the 94th Scots and a private of the 83rd, attracted by the piteous cries of a French officer, who lay wounded in a ditch, gave him some wine from a canteen, and while doing so found nestling in his cloak a stray English boy, four years old, whom he had picked up on the field; and two days after he was restored to his mother.

To all appearance the French army was now completely dispersed; yet it was not so. With the loss of only six guns, and less than 4,000 men killed, wounded, or taken, Soult had passed the Luy de Bearn; and that could not have been achieved by him so easily but that Wellington had been wounded by a musket-ball just above the thigh, which caused him to ride with difficulty and pain. The allied loss was 2,300; of these, fifty men and three officers were taken prisoners. Among the wounded were Wellington, Generals Ross, Walker, and the Earl of March. The latter, Napier states, "had served on the head-quarter staff during the whole war without a hurt; but being made a captain in the 52nd, like a good soldier, joined his regiment the night before the battle, and a few hours afterwards was shot through the chest, thus learning by experience the difference between the labours and dangers of staff and regimental officers, which are generally in the inverse ratio to their promotions."

Having no position on which to rally, the discomfited Soult continued his retreat under cloud of night to St. Sever, destroying all the bridges in his rear. With daybreak, Wellington commenced a steady pursuit in three columns; one, in the centre, moved by the main road, the others on its right and left. At St. Sever he hoped to find the French still in confusion, but they were already beyond the river; the bridge had, like others, been destroyed, so the allied columns halted.

Soult now moved up the Adour, and sent General Clausel into the town of Aire, on the opposite side of the river, where his magazine and artillery park were stored up; and to capture or destroy these became the immediate object of Sir Rowland Hill. Moving in two columns, he came in sight of that place at three o'clock on the morning of the 2nd of March.

Aire, a little town of great antiquity, possessing the ruins of the castle of Alaric the Visigoth, is situated in a beautiful and fertile district, on the slope of a hill on the left bank of the Adour. Having with him two divisions of infantry, a brigade of cavalry, and some horse artillery, Hill did not expect much opposition; but Clausel awaited him in order of battle, with the divisions of Villatte and Harispe, flanked by some pieces of cannon.

These were in position on a steep ridge, which was high, and covered with wood, then in the early greenery of spring, on the right, where it overhung the Adour, but trended away on the left into flat table-land, across which lies the main road to Pau; hence his position, though strong, was far from secure. There was no retreat on the right, where the ravine was steep and rugged, with a deep mill-stream at the bottom; and he could easily be outflanked on the left. "Moreover, a branch of the Adour flowing behind Aire cut it off from Barcelona; and behind the left wing was the greater Lees, a river with steep banks and only one bridge."

Sir William Stewart—long familarly known to the Scottish regiments as "Auld Grog Willie," from his kindness in giving them extra allowances of rum on the march—commenced the attack at the head of a British brigade on the French right; a Portuguese brigade, under Da Costa, assailed their centre; the other brigades followed in columns of march. Da Costa advanced up the wooded steep in a manner so slovenly, that at the summit, when his men were breathless and loose in hand, the French, under Harispe, met them with the bayonet with so furious a charge that they gave way and fled down the slope, while the other columns were still in motion, and when Stewart had actually won the greater height on the French right flank.

Sir William Stewart, on seeing the mishap of Da Costa's corps, dispatched the 50th Regiment and the 92nd Highlanders to his aid; and the fiery ardour with which these two corps came storming up the ridge restored the combat there, and by the vehemence of their assault the French were hurled back upon their reserves. Yet they rallied and renewed the action, only to be again broken and dispersed. Harispe was driven in rout towards the river Lees, and Villatte quite through the town of Aire, which was captured and kept by Colonel Cameron, at the head of the Highlanders.

The French lost many men; two generals, Dauture and Gasquet, were wounded; a colonel was killed, and 100 prisoners were taken. All Harispe's conscripts threw away their arms and fled to their homes; while the cannon and magazines remained the prizes of Hill. Our loss was only two officers and 150 British soldiers.

The Portuguese loss was never stated.

For the brilliance of his conduct on this occasion, as recorded in the Divisional Orders, Colonel John Cameron, of the 92nd Highlanders, received a peculiar reward, which we shall describe in the words of the Royal Patent conferring it. He was authorised to bear "above the cognisance of Lochiel, a representation of the town of Aire, in allusion to his glorious services on the 2nd of March, when, after an arduous and sanguinary conflict, he succeeded in forcing a superior body of the enemy to abandon the said town; and subsequently he had the honour to receive an address from the inhabitants, expressive of their gratitude for the maintenance of discipline, by which he saved them from plunder and destruction."



MARSHAL SOULT.

He received, also, from the king, a crest of augmentation, viz., on a wreath, a demi-Highlander of the 92nd Regiment, up to the middle in water, grasping a broadsword and banner, inscribed 92nd, and in an escrol above, *Arriverette*, in allusion to the bravery he displayed at the passage of the river.

The vigour with which the French fought at Aire showed that their courage was not lessened by the result of Orthes, though Soult's state was now most perilous. His losses in battle were heavy, his conscripts had fled, his veterans were dispersed, his officers were inspired by gloom and discontent, and all his magazines were taken.

The star of Napoleon was waning fast; the tide of war and fortune was setting steadily in against him. On the 12th of March, Marshal Beresford and the Duc d'Angoulême, with the 4th and 7th divisions of infantry and Vivian's cavalry, entered the ancient city of Bordeaux, where they were welcomed with every demonstration of joy, where already the white banner of the House of Bourbon had replaced the tricolour, and where Louis XVIII. was formally proclaimed King of France.

CHAPTER CXXIII.

TOULOUSE, 1814.

MARSHAL SOULT retired towards Tarbes by the road to Toulouse; and in consequence of the heavy rains having flooded the rivers, and the destruction of the bridges by the French engineers, his army was not pursued. Wellington considering that a large force was unnecessary for the defence of Bordeaux, recalled Beresford, and left there George, Earl of Dalhousie, with about 5,000 men; as Marshal Suchet, having abandoned Catalonia, was now in full march to join Soult.



ISLE OF ELBA.

The march of our troops to Bordeaux no sooner became known to Soult, than he boldly assumed the defensive.

Assembling his columns at Conchez, in the Basses Pyrenees, on the 13th of March he advanced towards Hill's position, and made a show of attacking it; but Wellington having concentrated his forces about Aire, the marshal conceived his strength to be insufficient, and fell back without accomplishing anything, and it then became the turn of the Allies to harass him.

Lord Wellington, having called in all his detachments, and brought up 8,000 Spaniards from Irun, advanced, driving the enemy before him. Nor did Soult halt or show front again till he had found shelter within the lines of Toulouse; and Wellington resolved, so soon as the state of the weather and the roads would permit, to pass the Garonne and attack him.

The ancient city of Toulouse, once the capital of Upper Languedoc, stands on the right bank of the Garonne, at a point where it is navigable, though not broader than the Seine is at Paris. It had then about 50,000 inhabitants, and was enclosed by massive walls and towers of brick, the same material of which its streets and little squares are built. It is so situated as to be covered on three sides by water-courses—on the eastern and northern

faces by the canal of Languedoc, and on its western front by the river. A suburb called the Faubourg de St. Cyprien occupies the left bank of the Garonne, also surrounded by a brick wall; and between it and the city was a bridge. The city itself stands on a peninsula, and, being accessible only from the south, constitutes a strong and extensive rallying-point for any army that might be compelled to act on the defensive. Strong though its ancient walls are, they are inadequate to withstand the missiles of modern warfare; thus Soult had resorted to every expedient to improve them. On its southern side little required to be done, for there lay the Faubourg St. Michael and the road that led to Narbonne, both so entirely covered by a bend of the river that no apprehensions for their safety could be entertained.

Selecting as his own position a formidable range of heights which lie between the canal of Languedoc and the river Ers, he strengthened it by redoubts and field-works wherever it seemed to be accessible, and there he resolved to abide battle once again. The ridge or range of heights had two distinct platforms, called the Calvinet and St. Sypière. Between these the ground dipped, and through it ran two narrow roads that led to Toulouse, which could be seen beyond, with all its spires and towers.

The Calvinet platform he fortified on the left with two large redoubts, having open intrenchments in front. On the right were two other large forts, called the Colombette and the Tower of Augustine. St. Sypière had also a redoubt bearing its own name, and another which was nameless. The whole line of the position was two miles long; and to attack its front it would be necessary to cross the Ers under fire, and advancing over ground naturally marshy, and now made almost impassable by artificial inundations, to storm the ridge with all its field-works. If the assailants succeeded in opening a passage with their bayonets between the fortified platforms, while battered by the guns of these, they would come upon other works bristling with guns and steel beyond, at Cambon and Sacarin; upon others, still beyond, at the suburbs of Guillemerie and Etienne; upon the canal; and, finally, upon the town itself, with its massive walls and great round flanking towers of dun-coloured brick.

Despite the amplitude of those defences, Wellington made his dispositions for an attack on the 10th of April. Sir Rowland Hill was to assail the Faubourg St. Cyprien, which General Reille held with the corps of Maransin and Taupin.

The 3rd and light divisions, with Don Manuel Freyre's Spaniards, were to move against the northern front of the position, where the division of Daricau lined the bank of the canal from its junction with the Garonne to the road of Alby. The two first-named divisions, supported by Bock's cavalry, were directly to menace the canal; Picton the bridge of Jumeaux, and the convent of the Minimes at the bridge of Matabiau. Alten was to connect him with Freyre's Spaniards; these, reinforced by the Portuguese artillery, were to storm a hill called Pugade, and then halt to cover the column of Beresford.

The latter, composed of the 4th and 6th divisions, with three batteries of guns, was to move round the hill of Pugade, along the low ground between Montrave and the river Ers, after which it was to wheel into line and advance against the platform of St. Sypière. Freyre was then to attack the Calvinet with its redoubts; while Lord Edward Somerset's hussars and Vivian's dragoons were to keep by the banks of the Ers, lest the French cavalry, by the bridges of Bordes and Montaudron, might fall upon the head of Beresford's column.

Such were the plans formed by Wellington, after a careful study of the French position. He knew his troops, and the troops knew their general, and that what one planned skilfully the others would execute with valour and brilliance. So extensive a disposition for battle, embracing so many points of attack, could not be made without incurring many and serious risks. The extent of country covered by the troops was much greater than, in a military point of view, their numbers entitled them to occupy. In the second place, a sudden rise of the river might leave Hill's division dependent on their own exertions against the faubourg; and, thirdly, Beresford's march over the low ground between Montrave and the Ers might lure Soult down to assume the offensive and attack him.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 10th of April, while the people of Toulouse were sunk in slumber, and darkness shrouded the banks of the Garonne, the Ers and the canal of Languedoc, a dark mass of armed men might have been seen defiling across the first of these, by the bridge ot Seilh. It was the gallant light division, in motion to take the initiative.

At six o'clock—after the sun was fairly up, and the waters of the Garonne were shining in its light, as they swept round the walls and spires of Toulouse, and away into the wooded landscape beyond—the whole allied army moved to the attack of the various points for which it had been detailed.

Picton and Alten, on the right, leading on a line of rolling fire, drove the French posts beyond the

works covering the bridges on the canal. Freyre, marching at the head of his sombrely-clad Spaniards, was severely cannonaded till he had passed a small stream, when the French commander at that point, in obedience to instructions from Soult, fell back on the Calvinet platform, leaving Freyre established on the Pugade hill, opposite the angle of the French position, which the Portuguese guns were now cannonading heavily.

Preceded by Somerset's hussars, Beresford moved from Croix d'Orade in three columns abreast, marching by the Pugade until he entered the low ground, which is described in the records of the 7th Hussars "as a dangerous route, through a deep marshy country, crossed and entangled with water-courses, and near the enemy's intrenched position;" but he left his guns behind, fearing to lose them in the morasses.

Beyond the Ers, on the left, Vivian's cavalry brigade, led by Colonel Arentschild, drove the French cavalry over the bridge of Bordes, which the leader of the latter destroyed with great difficulty. Our German hussars gained the bridge of Montaudran higher up; thus the two points from which Beresford might have been assailed were secured.

While these operations, involving the loss of many a life, were in progress, Freyre, from error or impatience, assailed the platform of Calvinet, at the head of 9,000 Spaniards, while Marshal Beresford's column was still on its march. The men of Freyre went on boldly enough for a time, the French musketry and great guns thinning their ranks at every pace; but, closing in upon their centre, the gaps made by death were filled by the living, until their right wing became exposed to a dreadful fire from the French at the bridge of Matabiou, and then, unable to endure it, the leading ranks sprang for shelter into a hollow road, twenty-five feet deep. The left wing and the second line gave way in disorder; the Cantabrian Fusiliers, under Colonel Leon de Sicilia, alone maintaining their ground, under the cover of a sheltering bank. "Then the French came leaping out of their works with loud cries, and, lining the edge of the hollow road, poured an incessant stream of shot upon the helpless crowds in the gulf below; while a battery from the Matabiou, constructed to rake the hollow, sent its bullets from flank to flank, hissing through the quivering mass of flesh and bones."

It is reported, says Lord Londonderry, that foreseeing what was about to happen, Lord Wellington turned to an officer near him, and said—

"Did you ever see nine thousand men run away?"

And when the officer replied in the negative, he added—

"Wait a minute, and you will see it now;" and while he spoke, the rout of the Spaniards took place, and more than 1,500 of them were killed and wounded. The rest fled, and the country was covered with fugitives, who ran in wild disorder through the opened ranks of the light division, which had been brought from the position assigned it, and placed in reserve. When the last of the Spaniards was past, then the ranks were closed. Our red-coats moved to the front, "and in five minutes one British battalion had accomplished the object for which a whole Spanish division had struggled for half an hour in vain."

The fiery Picton, regardless of his orders, which, as his temper in battle was known, had been issued to him verbally and in writing, had turned his attack upon the bridge of Jumeaux from a false to a real one, and was repulsed, for the French works there were too high to be assailed without ladders, and could be approached only over open ground, swept by a withering fire. Thus he fell back with the loss of 400 men and officers. Among the latter, Colonel Forbes, of the 45th, was killed, and Major-General Brisbane was wounded. By these mishaps, the French maintained their ground as yet from the hill of Pugade to the edge of the Garonne, and the losses of the Allies were very great.

Beyond the river, Hill forced the exterior line of intrenchments, but the inner ones, more compact, more contracted, and more strongly fortified, he failed to storm, so the roar of musketry in that quarter subsided; but the din of "a prodigious cannonade was kept up along the whole French line, and by the Allies from St. Cyprien to where the artillery left by Beresford was, in concert with the guns on the Pugade, pouring shot incessantly against the Calvinet platform."

As yet our chances of victory depended on Beresford's attack; as, from the error of the gallant Picton, Wellington was left without reserves to enforce the decision, for the light division and the heavy cavalry alone remained in hand; but these were covering the fugitive Spaniards, and protecting the artillery employed to keep the enemy in check. The heavy brigade consisted of the 5th Dragoon Guards and the 3rd and 4th Dragoons, who saved the Portuguese guns from capture, and subsequently supported General Clinton's division.

The dispersion of the Spaniards, and the repulse of Picton, enabled Soult to draw 15,000 horse and foot from St. Cyprien for a counter-attack. With these he might have fallen upon Beresford's column,

now fearfully reduced during its slow and painful march of two miles, through morasses and water-courses, sometimes in mass, sometimes in file, often under French musketry, and always that terrible cannonade, to which he had not a gun to reply.

Soult had seen this disastrous march, which left behind it corpses, torn, shattered, or disembowelled, or mutilated as only cannon-shot can mutilate, and ordered Taupin to advance to the attack; while Vial's cavalry descended to intercept retreat, and Bertou's horse assailed the flank from the bridge of Bordes.

Instead of attacking instantly, Taupin waited till Beresford had completed his flank movement, and deployed into line at the base of the heights. Then, with their customary yells, the dark masses of French infantry came pouring impetuously down the hill; but some well-fired rockets—the noise, the roaring hiss, and the dreadful aspect of which were all unknown to them—dismayed the men of Taupin, who almost immediately fell back. Meanwhile, with swords uplifted, Vial's cavalry came trotting to the attack; but Beresford's second and third lines instantly formed squares, the fire of which repulsed them.

Lambert's brigade of the 6th division, now pushing, won the summit of the platform. Taupin was killed by one shot, a general of brigade fell wounded by another; and, without a check, Lambert swept the platform, and pursued the enemy down the grassy slope on the other side. Covering this flight with Vial's cavalry, Soult sought to rally the fugitives, and sent a part of Travot's conscripts to the bridge of Demoiselles.

"This new order of battle required fresh dispositions for attack; but the indomitable courage of the British soldiers had decided the first great crisis of the fight, and was still buoyant. Lambert's brigade wheeled to its right across the platform; menacing the French left on the Calvinet platform; while Pack's Scotch brigade and Douglas's Portuguese, composing the second and third lines of the 6th division, formed on his right to march against the Colombette redoubts. Then, also Arentschild's cavalry came down from the bridge of Montaudron, on the Ers river, round the south end of Montrave, when, in conjunction with the skirmishers of the 4th division, it again menaced the bridge of Demoiselles."

Thrown entirely on the defensive now, the French army were fighting on three sides of a square.

At half-past two the brigades of Pack and Douglas scrambled up the steep banks of the Lauvour road, under a wasting fire of cannon and musketry. They carried by storm all the French breastworks there, while two Highland regiments—the 42nd and 79th—carried by one wild rush the Colombette and Augustine redoubts. Though the French gave way before the impetuosity of the Highlanders, they came back with a reflux, for their reserves were strong, and, like a living sea, they surged about the redoubts where the two regiments were. Then they burst into the Colombette, and killed or wounded four-fifths of the 42nd, at the same time retaking the Augustine.

"Darkening the whole hill, flanked by clouds of cavalry, and covered by the fire of their redoubt, the enemy came down upon us like a torrent," says Lieutenant Malcolm, in his "Reminiscences," "their generals and field-officers riding in front and waving their hats amidst shouts of the multitude, resembling the roaring of the ocean. Our Highlanders, as if actuated by an instinctive impulse, took off their plumed bonnets, and, waving them in the air, returned their greeting with three loud cheers."

He adds that out of 500 men who came into action with the 42nd, scarcely ninety survived when the redoubt was retaken, as Napier states it was, by the 11th and 91st Argyleshire Regiment; yet so many of the Allies had fallen, that they appeared only as a thin line of skirmishers. The rallied Spaniards were again brought into action, and on the left, not less than on the right, the storm of war thickened fearfully around Soult. Bravely he stood it for a time, but at last confidence forsook his troops, and abandoning the whole range of heights, they retired into Toulouse, where Wellington resolved to keep them; and to accomplish this, a perfect command of the Garonne and the canal of Languedoc was necessary.

It was late ere the firing ended on the 10th; and thus closed the field of Toulouse, which some French writers call a victory. They had five generals and about 3,000 men killed or wounded, and lost one cannon; while the Allies lost 4,600 men and officers ,2,000 alone being Spaniards—a melancholy effusion of blood, and most inutile, for, as was afterwards discovered, by this time Bonaparte had abdicated, and a provisional government had been established in Paris.

On the 11th of April, Wellington hurried across the Garonne that he might ascertain the precise condition of Hill's division; and ordered a fresh distribution of ammunition to the infantry and artillery; and also that the pontoon bridge should be moved nearer to the town of Toulouse, on three sides of which he had established the army. But

these arrangements were not completed in sufficient time to permit the renewal of active operations that day, although all was ready for a complete investment of the place upon the 12th, had Soult judged it expedient to abide the issue. But this he decided not to do, and on the preceding night he retreated in good order towards Carcassone, leaving to us in Toulouse Generals Harispe, Baurot, St. Hilaire, and 1,600 prisoners, with stores of all descriptions.

The Allies immediately marched in, and were hailed by all classes as deliverers, with every possible token of welcome. The white flag was hoisted on the churches; the bells were rung "Te Deum" chanted, and at night there was a general illumination.

Wellington instantly transmitted to Bayonne intelligence of the tidings that had come from Paris, but his messenger arrived too late by a few days, for amid the dark hours of the morning of the 14th the French made a desperate sortie on the blockading force under Sir John Hope. With shouts and yells of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" 3,000 of them surprised the pickets, carried by one rush the church and village of St. Etienne, with the exception of one house, which was gallantly defended by Captain Forster, with a few of the 38th. They slew General Hay, took Colonel Townsend prisoner, and, bursting between the wings, threw the whole line into confusion. In the dark, friend could not be distinguished from foe. All was horror, all was wild carnage; bayonet clashing with bayonet. Vaguely guided by the red flashes of the musketry and the tumultuous cries, which were heard on every side, the guns of the citadel sent shot and shell at random, till the flames of burning houses cast a lurid glare over all the scene.

The British centre was driven in; General Stopford fell wounded. General Hope, an officer of lofty stature and great bodily strength, came up with succours in the dark, and fell sword in hand among the enemy. Pierced by eight bullets, his horse sank under him; he was wounded and taken prisoner, with two of his staff, who were endeavouring to drag him from under his horse, during which process a British bullet struck his foot. Ultimately the lost ground was recovered, and the assailants were driven in with such slaughter that their own reports admit the loss of one general and more than 900 men; while our loss was two generals and 830 other officers and men, including 200 taken with Sir John Hope.

The long and glorious war which he had waged in the Peninsula, was thus brought to a close, and the troops looked forward with natural impatience to the day of embarkation for their homes, from which they had so long been absent.

All the French troops in the South were reorganised under Marshal Suchet; the Spaniards returned to Spain, and the Portuguese to Portugal. They separated from the British at Condom. "Acting always in concert with us, they were now little inferior to ourselves," writes a soldier of the Scots brigade; "a kind of friendship had thus arisen, and caused us to feel sorry at parting. On the morning this occurred, they were ranged upon the street, and saluted us as we passed, and their hearty '*vivas*' and exclamations of regret evinced what they really felt; but scenes of a more affecting nature took place in Portuguese and Spanish women parting with the men of our army to whom they had attached themselves during the miserable state of their country—strict orders were given to prevent any of them proceeding farther."

The British infantry embarked at Bordeaux, some of them being bound for home, while others were destined for the colonies; at the same time marching through France, our war-worn cavalry took shipping at Boulogne.

Thus closed hostilities on land and sea between two gallant nations, who, with only one year's interruption, had been engaged in incessant warfare since 1793. "The war terminated, and with it," adds Napier, with just indignation, "all remembrance of the veterans' services. Yet those veterans had won nineteen pitched battles and innumerable combats; had made or sustained ten sieges, and taken four great fortresses; had thrice expelled the French from Portugal, and once from Spain; had penetrated France, and killed and wounded 200,000 of their enemies, leaving of their own number 40,000 whose bones whiten the plains and mountains of the Peninsula."

When the war medal was given to the surviving officers and soldiers of that army, tardily and grudgingly, in 1849—that army which its glorious leader proudly boasted "was the most perfect machine the world ever produced, and one with which he would have gone anywhere and done anything"—so busy had death been among them that there were alive on the 1st of May in that year only 20,369 claimants of all ranks.

Since then, time, war, and wounds, have fast thinned those veterans' ranks. A few years more, and the last of the Peninsular army will have crumbled into dust; but the memory of its glorious achievements will never be lost, but will endure for ever.

CHAPTER CXXIV.

KALUNGA, 1814.

ABOUT this time the depredations of the Ghoorkahlees occasioned the Marquis of Hastings, then Governor-General of India, to declare war against Nepaul, or, as it was sometimes designated, the Ghoorka State.

The Bengal Army having been formed into divisions, to Major-General Sir Robert Rollo Gillespie—the same officer who served at the conquest of Java—was assigned the command of the Meerut division, which was to act in conjunction with Colonel Ochterlong's force, and to take possession of the valley of Doon, environed by lofty mountains, among which stood the chief object to be reduced—the fortress of Kalunga.



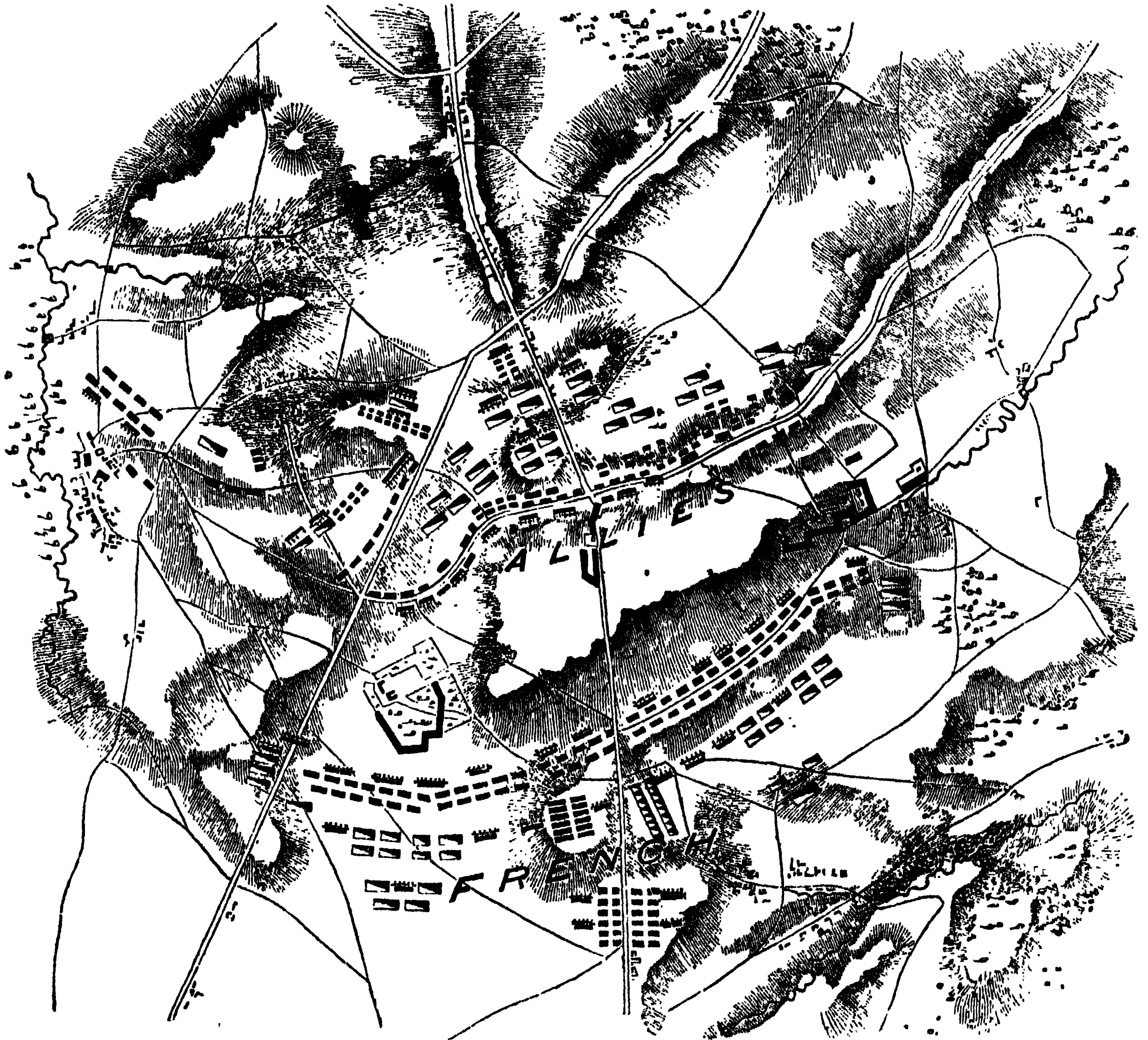
THE HOTEL DE VILLE, BRUSSELS.

The whole kingdom of Nepaul is an immense succession of mountain ranges, that, rising many thousand feet in height, are thrown together with the most extraordinary irregularity, intersected by many rivers and deep water-courses, the sides of which are clothed with the finest forest timber—fir,

cedar, oak, and luxuriant rhododendron—according to the interesting Narrative of Major C. P. Kennedy.

The difficulties arising from the extent and mountainous character of the country, the reputation of the inhabitants for hardihood and valour, and the singular idea that it was protected by a supernatural power, all served to give a peculiar interest to the contest. The troops of Bombay and Madras advanced to their respective frontiers; the disposable Bengal force defended the upper province, while 30,000 men invaded the Nepaul territory, which was only 800 miles in extent, but was wild and rugged in the extreme.

As our forces drew near the frontiers, the Ghoorkas, whose fighting men numbered 12,000, armed, dressed, and disciplined exactly like the Company's sepoys, were all under arms, and their officers barbarously ordered all the wells to be poisoned—a threat often used in Indian war, but rarely carried into extensive practice. The Nepaulese mode of making stockades, in excellent positions, and the stubbornness with which they defended them, proved more mischievous to the invaders than even poisoned wells.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

The invading army was formed into four divisions, and a squadron of his old regiment, the 8th Royal Irish Light Dragoons—a corps to which he was ever ardently attached—joined the division of Sir R. R. Gillespie, who then wore a beautiful sword presented to him by that corps, on his appointment to the 25th Dragoons, and on the blade of which was inscribed, "The gift of the Royal Irish."

This squadron was under the command of Major Brutton.

The most arduous part of the invasion devolved on Gillespie, having to force a passage through the mountains by the Deyhra Dhoon, or valley of the Deyrah, which his troops entered on the 25th, and saw before them Kalunga, which Sir Robert, in a letter to his friend, Sir W. K. Grant (afterwards Colonel of the Royal Irish), described as standing "on the summit of an almost inaccessible mountain, and covered by an impenetrable forest; the only approaches commanded and stiffly stockaded. It will be a tough job to take it; but by the 1st proximo I think we shall have it—*sub auspice Deo.*"

Major Kennedy, of the Bengal Horse Artillery, describes Kalunga as a hill-fort of excellent stone masonry, in the Himalaya Mountains, of difficult access, and situated between the rivers Sutlej and Ganges. Along the summit of its walls were piled three feet of loose stones, which, in the hands of the resolute garrison, showered upon assailants a volley of destruction. The place was then commanded by a Hindoo, named Bulbudder, son of Ameer Sing Thoppa. His garrison did not exceed 500 men, but they were all tried soldiers, and proved themselves worthy of the mountain stock from which they sprung and the school in which they had been disciplined.

On the 20th of October, says the "Memoir of Sir Robert Gillespie" attached to the "Records of the 8th Hussars," he ordered his troops to be formed in four columns, preparatory to a general and simultaneous assault on Kalunga. In this order, which somewhat reminds us of Wolfe's directions to the 20th Regiment, he directed the men on all occasions to reserve their fire, to aim coolly and deliberately, and on no account to fire at random; "and impressed on their minds the advantage to be gained by a determined use of the bayonet:" the officers to move their men with care, and without fatigue, so as "to bring them to the storm in possession of all their physical powers, to effect the impression that animal spirits and unimpaired vigour can always command."

Strict silence was enjoined—the words of command to be repeated in whispers. When the head of the column debouched on the point of attack, a halt was to be made, to gain breath and form the ranks compactly.

"The enemy we have to encounter," he concludes, "are dexterous in using the short sword. Officers, caution your soldiers to keep them at the point of the bayonet; in the storm, beware of their closing.

"Let emulation actuate all, but corrected by steadiness and coolness; no breaking of ranks or running to be who is first in the contest; each column must be a mutual support, and cool and deliberate valour, which should actuate every soldier, will always have the advantage over wild and precipitate courage. Major-General Gillespie presumes to offer these few suggestions, notwithstanding the many excellent and experienced officers in the field might preclude the necessity; he relies, however, on their indulgence, which he is confident he shall experience, from the harmony and zealous soldier-like feeling that appears to inspire all."

"Field Orders.

"*30th October*, 1814.

"Officers commanding columns are requested to set their watches with the Major-General's.

"*Parole*, 'Moira;' *countersign*, 'Forward.'"

After these preparations, batteries were erected formed of a few light guns, brought with immense labour to the summit of a mountain; and an attack was made on the place by storm on the 31st of October, when the squadron of the 8th Light Dragoons dismounted to form part of the reserve. Many difficulties in the way of rocks, trees, and jungle had to be surmounted; and while the conflict was raging the Royal Irish, with sword, pistol, and carbine, advanced to storm the works. The gallant troopers evinced their usual intrepidity and valour, and drove the Ghoorkahlees out of the first stockade, through a village into the fort, and penetrated as far as the gate, from which they were compelled to fall back, under a shower of shot and stones, for want of support.

At that critical moment, Sir Robert Gillespie, with the ardour and bravery which had ever distinguished him, led on a party consisting of a brigade of Bengal Horse Artillery (six-pound guns), commanded by Major Charles Pratt Kennedy, and three companies of H.M.'s 53rd or Shropshire Regiment, under Captain Wheeler Coultmore.

They advanced under a dreadful storm of missiles; and when in the act of cheering on his men, a ball pierced the heart of Gillespie, and he fell dead on his face, with his sword, the gift of the Royal Irish, in his hand.

Of the squadron of that regiment which accompanied him there were Lieutenant-Colonel Westenra (as a volunteer) wounded; Major Brutton, Lieutenants Heyman and Taylor, and Cornet Macdonald wounded, the latter mortally; and fifty-four sergeants and troopers killed or wounded. The other corps suffered in equal proportion, and all

retired, till a battering train came from Delhi on the 23rd of November, when Kalunga was again invested by four columns under Colonel Mawby, of the 53rd, who, on the night of the 1st of December, compelled Balbudder to evacuate the place and fly in the dark.

Thus fell Sir Robert Rollo Gillespie, who was, as his name imports, descended from an ancient Scottish family, closing on the field of honour a long and gallant career, since he entered the army, as a cornet of the 3rd Royal Irish Horse (now 6th Dragoon Guards), in 1783. His achievements are recorded in the military annals of India; and a monument in St. Paul's, from the chisel of Chantrey, in the south transept, immediately on the left of the entrance, evinces the gratitude of the British nation.

It is a curious circumstance that Balbudder, the commander in Kalunga, on the extinction of the Nepaul authority took service under Runjeet Sing; and in a battle near Peshawur died exactly as Gillespie did, cheering on his soldiers, sword in hand.

One more anecdote, an interesting one, closes the story of Kalunga.

The horse of Sir Robert Gillespie had been foaled of an Irish mare at the Cape of Good Hope. It was an animal of remarkable beauty, and from its jetty skin was popularly known among the Royal Irish Dragoons as "Black Bob." After the capture of Kalunga, Bob was put up for sale, with his saddle and housings still bearing the traces of his late master's blood.

The brave fellows of the 8th were anxious to keep the horse among them, in memory of his dead rider; but unfortunately the upset price was three hundred guineas, and two officers of the 25th Dragoons speedily raised it a hundred guineas more. But rather than that Black Bob should be lost to the regiment, the troopers subscribed the required sum, and the horse became their property; and never was a horse more petted and caressed, as he accompanied the corps from station to station, and always marched riderless at its head, as if his old master were in the saddle, and not lying in his lonely grave far away beneath the ramparts of the ruined fortress among the Himalayas.

Eight years after Kalunga, in 1822, the Royal Irish received orders to embark for Europe. They were dismounted, and 616 of their horses were to be turned over to the 16th Lancers, which had come out to relieve them. The dragoons were in a dilemma now. They were to go home by the Cape; pay and prize-money were alike gone; so they had to part with Black Bob at last.

He was sold to a civilian at Cawnpore, but the Irish Dragoons gave him back half the money on receiving a promise that Bob should always have a good stable, a snug paddock, and be permitted to end his days in ease. But the old horse had only been a few days in his new quarters when he heard the trumpets of the 8th playing a familiar Irish quick-step, as they marched afoot before daybreak to embark on the Ganges for Calcutta. The horse on this became frantic, kicked his stall to pieces, and was nearly strangled by the stall-collar in his efforts to escape.

It is further related that he succeeded in doing so, and rushed at full gallop to the barracks of Cawnpore, where he fell dead in the square, not far from the usual saluting-post.

CHAPTER CXXV.

WATERLOO—QUATRE BRAS, 1815.

At the Congress of Vienna it was made a public question whether the lonely isle of St. Helena should be selected as the place of the Emperor's future residence; and, to his honour, Wellington, who had now been created a duke, with a grant of £400,000 for his services, vehemently opposed the measure. Napoleon, who had been duly informed of the plans contemplated by the allied monarchs, escaped from Elba in a brig, accompanied by three small vessels, and with him were 1,100 men, among whom were 100 dismounted cavalry, all Poles. On the 1st of March, 1815, he landed near Cannes, on the Gulf of Napouli, on the road from Toulon to Nice. His old veterans rushed in thousands to his standard. On the 20th he entered Paris in triumph. On the evening of the same day Louis XVIII. fled to Ghent.

On these startling tidings reaching London, a message was delivered to both Houses from the Prince Regent, announcing his intention of joining the Allies. So Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Britain—whose expenditure during 1815 alone

amounted to upwards of one hundred and sixteen millions—entered into an agreement never to lay down their arms till Napoleon was conquered, and his power in France destroyed.

Troops were daily dispatched from Britain to the Low Countries; and even those which were returning from America were landed at once, in the fur-trimmed uniforms in which they had been equipped for the late war there in winter. On the part of our Government the exertions were unremitting.

When the Duke of Wellington was at Brussels, the right wing of his army, under Lord Hill, was in and about Aeth, in Hainault; the left was in the vicinity of Braine le Comte and Nivelle, under the Prince of Orange; the cavalry, under the Earl of Uxbridge, was stationed about Grammont; the reserve was in the city and vicinity of the Belgian capital.

On the 12th of June, Napoleon quitted Paris, and placed himself at the head of his troops, to whom he issued the following brief but stirring address:—

"Avesnes, June 14.

"SOLDIERS,—This day is the anniversary of Marengo and Friedland, which twice decided the destiny of Europe. Then, as after the battles of Austerlitz and Wagram, we were too generous. We believed in the oaths and protestations of princes to whom we left their thrones. Now, however, leagued together, they strike at the independence and sacred rights of France. They have committed unjust aggressions. Let us march forward and meet them. Are we not still the same men? Soldiers, at Jena these Prussians, now so arrogant, were three to one; at Montmerail, six to one. Let those who have been captives to the British describe the nature of their prison-ships, and the sufferings they endured. The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, the soldiers of the Confederation of the Rhine, lament that they are obliged to use their arms in the cause of princes who are the enemies of justice and destroyers of the rights of nations. They well know the coalition to be insatiable. After having swallowed up twelve millions of Poles, twelve millions of Italians, one million of Saxons, and six millions of Belgians, they now wish to devour the states of the second order among the Germans. Madmen! One moment of prosperity has bewildered them. To oppress and humble the people of France is out of their power; once entering our territory, there they will find their doom.

"Soldiers! we have forced marches before us, battles to fight, and dangers to encounter; but, firm in resolution, victory must be ours. The honour and happiness of our country are at stake. In short, Frenchmen, the moment has arrived when WE MUST CONQUER OR DIE!"

One universal shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" was the response to this enthusiastic address.

The French "Army of Flanders," as it was named, was composed of the Imperial Guard (20,000 strong) and five *corps d'armée*, 12,000 cavalry under Marshal Grouchy, and the Young Guard; making, at a moderate calculation, a total of 150,000 bayonets and sabres, with no less than 296 pieces of cannon.

The British and Hanoverian troops, under Wellington, "as formed in brigades and divisions on the 18th of June," made only 8,883 cavalry, 29,622 infantry, and 5,434 artillery; the total being 43,939 of all arms. But then the Prussians, 115,000 strong, were advancing under Marshal Blucher.

A large portion of the British army was composed of weak second and third battalions, in many instances the ranks being filled with lads. The 3rd (Scots) Guards and 42nd Highlanders had 800 militiamen under their colours; and many of the Household Troops fought in their Surrey Militia jackets.

On the 15th of June, at four in the morning, Napoleon attacked the Prussian outposts in front of Charleroi at Thuin and Lobbes, and drove them back on their supports. Though Brussels is only forty-five miles distant from these points, by some unaccountable neglect Wellington did not hear of the circumstance till about three in the afternoon. By eleven the French were in possession of Charleroi, and the Prussians were falling back to a position between Ligny and St. Amand, twenty miles from where their outposts had been.

Though apprised of Napoleon's advance, Wellington would make no movement that would leave Brussels open until certain of the real line of attack, as such movements are often made to mask the real direction of the greater force of an enemy.

He transmitted orders, however, to all the troops to hold themselves in readiness to march, some at a moment's notice, and some at daybreak. The Earl of Uxbridge was ordered to get his cavalry ready at their head-quarters, Ninove, on the Dender, that night, leaving the 2nd Hussars of the German Legion on the look-out between the Scheldt and the Lys.

The troops in Brussels—composed of the 5th, or Picton's division, the 81st Regiment, and the Hanoverian brigade of the 6th division, called the reserve, had orders of readiness to march at a moment's notice.

When the arrangements for the concentration of the forces were complete, the Duke, with many of his officers, went to that celebrated and now historical ball given by the Duchess of Richmond, at her residence, now No. 9, Rue des Cendres, Boulevard Botanique, near the Porte de Cologne. There had Brussels gathered "her beauty and her chivalry." A brilliant company of distinguished guests filled the saloons, and many magnificent uniforms made the scene one of unusual gaiety; and the revelry of the ball was at its height when the Duke first received positive intelligence that Napoleon had crossed the Sambre.

Great, then, was the excitement which ensued when the tidings spread; the joy and gaiety died away, and murmurs of sadness and terror took their place, with confusion and distress, as the officers quitted in haste, and the ladies were left in startled groups alone. And many of the former, who had been at the fête, were seen next day under fire in their ball-dress, and in that costume were found among the slain.

The Duke of Brunswick, sitting with a child on his knee—the future Prince de Ligné—was so affected, that in starting up he let the little prince fall on the floor.

Movements to the front were instantly concerted. Picton's division and the Hanoverian brigade marched about two a.m. on the 16th in the dark; the gallant 28th, the 32nd, the Cameron Highlanders, and 95th Rifles taking the road for Waterloo by the forest of Soignies, near which they halted to refresh and await orders, to march either on Nivelles or Les Quatre Bras (where the roads branched off at Mont St. Jean), according as the Duke might direct on his learning the real state of affairs in front; and soon after they were joined by the Brunswickers, in their black uniforms, decorated with skulls and cross-bones.

As our troops poured out of Brussels on that eventful morning, followed by the prayers and hopes of the Belgians, and on through Soignies, who does not remember the verse of Byron?—

"And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass;
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which, now beneath them, but above shall grow,
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low."

Among the departing troops few corps attracted so much attention as the Scottish regiments, with their peculiar costume. "The 42nd and 92nd Highlanders marched through the Place Royale and the Parc," says the "Circumstantial Detail." "One could not but admire their fine appearance, their steady, military demeanour, with their pipes playing before them, and the beams of the rising sun shining upon their glittering arms. On many a Highland hill and in many a Lowland valley will the deeds of these brave men be remembered. It was impossible to witness such a sight unmoved."

"It was four o'clock, on a bright, midsummer morning," says another writer, "when the Highlanders of Pack's brigade marched through the Namur Gate; and, mounted on a black Spanish horse, Fassifern was at the head of the 92nd. Gallant Macara led the Royal Highlanders."

That morning the latter assembled "to the sound of their well-known pibroch, 'Come to me, and I will give you flesh'—the invitation to the Wolf and Raven.'"

While Picton's division was halting, the Duke of Wellington, who had quitted Brussels before eight in the morning, passed forward with his staff, and gave strict orders to keep the road clear of baggage and everything that might obstruct the passage of the troops. The fated Duke of Brunswick dismounted, and seated himself on a green bank by the wayside, with his adjutant-general, Colonel Olfermann, till about twelve o'clock, when orders arrived for the troops to march on Quatre Bras, leaving all baggage behind.

"This looks like work," muttered the soldiers; and eyes kindled and cheeks flushed along the ranks. But as yet nothing was known for certainty.

The Great Duke galloped on by the dusty highway; and after a hasty glance at those long and undulating ridges which formed the future position of Waterloo, he rode to Quatre Bras, which is simply a hamlet where four roads meet, twenty miles from Brussels. There he conferred with the Prince of Orange respecting the posting of the troops as regiments came up. Seeing that the enemy were advancing in great force, he rode on to hold a conference with Blucher, whom, about half-past one o'clock, he found at the windmill of Bussy, between Ligny and Bry, where, towards noon, by great activity and exertion, 85,000 Prussians had been posted in a manner of which the Duke did not approve; but promising to support the gallant and venerable Blucher, he shook his hand, and came galloping back to Quatre Bras, where he reined up about half-past two o'clock, and soon after the boom of cannon announced Napoleon's attack upon the Prussians.

Marshal Ney, who commanded the French at Quatre Bras, assailed Perpancher's Dutch-Belgian division, which was led by the Prince of Orange. By two o'clock Picton's division had come up, with Pack's brigade, consisting of the 1st Royal Scots, 44th, the Black Watch, and 92nd Highlanders, with Best's Hanoverians. Soon after, the Black Brunswickers arrived incomplete, and some Nassauers; and towards six in the evening the brigade of Sir Colin Halkett, consisting of the 30th, 33rd, 69th, and 73rd Regiments, with Kielmansegge's Hanoverians.

These were the hours at which the troops came into action.

When the British first came in sight of the French, the right wing of the latter was resting on the heights of Frasnes, and their left stretched across the plain as far as the Bois de Bossu, skirting the long vista of the Brussels road till it passed the red-tiled village about 150 yards. But although their line of bayonets glittered no farther in that direction, the wood extended a great way to the right, casting its leafy shadows over many fields of full-bearded wheat and rye, which lay between it and the French position; and the yellow grain being ripe, and the straw in places more than five feet high, it served not only to screen the enemy from our fire for a time, but from our view.

The ridge on which the hamlet of Quatre Bras stands runs in some degree parallel to that of Frasnes, but is not so high. On perceiving that it was the intention of Marshal Ney to obtain possession of the crown of the eminence at Quatre Bras, the general at once dispatched the foreign troops, in their dark green uniforms, into the wood of Bossu; while the 8th brigade, consisting of the 28th, 32nd, the Cameron Highlanders, and 95th Rifles, under Major-General Sir James Kemp, moved into the plain on their left, to prevent the columns of the marshal from obtaining possession of the road to Ligny, where the Prussians lay. In this movement, the 8th brigade was supported by the 3rd battalion of the Scots Royals, the 2nd of the 44th, the 42nd and 92nd Highland regiments. The latter was ordered to line the right of the road from Quatre Bras to St. Amand, on which Wellington and his staff had taken post. The Black Brunswickers were on the left of the Highlanders, and the Hanoverians were somewhat in their rear.



THE CHATEAU OF HOUGOUMONT.

Down the gentle slope, with fixed bayonets flashing in the June sunshine, the regiments of the 8th brigade moved in beautiful order, and opened fire, the smoke of which rolled in light clouds over the fields of waving grain; but the numbers of that brigade formed such a striking contrast to those of the foe, that, as an eye-witness states, many of our ablest officers looked forward to the issue with uneasiness. Hence Sir Denis Pack applied for assistance to Sir Colin Halkett, who immediately ordered the 69th to push forward, and obey Sir Denis in all things. Pack galloped to a commanding point, and saw the formation of a large body of cuirassiers preparing for an attack. Spurring back to the brigade, he called to Colonel Morice—

"Sixty-ninth, form square; the enemy's cavalry are at hand!"

The order was promptly obeyed; but the Prince of Orange came up, and, by a decided misconception, directed the regiment to "re-form line." This they were in the very act of doing when a rushing noise was heard through the high corn, and the French cavalry, cuirassed and helmeted, fell sword in hand upon them like a whirlwind. The 69th were regularly "rolled up" and ridden through. A cuirassier carried off one of their colours, in defence of which volunteer Clarke—afterwards an officer of the 42nd—received twenty-three wounds, one of which deprived him of the use of an arm for life.



DEATH OF SIR THOMAS PICTON.

The Duke of Wellington was nearly taken prisoner, and owed his escape to an order he gave promptly to a part of the 92nd, to lie down in the ditch they were lining, while he leaped his horse over them. About four in the afternoon, the Black Brunswick Horse passed to the right of the 92nd, and were pushing forward in gallant style, when the duke, who led them, fell from his horse mortally wounded. On this a panic seized them, and they retired towards Quatre Bras, pursued by the enemy's cavalry.

Elated by their success, and seeing no enemy before them in that quarter, the French cavalry came pressing on, till the plumed bonnets of the 92nd Highlanders—who had hitherto been hid from view, though shells had frequently come dancing along the roadside, and rolled over the bank to explode among them—rose darkly in a line from the ditch, and a stream of fire was poured on men

and horses, throwing them into instant confusion. M. Bourgoyne, an officer of *Chasseurs à Cheval*, who had lost his helmet, tried to escape round the flank of the 92nd, defiantly waving his sabre the while, and shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

On perceiving this, the Duke of Wellington exclaimed—

"Ninety-second, don't let that fellow escape!"

Many shots were fired at him, but it is so inutile to fire with fixed bayonets that he escaped them all, and caracoled his horse along the whole line of the Highlanders; till a corporal of the 42nd, who was with them, having lost his own regiment, unfixed his bayonet, knelt, fired, and brought him down. Some Belgians then rushed on the fallen man, and would have dispatched him, had he not been saved by some of the Highland officers.

Again the French cavalry charged at this point, and again they were repulsed. Forming under cover of these movements, some French infantry possessed themselves of a two-storied house on the Charleroi road, while a heavy column advanced with great spirit beyond it.

"Ninety-second Highlanders," cried Wellington, waving his hat, at this crisis, "prepare to charge!"

On this the whole regiment quitted the ditch, closed in, and dashing with their bayonets through the smoke, routed the French in an instant. Officers and men fell fast as they swept on, till the gable of a farm-house at the corner of the road broke the centre of their line. Cameron, their colonel, formed them up in two wings, ranks extended, with the house in the centre. At that time the grape shot of the French guns was sweeping over a corn-field that lay between the wood and the farm-house, in its deadly passage shredding away the full ears like snow-flakes on the wind; while a body of French were firing from the windows of the upper story.

It was at this time that Cameron of Fassifern, one of the Duke's most distinguished colonels, fell mortally wounded, when just about to storm the house, into which his Highlanders burst with wild cries, and put every man in the place to death; but not until 19 officers and 280 rank and file had fallen.

Cameron died as he was borne into the village of Waterloo; and his venerable father, then in his eightieth year, was created a baronet, as a reward for the services of his son, whose last words were; "I hope my dear country will think I have done enough; I hope she will think I have served her faithfully!"

A little before seven o'clock, Sir G. Cooke's division, composed of the 1st brigade, under Major-General Maitland (2nd and 3rd battalions of the 1st Foot Guards), and the 2nd brigade, under Sir J. Byng (afterwards Lord Strafford), composed of the 2nd battalions of the Coldstream and Scots Guards, came up and drove the enemy back, and, maintaining their ground with firm intrepidity, repulsed at all points the repeated efforts of a large body of cavalry under Kellerman, who made frequent and desperate charges, seconded by two *corps d'armée* and a considerable preponderance of artillery.

One square of the Royal Scots was charged no less than seven times. "The daring squadrons rushed forward in full career; the battalion sent forward a shower of balls, which emptied a hundred saddles, and the remaining horsemen wheeled round and galloped away."

Ney's attacks were continued with the greatest impetuosity during the first hours; but they became more few and feeble as reinforcements joined the Duke, and soon after sunset he began to fall back upon the Belgian village of Frasnes, when the conflict died away; but it was only by the most determined resistance on the part of the British troops, and the great skill and personal exertions of their leader, that our communication with Blucher at Ligny, by the Namur road, was kept open. Hence Napoleon's orders to Ney to drive back the British, whom, at that point, he believed to be in small force, and afterwards to turn round and assail the right flank, were completely frustrated.

Our force in the field towards the close of the day, according to the "Voice from Waterloo," amounted to about 29,000 infantry, 2,000 cavalry, and 68 guns; that of the enemy to about 16,000 infantry, 5,000 cavalry, and 50 guns. But these numbers vary in other accounts.

During all that day, Ney's reserve, the Count d'Erlon's corps, had, by a series of mistakes, been kept marching and countermarching between Ligny, Frasnes, and Quatre Bras, without firing a shot, otherwise Napoleon might have won the victory.

Nowhere did our infantry display greater valour or intrepidity than at Quatre Bras. We had no cavalry that could have withstood the overpowering shock of the French numbers. The Brunswick and Belgian horse were scattered like chaff by the veteran cuirassiers of Napoleon, who had mounted them on horses selected from the gensd'armes throughout France. After a long march of nearly forty miles, our British cavalry came up, but too late to take any part in the battle.

The gallant Sir Thomas Picton, on seeing the infantry of France driven back, led on ours in

squares into the centre of the enemy's mounted masses; with squares he faced the rushing squadrons as they came in turn—lancers, cuirassiers, and *chasseurs à cheval*—and by sudden deployments into line, he opposed the heavy columns of infantry.

In one of these charges of horse fell the brave Colonel Sir Robert Macara, K.C.B., of the 42nd Highlanders. A lance was driven upwards through his chin till it pierced his brain, and within the brief space of a few minutes the command of the regiment devolved upon three other officers in succession—Lieutenant-Colonel Dick, who was severely wounded; Major Davidson, who was mortally wounded; and Major Campbell, who commanded during the remainder of the war.

While this struggle was being waged around Quatre Bras, Napoleon had fiercely attacked the Prussians at Ligny, and between nine and ten o'clock in the evening their centre was broken and they began a retreat upon Wavre. The steed of the aged Marshal Blucher, a beautiful grey, given to him by the Prince Regent, was shot under him; and twice, as he lay on the ground, the French cavalry charged over him. Sir Henry Hardinge, attached to the Prussian head-quarters, lost a hand. The battle of Ligny, says a writer, may be considered a series of village fights; and had the impetuous old hussar, Blucher, then seventy-three years of age, not drawn troops from his centre to strengthen his right for an attack on the Emperor's left, he must have been victor in that savage and sanguinary contest, where little or no quarter was called for or given by either side.

At Quatre Bras the loss of the Allies amounted to about 4,000 men; that of the French to rather more.

"On the morning of the 17th," says an officer in his narrative, "the interior of the farm-yard of Quatre Bras presented a scene of horror almost without parallel. The whole ground was covered with vast gouts of blood, amid which the summer flies were battening; and the walls within were all splashed and discoloured with it." "Some idea may be formed of its appearance," he adds, "when I state, on the authority of a surgeon who dressed a great many of the wounded, that during one period of the battle there were a thousand wounded soldiers belonging to the 3rd and 5th divisions lying in its narrow space. The cries of the poor fellows were most heartrending, and the appearance of the mangled and mutilated corpses which strewed the square in every direction was so ghastly and appalling, that he must have possessed a heart of flint who could have entered that place of death and lamentation without being sensibly affected. While I live I shall ever retain a vivid recollection of the farm-yard of Quatre Bras on the evening of the 16th and morning of the 17th of June, 1815."

The British bivouac at that place remained quiet during the night; save the cries and moans of the wounded, no sound disturbed the silence, but when additional corps of artillery and jaded squadrons of cavalry came in.

About two o'clock in the morning a French patrol of dragoons stole in between our out-pickets, and the rattle of musketry began; then stillness came again, and the great silence that pervaded the position of the enemy drew from Wellington the quiet surmise—

"They are possibly retreating."

He had slept at Gemappe; but was early at Quatre Bras.

CHAPTER CXXVI.

WATERLOO, 1815.

Before the Battle.

When the Duke ascertained that the Prussians were falling back upon Wavre, he wrote to Blucher announcing his intention of falling back upon the position of Waterloo, and proposing to accept battle on the following day, provided the prince would lend or support him by two divisions of the Prussian army. The retrograde movement was begun, masked as much as possible from the enemy, whose cavalry followed, with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

The early dawn of June the 17th showed a sultry sky, covered yet with dark, dun clouds, and not a breath of air was to be felt. Shortly after the guns came into play; then deep hoarse thunder hurtled in the zenith, the lightning flashed from horizon to horizon, and the rain fell in blinding torrents. Amid this war of the elements—fitting prelude for the terrors of the morrow—the retreat continued; while the ground became so soaked that the cavalry could scarcely move save by the paved road. There, in some measure, they checked the French dragoons, who pressed our infantry very much.

As Gemappe was neared, the 7th Hussars and other corps, when skirmishing—their carbines and pistols flashing amid the gloom, the wrack and ruin, their horses in the ploughed and saturated fields sank to their saddle-girths—nevertheless, they were ordered by their colonel, the Earl of Uxbridge, to charge.

This order was executed with signal bravery; but the French, or Polish, Lancers, many of whom were tipsy, being sustained by a great mass of cuirassier cavalry, presented an almost impenetrable row of spears, the flapping bannerolles of which terrified our horses and caused confusion. The 7th, however, rallied; sword in hand their officers led them a second time to the charge, but the stubborn lancers held their ground. Some impression, however, was made when two squadrons of our ponderous Life Guards, supported by the old 23rd Light Dragoons, came on through mud and mire to the shock. Their weight and power burst through the lancers, who were pursued with slaughter through the village of Gemappe; and then, amid skirmishing, cannonading, and the fast-falling rain, the retreat was continued to the new position, two miles and a half in front of the village of Waterloo, where most of the army were drawn up.

On the heights near La Belle Alliance the French advanced guard halted, and then it was that Bonaparte said, "I wish I had the power of Joshua to arrest the sun, that I might attack the enemy to-day."

Wretched in the extreme were both bivouacs that night. The thunder, the wild lightning, and the drenching rain still continued without intermission. Cloaked, with a portion over the saddle, each dragoon, holding by a stirrup-leather, stood by the side of his horse to steady himself, as he could not lie down, and dared not sleep. The infantry men, huddled together liked soaked gipsies, sat or reclined on their knapsacks, bundles of beanstalks, stones, or fallen trees, keeping their muskets under their great-coats. So passed the night, without food or refreshment of any kind. Wellington's head-quarters were in a small house opposite the church at Waterloo; Napoleon's tent was pitched near the farm of Caillou, five miles distant, on the left of the Gemappe road. Many of the houses in the villages adjacent to Waterloo were occupied by officers of rank, whose names, chalked on the doors, might be seen long after the owners were lying under the rough burial-mounds of the battle-field.

"I shall not come with two corps only, but with my whole army," wrote Blucher, "upon this condition, that should the French not attack us on the 18th, we shall attack them on the 19th."

The great advantage of the position of Waterloo was that our troops could rest in rear of the crest of the long ridge, screened to a great extent from the enemy's observation and artillery, while ours were placed at points from whence they could sweep the slope that gently descends to the valley in front. Upon this crest is a cross-road, running east and west, intercepting at right angles that which leads to Gemappe, about 250 yards from the farm of La Haye Sainte. This cross-road marks the front of the allied position.

To the southward stands the post of Hougomont, to this day a monument of the determined valour of the infantry of our Household Brigade.

"It was then," says Sergeant-Major Cotton, of the 7th Hussars, long known as the Waterloo Guide, and whose grave now lies within its garden, "a gentleman's seat, with farm outbuildings, walled orchard, and wood. The latter has since been cleared, in consequence of the injury the trees sustained in the battle. The buildings are more than two hundred years old, and were erected for defence. Many of the stone loopholes, in the garden walls when first built, are still quite perfect, as are also those made by our troops on the spur of the moment. The hedges were all banked up with earth, and with ditches on the inner side, formed excellent breast-works."

Known as the Chateau de Goumond, this quaint old mansion, with its pointed gables, high-pitched roof, and carved chimneys, belonged originally to Arazzola Deodati, a viceroy of Naples; but in 1815, when it was "to be immortalised by the lion-hearted Glengarry, Hepburn, Saltoun, and their indomitable brother Guardsmen," it was simply the quiet country mansion of M. de Luneville. It was first occupied on the evening of the 17th by the light companies of the Guards division. Those of the 1st Regiment, under Colonel Lord Saltoun, held the orchard and wood; those of the Coldstream and 3rd Guards, under Colonel Macdonell, held the buildings and garden. In the outer grounds were a battalion of Nassau troops, 100 men of the Luneberg battalion, and a company of Hanoverian field-riflemen.

The exact position of every British and French regiment in the field is distinctly given in the elaborate "Voice from Waterloo," but such a cumbrous detail would weary the reader. In his despatch of this, his greatest victory, the Duke says, simply and briefly:—

"The position which I took up in front of Waterloo crossed the high roads from Charleroi and Nivelle, and had its right thrown back to a ravine near Merke Braine, which was occupied, and its left extended to a height above the hamlet of Ter la

Haye, which was likewise occupied. In front of the right centre, and near the Nivelle road, we occupied the house and garden of Hougomont, which covered the return of that flank; and in front of the left centre we communicated with Marshal Blucher, at Wavre, through Ohain; and the marshal had promised me that, in case we should be attacked, he would support me with one or more corps, as might be necessary."

Slowly, through heavy clouds, came in the morning of Sunday, the 18th of June. The rain was still descending in torrents, but as light increased these began to abate; a drizzling shower followed, and that too passed away, and all got under arms—horse, foot, and artillery. From the extreme chill and fatigue of such a night, after such a day of marching and retreating, hundreds of our men were unable to stir for a time, till excitement and the tokens of coming battle warmed their blood. Some were cleaning their arms, fixing fresh flints, and polishing their bayonets; others were carrying wood, water, and straw from Mont St. Jean and adjacent places. Some were lighting fires for cooking purposes, while a popping fire was heard all over the ground. This was from men discharging their damp pieces, as more expeditious than drawing the charges. The aspect of the sodden and drenched troops was miserable for a time. "Our long beards and wet dirty clothing drying upon us were anything but comfortable. As morning advanced, and all were in motion, one might have imagined the whole plain itself to be undergoing a movement. Imagine 70,000 men huddled together. The buzzing resembled the distant roar of the sea against a rocky coast."

Masses of white mist were rising on all sides—from the Bois de Soignies, from the swamps, the rye-fields and puddles—but as the vapour was exhaled away to mingle with the clouds, the aspect of the scene became more animated, and between nine and ten o'clock the Duke of Wellington was loudly cheered as he passed along the line, mounted on his favourite charger, Copenhagen (long afterwards a pensioner in the quiet paddocks of Strathfieldsaye). On this morning he wore a blue frock coat and white buckskin pantaloons, with Hessian boots and tassels; a white cravat, a low cocked hat without a plume, but ornamented with a black cockade for Britain, and three smaller for Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands. In his right hand he carried a long field-telescope, drawn out and ready for use. General Alava, who joined him from Brussels, found him in a tree observing the movements of the advancing French.

"How are you, Alava?" said he, laughing. "Bonaparte shall see to-day how a General of Sepoys can defend a position!" a remark which showed alike his contempt for an opinion expressed of him by the Emperor, and a confidence in himself and his troops amounting to an assurance of victory.

"The Duke's force at Waterloo," says Colonel Mackinnon, in his "History of the Coldstream Guards," "cannot be estimated at more than 55,000 men. That of Napoleon," he adds, "has always been estimated at 150,000 men. Supposing he lost 12,000 at Ligny, Quatre Bras, and on the 17th; allowing also for the absent corps of Grouchy, which might amount to 45,000; there still remains a numerical superiority of at least 38,000 men."

About ten o'clock the music of the French bands could be distinctly heard along the British position; then their skirmishers, backed by supports, came in sight; anon their columns, preceded by mounted officers, began to appear, the bright bayonets flashing over the dark and sombre masses as they wheeled at different points, while the sound of brass drums and sharp trumpets rang out upon the air.

Ere long their whole army was visible—their infantry formed in two lines, one hundred and eighty yards apart, flanked by lancers, whose tall lances were erect, with their banneroles fluttering in the wind. In rear of the centre of the wings of infantry were the cuirassiers, their brass helmets and steel corselets shining in the sun. In rear of them, on the right, were the lancers and chasseurs of the Imperial Guard; the former clad in scarlet, the latter, like hussars, in green, with bearskin caps, and pelisses trimmed with fur and gold lace. In rear of the cuirassiers, on the left, were the horse grenadiers and dragoons of the Imperial Guard, most brilliantly clad and accoutred.

In rear of the whole was the infantry of the Imperial Guard, a dense dark mass, with lofty bearskin caps, and knee-breeches, together with the 6th corps of cavalry; and this army, with 246 pieces of cannon, with all their matches lighted, gave an awful presage of the carnage that was to come.

On the other hand were the somewhat motley masses of the allied army, with 156 guns; the scarlet columns of the British, the blue of the Belgians and Hanoverians, and the green of the King's German Legion. They did not present quite so imposing a spectacle as the French, being drawn up in chequered columns of battalions, with deploying intervals, the cavalry being on their flanks and in the rear, and their guns posted at points from whence the work of destruction could

be best effected. The two armies were now fairly face to face.

"Never," said Napoleon, afterwards at St. Helena, "had my troops been animated with such spirit, nor taken up their ground with such precision. The earth seemed proud of being trodden by such combatants. . . . Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers as mine have manifested to me; never has man been more faithfully served by his troops."



BLUCHER.

The field of Waterloo, an open and undulating plain, on this eventful day was covered with splendid crops of oats, beans, peas, potatoes, and tall rye, tares, clover, wheat, and barley, the hope of many a poor Flemish husbandman. There were a few patches of ploughed ground, and here and there long lines of trees and hedges.

On the completion of the French lines, the Emperor, in his well-known costume, attended by a brilliant staff, whose plumes waved like a sea around him, passed from flank to flank.

"*Vive l'Empereur!*" was the universal shout that rent the air, while the infantry placed their shakos on their bayonets, the cavalry their helmets on their swords, and the drums thundered a salute. This parade over, the whole instantly formed columns of attack.

The Battle.

About eleven o'clock the Duke of Wellington rode through the wood of Hougomont, where he met Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonell, and told him the place would be immediately attacked, and that he was to defend it to the last extremity.

At half-past eleven o'clock the light infantry of Prince Jerome's division—which consisted of the 1st and 2nd Light, and 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of the Line; the last three composed of three battalions each—commenced an attack upon the wood of Hougomont, where our light troops, under cover of the hedges, banks, and trees, kept them at bay for a time. The French pressed vigorously into the wood, and drove the Guards, under Lord Saltoun, after an hour's conflict, almost into the buildings—certainly, however, to the last hedge; and thus opened the memorable day of Waterloo. The Guards rallied in a hollow way that was near, and ultimately recovered the orchard and part of the wood.

About twelve o'clock Jerome had put his supporting columns in motion, when a battery of



CHARGE OF FRENCH LANCERS AT WATERLOO

German guns opened upon them with such terrific effect that a clear open lane strewed with mangled dead was made through the living masses; seventeen men were destroyed by the first shot. Broken thus, the leading column fell back behind the ridge, while our artillery, more to the right, now opened on the French rear columns, the position of which was slightly changed. Reille's cannon now gave fire. Napoleon ordered Kellerman to push forward his horse-batteries; and thus the fire augmented fast, like thickening peals of thunder, that became one astounding roar; while between the rolling smoke might be had glimpses of staff-officers, galloping on the spur over hedge and ditch, through copsewood and rye-field, bearing verbal orders or hastily-pencilled despatches to the commanders of brigades and divisions. The artillery, with their guns and limbers, were dragged like toys by foam-flecked horses at full speed through fields of ripe corn and wheat, through hedges and over water-cuts, with gunners on the boxes or in the saddle, matches smoking, rammers and sponges rattling, and the cavalry escort galloping, sword in hand, beside them; and in the pauses of the musketry—if pause there was—the tumultuous voices of the advancing French came over the level landscape like the low roar of a distant sea, murmuring and chafing, till all were within range of lead and steel.

Against Hougomont the chief strength of the French was at this time poured.

In a narrative of the defence of that place, written by Colonel Hepburn, C.B., of the 3rd Guards, who was serving then with an open wound which he had received at Barossa, he states that soon after the orchard was re-won, the Guards drove the enemy into the wood through a gate at the corner of the garden wall; but their cavalry advanced close to the left, and ascended the position. Infantry which followed fiercely attacked the chateau; but when they attempted to cross the orchard, they received so destructive a fire from the Coldstreams posted inside the garden wall, that they were completely staggered. This fire was poured through loopholes and from a scaffold, over the top of the wall; and many of the French were so daring that they madly seized and sought to wrench away the muskets as they were levelled through the loops.

"After some time," says Colonel Hepburn, "the cavalry having been driven back, columns of infantry passed over the same ground close to our left. We were thus again outflanked and driven back to our friendly hollow way, and again the fire of the Coldstreams did us good service, in fact, it was this fire that constituted the strength of the post. At this time our ammunition failed us, but by the exertions of our adjutant, Captain Berkeley Drummond (afterwards major-general, and Equerry to the Queen), and an officer of the general staff, Colonel (afterwards Sir Horace) Seymour, a tumbril reached us, and we again advanced and occupied our original position, from which there was no further attempt made to dislodge us."

The details omitted in the colonel's paragraph are these:—

The Guards, on finding that Jerome's troops were outflanking them on the allied right of the buildings, thus exposing them to the danger of being cut off, hastily fell back and re-entered the offices of the chateau by the north gate, which they attempted to block up; but the dead lay thickly about it, the French were too close, and they forced an entrance. Taking the best cover they could find, our men opened a rattling fire upon them, and a hand-to-hand struggle ensued, and the most undaunted courage was displayed on both sides. At length Colonel Macdonell (of Glengarry) and a few privates, with a sergeant named Graham, succeeded in overpowering the intruders, and closing the gate. Every Frenchman within it lay on the ground, killed or wounded. A French private was bold enough to climb to its summit, when Graham shot him, by order of Captain Wyndham, who was holding Graham's musket while the latter was further securing the gate.

Though the buildings were thus closed, the position was nearer at that moment falling into the hands of the French than at any other period of the day. The enemy had driven back our light companies, and passed the avenue hedge which leads to the Nivelles road, turning the post on the allied right. Favoured by some dense brushwood and the high crops, they crept close up under the ridge on the right of our main line, and shot down many of our gunners and horses, compelling Webber Smith to draw his battery down into the hollow way mentioned by Colonel Hepburn, where his cannon were refitted. Colonel Woodford, with a portion of the Coldstream Guards, now came up, and drove the French before him; but, prior to his arrival, so strong a body of the enemy had congregated at the northern gate and wall of Hougomont, that our artillery opened fire upon them. Colonel Woodford's advance caused this to cease, lest it might destroy our own men. Woodford cleared all before him, and entered the chateau from the lane, by a small door in the barn which adjoined it—a door now built up.

"Sergeant Graham, some time after this," says Sergeant-Major Cotton, "asked permission to fall

out for a few minutes, a request which surprised Colonel Macdonell, and induced him to inquire the motive. Graham replied that his brother was lying in the outbuildings wounded; and as the flames—caused by General Haxo's howitzer battery—were fast extending there, he wished to remove him to a place of safety. The request was granted, and Graham, having rescued his brother from the fate which menaced him, speedily returned to his post."

Many wounded men and officers of our Foot Guards perished miserably amid the flames of those outbuildings. Those who were in the chapel escaped, as the fire did not extend beyond the entrance; "and it is a remarkable fact," says the sergeant-major, "that it only ceased at the feet of a wooden image of our Saviour."

Ere long the enemy were in occupation of the wood and open fields on both flanks. Outside the left enclosures there were cavalry in active skirmish, and about this time small parties of dragoons, supposed to be Prussians, were discerned on some heights to our left, near St. Lambert.

"The enemy were undaunted in their attacks," states Colonel Mackinnon, "but Hougomont was defended with a calm and stubborn gallantry, that alone could have enabled so small a force to resist the repeated and fierce assaults of nearly 30,000 men of whom the 2nd French corps was composed. The cross-discharge from the artillery was incessant; the bursting shells set part of the building in flames. The Guards, nevertheless—at no time exceeding two thousand men, exclusive of 1,100 Germans—maintained the post, amid the terrible conflagration within and the murderous fire of the enemy without. When the contention ended, the French lay piled round the chateau, in the woods, and every avenue leading to it."

Thus, well might the Last Minstrel sing :—

"Yes, Agincourt may be forgot,
And Cressy be an unknown spot,
And Blenheim's name be new;
But still in story, and in song,
For many an age remembered long,
Shall live the towers of Hougomont,
And the field of Waterloo."

As Hougomont proved quite a stumbling-block to Napoleon, he resolved to make an attempt on the left of the British line, and it is remarkable that he did not make it simultaneously with that which we have just detailed. For this new movement Marshal Ney had been preparing, by carrying his artillery forward to the intermediate ridge near the right wing, to cover the advance of his columns of attack, formed of the whole of D'Erlon's corps, and part of Count Reille's, as a support.

The aims of Napoleon were to turn our left, force the left centre, capture the farms of Mont St. Jean and La Haye Sainte, and establish forces at both, to cut off our communication with Brussels, and preclude all co-operation on the part of the advancing Prussians. The French infantry were now moved into the hollow between the main and inner ridges of their position. When all was in readiness to advance, Napoleon for the first time perceived the distant cavalry hovering ominously on the heights of St. Lambert, and inquired of Soult what they were.

"I think," replied the marshal, "I see five or six thousand men; they must be part of the corps of Grouchy."

Telescopes were put in requisition; but the rain of the preceding night made the day hazy, and opinions were conflicting; so two corps of light cavalry were dispatched under General Dumont, to ascertain who these strange troops were. He moved to the right, and drew up *en potence* facing the wood of Paris, about one o'clock in the day. Soon after there was captured a Prussian hussar, bearer of a letter for orders from Bulow to Wellington.

The hussar announced in a loud tone that "his corps had been that morning at Wavre, near which three other Prussian corps had encamped; that his regiment had sent out patrols for two leagues in every direction, without falling in with any part of the French army; consequently they had concluded that Grouchy had joined the Emperor; and that the column near St. Lambert, then visible, was the advanced guard of Bulow's corps, 30,000 strong, which had not been engaged at Ligny."

This startling intelligence compelled Napoleon to keep in hand a considerable force to protect his right flank; while Soult dispatched a message to the still absent Grouchy in these words :—

"At this moment we are engaged in battle on the line of Waterloo. The centre of the British army is at Mont St. Jean; so manœuvre to join our right without loss of time.

"Duc de Dalmatia.

"One o'clock, 18th June."

This letter, however, did not reach Grouchy till seven in the evening.

"This morning we had ninety chances for us," said the Emperor to Soult; "this arrival of Bulow loses us thirty, but we have still sixty against forty. If Grouchy repair the horrible fault he committed yesterday in amusing himself at Gembloux, and send his troops in with rapidity, the victory will

be decisive, because Bulow's corps will be quite destroyed."

The Emperor now ordered Ney to the attack; D'Erlon's four massive columns advanced and then halted on the high road, where it is cut through the bank before reaching the orchard of La Haye Sainte. Again they advanced, but as soon as they reached the inner ridge our guns opened upon them while they were scarcely far enough down the slope to be under cover from their own, eighty pieces of which opened with hoarse and rapid booming upon our lines, causing dreadful havoc in the ranks of Picton's division and Byland's brigade, so that the balls even went with terrific effect among our cavalry in the rear, where Sir William Ponsonby was posted with the 1st Royal Dragoons, under Colonel Clifton, the Scots Greys, under Colonel Hamilton, and the 6th Inniskillings, under Colonel Muter.

The infantry detached to attack the farm hamlets of La Haye Sainte Papelotte, La Haye, and Smohaine, on our left, soon became engaged. The dark-coated German rifles opened a terrible fire from the orchard of the first-named place; then the Nassauers on the left followed suit—splendid troops, in rifle-green, with broad white cross-belts of buff leather, white-cased caps, and the tall plumes they had worn in the service of Napoleon. The fighting became general along the whole front of attack, and finally Papelotte and La Haye Sainte were carried. The French ferreted the green Germans out of the orchard of the latter by the bayonet; but the buildings were stubbornly disputed by them, and proved a serious impediment to the attacking columns, which were now pushing on towards the hedges, while the French artillery had to cease firing lest friends might be destroyed with foes.

Picton now ordered Kemp's brigade, consisting of the 28th, 32nd, 79th Highlanders, and the old 95th, to deploy into line. Moving briskly up to the hedge, they poured into the enemy, who were then only in the act of deploying, a volley which dreadfully shattered their ranks and stopped their advance. While receiving a deadly volley in return, Kemp's brigade now burst through the hedge, and with loud hurrahs and levelled bayonets closed in shoulder to shoulder, and rushed to the charge.

On this the assailing columns suddenly became a shapeless mass, though seeking to hold their ground by a straggling fire, till a portion of the German Legion crossed the high road to support Kemp. On this the French left attacking column became panic-stricken, and fled in mobs down the slope. As our infantry pressed forward in pursuit, their front was suddenly crossed by a body of cuirassiers, flying before the uplifted swords of our 2nd Life Guards. The former dashed madly in among their own scattered infantry, who flung themselves on the ground as all the horsemen swept over them like a whirlwind. Then all who were not disabled started to their feet, and fired a ragged volley on the rear of the Guards. On coming near their own position, the cuirassiers wheeled by threes about, closed in, and strove to face their pursuers, but in vain; they were compelled to turn and fly once more. Here it was that Shaw, the famous Life Guardsman, fell, mortally wounded by a carbine ball, after having, it is said, cloven down through brass and steel nine of the enemy.

In this mingled mêlée a dismounted French officer was daring enough to seize the regimental colour of the 32nd, which was carried by Lieutenant Belcher. A sergeant thrust his pike through him.

"Save the brave fellow!" cried Major Toole, of the 32nd; but the cry came too late, for the wounded Frenchman was shot through the head by Private Lacy, of the same regiment. When burying the dead at this place afterwards, a beautiful young girl was found shot, in the uniform of an officer of French hussars. It was during this repulse that the gallant Sir Thomas Picton fell.

"Charge! charge! Hurrah! hurrah!" were his last words, as a musket-ball struck his right temple, and he died instantly. So great was the renown of this splendid officer, that among the first inquiries made by Napoleon on that morning was, "Where is Picton's division?" He had been wounded at Quatre Bras on the 16th; but that fact was unknown till his stately body was laid out at Brussels on the 19th.

Meanwhile Ponsonby's brigade of heavy horse was slowly advancing, and seeking a proper moment to charge; for the French columns on Kemp's left having had nothing in front to check them after Byland's brigade fell back, were making their way through the hedges towards the point of attack. On seeing this, a part of the 1st Royal Dragoons dashed into the enemy's column in their front, their long swords flashing as they hewed down right and left among the yelling and recoiling infantry; at the same moment, a wing of the 28th wheeled up right shoulders forward, and poured a volley into their left flank; while at the same moment all that now remained of the 92nd Highlanders, more in rear of the ridge, brought their left flank forward.

Another French column which had passed the hedges was now pressing upon this handful of the

92nd, who, on being aided by the 1st Royal Scots and the 42nd Highlanders, at once advanced, as if dead Cameron's eye was still upon them, to close quarters, receiving the fire of the enemy, but retaining their own till within twenty yards, when they threw in a concentrated volley that completely staggered the French, and threw them over each other in heaps. At that moment the Scots Greys came up, and the Highlanders opened their files to let them pass.

"Scotland for ever!" was the shout of the Greys, as they brandished their swords; while the pipes striking, up heightened the national enthusiasm, and many of the Highlanders breaking from their ranks caught hold of the Greys' stirrups to keep up with them and join them in their charge. This episode is thus given in the War Office Records:—

"The 92nd at this time was reduced to less than 300 men. A column of 3,000 French was formed in front of the regiment. This was the state of affairs when Sir Denis Pack galloped up, and called out, 'Ninety-second, you must charge, for all the troops on your right and left have given way.' Three cheers from the regiment expressed the devoted readiness of every individual in its ranks. The French column did not show a large front. The regiment formed four deep, and in that compact order advanced until within twenty paces, when it fired a volley, and instantly darted into the heart of the French column, in which it became almost invisible in the midst of the mass opposed to it.

"While the regiment was in the act of charging, the Scots Greys came trotting up in rear of its ranks, when both corps shouted 'Scotland for ever!' The column was instantly broken, and in its flight the cavalry rode over it. The result of this dash, which occupied only a few minutes, was a loss to the enemy of two eagles and 2,000 prisoners, those that escaped doing so without arms or knapsacks. After this brilliant affair, Sir Denis Pack rode up to the regiment, and said—

"'You have saved the day, Highlanders, but you must return to your position; there is more work to be done!'"

"Oh, those beautiful grey horses!" exclaimed the Emperor, who saw the Scots Greys charge. "But they must give way," he added, confidently. Much national enthusiasm was shown by the Scottish regiments at Waterloo. An officer of the 92nd records in his Memoirs that on the advance of a heavy French column to attack La Haye Sainte, many of the Highlanders struck up the stirring verses of "Bruce's Address to his Army before Bannockburn."

In this charge the eagle and colour of the 45th French regiment was captured by Sergeant Ewart, of the Greys, a swordsman of consummate skill and herculean strength, who in doing so clove a lancer to the chin, cut down an infantry man, and slew the standard-bearer. For this feat he received a commission. The other eagle was taken by Captain Clarke, of the Royal Dragoons; and both corps still bear an eagle on their colours, in honour of the event. The Greys went too far in pursuit, and thus lost many men and horses. But the most of Ponsonby's brigade did so too. They crossed the valley in disorder, and galloped up to the French position in twos and threes, brandishing their swords in defiance, sabring the gunners, and thus rendering thirty guns useless, while bugle and trumpet sounding to rally or return were blown in vain. Sir William Ponsonby rode forward to arrest their wild career; but in a ploughed field he was overtaken by some lancers and slain.

Meanwhile the attack upon La Haye Sainte was not discontinued. The French, as related, had driven the green Germans from the orchard and garden, after a desperate resistance; and the latter, under Major Baring, were returning once more to attempt their recovery, when they saw some cuirassiers moving forward. Lord Edward Somerset, K.C.B., whose brigade, consisting of the cavalry of the Household and the 1st Dragoon Guards, was in rear of this part of the position, now began to move to the front. On the approach of the cuirassiers, our skirmishers in front of the contested farm ran in on Baring's Germans and threw them into confusion, during which they were ridden down and sabred by the cuirassiers.

Somerset's long and splendid line of heavy cavalry now appeared on the crest of the ridge, led by the brilliant Lord Uxbridge, and charged the ponderously-armed cuirassiers with equal weight and fury. The shock of so many men and horses meeting was terrific, and that sound unheard in battle for several generations—the clang of gleaming blades on helmet and corselet—rung out so clearly with redoubled strokes, that, as Lord Somerset once said, humorously, "you might have fancied that so many tinkers were at work." In this charge he lost his cocked hat, and wore a private's helmet for the rest of the day. Part of the 1st Life Guards pursued some of the cuirassiers so far that both became wedged between the high banks on the road to Gemappe, beyond the orchard of La Haye Sainte; and then some of Count Reille's troops, who had been advancing to enforce D'Erlon's attack on that place, fired from the ridges down upon them, picking out the red-coats

amid the fighting mass below, and compelling them to get back to their own lines as well as they could.

By this time Napoleon's howitzers had set Hougomont in a blaze; yet, notwithstanding, the Duke ordered it to be maintained at any cost, and nobly our Foot Guards fulfilled his orders, fighting amid the conflagration.

Again La Haye Sainte was assailed, notwithstanding the terrible punishment which the foe received at the hands of our German riflemen; and again and again, over the corpse-heaps that lay about them, they strove to storm the west barn and the yard doors that led to the harvest-fields, that were now becoming trodden to mud and bloody mire.

About four o'clock the fire of the enemy's artillery was increased upon that part of our position that lay between the two high roads. In rear of the crest lay our infantry in squares, protected by it from round shot and grape, but not from the curving shells, though some of these sank deep into the rain-soaked soil, and, when exploding, threw clouds of mud about. The havoc, however, was dreadful among those squares before Ney came over with his expected grand cavalry attack, which was to be made by no less than forty squadrons.

On they came to the charge *en echelon*—first the cuirassiers, then the lancers and *chasseurs à cheval* of the Imperial Guard—and when our artillery opened upon them with grape, canister, and shrapnel, the rattle of iron was heard crashing among the corselets as man and horse went down. Every discharge—they were double-shotted—fearfully shattered their ranks, yet they came on with all their trumpets sounding, with swords uplifted, and shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

To our squares fled the gunners, and threw themselves flat under the protecting bayonets—front rank on the right knee, the next at the charge. Both gave in a rolling fire, before which the cuirassiers recoiled, and swept round the flanks. Then the gunners rushed to their cannon and delivered their fire on the lancers and chasseurs, and again fled for shelter; while the guns were passed, and the French rode up to the very faces of the squares, thrusting with their lances, firing their pistols at the officers, or hewing at the hedges of steel with their swords. An ammunition wagon in a blaze, drawn at frightful speed by maddened horses, now passed athwart the field, adding to the horrors, till it blew up with a mighty crash, its wheels rolling one way, its horses another. The cavalry charge of Ney is thus ably described by Siborne:—

"Like waves following in quick succession, the whole mass now appeared to roll over the ridge; and as the light curling smoke arose from the fire which was opened by the squares, and by which the latter sought to stem the current of the advancing host, it resembled the foam and spray thrown up by the mighty waters, as they dash on isolated rocks and beetling crags; and as the living mass separated and rushed in every direction, completely covering the interior slope, it bore the appearance of innumerable eddies and counter-currents, threatening to overwhelm and engulf the obstructions by which its onward course had been opposed. The storm continued to rage with the greatest violence, and the devoted squares seemed lost in the midst of the tumultuous onset. In vain did the maddening mass chafe and fret away its strength against these impregnable barriers, which, based upon the principles of honour, discipline, and duty, and cemented by the ties of patriotism and the impulse of national glory, stood proudly unmoved and inaccessible. Disorder and confusion, produced by the commingling of corps and by the scattering fire from the faces of the chequered squares, gradually led to the retreat of parties of horsemen across the ridge; these were followed by broken squadrons, and at length the retrograde movement became general. Then the allied dragoons, who had been judiciously kept in readiness to act at a favourable moment, darted forward to complete the disorganisation of the now receding masses of the French cavalry.

The whole ground was strewn with men and horses—lancers, cuirassiers, carbineers, chasseurs, horse-grenadiers, hussars, and light and heavy dragoons. So ended in ruin and defeat Ney's grand cavalry attack, and his "fiery mass of living valour" was almost destroyed. "Of 15,000 French horse, it is doubtful whether any perished by the bayonet, or that any of our infantry in square fell by the sabre." By shot alone was the slaughter effected.

"This charge," said Napoleon, who stood on high ground at some distance, "is too early by an hour!"

"Ney," rejoined Soult, "commits us as he did at Jena."

While these conflicts were in progress, the Prussians were pushing on from Wavre, but encountering many difficulties on their march, from the depth of the muddy roads, though Blucher encouraged them by his presence; and the Duke had been in constant communication with the Prussians, who eventually took advantage of Napoleon's neglecting to protect his right wing, upon which two brigades of Bulow's corps advanced so stealthily and cautiously, that both the Allies and the enemy were surprised when they suddenly debouched from some enclosures.



SHAW AT WATERLOO.

General Dumont's cavalry were still where we left them some pages back, *en potence*, but at a considerable distance from the Prussians, whose batteries opened fire upon them, though at a very long range. This was done merely to acquaint Wellington and Napoleon that they were in the field. The former heard them with joy and relief, the latter with alarm and rage. The boom of the Prussian cannon was heard—true; but though the fighting was yet to continue, the battle had been virtually won by the Duke of Wellington.

Again La Haye Sainte was assailed, and the west gate became a scene of the most dreadful carnage. Baring sent for reinforcements and more ammunition, as the pouches of his Germans were nearly empty. The former were sent, but not the latter; so his men had to be sparing of their cartridges, and be careful in aiming only when sure to hit. The barn was set in flames, but the Nassauers, with their camp-kettles, extinguished the fire, yet not without the loss of many a gallant fellow.

Certain movements in the enemy's line indicated an infantry attack on Count Alten's division, which consisted of the 5th brigade (30th, 33rd 69th and 73rd Foot), under Sir Colin Halkett; the 2nd brigade of the German Legion, under Colonel Baron Ompteda; and the 1st Hanoverian brigade, under Count Kielmansegge, and the whole of which were formed on the ridge overlooking Hougomont. Part of the King's Dragoon Guards and the Cumberland Hanoverian Hussars, were accordingly moved to the support of Alten. A few musket-balls and the explosion of a shell so greatly alarmed the last-named corps, that they fled from the field and rode to Brussels. These dastardly fugitives have always been called Belgians, but they were undoubtedly the Duke of Cumberland's Hanoverian Hussars, who, for their misconduct, were disbanded, and whose colonel, Herr Hake, was cashiered.

The expected attacking infantry were now seen in motion on the heights of La Belle Alliance; and Lord Edward Somerset moved part of his cavalry down to meet them, and succeeded in checking them, though receiving a heavy fire, which laid many a gallant Guardsman low.

Lord Hill—the hero of Arroya de Molinos and of Almaraz—displayed great energy in the efforts he made to support the handful of Guards in Hougomont; and the Welsh Fusiliers having been moved to the front, suffered severely from the enemy's fire, and, in square, repulsed a charge of cuirassiers; but then their colonel, the gallant Sir Henry Ellis, was mortally wounded by a ball in the chest. Faint and sinking, he desired an opening to be made in the square; and when riding to the rear fell from his horse, and expired in a hovel near the field.

On that morning there was issued an order that no man was to fall out of the ranks to assist the wounded. On his being struck, Captain Brown ordered two men to take care of him." "There are not too many bayonets in the Royal Welsh; return to your ranks," said he.

Most of the staff-officers at Waterloo wore blue frock coats; but the Adjutant-General, Sir Edward Barnes, who was in scarlet, was wounded in the shoulder.

Marshal Ney, perceiving that the fire of the defenders of La Haye Sainte had considerably slackened, made an attack at five o'clock, which was successful. His troops made a rush at the open barn door; some clambered on the walls, and fired quietly down upon our soldiers, who, for want of cartridges, could not return their fire. Savage was the struggle at the western gate and barn door, where the Rifles fought with clubbed muskets and sword-bayonets, blood spirted in every direction, and heads were smashed like pumpkins; but they were compelled to abandon the post, and fall back on the main line of the position, after defending the farm-steading and house so long as they had a cartridge left.

As an example of the confusion and slaughter of such a field as Waterloo, it is stated that at one time the Duke sent Colonel Gordon to Sir Colin Halkett, to ask "what square of his that was which was so far in advance?" It was simply a mass of the killed and wounded men of the 30th and 73rd Regiments, of his brigade, huddled together, which His Grace, through the whirling smoke, had mistaken for a square. The last-named regiment (now again called the Perthshire) sustained no less than thirteen charges from cuirassiers, and seven hours of a cannonade; and so greatly were both corps cut up, that at half-past seven their colours were sent out of the field and taken to the rear.

La Haye Sainte was no sooner in possession of the enemy than they proceeded to loophole and scaffold the whole place anew; our riflemen were driven from a knoll close by, and a crashing fire was thrown from all the post upon our troops in front. Two pieces of cannon were run by the French through the garden wall, and from these they threw grape shot into the Scots Royals, 4th, 27th, 8th, 40th, 79th Highlanders, and 95th Rifles, who were formed in position on the main line of

Waterloo, till, by a concentrated fire from our rifles, every gunner was killed beside the guns; but the French threw out a crowd of skirmishers, who crept on their stomachs along the ditches and farm-banks, over which they fired from time to time with deadly effect; so it was resolved to attack them with the bayonet. For this purpose, Colonel Ompteda led on the 5th Germans, before whom they fled round the garden hedge, while a line of cuirassier cavalry dashed upon their pursuers, every officer and man of whom was put to death, save one of the former, who escaped by the speed of his black horse. Our 95th, who were anxious to succour the unfortunate Germans, suspended their fire for fear of destroying them; but the moment their slaughter was over, they let fly a deadly volley, and swept the whole front.

The Prussians were now approaching Plancenoit, in the right rear of the enemy. This was at seven in the evening, by which time there were in the field 29,000 of them, with sixty-four guns, commanding the whole of the French right *en potence*, parallel to the Gemappe road, and nearly at right angles to their former front. De Lobau began to fall back upon the former, and now Blucher's round shot began to fall thick and fast on all sides of La Belle Alliance. The roar of musketry was deepening still along the whole main line of our position, and our centre suffered dreadfully from the skirmishers who pushed on in pestilent swarms, encouraged by the capture of La Haye Sainte. Over the artificial and roadside banks they levelled their muskets steadily, and every bullet told. Count Alten's division had dwindled away to a weak brigade; the 73rd were for a time commanded by a subaltern, Lieutenant Stewart; Pack's brigade was a skeleton now. Every regiment and division had suffered in equal proportion; yet, at every point of the field, our troops displayed a degree of resolute courage and endurance, and "no matter what the havoc and destruction might be, the Duke was the coolest man there—in the words of an eye-witness of this bloody scene, the Duke was coolness personified." Whenever he came, there was a low whisper in the ranks, "Here's the Duke!" and all were steady as if upon parade.

It was now past seven o'clock. Still the work of carnage went on, and "human lives were lavished everywhere;" many of our cannon were becoming useless, and there was some disorder in our rear; but the centre was the greatest scene of strife. The Prince of Orange was wounded; the green-clad Nassauers and Black Brunswickers gave way in confusion; but Wellington, aided by Sir Hussey Vivian, Count Kielmansegge, and other officers, restored order in their ranks; for, having expended all their ammunition, they were falling back upon the horses' heads of the 10th Hussars. At this time, "so dense was the smoke, that the noise of the approaching enemy was often heard before any object could be distinguished. On those occasions the floating banners, the eagles, or the polished arms frequently became first discernible; then were the adverse squadrons seen charging across those spaces where the atmosphere had comparatively cleared, and merging again into their former obscurity."

Vivian, his aide-de-camp, and many of his officers, cheering, led on the Brunswickers with all their drums beating; the 10th Hussars followed, and the French at that point were driven back.

It was about this time that two columns of the Imperial Guard, a force never employed but in cases of the greatest emergency, advanced *en échelon*, between La Belle Alliance (which was simply a gable-ended house, with three chimneys and three floors) and the ghastly enclosure of fire-scathed Hougomont, where still were seen the black bearskins and bristling bayonets of our Household Infantry. When they passed before the Emperor, he, for the last time, addressed to them a few words which could scarcely be heard. He pointed, however, to our positions, and the brave fellows understood that well enough.

"*Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoleon! En avant! en avant!*" were the shouts that mingled with the roar of battle as they went on—those noble veterans of Jena, of Wagram, and Austerlitz. Men hitherto unconquered were then about to meet those who had never turned their heel upon an enemy. The Prussian cannon were now blazing on the French right, and Napoleon, apprehensive that the sound might damp the ardour of his troops, circulated a false report that they were those of the still-absent Grouchy, who had fallen on Blucher's rear.

The summer eve and the sanguinary drama were drawing now to a close!

Led by Ney the undaunted—Ney, "*Le Brave des Braves*"—the Imperial Guard advanced against a point occupied by the 1st brigade of our Guards and Halkett's brigade; the former were then lying down to escape a whirlwind of round shot, grape, and shell fired from the enemy's cannon. When the head of the column neared the allied line, it escaped the dreadful fire of our batteries, while at the same moment their own ceased firing. Passing on, this "fiery mass," with their tall caps and splendid uniforms, came within fifty yards of Halkett's brigade and that of the Foot Guards, to whom

the Duke gave the command so often quibbled at since—

"Up Guards—make ready!"

On this they started to their feet, in a line four deep, as if they had sprung out of the earth, together with Halkett's right, the 33rd and 69th regiments—Sir Colin himself waving the regimental colour of the former in front of the line. One tremendous volley was poured in; then independent file-firing followed; the whole front of the Imperial Guard was shaken, and some 500 of them bit the dust. Waving their sabres, their officers strove to lead them on, but strove in vain. Many in the centre of the column began to fire over the heads of those in front, and wild confusion took the place of order; and now it was that the Duke ordered a charge, and Lord Saltoun, who had come from Hougomont, called out—

"Now's the time, my boys!"

With a loud and stirring cheer, our Guards and the left of Halkett's brigade advanced to the attack; the latter against a column which moved *en échelon*, through a hollow on its right, where it was protected from the direct fire of our batteries.

"They gallantly advanced, with a noble and admirable bearing, officers in front, arms sloped, drums beating the *pas-de-charge*, and brass guns on their flanks loaded with grape. When within ninety yards of Halkett's left, they halted, carried arms as if to salute us, and wheeled round their guns; down went their blazing port-fires, crash came the grape, accompanied by a volley into the 30th and 73rd regiments, who instantly returned the fire and came to the charge. Before the sharp report had died away, Vandermissen's brigade of guns, double charged with grape, went 'Bang! bang! bang!' right through the imperial column; this appeared to rend it asunder, and it began to give way and disperse."

Our Guards, consisting of the 2nd and 3rd battalions of the 1st (from this day's achievement now called the Grenadier Guards), pursued the discomfited enemy into the hollow, where the left column of the Imperial Guard was seen pressing; and, to avoid being taken in flank, they were ordered to fall back. The order was misunderstood; both battalions got mixed, but on getting the words, "Halt, front—re-form!" they fronted, formed four deep, and were told off in companies of forty files each.

Our batteries, with the Guards, now opened fire upon this left attacking column, while the 52nd and Rifles assailed its front and flank; but the French returned the fire with vigour, amid deafening shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

The late historian of "Lord Seaton's Regiment" states the strength of that portion of the Imperial Guard of France which came on at this time to have been 10,000 in number. The fate of the battle seemed to hang in the balance, when that corps, the gallant 52nd, under Colborne of Peninsular glory, moved down from the slope of the position, four ranks deep, upon the left flank of the Imperial Guard, which halted, formed a front to its left, and opened fire. The 52nd also halted, and poured its deadly quadruple fire into their ranks.

This was at eight o'clock in the evening, and now the 2nd battalion of the 95th Rifles came up also on the left to pour in their fire; the 3rd battalion was coming on, and the 71st Highlanders were rapidly advancing. On the dense dark mass of the Imperial Guard, already rent and torn by the awful discharges of case and grape shot from our guns, the musketry told with terrific effect, and so dense was the smoke that it completely shrouded all parties for a time. Suddenly it began to slacken, and the ranks of the Imperial Guard began to sway, as if the men were tipsy or on ship-board.

"Charge! charge!" shouted Sir John Colborne; and our men answered with their cheers so heartily, that the cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" were drowned.

Now the column seemed to reel to and fro more than ever; it broke, turned, and fled, pursued by the 52nd and 95th, over ground so strewed with dead and dying that at times progress was scarcely possible. A body of horse broke through the smoke, and our fire was poured on them for some time before they were discovered to be our own 23rd Dragoons, pursued by some cuirassiers.

The last card of Napoleon was played; his vaunted Imperial Guard retired in disorder, and their flight spread a panic throughout his army from wing to wing. Under old General Cambronne, the two rear battalions of the Guard alone retained any semblance of order, and in the retreat he was overtaken by Sir Colin Halkett, to whom he quietly surrendered his sword. So much for the popular story of "*La Garde meurt, et ne se rend pas.*"

On the rise immediately in front of where the monumental lion now stands, the Great Duke raised himself in his stirrups, with his hat held aloft, as a signal for the whole line to advance!

It has been erroneously stated that Blucher met the Duke at La Belle Alliance after the battle; but the fact is, he did not overtake the Duke till he was two miles beyond the field, at Maison Rouge,

or Maison du Roi, on the road to Gemappe, where he first gave the order to halt.

Waterloo was fought and won; but night fell ere the last death-shot rang over the plain.

During the three eventful days we have narrated, 40,000 Frenchmen, 16,000 Prussians, and 14,226 Britons, Germans, Nassauers, and Brunswickers were slain. We are told that Wellington wept when he rode over the plain by moonlight—a plain soaked with the blood of so many, and the cause of tears to millions.

The abdication of Bonaparte, and his future fate, belong to the history of Europe; and now we can well afford to pity the lonely Exile of St. Helena, who survived for six monotonous years, imprisoned by the waves of the Atlantic.

After the Battle.

There were taken by the Allies at Waterloo 122 pieces of cannon and howitzers, with 409 spare gun-carriages. When night closed over the field, a stillness like that of death succeeded the mighty roar of the battle. "The thunder of 500 cannon, the roll of musketry, the shock of mail-clad horsemen, the Highland slogan, the Irish huzza were heard no more; and the moon gleamed coldly on a field of death, whose silence was only broken by the groans of the wounded, as they lay in helpless wretchedness beside their dead companions."

One who visited the field on the 19th tells us that the road through the forest of Soignies was choked with killed and wounded; and the cries of the latter for "water," "de l'eau," or "voser, voser!" were agonising, and that hundreds must have expired of thirst alone. He adds that the burying was horrible! Square holes were dug, and from thirty to forty "fine young fellows, stripped nude, were thrown in pell-mell," and covered in so slovenly a manner, that the hands and feet peeped through the loose mould; while Russian Jews assisting in the spoliation of the dead were chiseling out their teeth. The clinking hammers of these wretches jarred horribly on the ear, mingled with the shots of the Belgians, slaying the wounded horses.

Many other wretches prowled about the field, rifling all, and in some instances murdering the wounded who attempted to resist them; but on the morning of the 19th, many ladies were seen flitting about the plain ministering to the necessities of the suffering. Save a few officers, such as Cameron of Fassifern and others, whose remains were taken to Britain, all the dead were interred on the spot; and one who visited it shortly after wrote thus of Waterloo:—

"No display of carnage, violence, and devastation could have had so pathetic an effect as the quiet, orderly look of its fields, brightened with the sunshine, but thickly strewed with little heaps of upturned earth which no sunshine could brighten. On these the eye instantly fell; and the heart, having but a slight call made upon it from without, pronounced with more solemnity the dreadful thing that lay below, scarcely covered with a sprinkling of mould. In some spots they lay thick in clusters and long ranks; in others, one would present itself alone; betwixt these, a black scathed circle told that fire had been employed to consume as worthless refuse what parents cherished, friends esteemed, and women loved. The summer wind, that shook the branches of the trees, and moved the clover and gaudy heads of the thistles, brought with it a foul stench, still more hideous to the mind than to the offended sense. The foot that startled the small bird from its nest among the grass disturbed at the same time some poor remnant of a human being—either of the showy habiliments in which he took pride, or of the warlike accoutrements which were his glory, or of the framework of his body itself, which he felt as comeliness and strength, the instant before it became a mass of senseless matter."

The little church and burial-ground of the village are crowded with melancholy memorials of our officers who fell. Nearly thirty monuments are there. The mound, 200 feet high, surmounted now by the Belgic Lion, the most conspicuous object in the field, marks the spot which was deemed the centre of the conflict. Beneath it the bones of friends and foes lie indiscriminately heaped together.

In the hollow way referred to in our narrative stand two monuments—a pillar to the memory of Colonel Sir Alexander Gordon, of the 3rd (Scots) Guards, and an obelisk in honour of the officers of the Anglo-German Legion who fell there.

Close to the farm-house of La Haye Sainte is still shown the solitary grave of Shaw the Life Guardsman; and not far off, on the opposite side of the road, a vast hecatomb of men and horses all lie mixed in one common grave.

The fertility of the ground on which the battle was fought increased for several years after it took place. Nowhere were richer crops produced in the whole of Belgium, and the corn is said to have waved thickest, and to have been of a darker colour, over those spots where the dead were interred, so that in spring it was possible to discover them by this indication alone.

CHAPTER CXXVII.

CAMBRAY AND PERRONNE, 1815.

THE closing scene in the long and terrible war was now at hand, and the last cartridge about to be fired!

In a letter to Lord Uxbridge, dated from Le Cateau, 23rd June, the Duke of Wellington gives thus his first impression as to the result of Waterloo.

"I may be wrong, but my opinion is that we have given Napoleon his death-blow; from all I hear, his army is totally destroyed; the men are deserting in parties, even the generals are withdrawing from him. The infantry throw away their arms, and the cavalry and artillery sell their horses to the people of the country and desert to their homes. . . . I am of opinion that he can make no head against us—*qu'il n'a qu' à se prendre.*"

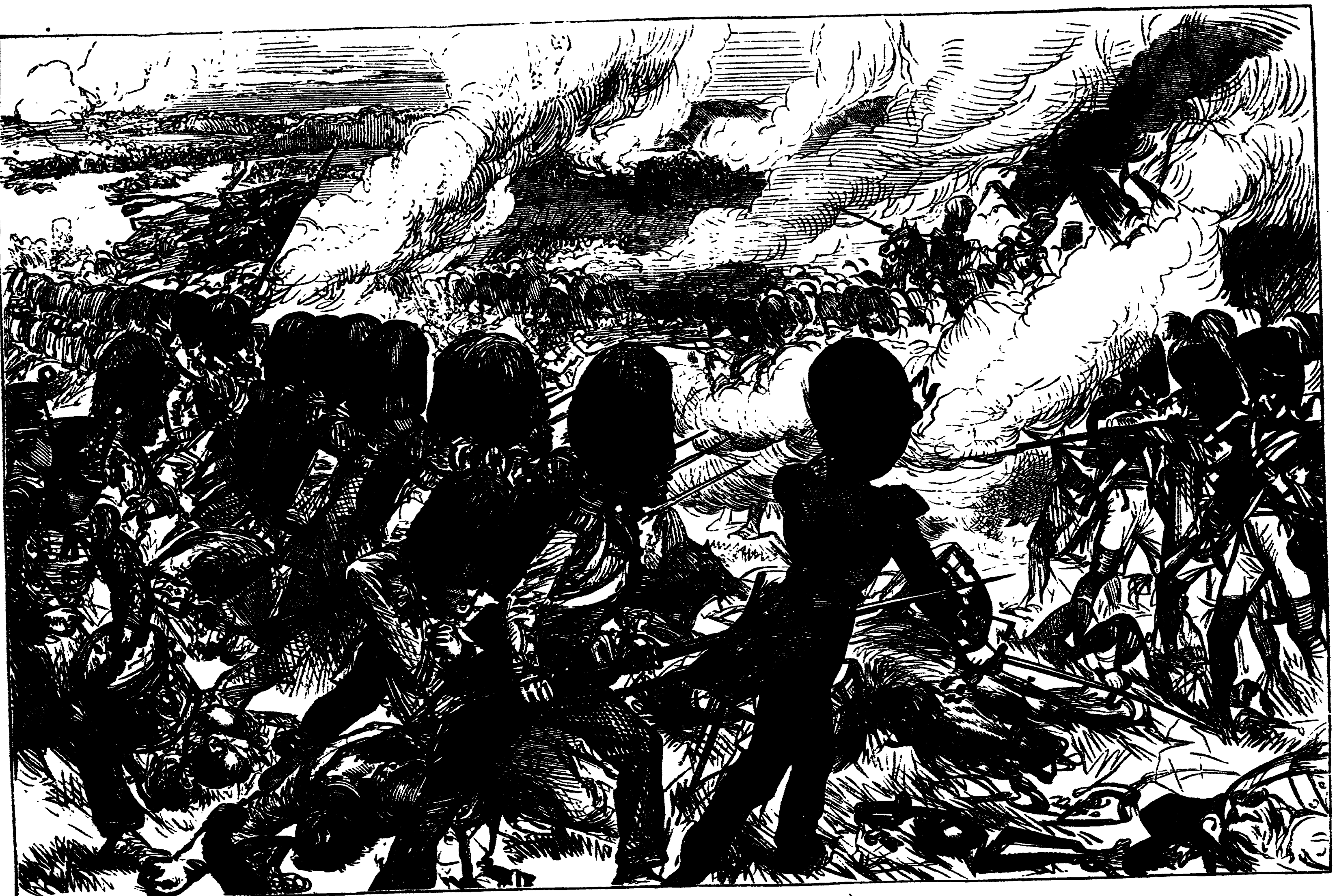
On the 19th of June, the allied army proceeded to Nivelles, in South Brabant, a wonderful effort after a battle so desperate. There it was joined by the detached force under Prince Frederick and General Sir Charles Colville.

The Duke of Wellington overtook the army on the 21st, when it entered France. Prior to doing so he issued a General Order, reminding the allied armies that they entered France as friends, and as "the allies of His Majesty the King of France," and that nothing was to be taken by officers or soldiers for which payment was not duly made; and he concluded by thanking the troops for their glorious conduct on the field of Waterloo.


THE BATTLE FIELD OF WATERLOO AS IT NOW IS.

On the 21st his head-quarters were at Malplaquet, where Marlborough won his great victory in 1709, from whence he issued to the French people a proclamation which fully exemplifies the firmness, wisdom, and moderation of his character, as the leader of a brave and humane, though victorious army.

He announced that he entered France at the



THE LAST CHARGE AT WATERLOO (*see page* 532).

head of a conquering army, yet not as an enemy, "save to the usurper, the declared enemy of the human race, with whom there could be neither peace nor truce;" but to assist Frenchmen in throwing off the yoke by which they had been borne down.

He requested that all soldiers infringing the foregoing orders should be reported to him; but that the French by their own conduct must acquire the right of protection.

"All persons abandoning their homes, after our entry into France, or absenting themselves to serve the usurper, shall be looked upon as his partisans and our enemies; and their property shall be confiscated, and applied to the maintenance of the troops. "WELLINGTON.

"Malplaquet, June 22, 1815."

While the Duke was delivering this address (the original of which, in French, is in "Gurwood"), the fallen Napoleon, his dream of empire gone, issued on the very same day, from the Palace of the Elysée, a bulletin to the people of France, in which he told them that in recommencing hostilities, he had done so to uphold the national independence, and that he had relied on the combined efforts and good-will of all classes, to enable him to set at defiance all the powers arrayed against him; but that now he tendered himself in sacrifice to the enemies of France.

"May this hostility aim at nothing but me personally!" he continued. "My political life is at an end; but I proclaim my son by the name of Napoleon II., Emperor of the French.

"The present ministers will constitute provisionally the Council of State. My interest in my son's well-being leads me to invite the Chambers to proceed without delay to provide a regency by an enactment for this purpose.

"Make united efforts to preserve the public peace and your national independence."

But this document failed alike to rouse the French to fresh sacrifices, or to stay the victorious march of the now inexorable Allies on Paris.

On the 24th of June the troops reached the large and well-fortified city of Cambray, the citadel of which is considered among the strongest in Europe.

The tricolour was still flying there, for the garrison adhered to the Emperor; but it was escaladed by Sir Charles Colville's division. Among other troops, the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers entered it by the old breach, now the Port du Paris, with only the loss of one officer and one private; and Cambray capitulated on the following evening, and became for a time the head-quarters of the Duke, as commander-in-chief of the allied army. It was afterwards fixed upon as one of the eighteen French fortresses to be garrisoned by the army of occupation for five years.

Peronne, a well-built town surrounded by ramparts and ditches of brick, and which, were it not commanded by the adjacent heights of Flamicourt, and Quinconce, would be one of the strongest places in France, and which had hitherto borne the title of Pucelle, was the next capture by storm.

In a dispatch to Earl Bathurst, dated Orville, 28th of June, the Duke says:—

"I attacked Peronne with the 1st brigade of British Guards, under Major-General Maitland, on the 26th, in the afternoon. The troops took the horn-work which covers the suburb on the left of the Somme by storm, with but small loss; and the town immediately surrendered, on condition that the garrison should lay down their arms, and be allowed to return to their homes. The troops on this occasion behaved remarkably well; and I have great pleasure in reporting the good conduct of a battery of artillery of the troops of the Netherlands. I have placed in garrison there two battalions of the troops of the King of the Netherlands."

In this dispatch, the Great Duke modestly omits all mention of a narrow escape which he had during the operations against Peronne.

After directing his staff to get under shelter in the ditch of an outwork, he posted himself in a sally-port of the glacis. A staff-officer having a communication to make, came suddenly upon him, [illegible] drew the attention of the enemy, who treacher- [illegible] discharged a howitzer crammed with grape at the point. It shattered the brick wall near which the Duke was standing, "and," says Sergeant-Major Cotton, "made—to use the words of one who saw him immediately afterwards—his blue surtout completely red."

The last shots actually fired in this long war, by land, were discharged on the 3rd of July, when the Allies were entering Paris. The advanced guard of the 16th Light Dragoons was wantonly fired on by a French Guard. A sergeant was wounded and a horse killed. The brigade began at once to form to the front; but a French officer advanced and apologised, "attributing the occurrence to the irritated state of the French soldiers in consequence of the abdication of Bonaparte and the surrender of [illegible]

[illegible] occupation of Paris, of France itself, and the [illegible]uture fate of the fallen Emperor are matters of [illegible]

CHAPTER CXXVIII.

THE "PRESIDENT" FRIGATE, 1815.

After the preliminaries of a general peace had been duly signed at Ghent, the American frigate *President* was captured by a British squadron off New York, on the 15th of January.

Rear-Admiral Henry Hotham lay off that city as senior officer, commanding in the *Chesapeake;* and the captain of the *Majestic* had with him, off Sandy Hook, three forty-four-gun ships—the *Tenedos*, Captain Hyde Parker; the *Endymion*, Captain Henry Hope; and the *Pomona*, Captain R. Lumley.

Captain Hayes, while stationed off the Narrows of New York, had with great skill and perseverance contrived to keep his post during the heavy gales and snow-storms, and the bitter frost, so common on that coast during the winter season, when sometimes a vessel's whole bows, bow-ports, anchors, and forecastle are a mass of frozen spray.

On the morning of the 14th of January, when Sandy Hook was bearing about forty-five miles north-westward, one hour before daylight, the watch of the *Majestic* on deck reported the *President*, Captain Decatur, in sight, and a brig in company. Chase was instantly given; but the wind failing, the *Endymion* took the lead, and was fortunate enough to get alongside the *President* at half-past five in the evening.

These two vessels were well matched as to their main-deck guns, having both long twenty-four-pounders; but in that respect only, for the *President* was at that time the largest frigate in the world, her armament being thus:—main-deck, 30 long twenty-four-pounders; quarter-deck, 14 forty-two-pound carronades; forecastle, 6 forty-two-pound carronades, and 1 long twenty-four-pounder; fore-top, 2 brass six-pounders; main-top, 2 brass six-pounders; mizzen-top, 2 smaller guns: these were probably light howitzers or cohorns. Notwithstanding this disparity of metal, and the peculiarity of having guns aloft, the *Endymion* fought her stoutly for two hours and a half, till her sails were all shot away from the yards, and hung downwards in ribbons and masses like tattered curtains, about the running and standing rigging.

While she was compelled to lie-to and get all this top-hamper cut away, new canvas bent, and other damages repaired, the *President* shot ahead; but the *Pomona* came up with her at half-past eleven in the night, and on firing a few shot into her, the Americans called out that they had surrendered.

The *Endymion* had eleven men killed and fourteen wounded; the *President* thirty-five killed and seventy wounded.

"It would be unfair," says Captain Brenton, "to the memory of that excellent man, Commodore Decatur, to say that this was quite an equal action. It might have ended in a drawn battle, had not the *Pomona* decided the contest; but no one will contend that the *Endymion* had not supported the honour of the British flag, and that she would not, in all human probability, have achieved the conquest without assistance, if we may judge from the carnage on the decks of the enemy, and the damage sustained by him in the action."

Rear-Admiral Cockburn, who in the meantime was employed at St. Mary's, had no idea that a peace could be so speedily concluded between Britain and the United States, and was busy fortifying Cumberland Island, as a place to hold during the continuance of hostilities, and from whence it would have been in his power to do the greatest injury to the enemy.

However, he received, on the 25th of February, a flag of truce from General Pinckney, the officer who commanded the American forces opposed to him, intimating that a treaty of peace had been signed and ratified by Britain, and that it only wanted the approval of the President of the United States.

In consequence of this pleasing communication, Admiral Cockburn rested on his arms until the 2nd of March, when official intelligence reached him of the conclusion of the treaty. He then embarked all his military stores, and the prize goods which he had taken. To this last step the American general objected, and remonstrated, as being contrary to the spirit of the treaty; but he was unheeded by the admiral, who set sail for Bermuda. And so ended the last scene of the war with America.

The following year, 1816, was to behold the inauguration of a new era in the history of our navy, by the first introduction of steam-vessels into the service.

This was under the auspices of Lord Melville, "who," according to Sir John Barrow's autobiography, "was ever anxious to patronise any project decidedly advantageous to the navy."

Steam was first applied to shipping by Dr. James

Taylor, a native of Lanarkshire, in a model steam-boat on Dalswinton Loch. But Taylor was a man without funds, so the project failed, to be taken up by Henry Bell, a native of Linlithgowshire.

"In 1800," he writes (twelve years after Taylor's little steamer paddled across Dalswinton Loch), "I applied to Lord Melville, on purpose to show his lordship and other members of the Admiralty the practicability of applying steam to the propulsion of vessels against winds and tides;" but Melville was then averse to the idea, though the great Lord Nelson thought otherwise.

"My lords," said he, emphatically, in 1803, when Bell brought forward his project again, "if you do not adopt Mr. Bell's scheme, other nations will, and in the end vex every part of this empire. It will succeed, and you should encourage Mr. Bell." By order of Lord Melville, a steamer called the *Comet*, of 238 tons burden and 80 horse-power, was built and ready for sea in 1822; and from that time the utility of such vessels was fully recognised.

In 1843 steam power was first applied to our frigates, when the *Penelope*, 46 guns, was cut in two at Chatham, lengthened by sixty-five feet, and had engines of 650 horse-power put into her. In the same year, Lord Dundonald fitted up the *James* with engines of 200 horse-power, of a construction peculiarly his own; and for the first time, in 1845, when the *Sidon* was built by Sir Charles Napier, was a steam-vessel constructed which could carry and use a broadside armament on her main deck. Later years have shown the superiority of the screw over the paddle for war vessels, as it admits of the whole machinery being placed below the water-line, and therefore out of danger. Thus the ship can be handled with sails alone, or with sails and steam together, as occasion requires; while the action of all her guns is unimpeded.

CHAPTER CXXIX.

BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS, 1816.

THE States of Barbary, which, to the disgrace of all European powers, had been permitted for generations to carry on their piratical depredations against the commerce of the Mediterranean, received in the year subsequent to Waterloo a severe chastisement from Great Britain—not more severe than merited, as they had long provoked her, and, in their ignorance, deemed her forbearance arose from fear or weakness.

Influenced by Pope Paul III., Charles V. made war upon them, but, as Robertson records, totally failed; and, by a storm which in one night sunk eighty-six ships and fifteen galleys, with all on board, lost the greater part of his fleet and army. The Spaniards, in 1601, and the English in the subsequent year, also failed. The works on the bay were enormously strong, the Dey Hayraddin having employed not less than 30,000 Christian slaves in their construction. The French fleet, under Duquesne, bombarded and fired the city in 1632 and 1633. In 1775, the Spaniards attempted a crusade against this great nation of maritime banditti, and totally failed.

During our long war with France, their insolence and exactions, their piracies and outrages, rose in accordance with the difficulties in which we were placed; and in 1816 the massacre at Bona filled up the measure of the crimes of ages.

Every European ship that their armed rovers could capture they deemed lawful spoil, and carried her crew into slavery.

In 1816, Capt. Croker, of H.M. sloop *Wizard*, in a letter addressed to a member of Parliament, gave a painful detail of the miseries to which the Christian captives were subjected by the Algerines. In one instance, during the preceding year, 357 European slaves, who had been taken at sea by two Algerine corsairs carrying British colours, were landed at Bona, the most eastern part of the province; and, after a journey of many days, 300 who survived the miseries to which they were subjected, were brought to the feet of the Dey. Some were so emaciated and worn with fatigue, that they expired before him; and six days afterwards seventy more had succumbed to death. The rest were stripped, chained, and sent with others, under bigoted and merciless task-masters, to work in the stone-quarries by day, and by night were secured in the *bani* or prison of Algiers, the rooms of which had bare walls and earthen floors; in these they slept, not on beds, but in wicker "cot-frames, hung up one above another." The stench of these places was so intolerable that the captain and his whole company could scarcely endure it, and one gentleman nearly fainted. Among the slaves there were many British subjects,

and a Sicilian woman who, with all her children, had been a slave for thirteen years. Their daily food was two black half-pound loaves, with a little oil; and their keeper could lash, maim, or murder them at pleasure. "We left these scenes of horror," writes Captain Croker, "and in going into the country, I met the slaves returning from their labour. The clang of the chains of those who are heavily ironed called my attention to their extreme fatigue and dejection, they being attended by infidels with large whips." The women were procured by descents on the Italian coast, and their fate was most horrible in every sense.

On the 13th of June, 1816, the whole of the Italian coral-fishers at Bona, to the number of 300, were barbarously assassinated by the Mussulman soldiery. The British consul was assassinated; the British flag was torn from his office, rent to pieces, and trod under foot. All this was done with the connivance of the Dey. From that moment all negotiations with him ended, and it was resolved to attack him in his capital.

For this purpose an expedition was fitted out, under the command of Lord (afterwards Viscount) Exmouth, a distinguished naval officer, who had been made a baronet in 1796, for his heroism in capturing the *Cleopatra*, French frigate, and was now Admiral of the Blue.

On board the fleet, which consisted of nineteen sail, were a large body of Marines, Royal Sappers and Miners, Royal Marine Artillery, and the Royal Rocket Corps. These troops now wore for the first time the present shako, with the brass plate and tuft, which was introduced in 1816, and adopted by the whole of the infantry, Grenadiers and Highlanders excepted.

A Dutch squadron of six vessels, under Vice-Admiral the Baron van Capellan, joined our fleet. The latter officer had his flag on board the *Melampus*, 36 guns, the captain of which was an officer of Scotch descent, named De Muir. That of Lord Exmouth was on board the *Queen Charlotte*, 110 guns, Captain James Brisbane. The total armament carried was 874 guns; and there were in addition four bomb-ketches, the *Imperial*, *Fury*, *Hecla*, and *Beelzebub*, each carrying ten guns.

After a vexatious detention of four days by foul winds at Gibraltar—time, however, spent in exercising the crews at the guns—the fleet stood over towards the coast of Africa, the crews full of ardour and anxiety to find themselves before the city; as they had heard, on the day before sailing, that a large army had been assembled at Algiers, and that very considerable additional batteries and works had been thrown up on both flanks of the city, and also about the entrance of the mole.

"This intelligence," says Lord Exmouth, in his despatch to Sir John Wilson Croker, "was on the following night greatly confirmed by the *Prometheus*, which I had dispatched to Algiers some time before, to endeavour to get away our consul. Captain Dashwood had with difficulty succeeded in bringing away, disguised in midshipmen's uniforms, his wife and daughter, leaving a boat to bring off their infant child, coming down in a basket with the surgeon, who thought he had composed it, but unhappily it cried in the gateway; and in consequence, the surgeon, three midshipmen, and others, in all eighteen persons, were seized and confined as slaves in the usual dungeons. The child was sent off the next morning by the Dey, and, as a solitary instance of his humanity, it ought to be recorded by me."

Captain Dashwood reported to Lord Exmouth that about 40,000 troops had been brought in from the interior, and all the janissaries from the distant garrisons; and that all were indefatigably employed on the batteries, in the gun-boats, and elsewhere, strengthening the defences. The ships of the Dey were all in port, where there were from forty to fifty gun and mortar-boats, in a great state of readiness. The Dey informed Captain Dashwood that he knew perfectly well that the armament at Gibraltar was destined for Algiers. He had closely confined our consul, and refused either to give him up or promise his personal safety; neither would he hear a word respecting the officers and men so lawlessly seized in the boats of the *Prometheus*.

At daybreak on the 26th of August, the fleet was off the pirate city, which lies on the side of a hill that rises gradually from the sea, forming a species of amphitheatre, and terminating in a point near its summit. In consequence of its position, there is scarcely a house in it which does not command a full view of the sea. The roofs are flat and terraced, so that people may walk along them for a considerable distance. All the houses are whitewashed, so that, at a distance, the city looks like a ship's topsail rising from the blue water against a green and rocky coast.

On the land side it was surrounded by a wall three miles in circumference, defended by towers and four castles; but the main defence is on the side of the harbour. It is composed of two moles, one of which stretches north-east from the town about 500 paces in length, and terminates on a rock called the Lantern, whereon a castle is built. At every point ware numerous strong batteries,

mounting in all, to the seaward, 298 pieces of cannon.

At this time its population was estimated at 130,000 souls, "consisting of Turks, Moors, Jews, renegadoes, and Christian slaves."

The morning of the 26th of August was beautifully serene, with a silvery haze that foretold the coming heat.

who bore this perilous message to those barbarians was met by the captain of the port, who on being told that the answer was expected within one hour, haughtily replied that "it was impossible." "Then," said the officer, "I shall wait two or three hours."

"Two hours are quite sufficient," replied the Algerine.

The demands of the admiral, after upbraiding



VIEW IN ALGIERS.

On the fleet coming in sight of the city and bay of Algiers, the wind died away, and the vessels were becalmed within five miles of the shore; but near enough to see all the crowded and long lines of batteries, with the red flag flying everywhere, and the masts of the shipping above the walls of the mole. Lord Exmouth embraced this opportunity of dispatching a boat, under cover of the *Severn*, 44 guns, Captain the Hon. T. W. Aylmer, with a flag of truce, and the demands that were made in the name of the Prince Regent of Great Britain, directing the officer to wait three hours for the Dey's answer; after which, if no reply came, he was to return to the flag-ship. Near the mole, the officer

the Dey for the recent atrocity at Bona, were these:—

"1. The abolition for ever of Christian slavery.

"2. The delivery to my flag of all slaves in the dominions of the Dey, to whatever nation they may belong, at noon to-morrow.

"3. To deliver also to my flag all money received by him for the redemption of slaves since the commencement of this year, at noon also to-morrow."

He further required reparation to the British consul for all the losses he had sustained, a public apology to him from the Dey, and the delivery of the officers and men recently seized; otherwise

he threatened the entire destruction of the place by shot, shell, and fire.

Soon after these demands were delivered to the Dey a sea-breeze sprang up; the fleet reached the bay, and the boats and flotilla were prepared for service. The latter consisted of five gun-boats, ten mortar and eight rocket-boats, with thirty-two gun-boats, barges, and yawls, under Captain F. T. Mitchell and Lieutenants Davies and Revons. The admiral now observed the officer returning, with a signal flying to the effect that, after waiting three hours, no answer had been received.



GROUP OF MAHRATTAS, 1818.

The ships' crews were now piped to dinner—a last meal it proved to many, particularly on board the *Impregnable* and the Dutch frigate *Diana*—and at the officers' messes bumpers were pledged to a successful attack, and there was a general expression of hope that the affair might end in negotiation; but suddenly the admiral signalled "Are you ready?" The reply, "Ready," flew from ship to ship. Then followed the signal to "Bear up," the admiral leading the way in the stately *Queen Charlotte*, before a fine steady breeze from the sea. All bore on to their appointed stations; and, "in the prescribed order," wrote Lord Exmouth, "we anchored at the entrance of the mole, at about fifty yards' distance. Till this moment not a gun had been fired, and I began to suspect a full compliance with the terms which had been so many hours in their hands. At this period of profound silence a shot was fired at us from the mole, and two at the ships to the northward then following. This was promptly returned by the *Queen Charlotte*, which was then lashing to the mainmast of a brig, fast to the shore at the mouth of the mole, and for which we had steered as the guide to our position."

The *Leander*, 50, ran in on the admiral's larboard beam, keeping within two cables' length of him; the long guns were loaded with round and grape, the carronades with the latter only; the canvas was reduced to the topsails and topgallant-sails; the mainsails were furled, while the boats were dropped astern in tow.

Under a crowd of sail, our gun-boats strove to lay themselves alongside the batteries, where the Algerines were seen busy loading and training their cannon; while vast crowds of spectators covered all the beach, gazing idly at the hostile squadron, and apparently unconscious of what

was about to ensue. As the harbour opened to the view of our fleet, the great row-boats fully manned were seen, with their crews lying on their oars fully prepared for an attack, and ready to board, should an opportunity offer. Each boat had a gay flag flying in its stern. A frigate was moored across the harbour mouth, and a brig was at anchor outside of her.

When the *Queen Charlotte* came to anchor, her flag was flying at the main and the ensign at her peak; her starboard broadside flanked the whole range of the batteries from the mole-head to the lighthouse. The entire squadron now had their topsail-yards aloft to be secure from fire, and the sails brought snugly to the yards by head-lines previously fitted. The topgallant-sails and small sails only were furled, so that no man would be exposed unnecessarily aloft to the aim of musketry.

As the *Leander* came to anchor off the Fish-market Battery, Lord Exmouth was seen on the poop of the flag-ship, kindly waving his hat to the mobs of gaping idlers on the beach to get out range; then a loud cheer rang out on the sunny air, and the whole of the tremendous broadside of the *Queen Charlotte* was thrown with a tearing crash into the batteries abreast of her. Shrieks and yells responded; while blood, bones, and stone splinters flew in all directions.

"The cheers of the *Queen Charlotte* were loudly echoed by those of the *Leander*," wrote an officer of the latter ship, "and the contents of her starboard broadside as quickly followed, carrying destruction into the groups of row-boats; the smoke opened, the fragments of boats were seen floating, the crews swimming and scrambling—as many as escaped the shot—to the shore, and another broadside annihilated them."

The Algerines, from their many batteries, were not slow in making a fierce response. The terrible din of the cannonade became general, as the ships all took their various stations, and when the Dutch admiral with his squadron engaged the armed works to the eastward of the mole. The fresh breeze which had brought the united fleet into the bay was now put down by the heavy firing, so that the smoke hung about the shore and shipping so densely, that the gunners had frequently to wait until it had cleared a little; for the aims they took were steady and deliberate, while the enemy blazed away without ceasing. So great was the havoc, that sixty-five men were carried into the cockpit of the *Leander* alone, after the first and second broadsides; and in the evening, Rear-Admiral Milne sent a message to the admiral, urging the severe losses on board the *Impregnable*, where 50 men lay dead, and 160 wounded, requesting that a frigate might be sent to divert some of the fire he was under. The *Glasgow*, 44, Captain the Hon. A. Maitland, was ordered to his assistance; but after weighing, as there was no wind, she had again to anchor.

An intimation was now sent to the *Leander* to cease firing, as an attempt to destroy the Algerine frigates was about to be made. "These were awful moments during the conflict," says Lord Exmouth—"moments which I cannot attempt to describe—occasioned by firing the ships so near us; and I had long resisted the eager entreaties of several around me to make the attempt upon the outer frigate—distant about one hundred yards—which at length I gave in to; and Major Gosset (afterwards General Sir William Gosset, C.B., K.C.H., of the Royal Engineers), by my side, who had been eager to land his corps of Miners, pressed me most anxiously for permission to accompany Lieutenant Richards in this ship's barge. The frigate was instantly boarded, and in ten minutes was in a perfect blaze; a gallant young midshipman, in rocket-boat, No. 8, although forbidden, was led by his ardent spirit to follow in support of the barge, in which he was desperately wounded, his brother officer killed, and nine of his crew. The barge by rowing more rapidly had suffered less, and lost but two."

By this time, so vehement was the fire from the shore, that the masts of the squadron were beginning to suffer; splinters fell fast from them, mingled with shreds of canvas, traces, bowlines, and running-gear. Occasionally the red flag on a battery disappeared, and a cheer from the ships greeted the event, "each captain of a gun believing himself to be the faithful marksman." The rockets had now taken the hoped-for effect among the Algerine squadron, which soon became sheeted with roaring flames, amid which the masts and yards vanished in quick succession.

Through the openings in the smoke the dreadful havoc made in the enemy's works became manifest. The whole of the mole head had been reduced to a mass of the merest ruin by the guns of the *Queen Charlotte;* the guns were silenced there, and the mangled dead lay thickly about them. A battery in the upper part of the town remained untouched; and so loftily was it situated, that the shot from its depressed guns actually went through the decks of the *Leander*.

So ably did the flotilla of mortar, gun, and rocket-boats, under their respective officers, acquit themselves, that by the time the sun began to set, the whole of the arsenals, store-houses, and

Algerine gun-boats, were, like their squadron, enveloped in flames, which reddened sea and sky alike. Sheeted with fire, the outermost frigate drifted perilously near the *Queen Charlotte;* but a little breeze carried her past, and she went ashore. But from shore and shipping loose fire and burning brands were flying over all the squadron, and every moment was one of double danger now.

The ship guns had become so heated by the long and incessant cannonade, that our people were compelled to resort to half cartridges, as well as to wait their cooling before reloading. By eight o'clock the enemy's fire had greatly diminished, and they were seen running in terrified crowds from their ruined defences to the great gate of the city. All their movements could be distinctly seen by the lurid light of their blazing fleet and arsenals, which exhibited a spectacle of awful grandeur impossible to describe.

By ten o'clock the Algerine batteries were completely silenced; and, as a land breeze set in, all hands went to work warping and towing off; "and, by the help of the light air, the whole were under sail, and came to anchor out of reach of shells after twelve hours of incessant labour."

By this time the fleet had achieved the destruction of four large frigates, each of forty-four guns; five corvettes, mounting from thirty to thirty-four guns; thirty gun and mortar-boats, and a vast fleet of vessels of every kind and size; all the pontoons and lighters; all the store-houses, arsenals, and timber; all the gun-carriages, mortar-beds, casks, and naval supplies of every description, teaching "these barbarians" a lesson to be remembered for ever, as Exmouth says.

The total loss in both squadrons was 883 officers, seamen, and marines, killed and wounded. Of these, 690 were British.

Most grateful to the wretched Christian slaves who were fettered and penned up in the loathsome *bani*, must the din of that day's bombardment have been!

A storm of thunder and lightning succeeded the carnage of the day. The last ship that fired a shot at the shore was the *Leander*, on board of which one gun was found loaded, at twenty-five minutes past eleven o'clock.

Morning saw a General Order issued, to "offer up a public thanksgiving to Almighty God for the signal victory obtained by the arms of Britain over these ferocious enemies of mankind."

Almost every house in Algiers bore traces of the cannonade. Five shells, one of thirteen inches, and four of ten inches, fell into the palace of the Dey. The moment Lord Exmouth's fleet hauled out, the Janissaries demanded that the city should be given up to them to pillage, on the plea that the Moors had been cold in its defence, and that the Jews were spies. It was not at once that the humbled Dey could dissuade these furies from their purpose. Rushing in among them, with his breast uncovered, he bid any of them who was a greater friend to their cause than he was to shoot or stab him on the spot. This romantic act of bravery and voluntary sacrifice silenced them.

On the 1st of September, Lord Exmouth—who for his services was created a Viscount—had the glorious satisfaction of receiving on board his fleet all the Christian slaves, amounting to 1,211, amongst whom, however, there was not one Briton alive now; and seldom had a more splendid spectacle been seen than the boats of the squadron bringing off all these poor creatures, whose now fetterless hands were raised frequently to Heaven, imploring blessing upon Britain, in every European language save her own. He also obtained 357,000 dollars for Naples, and 25,000 for Sardinia.

Nor did the acts of mercy in this last crusade end here.

On the 27th of November, Rear-Admiral Penrose, who remained as Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, summoned the Government of Tripoli and Tunis, desiring the Bashaw and Bey to make the same concessions to the Prince Regent of Britain that had been made by the Dey of Algiers; and the Rear-Admiral had the satisfaction of sending eighty-three liberated Romans to Civita Vecchia.

After that, not a Christian slave remained in the States of Barbary.

CHAPTER CXXX.

THE PINDAREE WAR, 1817.

On succeeding Lord Minto as Governor-General of India, the Marquis of Hastings, while exercising viceregal authority for nearly ten years, executed many projects for the benefit of the natives, but none of more importance than the suppression of the people known as Pindarees.

These were not a distinctive race, but a numerous class of men, of many races, religions, and habits,

gradually associating and assimilated by one common pursuit—outrage and robbery. They were all well armed, all horsemen, and daring in battle. They had no nationality, and not one religious faith, yet their name occurs in Indian annals so early as the seventh century. From obscure freebooters, they rose to be of sufficient consequence to take service under the native princes, and when not so engaged, they roamed about the country in large bands of from two to three thousand. Many were armed with spears and matchlocks, and every man depended on his own resources for feeding himself and his horse. Their costumes were as varied as their equipment; all were distinguished by one important characteristic—the wild ferocity of aspect that corresponded to their reckless mode of life.

The helpless villagers experienced the most dreadful sufferings when so fated as to be visited by these fierce marauders. Their dwellings were ransacked, their women carried off, the children murdered, and the men subjected to the most excruciating tortures, to compel them to confess where real or imaginary hoards of money were hidden.

These cowardly Pindarees never fought when they could run away. "Their wealth," says Sir John Malcolm, "their booty, and their families, were scattered over a wide region, in which they found protection in the mountains and in the fastnesses peculiar to themselves, or to those with whom they were either openly or secretly connected; but nowhere did they present any point of attack; and the defeat of a party, the destruction of one of their cantonments, or the temporary occupation of one of their strongholds, produced no effect beyond the ruin of an individual freebooter, whose place was instantly supplied by another, generally of more desperate fortune, and therefore more eager for enterprise."

To crush these terrible hordes was now the intention of the Governor-General. Even when acting as auxiliaries to the Mahrattas, their object was neither war nor glory, but plunder only. Though always in the van, "they had little more pretension to martial conduct and valour than had the birds and beasts of prey that followed the rear."

Their leaders were named Lubburs, and their raids or forays, Lubburiahs. The greatest, or worst, among these chiefs was one called Cheetoo, who first appeared in arms in 1806, after which his power increased so rapidly, that he had soon 15,000 horsemen under his orders. For several years, at an appointed time, this number of outlaws always rallied round his banner, and then the work of devastation began.

In 1815, while we were hampered with a Nepaulese war, his followers crossed the Nerbudda, and ravaged the Deccan, threatening even the Presidency of Madras; but wheeling eastward, as the river Kistna proved impassable, they plundered all the populous and fertile districts on its bank, committing unheard-of enormities, and returned to the head-quarters of Cheetoo with vast booty.

The year 1816 saw them actually in the Madras territory, when hundreds of villages were sacked and destroyed; and again they fled to their fortresses laden with spoil.

In the following year, Cheetoo was encouraged by past success and impunity to form an alliance with some Mahratta chiefs, who had resolved to have a trial of strength with the East India Company. So the Marquis of Hastings, as Commander-in-Chief and Governor-General—a gallant soldier, eloquent senator, and popular statesman—a veteran of much hard service, took the field in person, and directed the main operations of the campaigns.

That against the Pindarees proved of an arduous and trying nature, as extensive districts had to be traversed by forced marches, passing through rivers and jungles, in attempting to surprise these mounted marauders, whose unshod horses could outstrip the wind.

Never before had we moved armies of such magnitude in India. That of the Bengal Presidency, called "The Grand Army," amounted to 40,000 fighting men; that of Madras, under Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Hislop, Bart., called "The Army of the Deccan," numbered 70,000 fighting men; while the Presidency of Bombay furnished a third and considerable force, which was to advance from the side of Goojerat. The result of these movements was, that the Pindarees were soon headed back whenever they attempted to cross our frontiers; fierce dissensions broke out among their chiefs, and they were soon pursued towards their own fastnesses.

With a corps of the Grand Army, Sir John Malcolm, on being informed that Cheetoo, the robber, had fled westward, resolved to pursue him with vigour. A powerful Mahratta force intervened between him and Cheetoo, but it was cut to pieces; and Cheetoo continued his wayward flight, deserted by most of his followers.

Other chiefs, with their bands, were exterminated in detail, or craved protection from the law, swearing by such oaths as could bind such spirits, never to violate it more; but Cheetoo, baffling every effort to take him alive, suddenly appeared in arms again

at Malwa, on the north side of the Vindyha Mountains, when the southern part of the province belonged to the Pindarees, and was studded by their hill-forts.

There he wandered and skulked with some 200 desperate followers, the survivors of his scattered band, whom the Bheels and Grassiahs—the latter as the landholders of Malwa—had nearly destroyed.

In his now hopeless misery, he was frequently advised to surrender honourably to the British troops, and trust to their clemency; but he was firmly possessed by the idea that, as he had been merciless in war, so would they too be merciless in victory, and transport him beyond the sea; and to him, a wild, free, mountain robber, the sea was more hideous than the most dreadful death.

His horses were kept constantly saddled; his men, hunted and famished, slept with their bridles in their hands, ready to mount and fly at a moment's notice. After suffering several close pursuits by parties of cavalry sent out by Sir John Malcolm, he was abandoned by Rajun, one of his most faithful and trusted adherents, who made his submission to the conquerors.

Yet, after all this, Cheetoo made his way once more into the Deccan, or "Country of the South," as the Hindoo writers name it, and uniting himself with some Arabs and Mahratta fugitives, renewed his mad career of plunder and devastation. Too many troops were now upon his trail to afford him the least hope either of escape or ultimate vengeance.

His band was overtaken and utterly destroyed, and it was clear that his own end was nigh; yet nothing could subdue the fierce spirit of Cheetoo, or induce him to surrender.

For a long time he was missed, and nothing could be heard of him, as he seemed suddenly to have disappeared. At length, in February, 1819, some scouts discovered his well-known horse grazing near the margin of a forest, not far from the fort of Aseerghur, saddled and bridled, and precisely in the state in which Cheetoo had last been seen upon his back.

In the saddle was found a bag with 250 rupees, together with several seal-rings, and some letters from treacherous Mahratta chiefs. A further search was made in the jungle, and then, at no great distance from the lonely horse, were found the clothes clotted with blood, some fragments of gnawed human bones, and, lastly, Cheetoo's head, entire, with the features still in such a state as to be distinctly recognisable. The forest at Aseerghur was much infested by tigers, so some of these ravenous animals had given the fierce chief an appropriate death and burial.

Such was the fate of the last of the Pindarees, a chief who but lately had ridden with 20,000 horsemen under his standard. Their name is now all that remains, for even the traces of their atrocities have long since passed away.

"These freebooters," says Sir John Malcolm, their conqueror, "had none of the prejudices of caste, for they belonged to all tribes. They never had the pride of soldiers, of family, or of country; so that they were bound by none of those ties which, among many of the communities in India, assume an almost indestructible character. Other plunderers may arise from distempered times; but, as a body, the Pindarees are so effectually destroyed that their very name is nearly already forgotten, though so few years are passed since it spread terror and dismay over all India."

CHAPTER CXXXI.

NAGPORE, 1817.

While detailing the ultimate fate of the Pindaree chief, we have somewhat anticipated the history of his allies elsewhere.

In 1816, the new Rajah of Berar, a territory of Southern Hindostan, in the Deccan, whose name was Apa Sahib, having joined the second Mahratta confederacy, drew our arms against him; and his capital, Nagpore, became the object on which our troops advanced.

He reckoned with certainty on his ability to crush the slender British force which had been left in Nagpore, when we had installed him there with a subsidiary corps of six battalions of sepoys and one regiment of native cavalry, for which he was to pay seven and a half lacs of rupees yearly. Suddenly throwing off all disguise, he declared for the Peishwa of the Mahrattas, while ignorant that the latter had been put to flight at Poonah.

Mr. Jenkins, our Resident, summoned a sepoy brigade from its cantonments, and posted it round

the Residency for his own protection. This building was a little to the westward of, and separated by a small ridge from the city of Nagpore, which is a large and modern town, in a low swampy plain, watered by a river named the Nag, *i.e.*, serpent, from its numerous windings.

The brigade was scarcely posted, the arms, loaded, and flints examined, ere infantry, cavalry, artillery, natives, and Arabs began to gather in wild and excited masses round the Residency, uttering those yells and inflammatory religious cries peculiar to all Orientals.

On the following day, the 26th of November, a fire of cannon and musketry was opened on the ridge already mentioned; the sepoy brigade was in position. It was, of course, returned, and continued from sunset until two next morning. During the interval our troops suffered severely. Captain Sadler, first in command, was killed. He was succeeded by Captain Charlesworth, who fell wounded. Several spirited attempts that were made to capture the ridge were repulsed with great loss to the enemy; but it was evident that the situation of the isolated brigade was desperate in the extreme.

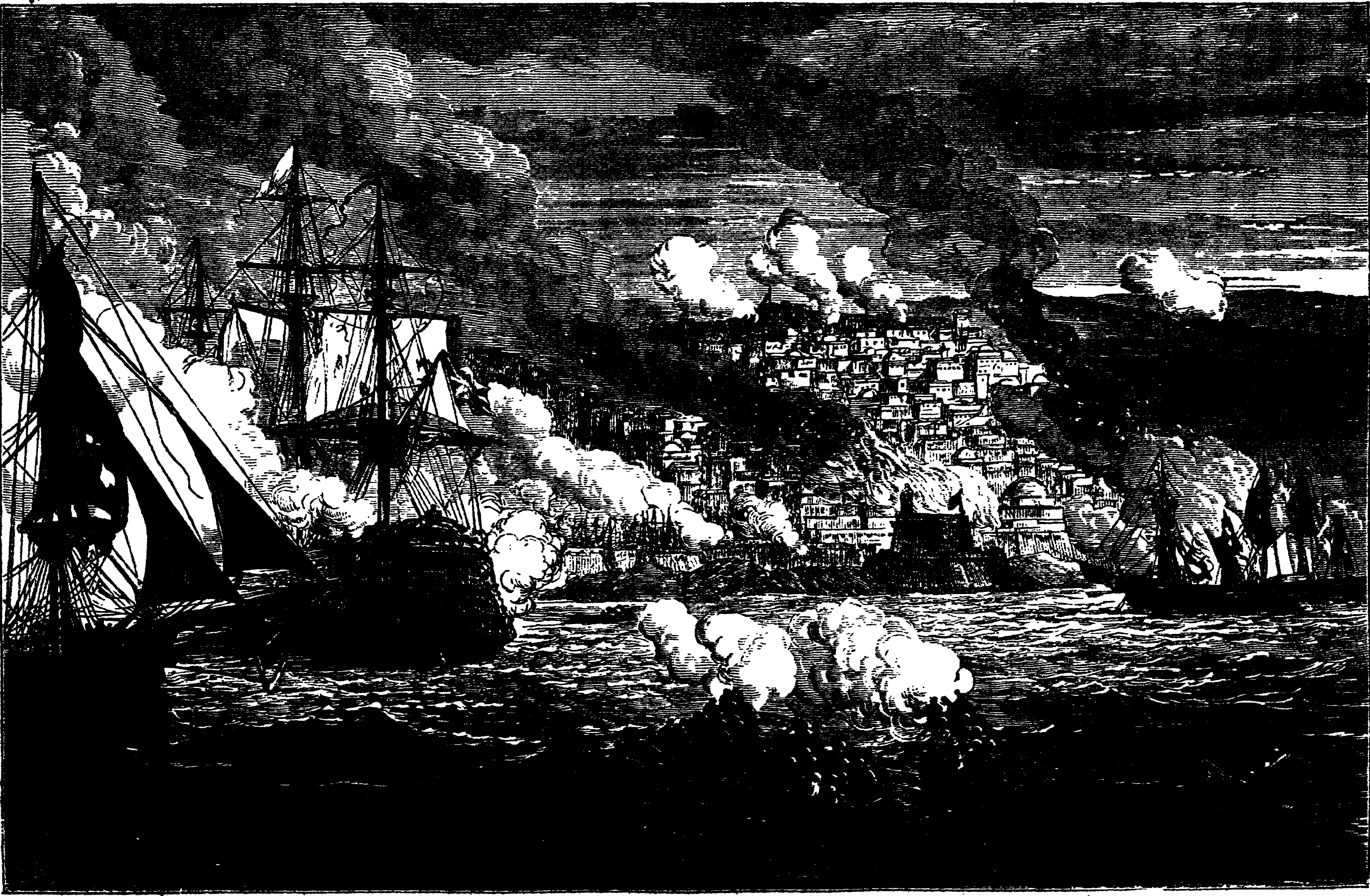
The moment there was a lull in the firing, the sepoys laboured to strengthen their position; but they had few pickaxes or shovels, so they placed along the exposed brow of the ridge several sacks of flour and wheat, with other impromptu covering. With daybreak the firing was heavier than ever, while masses of cavalry began to hover all round the position, and the Arab infantry in the service of Apa Sahib displayed a resolution and confidence gathered from their overwhelming numbers.

An accident happening to one of the cannon, the yelling Arabs rushed up the hill, put to the sword all the wounded who had fallen about the gun, which they then wheeled round, and fired with terrible effect against our next post. The first shot from it killed Dr. Niven, the surgeon, and Lieutenant Clarke; the second, a charge of grape, slew Mr. George Sotheby, the Assistant-Resident, and totally disabled four soldiers.



THE CITADEL OF POONAH.

On beholding this, the women and children, who were crouching in the rear, uttered agonising shrieks, "and our position was *entamée* by the fierce Arabs." All seemed over, and a horrible butchery impending, when Captain Fitzgerald, with the only horse we possessed then, three troops of the 6th Bengal Cavalry, made a charge.



BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS

Gallantly leading the little column in person, he dashed across a *nullah*, charged one mass of the enemy, drove them from their cannon, which he slewed round and turned upon them; he then retired upon the Residency, dragging with him the captured guns, and firing from them as he retired. The sepoys on the ridge set up a joyous cheer, and a party at once attacked the Arabs, whom the fugitives should have supported.

Totally unable to withstand a bayonet charge made in the European fashion, they gave way, were driven from their ground; the gun they had taken was captured, together with two more which they were getting into position. In leading this charge, Captain Lloyd and Lieutenant Grant distinguished themselves greatly. Grant was thrice wounded, the last time mortally.

The troops of Apa Sahib now gave way on every side, and by noon they had abandoned the field, and fled in panic, leaving all the remainder of their artillery with the conquerors; and "so ended a conflict more desperate than any that had taken place in India since the days of Clive."

The Arabs lay thick around the guns, among the sepoys and British officers they had butchered. Apa Sahib now sent *vakeels* to the Resident, to express his grief; and, with true Indian cunning, as the attack had been unsuccessful, to disavow that he had authorised it. He was also mean enough to employ the women of his family as intercessors for pardon.

But now the Company's troops were pouring into his territory from every quarter. By the 29th of November, Lieutenant-Colonel Gahan arrived with two battalions, three troops of cavalry, two galloper guns, and plenty of ammunition. In order that the troops might act elsewhere against Cheetoo and his Pindarees, as we have related, it was imperatively necessary that Apa Sahib, of Berar, should be crushed with rapidity.

Hence, the Marquis of Hastings, who was now in person on the Nerbudda, sent more troops to Nagpore, under Brigadiers Doveton and Hardyman. On these forces coming in, the Resident, Mr. Jenkins, on the morning of the 15th of December, informed the Rajah that if he did not submit to terms, and disband all his Arabs, no conditions would be given him.

He cunningly endeavoured to temporise; but in the evening General Doveton beat to arms, as he knew the treachery of which he was capable, and approaching the walls of Nagpore, bivouacked for the night in the following order:—Two regiments of native cavalry and six horse artillery six-pounders on the height; on its left the brigade of Lieutenant-Colonel (afterwards Major-General) Macleod, composed of a wing of his own regiment, the ubiquitous Scots Royals, four regiments of native infantry, and a flank company of sepoys; Lieutenant-Colonel M'Kellar's brigade, consisting of another division of his corps, the Scots Royals, a regiment of native infantry, and a detachment of foot artillery, with sappers and miners and two guns, with a reserve of native infantry posted in rear of Colonel Macleod's brigade.

Among the Company's troops on the ground at Nagpore, were the 6th Madras Light Cavalry, in silver grey, with pale buff facings; the 3rd Madras Palmacottah Light Infantry; the 26th, 28th, and 31st (or Trichinopoly Light Infantry), all of the Madras establishment.

On the left of the position was a walled garden; beyond it lay the Nayah Nuddee, from whence a small river ran past the enemy's right, and three parallel ravines, terminating in the rugged bed of the river, crossed the space between the infantry and the enemy. The position of the latter was marked by irregularities of the ground, by clusters of houses and tents, and a large tank.

But on that broken ground the Rajah had formed an army of 21,000 men, of whom 14,000 were cavalry, with seventy-five guns. Such was the ground on which we fought the battle of Nagpore. Beyond the river lay the city, from the walls of which the population, numbering 120,000 souls, could see the strife that was to ensue.

Apa Sahib was to come in by nine o'clock, a.m., or abide the consequences.

The fatal hour came; but there was no appearance of the Rajah of Berar, so the army began its advance in order of battle closer to his camp. Apa Sahib upon this mounted his horse, and galloping from thence to the Residency, gave himself up as a hostage. He then gave a written order that all the artillery in his arsenal and camp should be surrendered to us at noon on the 17th of December.

Brigadier Doveton, suspecting some secret mischief, if not from the known treachery of the Rajah, from the desperation of his Arab followers, instead of sending a small party to take the guns, and which perhaps from paucity of numbers might be cut off, advanced with his whole force; the line coming on in open column of companies at wheeling distance.

The arsenal, containing thirty-six pieces of cannon, was given up without resistance; but as the troops went on, in marching through a plantation, a heavy fire of artillery was opened upon them, both in front and on the flanks. Through the prudence of Doveton, he was not unprepared for this event; his

cavalry and horse artillery were with him, and while the infantry made a charge to the front, the latter made a détour and swept round at full speed to get upon the enemy's flanks.

The two lieutenant-colonels of the Royals, Macleod and M'Kellar, each with his brigade, carried the enemy's right battery at the point of the bayonet, and drove the right wing from the ground. The other batteries were also carried, the enemy totally driven from all his positions, and pursued for a distance of five miles. The camp equipage, 75 guns and 36 howitzers more, making 111 pieces in all, with forty-five elephants, and all the spoil of Apa Sahib, became ours; but the fire of the Arabs cost us 39 of the Royal Scots killed and wounded, and 102 sepoys.

In the city of Nagpore part of the Arab infantry rallied and manned the fortress, within which were the palace, the seraglio of the Rajah, and other strong buildings. On being joined by some Hindostanees, the garrison amounted to 5,000 men, who, on being summoned, asked terms of a nature so extraordinary that such could not be granted, so measures were taken to carry the place by storm.

On the 23rd of December, with the light artillery guns, a breach was effected near the Jumna Durwazza Gate, and an assault was resolved on. As the only Europeans with Doveton's force, the Royal Scots had to take the initiative; so one company of the 2nd battalion, under Lieutenant Bell, with five of native infantry, and a proportion of sappers and miners, were detailed for this perilous enterprise. Two other companies of the Royal Scots, under Captain H. C. Cowell, were allotted to attack the city at another gate, while the remaining five companies were to protect the batteries.

On the morning of the 24th of December, while darkness enveloped the city, the marshy plain, the river and its wooded banks, the signal was given; and, with loud cheers, the stormers went rushing from the trenches towards the breach, into which they made a passage; but were immediately assailed by a heavy fire of matchlocks from the strong and lofty adjacent buildings—a fire which they were totally unable to return with effect, or to evade by coming to close quarters. Sheltered thus, behind walls, windows, and terraces, the Arabs, in the grey dawn, marked with fatal aim and entire impunity their destined victims, and their fire proved most destructive.

Lieutenant Bell, of the Royal Scots, a very brave officer, who had served throughout the Peninsular War with the 3rd battalion, fell dead in the breach, which was found no longer tenable; so the whole of the surviving stormers had to withdraw. The other storming parties were also unable to carry the point assigned to them, and had to retire.

On this morning we had 90 killed and 129 wounded. Next day the Arabs offered to surrender. Their terms were acceded to; and, on the 1st of January, 1818, they marched out of Nagpore, with permission to go anywhere they pleased; some to Aseerghur. Brigadier-General Doveton, in his despatch to the Commander-in-Chief in India, stated: "During the operations in the field of the 2nd division of the Army of the Deccan, under my command, the conduct of the 2nd battalion of His Majesty's Royal Scots, under the immediate command of Lieutenant-Colonel Fraser, has been invariably such as to entitle that valuable corps to my highest approbation and applause; and more particularly in the action with the enemy's army at this place on the 16th ultimo, their gallantry, steadiness, and good conduct were most exemplary."

With the departure of the Arabs, resistance ceased at Nagpore. The treacherous Rajah, his capital, and all his country, were at our feet; while his ultimate fate remained in suspense for some months.

Counting the irregular cavalry supplied by the allies and dependants of the East India Company, the whole force now brought into the field against the hostile Mahratta chiefs and their adherents fully amounted to 130,000 men, of whom 13,000 were British soldiers.

On the other hand, it is impossible to state the ever-varying forces of the Mahratta confederacy; but it may be roughly estimated at 130,000 horse and 8,000 foot, with no less than 580 pieces of cannon. The scattered fragments of the Pindaree allies might make 15,000 more.

Our army, though great, was almost destitute of sappers and miners, of scaling-ladders and trenching tools. The artillery and engineer departments were defective, while the battering trains were inadequate to the work in view; and the Governor-General, as he marched up country, knew not who might prove friends and who enemies.

On the 26th of October, 1817, he crossed the Jumna. As it was necessary that part of our great army should traverse the territories of Scindiah, who held his court in the powerful fortress of Gwalior, he was pressed for the conclusion of a friendly treaty, which had been some time in progress; but, as he had promised to support the Peishwa, and had been in correspondence with Cheetoo and Apa Sahib, he prevaricated and delayed until the 5th of November, when two of our *corps d'armée* halted within one day's march of his frontier. He then agreed to give us all the facilities we wanted, and to co-operate towards the final extinction of the Pindarees.

CHAPTER CXXXII.

MAHEIDPORE AND CORREGAUM, 1818.

The States of the Mahratta House of Holkar stood, with reference to the followers of Cheetoo, in a position similar to those of Scindiah; but there was little reason to apprehend hostility from that quarter, as our old foe, Jeswunt Rao Holkar, had died raving mad, in 1811, and his country, steeped in blood and murder, had been in a state of anarchy ever since.

On the 8th of December, the 1st division of the army of the Deccan arrived at Peepleea, and, after four marches, encamped in the vicinity of Oojain, at a short distance from Maheidpore; where the army of Mulhar Rao Holkar, one of the Mahratta powers combined against us, was encamped.

While the forces lay at Oojain, one of the usual revolutions took place in the camp of Holkar. The young heir of the Musnud was enticed away from a tent in which he was playing; and his mother, who was acting as regent, was seized in the night, and beheaded, as a traitress who had sold herself to the British. Her body was then flung into the Sipra river.

After this atrocity, the Patan chiefs became clamorous for battle, and the whole Holkar army, advancing tumultuously and rapidly, plundered part of our baggage. After some further negotiations, the troops advanced against them on the morning of the 22nd of December, 1817. Among our troops in the field here were again the 2nd battalion of the 1st Royals, the Madras Artillery, the 4th and 8th Madras Light Cavalry, the 1st Madras Europeans (now H.M. 102nd Fusiliers) and the 2nd, 14th, 21st, and 23rd (Wallajabad Light Infantry), all of the Madras army.

As the troops were crossing a ford of the Sipra river, they suddenly became exposed to a powerful and concentrated cannonade. About a mile beyond the river stood the army of Holkar, with all its burnished points glittering, and in the brilliance and variety of the Mahratta costume; gay in colour as a vast bed of flowers.

After effecting the passage of the stream, General Sir John Malcolm, a distinguished officer—who, like his brother, Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm, was the son of a humble Dumfriesshire farmer, and who had fought his way to honour and distinction—advanced boldly, with two brigades, to attack the enemy's left, and a ruined village situated on an eminence near their centre. The Europeans formed part of this force. "The enemy's left," says Richard Cannon, "was brought forward, in anticipation of the attack, and a destructive fire of grape was opened upon the British; yet, encouraged by the example of Sir John Malcolm and Lieutenant-Colonel M'Gregor Murray, the Royal Scots rushed forward in the face of this tremendous fire, and the village and batteries were carried at the point of the bayonet. The enemy's artillerymen were resolute, and stood their ground until they were bayoneted."

In this attack, Colonel Murray, who was Deputy Adjutant-General, led on the grenadier and light company of the Royals in person.

While they were victorious at this point, the enemy's right was overpowered, and his centre gave way on the appearance of a sepoy brigade ascending confidently from the margin of the Sipra; while the rest of his troops, occupying a position where their camp stood, also fled on the gradual advance of the British forces, who came on firing, with a cloud of smoke rolling before them. In taking the guns the Royals had Lieutenant M'Leod killed, and Lieutenants M'Gregor and Campbell wounded. Their other losses were only forty men.

The entire loss of the army in this severe battle of Maheidpore was 174 killed and 604 wounded. Among the latter were 35 officers, the half of whose wounds were most severe, having been inflicted by cannon-shot.

The remnant of Holkar's forces fled to Rampoora, a large walled town in the heart of the province of Malwa, one of the innumerable places called after Ram, the Hindoo demigod. In the pursuit which was continued along both banks of the Sipra, by Sir John Malcolm and Captain Grant, immense booty was taken, including many elephants and hundreds of camels.

While advancing rapidly on his career of conquest towards the capital of the Holkars, Sir John Malcolm, on being joined by part of the Bombay army from Goojerat, under Sir William Keir Grant, K.C.B. (a veteran who had served in Flanders, and been present in ten pitched battles and sieges with the Russian and Austrian armies, including the great field of Marengo), now pushed on with greater vigour than ever against the Mahrattas. This junction was effected at Taul.

Advancing from thence, the troops encamped, in

the first days of January, 1818, at Mundesoor, a town of a district bearing the same name, in the province of Malwa.

These Holkar Mahrattas now agreed to, and hastily concluded, a treaty of peace; placing their territories under British protection, and surrendering in perpetuity to the Company various districts, forts, and ghauts. This favourable treaty was scarcely concluded ere some of the fiery Patan chiefs attempted to break it; but they were defeated and their followers cut to pieces at Rampoora. A few more marches, a few more stormings of hill-forts, and the last of the Holkar Mahrattas were reduced to tranquillity and obedience.

While our columns, under the Governor-General Sir Thomas Hislop, Sir John Malcolm, Sir W. K. Grant, and General Adams, were pushing on through forest, valley, and jungle, across river and mountain, laying the forts of Malwa in ruins, Brigadier-General Smith, who had been reinforced at Poonah, was in active pursuit of Bajee Rao, the fugitive Peishwa, whose dissimulation and renewal of the general Mahratta war had caused all our recent Indian troubles.

Smith's division began its march from Poonah at the end of November, 1817.

One of the Peishwa's bravest but most evil advisers, named Gokla, tried to defend a ghaut leading to those highlands in which the Kistna has its source, where his now-hunted leader had found a refuge and a rallying-point; but the fierce Mahratta was beaten by our troops, who cleared the rocky pass with ease. After that no fighting, but toilsome marches ensued; the Peishwa's force always retreating, and he in person, keeping always in front of his main body.

At last the Mahratta succeeded in doubling on the Brigadier; and passing between Poonah and Seroor, advanced far on the road to Nassick, a town in the province of Aurungabad, long the centre of Brahminical learning, and where the temples are picturesque and innumerable.

On discovering the direction taken by the fugitive, General Smith, after recruiting his worn-out troops and cattle, started once more in pursuit. A "headlong race to the northward," says Macfarlane, "brought Smith close upon the rear of the Mahrattas; but, with the lubricity of eels, they slipped through his fingers, and making a flank movement behind some hills, they turned suddenly to the south and retraced their steps towards Poonah. Colonel Burr, who commanded in that city, apprehending an attack, solicited the reinforcement of a battalion."

On this, Captain (afterwards Sir Francis French) Staunton, C.B., was detached from Seroor, with 300 auxiliary horse, 600 sepoys, and two six-pounder field-guns. He marched from Seroor at eight on the evening of the 31st of December, and by ten next morning he had reached Corregaum, a village on the Bima river, seventeen miles north-east of Poonah. As he passed along the heights on which the village stands, he saw in the plain below, between him and Poonah, the whole army of the Peishwa, the horse alone 20,000 strong, with several thousand infantry.

His advance to Poonah was completely intercepted; he would be unable to aid Colonel Burr on one hand, and was in imminent danger of being cut off on the other.

The brave Staunton did all the circumstances of the case required. He made a rush to seize the village of Corregaum, which, we have said, stood on high ground, and comprised several houses with strong stone walls and garden enclosures, hoping to intrench a position there before the enemy could do so. But the Arabs, who composed chiefly the infantry of the Peishwa, were quite as near the village as his small force; and as he entered it on one side, and possessed himself of some of the houses, they entered it on the other, and also occupied several similar edifices.

A fierce struggle with musketry now ensued; at first it was between the Company's troops and the Arabs only, for possession of Corregaum, but ere long the former found themselves engaged with the whole Mahratta army, and no such unequal conflict had occurred in India since our 12th Regiment fought at Quilon.

Unfortunately, Captain Swanston, who led personally the 300 cavalry, was wounded early in the engagement, and his small squadrons could not dare to face the thousands of the Peishwa's horsemen. The enemy, who had come up the hill too fast to bring on all their artillery, had, however, two guns with them; "but if there was an equality in this arm, their infantry exceeded ours by ten men to one."

Yet ours maintained their post with the most resolute bravery, incessantly fighting from about noon until nine in the evening, during which time they had no refreshment, and not even a drop of water. Under the immediate eye of the exasperated Peishwa, who took care to stand at a safe distance on a neighbouring hill, attack after attack was made on that part of Corregaum occupied by Staunton's detachment; but they all failed, and the assailants were compelled to retire again and again over heaps of their own dead and dying, till Lieutenant Chisholm, the officer of our artillery, with most of his

men, having been slain near a pagoda, and all the European officers having been disabled and bleeding with wounds except three, the Arabs made a furious charge and captured one of Staunton's guns.

In and around that building, our wounded were lying thick; among them were Captain Swanston, Lieutenant Conellon, and Assistant-Surgeon Wingate. The ferocious Arabs immediately began to massacre these helpless officers, and to mutilate with hideous barbarity the bodies of the slain.

every man's sword was priceless—"and, in such a struggle as this," to quote the Divisional Orders of General Smith, "the presence of a single European was of the utmost consequence, and seemed to inspire the native soldiers with the usual confidence of success."

The charge they made to retake the gun was the impulse of desperation, for every man felt that nothing remained between torture and death, save victory. On this occasion, Lieutenant Pattinson,



THE GHAUTS, NEAR KHANDALA.

"Poor Wingate was literally hacked to pieces, as was the body of Lieutenant Chisholm, of the Artillery."

The Arabs' triumph in blood was doomed to be short. Captain Staunton, Lieutenant Jones, and Doctor Wylie, though all three were severely wounded, and their men faint with lack of food and water, and exhausted by the past night's march and the day's conflict, made one more furious charge, retook the gun, and left its captors slaughtered in a heap, dead or writhing in the agony of bayonet wounds.

The medical officers in these Indian wars had to fight as hard and as bravely as their comrades. With a force so slender and Europeans so few,

who had been borne wounded into a house, appeared again at the head of his men, begirt with bloody bandages, and he continued fighting till another wound stretched him on the earth to rise no more.

Captain Swanston and Lieutenant Conellon were rescued from the pagoda, and every Arab found in it perished under the bayonet. By a little after nine o'clock, the enemy were completely driven out of Corregaum, and our fainting soldiers were enabled to get a little water to quench their burning thirst. Other refreshment they had none.

Where the brave Arabs had failed, there was but small chance of Mahrattas attempting to succeed; so Captain Staunton and his detachment passed

the night without further molestation. When day broke the troops of the Peishwa were seen hovering about the village where the bodies of the slain lay thick as autumn leaves; but none came within musket-shot, which was fortunate, as Staunton's men had now but a few rounds left, and, moreover, were in a state bordering on starvation.

Despairing of being able to cut a passage to Colonel Burr, at Poonah, through the formidable masses of the Mahrattas, he resolved to fall back on Seroor. In the dark, on the night of the 2nd of January, he began his retreat, after destroying enough baggage to enable him to bring off all his wounded, leaving the dead only to the mercy of the ruthless enemy. He brought off his guns, too, and by nine o'clock next morning halted at Seroor. Three officers were killed and two wounded; the other losses were 175, exclusive of the auxiliary horse. The loss of men was most severe in the artillery; twelve being killed and eight wounded out of a complement for two field-pieces only.

For his bravery here, Captain Staunton was appointed honorary aide-de-camp to the Governor-General, and also commandant of the fortress of Ahmednuggur. The action of Corregaum, "was," according to Mountstuart Elphinstone, "one of the most brilliant affairs ever achieved by any army—one in which the European and native soldiers displayed the most noble devotion and most romantic bravery, under the pressure of thirst and hunger beyond endurance."

Ahmednuggur, of which Captain Staunton was made governor and commandant, is a city in the district of Aurungabad, in the Bombay Presidency and in one of the most elevated and temperate regions of the Deccan, which means "The South or Southern Country," a term applied by Hindoo writers to all that portion of Hindostan which lies south of the Nerbudda river.



RESCUE OF COLONEL MURRAY (*see page* 555).

The post was one of very great importance, as Ahmednuggur is the head station of a civil, military, and judicial establishment, and the palace of its former sultans is considered one of the strongest fortresses in India, though, exclusive of the garrison, the population of the place rarely exceeds twenty thousand souls.

Dowlat Rao Scindia captured it in 1797; but was forced to cede it to the East India Company in 1803.

CHAPTER CXXXIII.

SOONEE AND TALNERE, 1818.

On the very day that Staunton got into Seroor again, Brigadier-General Smith, with his strong column, marched along the heights of Corregaum, and reached the village where the Arab dead lay in such vast numbers. On this the Peishwa and his forces fled to the table-land near the source of the Kistna, closely followed by Smith, and by Brigadier Pritzler, who, with another division, was moving from a different point to intercept him. "The Mahrattas," says Macfarlane, "continued to turn and twist like eels; and though Pritzler trod upon their tail more than once, and cut off part of it, they could not be so overtaken as to be brought to general action."

The division of Pritzler skirmished with them at Bejapore, and overtook their rear in the Salpee Pass on the 8th of January. There they fled in every direction over a difficult country, the rugged nature of which prevented much loss from being inflicted on them. The division pursued by forced marches under a burning sun, until the army of the Peishwa separated, and passing the flanks, marched north.

Our troops becoming exhausted by these futile manœuvres, Mountstuart Elphinstone suggested the storming of the strong places in the country, to deprive the Peishwa of all means of subsistence; and to reduce Sattarah, in the table-land of the Deccan, a town consisting of a few houses and huts under a range of scarped hills, on the western extremity of which stands a strong fort, and which still was the nominal capital of the crumbling Mahratta Empire; and to reinstate the exiled Rajah of Sattarah in an independent sovereignty.

This fortress surrendered to Smith on the 10th of February, the day he appeared before it; and ten days afterwards the dastardly Peishwa, Bajee Rao, was overtaken by him at Ashta, a village in Bejapore, with the 2nd and 7th Madras Cavalry and two squadrons of H.M. 22nd Light Dragoons. Bajee Rao sprang from his palanquin on horseback and fled when the first shot was fired; but Gokla, his general, seeing that he must either fight or lose all, made a bold stand, by his great numbers outflanking and overlapping Smith's small force, so as to threaten its rear. In this cavalry conflict General Smith was wounded in the head, and Lieutenant R. Warrand, of the 22nd, was wounded in a sword-in-hand combat with Gokla, who fought fiercely in the *mêlée* till he was cut down and slain, on which his *goles*, or squadrons of Mahratta cavalry, gave way in quick succession, and betook them to instant flight.

Twelve elephants and fifty-seven camels formed part of our booty; while only eighteen of our soldiers were wounded, and not one was slain.

After this conflict, a halt was made by Smith at Ashta. The hunted Peishwa gained a few days' respite, and thus continued to press north-west, with the intention of throwing himself into the territories of the Nizam of the Deccan; but the pursuit of him was renewed on the 10th of March, by Smith, while Doveton was moving in another direction with the expectation of intercepting him.

Traversing the dominions of the Nizam, the Peishwa, on the 1st of April, appeared on the banks of the Werda. There, as the van was crossing the river, it was met and driven back by a small detachment led by Colonel Scott; he tried another point, but was driven back by another under Colonel Adams; while his scouts at the same time informed him that General Doveton was coming close upon him.

Without waiting for that officer, Colonel Adams followed the perplexed and furious Peishwa till he came up with him at Soonee, in Berar, about the centre of the Deccan. Adams had with him but one regiment of Native Cavalry, and some horse artillery; yet he gave to the thousands of the Peishwa a most signal overthrow.

One or two charges, and one or two plunging volleys of grape, put all to flight through the jungles, where cavalry could not follow. They left behind the treasure of the Peishwa, three elephants and 200 camels, and 1,000 dead, who had fallen by the sabre or the artillery fire.

General Doveton was near enough to hear the firing of Adams' cannon at Soonee, but was compelled to halt and wait for supplies. Then doubts ensued as to the exact direction in which the pursuit should be continued, as the routed army of the Peishwa had split up into several bodies, each of which adopted a route of its own. More than two-thirds of his people had abandoned his fatal standard altogether, and fled to their homes.

The sole object of Bajee Rao was to get back to the north-east; but in this he found his progress arrested by the column of Sir Thomas Hislop, who

was on his march from Malwa to the Deccan. *En route*, that officer had resorted to a measure of unusual severity in a European leader.

The fort of Talnere, situated on the northern bank of the river Taptee, together with its town, belonging to Holkar, and formerly the capital of the Sultans of the Adil Shahy dynasty, had been ceded to Britain in virtue of a recent treaty. Sir Thomas had in his possession Holkar's own orders for the quiet surrender of the place; yet, the *killadar*, or commandant of the fortress, opened a fire upon his troops the moment they came within range, though forewarned that if he resisted the commands of his master he would be treated as a rebel.

Heedless of this, the rash *killadar* continued his fire, so a battery was brought to bear upon the fort, which silenced its guns in a few hours; but not before a well-directed fire from heavy matchlocks, levelled steadily over the walls, had caused many casualties in our ranks. On a close examination of the fort, one of the outer gates was discovered to be in a dilapidated condition. One of the flank companies of the Royal Scots and one of the Madras European corps were placed under the orders of Major John P. Gordon, of the former regiment, with instructions to attack the gate.

The garrison proposed a surrender, but as an unconditional one was required, they delayed; and as evening drew on, it was feared they would attempt to escape in the dark, so the stormers advanced with fixed bayonets towards the gate. A passage large enough for single files, between the stone wall and the wooden frame of the outer gate, was now discovered, and no opposition being offered, the stormers and pioneers entered quietly, and subsequently passed a second gate; but at a third they were met by the *killadar* and some armed natives.

Lieutenant-Colonel Conway, who was Adjutant-General of the Army, with Lieutenant-Colonel Macgregor Murray, had entered with the stormers, who passed through the third and eventually a fourth gate, at each, to their astonishment, finding the passage free; but at a fifth and last gate they were finally stopped, for it was shut and barricaded, though the wicket was open.

Then a hurried conversation in Hindostanee ensued about the terms of surrender, and Colonel Murray, concluding that there was a necessity for establishing such a footing in the fort as would secure eventual success should the *killadar* hold out, entered by the wicket, with Major Gordon and three grenadiers of the Royal Scots; but to show that he had no intention of breaking off the parley, he refrained from drawing his sword.

The moment these five had passed the wicket the enemy laid them all dead, save Colonel Murray, who fell close to the gate, covered with wounds. The enemy now attempted to close the wicket, but were prevented by a grenadier of the Royal Scots, who resolutely kept his musket in the aperture. By main strength of arm, Lieutenant-Colonel Macintosh and Captain M'Craith burst it open, and in this state it was held, while the last-named officer dragged Colonel Murray through with one hand, and by means of the other warding off blows with his sword.

A fire was now poured in through the wicket which cleared it sufficiently for the grenadiers of the Royal Scots, under Captain Macgregor, who formed the head of the storming party, and were all aflame for vengeance, to enter. Macgregor fell, but the fort was carried by assault; and though the Royals had only three privates killed, Lieutenant John Macgregor (brother of the captain) and three privates wounded, they were so exasperated by the whole affair that, between Arabs, Patans, and Mahrattas, 300 were put to death; and the *killadar* was also hanged on one of the bastions next morning.

Lieutenant Macgregor's wound, a serious one, was received while protecting his brother's body from mutilation.

In ordering the execution, Sir Thomas Hislop was censured in some quarters; but the example was useful, for on learning that the *killadar* had been executed, the commanders of much stronger forts at Gaulnah and Chandore, and other places ceded by Holkar, submitted as soon as they saw his orders to admit our troops.

The 2nd division of the Army of the Deccan had been withdrawn from Nagpore, and on the 22nd of January it proceeded towards Ellichpoor. In the early part of the following month, detachments from it took two strong hill-forts, Gawelghur and Narnullah.

The former stands on a lofty rock amid a range of lonely mountains, and has still the remains of three encircling walls, stormed by Wellington in the early days of his Indian career. There are fine remains within them, but all overgrown now by wild weeds and jungle-grass.

The latter was a stronghold in the western province of Berar, near the Barah river.

The division was afterwards engaged in pursuit of the Peishwa, who was more than ever disinclined to meet our troops after the rout at Soonee. Information having been received of an intended attack he meant to make on our cantonments at Jaulnah, in the Deccan; the Hyderabad contingent pro-

ceeded seventy-two miles by forced marches; but before they reached him, he had fled again, though they used the most indefatigable exertions to come up with him, frequently occupying at night the ground from which he had marched in the morning.

In this service, forty-one marches were performed in forty days, during the hottest period of the Indian year; and during the entire time the troops had only two halts.

After Colonel M'Dowall, of the H.E.I.C. Service, with a body of troops, had reduced no less than seventeen forts in the Candeish country, he marched against the strong fortress of Malleygaum in the same district, near the confluence of the Guirna and the Moassum. It was defended by a band of Arabs. It consisted of two lines of works with very high walls, the inner formed of very superior masonry, and surrounded by a ditch twenty-five feet deep and sixteen wide. On the 18th of May a sortie was repulsed; on the 19th two batteries opened upon it, and after two attempts had been made to storm it, and its magazine had been blown up, the Arab garrison surrendered, and the British flag was hoisted by the Royals on the walls on the morning of the 13th of June.

CHAPTER CXXXIV.

ASEERGHUR, 1819.

The whole of the hill-forts in Candeish being now reduced, the Hyderabad division proceeded to Jaulnah, where the troops expected to take up their quarters during the monsoon; but when all who were obliged to live under canvas were engaged in making arrangements to mitigate the severity of the rainy season, the division was ordered in all haste to Nagpore.

On the 7th of August the troops began their march, and the dreaded rains set in; the roads rapidly became impassable, and the rivers expanded to seas. The baggage-train was unable to keep up with the troops; their tents were, consequently, often far in the rear, and the men were thus frequently exposed for four-and-twenty hours at a time to incessant rain; no shelter could be procured in the villages, and every comfort was wanting.

Amid their privations, the troops on the 3rd of September reached Ellichpoor, a city of Berar, having extensively-planned fortifications, and many stately edifices, where they halted till the 21st of December. Marching again, they halted on the 30th at Walkeira, where five companies of the Royal Scots, in consequence of their long and peculiarly hard service in the field, on being relieved by the 30th Regiment, were ordered back to Jaulnah; but instead of finding rest there, they were ordered to Beerhaunpoor, in charge of a train of battering-guns, and thus rejoined the contingent which lay encamped near that city.

In the first days of March, 1819, the whole force marched to besiege Aseerghur, across a wild tract of country so infested by man-eating tigers as to be all but inaccessible. The territory belonged to Scindiah; and the fortress, from its strength named "The Gibraltar of the East," is situated on a detached hill, not commanded by any other in the neighbourhood. It consists of an upper and lower fort; the former of an irregular shape, and measuring about 1,100 yards from east to west, and about 600 yards from north to south, crowning the top of the hill, which is 750 feet in height.

All round it, with the exception of one place which is strongly fortified, there is a sheer precipice of from 80 to 120 feet, surmounted by a wall closely loopholed for musketry. Below this are two additional lines of works, the outer one forming the lower fort, which rises above the *pettah;* and the entrance to which is protected by strong gateways and flanking works. Every way immense labour and great skill had been employed to render Aseerghur—a strong post naturally—impregnable.

The *killadar* in command here knew that we had Scindia's order for his surrender; but at the same time he had Scindia's special order to defend the place against us to the last. Negotiations having failed; and as it was known that Apa Sahib had taken shelter in Aseerghur, the *killadar* of which—Jeswunt Rao Lar—was his firm friend, and the irreconcilable foe of Britain, the place was formally invested, and there was brought to the front such an accumulation of ordnance as had not been seen in Indian wars since the siege of Hatrass.

At twelve o'clock in the night of the 17th of March, "five companies of the Royal Scots, commanded by Captain Wetherall, with the flank com-

panies of the 30th, 67th, and Madras European Regiments, five companies of native infantry, and a detachment of sappers and miners, the whole commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Fraser, of the Royal Scots, with a reserve commanded by Major Dalrymple, of the 30th, assembled at the camp for the attack of the *pettah* of Azeer; another party was also ordered to co-operate in this service from Sir John Malcolm's division."

Between one and two in the morning the column commenced its march.

The route was up the bed of a deep *nullah*, or river, then nearly dry. The assaulting party arrived unseen in the dark, till within five hundred yards of the *pettah*—an Indian name for a town adjoining a fort—when a rush was made at the gate with great bravery and ardour. The enemy were completely taken by surprise, and after discharging a few rounds of grape, almost at random, retired without making further opposition.

The Royal Scots now burst open the gate, and when proceeding up the main street, encountered an advanced picket of the enemy, which fell back into the lower fort, firing into the head of the column while giving way.

"Major Charles Macleod, of the East India Company's Service, Deputy-Quartermaster-General, acted as guide on this occasion; and, by his direction, the leading files of the Royal Scots pursued the enemy close under the walls of the fortress, from whence an incessant fire of artillery and matchlocks was kept up, and a few ill-directed rockets were also discharged. The leading sections of the Royal Scots, which had pursued the enemy up the hill, were joined by one or two files of the 30th and 67th Regiments, the whole amounting to about twenty-five or thirty men; and as soon as the enemy saw the small force before which they had so precipitately fled, they immediately rallied, and came shouting down the hill with augmented numbers to attack this small party, but were repulsed by a spirited charge with the bayonet, which, with a few rounds of musketry, obliged them to retreat within the works, some of which were within fifty or sixty yards of this handful of men, leaving their chief, who was shot by a soldier of the Royal Scots, and several other men on the ground."

Major Macleod, having been wounded, fell to the rear; and the enemy having established a cross-fire from the walls of the lower fort, and day having fully broken now, Captain Wetherall ordered the advanced party to retire to a post taken up by Colonel Fraser, where there was room for the men, but ere it was reached, twelve of the Royals were shot down. The rest of the column suffered no loss, being sheltered by the houses in which Fraser had placed them.

Until night the assaulting party held their post, when it was relieved by fresh troops, on which the five companies of the Royal Scots marched back to Neembolah, where they had left their tents standing; but, unfortunately for himself, their brave colonel remained in command of the troops in the *pettah*. At daybreak on the 19th, a heavy gun battery opened against the fort; but when the dusk of evening fell, a party of the garrison—all active and ferocious Arabs—crept stealthily down a steep ravine in rear of the *pettah*, and, unperceived, issued into the main street.

There they encountered our troops, and were instantly repulsed; but Colonel Fraser of the Royals, while in the act of gallantly encouraging the soldiers, directing them to withhold their fire and trust to the bayonet, was shot through the head by a matchlock bullet, and killed on the spot.

His body was borne to Neembolah, and there interred with military honours by the Royal Scots.

On the 21st of March, the five companies of the latter again took their turn of duty in the *pettah*, into which they marched just before break of day. As soon as it was light enough, the heavy gun battery opened again on Aseerghur with great effect; but it had barely fired a dozen of rounds when, from an accident never explained, the magazine in rear of it, containing 130 barrels of powder, exploded, killing a conductor of ordnance, a native officer, and thirty-four non-commissioned officers, rank and file, and dreadfully scorching or wounding sixty-six men. Such was the violence of the explosion, that six inches of a bayonet-blade—being the top of it—was blown 600 yards from the battery.

Our fire was now renewed and increased, and from that day until the 29th, new batteries of heavy guns and mortars were erected; and, a breach having been effected in the wall of the lower fort, it was taken possession of by the division of Sir John Malcolm, while the enemy retired into the upper castle.

During the progress of constructing these new batteries on high ground, the European soldiers, being more able-bodied and muscular than the native, had literally to do the work of horses, in dragging the heavy guns and mortars into position; and during the whole time were exposed to a galling fire of matchlocks and jingalls from the walls of the upper fort.

On the 31st of March a part of the Bengal army, consisting of 2,200 native troops with twenty-two

heavy guns joined the besiegers. The guns were soon put in battery, and then a literal storm of war raged round all Aseerghur; clouds of smoke begirt the fort which towered high in the air above them, with the Mahratta banner flying on its summit. The shot and shell from our many batteries flew in showers, more than twelve shells sometimes exploding within the area of the upper fort at the same instant of time.

A breach was soon effected in the outer retaining wall, at the only part of the fort that was assailable; while at the same time two batteries of eighteen and twenty-four-pounders launched all their weight of iron with ponderous force against the inner wall. Till the 6th of April did the fire continue without cessation, while daylight lasted, when one of the angles of the upper fort was brought down, and with it came thundering and crashing over the brow of the steep cliff one of the enormous pieces of Indian ordnance, with its carriage and wheels.

Our storming parties were now ready to advance, under the immediate orders of Sir John Malcolm and Brigadier Doveton; when, on the 7th of April, Jeswunt Rao Lar, having consumed nearly all his ammunition, lost his chief officer of artillery, and having perhaps heard of the fate of the *killadar* of Talnere, begged a parley, and sued for terms for his soldiers, namely, "liberty to preserve their arms and depart with their personal property."

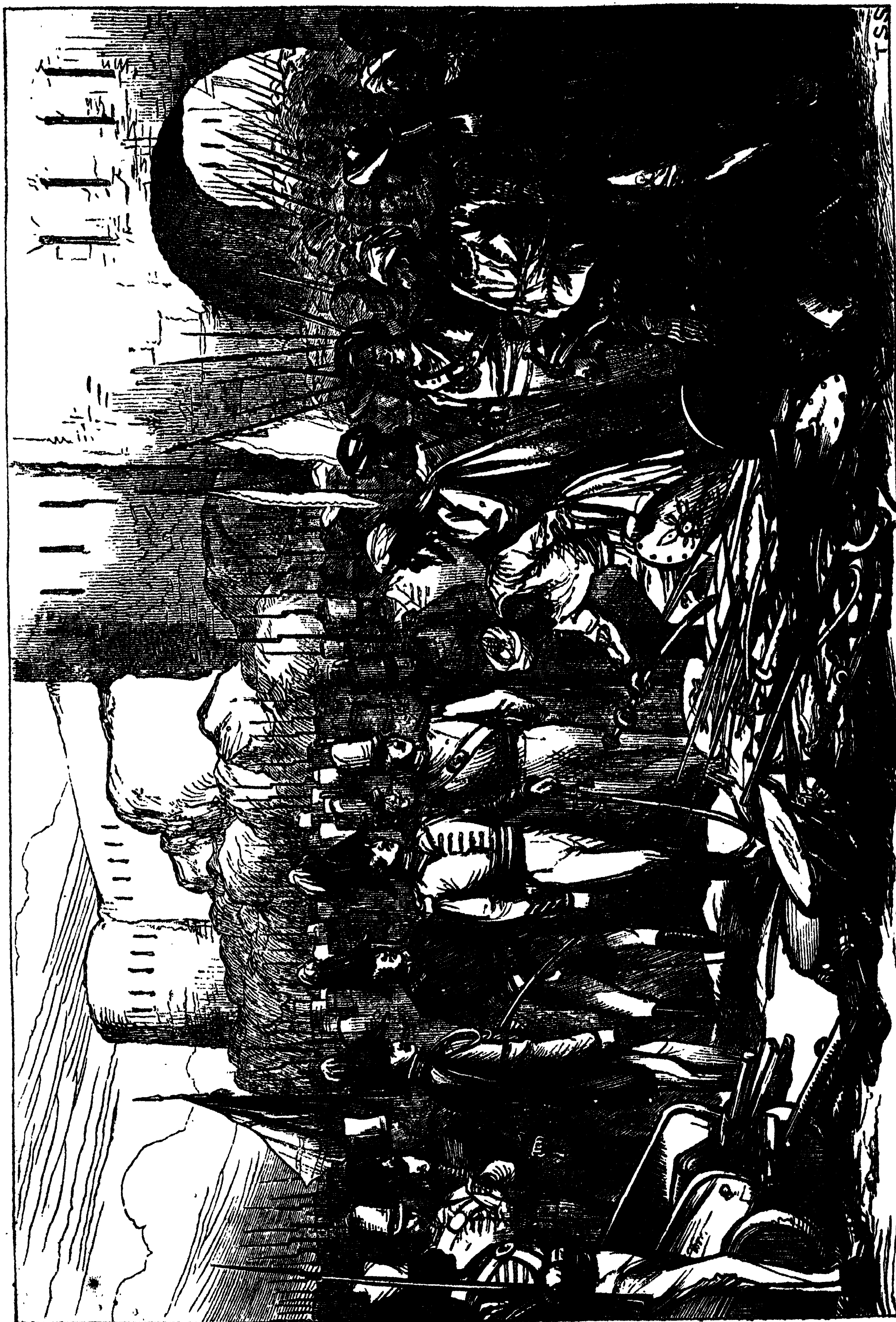
These conditions were refused, so hostilities began again; but on the morning of the 9th, the *killadar*, who was undoubtedly a brave fellow, agreed on his part to surrender this most important fort, so the firing ceased; but as he said that "he could not answer for the garrison, the control of which he had lost," preparations were made for renewing the cannonade in case of the Arabs proving refractory.



VIEW IN MOORSHEDABAD.

The garrison eventually submitted, and, 1,200 strong, came forth to pile their arms before Sir John Malcolm. "The Mahratta rag" was pulled down; a British guard took possession of the gates at the appointed hour, and 200 of our men, with bayonets fixed and drums beating, escorting a Union Jack, marched into the upper fort, where it was hoisted in His Majesty's name, amid a royal salute from the Mahratta cannon.

The loss of the garrison was small, being only 138 killed and wounded, by shells chiefly, the great altitude of the rock having saved them from cannon-



SURRENDER OF ASEERGHUR (*see page* 558).

shot. Our loss was 11 European and 4 native officers, and 308 European and native soldiers, killed and wounded.

The force employed against Aseerghur mustered 20,000 men, with 101 guns and mortars; to these the enemy had been replying by 119, some of which were of enormous calibre, one being a 384-pounder.

Aseerghur has ever been considered a place of the first importance, as it commands the great passes of the Deccan into Hindostan, and enabled our troops to repress the ferocious Bheels.

Apa Sahib could nowhere be found in it; having either escaped during the siege, or quitted it before the investment.

The fortress, with a small surrounding tract of jungle, has been retained by the British Government ever since.

CHAPTER CXXXV.

THE FIRST BURMESE WAR, 1824-5.

Rangoon.

After a short lull in Eastern warfare, the Burmese, becoming elated by some recent conquests they made, and being, like other Orientals, utterly ignorant of our power, towards the end of the year 1823, on coming more in immediate contact with our extending frontiers, were tempted to make sundry wanton attacks on us.

Without notice given, or any attempt at negotiation, they claimed possession of Shapuree, a little muddy isle in the province of Bengal, but close to the coast of Arracan. Making a sudden night attack, they drove out a guard of British troops stationed there, and, after killing several of them, took forcible possession of the whole place. As this event came close upon other outrages, retribution was necessary.

Our Government summoned the court of Ava to disavow participation in this affair, affecting to believe it the act of local authorities in Arracan. The Burmese took this mildness as a proof of pusillanimity; boasting that "the British Government of India dreaded to enter into a contest with them; and they plainly intimated that, unless their right to the island of Shapuree was distinctly admitted, the Victorious Lord of the White Elephant and the Golden Foot would invade the Company's dominions."

Meanwhile, two companies of our 20th Regiment landed on the island in dispute, drove out the Burmese, and enclosed themselves in a stockade. But, on the other hand, the captain and some of the crew of the Company's cruiser *Sophia* were seized on the mainland, and carried prisoners up the country. Both sides now prepared for war; but the Anglo-Indian troops on the frontier were ordered for the time to preserve a strict neutrality.

Rapidly this strange people became more and more confirmed in the idea that we were afraid of them; and from 4,000 to 5,000 of them advanced into the province of Cachar, and began to intrench themselves near Sylhet, within a little more than 200 miles of Calcutta. They were driven out soon after, with the loss of 100 men, by a Major Newton, who did not follow them; but, contenting himself with driving them from their stockade, fell back on Sylhet. He was scarcely within his own frontier, when the Burmese returned and intrenched themselves in a stronger position, where 2,000 more joined them. Still advancing, and stockading as they advanced, they pushed along the north bank of the River Surma, till they were within 1,000 yards of the British post of Bhadrapoor.

Captain Johnston, who commanded there, had but very few men with him; yet with these he attacked them with the bayonet, and drove those showy warriors, who wore hats or helmets of gilded paper, beyond the river. This was on the 13th of February, 1824. On the following day he was joined by Lieutenant-Colonel Bowen, who marched in pursuit of these invaders, who were in the act of stockading themselves in a strong position near the Jelingha; but as soon as they saw our troops fix their bayonets, and heard the rattle of the sockets on the barrels, they cleared out of their stockade and fled.

However, there was another division of the army of the Lord of the Golden Foot on stronger ground, where their front was covered by the Surma river, with their rear resting on steep hills. The exposed face of this intrenchment was defended by a deep ditch, fourteen feet wide. Along its front ran a strong fence of spiked bamboos, and the approach on the land side was through jungle

and high grass. Undeterred by these obstacles, Colonel Bowen attacked the post, in rear of which the Burmese remained passive till our troops were close to the bamboo spikes, when they were received by a sudden, destructive, and well-directed fire, which completely checked their advance, though they did not abandon their ground till Lieutenant Armstrong was killed, four others wounded, and 150 of our men placed *hors de combat*, when Colonel Bowen fell back with the rest to a place called Jatrapoor.

There he was joined, on the 27th, by Colonel Innes, with a fresh battalion, who assumed the command; but meanwhile the Burmese, content with these demonstrations, evacuated the whole province of Cachar. By this time the Maha Bandoola, a great Burmese chief, high in favour with the court of Ava, and a projector of a scheme for the conquest of Bengal, had collected a great force near our southern frontier, and marched into Arracan, carrying with him a set of heavy golden fetters, in which, as Major Snodgrass tells us, Earl Amherst was to be led a captive to the feet of the Lord of the White Elephant and Golden Foot!

The latter now boldly laid claim to all the territories eastward of Moorshedabad, as having belonged to the kingdom of Arracan which his ancestors had conquered in the Christian year 1783. Wildly exaggerated rumours of the personal strength and ferocity of the Burmese soldiery carried terror even to Calcutta by the peasantry, who fled before Maha Bandoola; so that the native merchants there were with difficulty prevented from removing with their property and families from under the guns of Fort William.

Lord Amherst, resolved to curb this insolence, now declared war in form, and equipped a force about 6,000 strong. Wisely determining to act on the offensive, to avoid the barren mountains of Arracan and pestilential jungles of Chittagong, he resolved to attack Rangoon, the heart of the empire, where such a visit was least expected. The two divisions from Calcutta and Madras were directed to assemble at Port Cornwallis, in the savage Andaman Isles, from whence the combined forces were to proceed to the Irawaddi, under the command of Major-General Sir Archibald Campbell, Bart., a veteran of Albuera, Vittoria, &c., and who died at Edinburgh in 1843, when colonel of the 62nd Foot.

Between the 12th and 17th of April, the Bengal division, consisting of H.M. 13th and 38th Regiments, with two companies of artillery, embarked at Calcutta, with the greater part of the 41st Regiment (first called "The Welsh" in 1831), which came with the Madras contingent, together with a company of the European regiment, seven battalions of native infantry, with artillery and gun-lascars; and on the 5th of May the united forces left those isles—isles unchanged since the days of Marco Polo—under the protection of H.M.S. *Liffey* and *Larne;* the former commanded by Captain Grant, and the latter by Captain Marryat. They were accompanied by the *Diana*, steam-vessel (armed cruiser), the first that had ever ploughed the waters of the Irawaddi.

On the 10th the expedition anchored within the bar of the Rangoon river.

The inflated court of Ava never dreamed of such a stroke as this. At that time there was no actual governor in Rangoon, but only a subordinate officer, named the "Rewoon," who exercised chief authority. On receiving intelligence of the arrival of our armament, this vain barbarian became almost beside himself with rage, wonder, and consternation. His first order ran thus:—

"British ships have brought foreign soldiers to the mouth of the river. They are my prisoners. Cut me some thousand spans of rope to bind them!"

He next ordered the seizure of all European residents in Rangoon, especially those "who wore the English hat;" so American missionaries, merchants, and other adventurers, including five British merchants and two pilots, were thrown into prison loaded with fetters, and otherwise barbarously treated.

At last the fleet came in sight of a considerable town, encircled by a rampart of solid timber from fifteen to twenty feet in height, pierced with embrasures. Boats of various sizes and shapes lay moored along the banks of the river, on which were constructed numerous jetties and landing-places. Clumps of light green forest occupied the plains beyond. The summits of gilded pagodas glittered everywhere in the sun; and high over all, shaped like an inverted speaking-trumpet, towered the Great Golden Pagoda, to be described in a future chapter.

"There it is! there it is at last!" said our men. "The stockade! the stockade of Rangoon!"

On the morning of the 11th, a few harmless shots were exchanged, and by noon the *Liffey* anchored close to the principal battery, the transports anchoring in succession astern of her. Then sails were furled, the drums beat to quarters; each captain stood by his gun with his squad, but not a shot was fired. On our side humanity forbade our firing on an inoffensive town, and on the other, the Burmese seemed loth to begin the contest. At length they

opened on our shipping; but the fire of the frigate soon silenced their feeble battery. They fled from their guns, and the troops began to get into the boats. This was on the 11th of May.

The soldiers—if such they could be called—of the Rewoon heard the roar of the cannonade which covered our disembarkation; the streets of bamboo houses were swept by cannon-shot from the squadron. The Rewoon abandoned himself to terror; and mounting his horse, fled through the south-eastern gate into the country beyond, followed in confused flight by the armed rabble he had collected.

"Burman, Peguer, Portuguese, Parsee, Mogul, and Chinese, male and female, young and old, followed by the rushing sound of eighteen and thirty-two-pounder shot, fled like frightened deer to the neighbouring forests."

When the troops were fairly landed, several of the miserable prisoners were released, but the reason of four had given way under their sufferings. Major Sale, of the 13th Light Infantry—the future hero of Jellalabad—found Mrs. Judson, of missionary celebrity, bound to a tree, and immediately released her.

When the town was entered, the troops found it deserted. All the boats had been carried off, so the troops could not be conveyed up the river to Ava, as the General intended; all the oxen and horses had been driven away, there was nothing left in the neighbourhood but a little paddy. Having come without proper equipment for progressing either by land or water, the troops had to take up their quarters in the filthy hovels of Rangoon, where everything was ruinous, save the lofty Golden Dagon Pagoda.

Swamps, jungle, and inundated paddy-fields lay around; and dense forests, acting as a screen beyond which the enemy could work unobserved, and form cordon round our cantonments.

"Hid from our view," says Major Snodgrass, "on every side, in the darkness of a deep and, to regular bodies, impenetrable forest, far beyond which the inhabitants and all the cattle of the Rangoon district had been driven, the Burmese chiefs carried on their operations and matured their future schemes with vigilance, secrecy, and activity. Neither rumour nor intelligence of what was passing within their posts ever reached us. Beyond the invisible line which circumscribed our position, all was mystery or vague conjecture."

The Burmese never met an enemy in the open field. Their whole idea of war was a system of stockades, in the erection of which they are very skilful. As their numbers increased in the cordon around Rangoon, they became more daring. Approaching nearer and nearer, they began at last to stockade themselves so near our advanced posts that by the 28th of May they were nearly within what was then musket-range; so Sir Archibald Campbell thought the time had come for more offensive operations.

With four companies of Europeans, 400 sepoys, and two field-pieces, he moved against the nearest stockade, which the Burmese quitted after firing a few shots. By a narrow and winding pathway, through a dense dark wood, the troops followed, at every turn meeting with some obstruction or stockade, all of which were abandoned, till, after a five miles march, on the troops emerging suddenly into an open field, the retreating enemy, to their surprise, actually faced about for the purpose of attempting a formation to defend a long narrow bridge; but on the field-pieces opening fire they broke and fled to the jungles.

At this juncture the sky began to darken; a terrible storm burst, the rain fell in torrents; the rice swamps became like inland seas; the field-pieces could be dragged no farther. But Sir Archibald was resolved to proceed; so, leaving the sepoys to guard the guns, he pushed on with only the four companies of British troops, and ere long reached the extensive plain of Joazoang, amid which were two villages well flanked by jungle, and each defended by the inevitable stockades.

These places were full of men who seemed confident in the strength of their position.

"*Lagee! lagee!*" ("Come, come!") they were heard to shout, as they brandished their weapons; while, in rear of these villages, and forming by the jungle-side, were large bodies of gaily-costumed Burmese. Leaving one company to overawe this force, with the remaining three Sir Archibald Campbell made a dash at the villages, from whence the enemy opened a heavy fire, to which, in the wetted state of their muskets, our men could make but a feeble response. But as the stockades were only eight feet high, they forced a passage over them, and plunging among the yelling masses below, made a terrible use of their bayonets.

Though short, the conflict was of necessity most sanguinary. The ways of egress were narrow; in these the foremost fugitives became wedged, precluding the flight of the rest. The Burmese never gave or expected quarter. At times they lowered their heads and butted blindly on the levelled bayonets, till the musket-barrels were literally crimsoned with blood. A little area was cleared so that the bullet could be used as well as the bayonet, and few or none were spared, as, from

the barbarous mode of warfare practised by the Burmese, death alone gave safety.

During the storming of the stockades, the force in the plain, though fully 5,000 strong, made no movement in their defence till they saw our troops within them. Then, with a horrid yell that seemed to rend the sky, they began to advance; but on the three companies issuing out and joining the fourth, they at once retreated. Our troops then collected their wounded, and marched back to their quarters, leaving 300 dead in the stockades, and an incredible number more killed and wounded around them. On our side, Lieutenant Howard was killed, with two privates; Lieutenants Mitchell and O'Halloran, with twenty privates, wounded.

The Burmese now lost confidence in their stockades, and sent two deputies to General Campbell, the senior of whom was a stout old chief, clad in a scarlet robe, with a red handkerchief tied round his head.

"Why do you come here with your ships and soldiers?" he asked.

The general explained the provocation given at Shapuree and elsewhere, and plainly told the nature and extent of the redress required. They asked a few days' delay, and stepped with an air of defiance into their war-boat, the boatmen of which wore broad Chinese hats, and had harsh, bold features; and who, as they pulled away, sang in chorus, "Oh, what a happy king have we!"

Next morning our troops attacked the village of Kemmendine, a war-boat station, three miles above Rangoon, where the enemy had been labouring day and night to strengthen their post. In rear of the village the ground was lofty and commanding, and surrounded by thick forest. The heights were fortified by stockades and abatis of felled trees. The approach by land was extremely difficult, owing to the density of the jungle; while the swampy nature of the Irawaddi, full of long trailers and tangled weeds, strengthened the post on the river side.

Yet these defences soon proved untenable against two divisions of vessels which proceeded up the stream, and nearly 3,000 men who marched to the land attack, with four eighteen-pounders and four mortars. Very soon after the attack was made, a great part of the extensive works were taken, and their defenders driven into the jungle, leaving 150 slain behind. Near the rearward gate of the great stockade were found the gilded umbrella, sword, and spear of a Burmese commander of high rank—the first of these, which denotes military position, had been perforated by a shower of grape.

The body of the owner was found close by, and recognised to be that of the stout old deputy in scarlet, who had visited the general on the preceding day.

The night which followed the storming of the village was one of pitiless storm, and was spent by our troops in the swampy rice-fields, and under the dripping trees of the jungle. Terror and irresolution now seemed to possess the Burmese, who had abandoned every stockade in the vicinity of Rangoon, when our troops began to suffer so much by sickness and death, that between the months of June, 1824, and March, 1825, out of an average strength of 2,716 British soldiers, 1,311 found their graves by the shore of the Irawaddi. Nor did matters mend in the subsequent year.

The 89th Regiment now arrived from Madras, at a time when the Burmese had somewhat recoved from their dismay. Commanders who had always been victorious till they encountered us were now sent from Ava, with orders "to slay, or torture, or mutilate every Burmese soldier who did not fight to the utmost;" and Syka Wongee, Minister of State, "one of the brightest of the golden umbrellas," was appointed commander-in-chief, with orders to drive us at once into the sea.

CHAPTER CXXXVI.

KEMMENDINE AND DONOOPEW, 1824-5.

By the 30th of June, all the woods in front of the British position were full of bustle and commotion; gay dresses and bright weapons were seen amid the dark shadowy dingles; columns of smoke rose into the clear sky at times, indicating the camps of the Burmese in the depths of the forest, for 8,000 men had crossed to the Rangoon side of the Irawaddi.

The Great Golden Pagoda was the key of the British position, and therein was placed a European battalion.

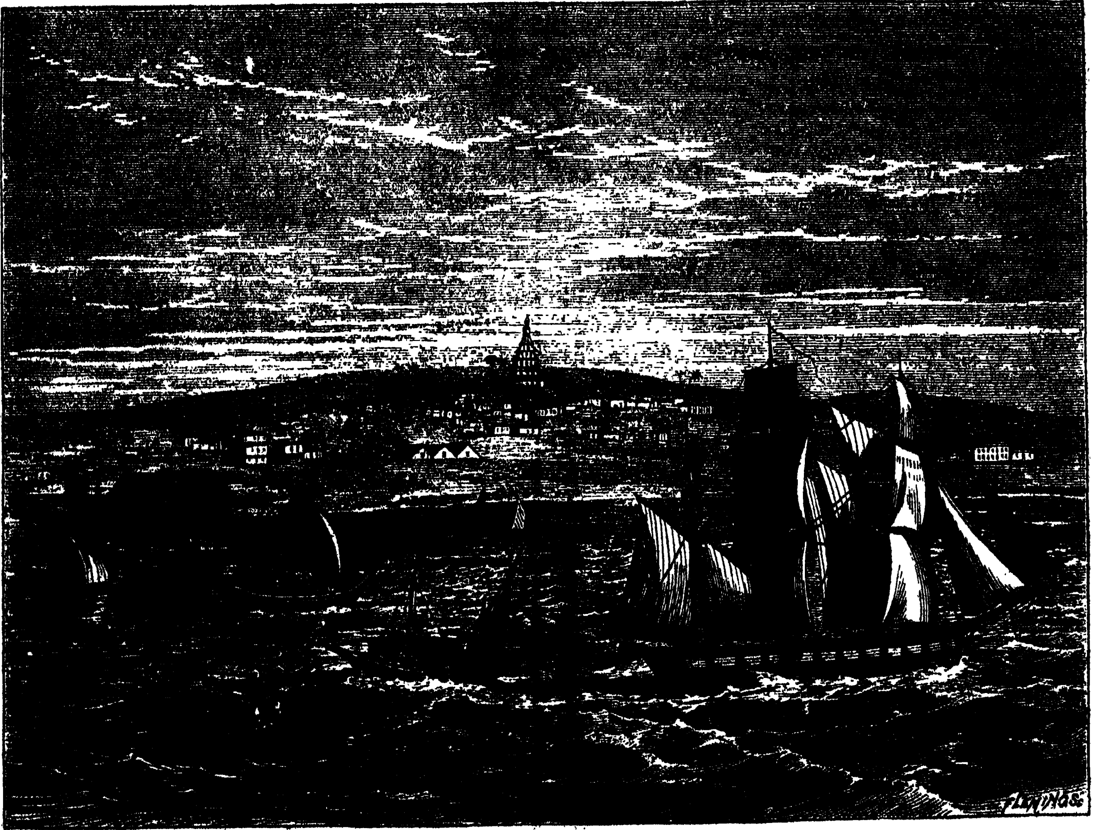
Two roads that ran parallel from thence to the town were occupied by our troops; and two detached posts—one at the village of Puzendown, near the confluence of the Pegu with the Rangoon

river, and the other at Kemmendine—completed our position.

On the night of the 1st of July, the enemy, in dense masses, came rushing from the forests towards the right and front of the Great Pagoda. A part of them succeeded in setting the village of Puzendown in flames; and their main body, coming furiously up within half a mile of Rangoon, began a really spirited attack upon a portion of our line; but two field-pieces, well served with grape and shrapnel, checked their advance; and when the 43rd Madras Infantry made one brilliant bayonet charge, they fled howling and yelling back to the jungles; and in five minutes, save the dead or the dying, not a man was to be seen of the Burmese host, nor could anything be heard of them, "except a wild screaming, which proceeded from the depths of the forest."

Their commander-in-chief was degraded, and a new one, named Soomba Wongee, unfurled the umbrella of authority in his place, only to meet with a terrible defeat at the stockade of Kummeroot, where he was attacked by Generals Campbell and Macbean, and slain, with 800 men.

The exasperated king now sent his two brothers, the Princes of Tonghoo and Sarawaddi, with a host of astrologers, and a corps called "The Invulnerables," to join the army and direct the course of the war. The fortunate moments for attack were to be decided by the astrologers; even as, five-and-twenty centuries ago, the Chaldæan soothsayers tricked the kings of Assyria with pretended divination from the sun and moon. The Invulnerables were the desperadoes and madmen of the army, whose insanity was maintained by enormous doses of opium. They were several thousands strong, and were divided into classes; the most select, or ferocious, being styled those of The King. The Prince of Tonghoo established his headquarters at Pegu; and his brother of Sarawaddi, at Donoopew, on the river, sixty miles from Rangoon; resolved that not one of "the wild foreigners," as they termed our troops, should escape the condign punishment that was about to overtake them all.



RANGOON.

After some of Sarawaddi's heroes had experienced a repulse from a small force under Brigadier Smith, the astrologers announced that the stars had told them that the time for decisive action was come. Hence, on the night of the 30th of August, a great

body of the Royal Invulnerables vowed to attack and carry the Golden Pagoda, to the end that the princes and sages might hold their annual festival in that sacred place, now desecrated by the presence of those strangers in red coats.

True to their character and compact, the Invulnerables, about midnight, maddened by *bhang* and opium, rushed in a body from the jungle under the pagoda, armed with swords and muskets. Slowly, yet steadily, and in skirmishing order, a small outlying picket which we had in front, retired, firing on the Invulnerables, until they reached a flight of steps that led from the road up to the mighty pyramidal pagoda.

The moon had gone down beyond the darkened forest; the sky was gloomy and starless; hence the Burmese could only be distinguished by a few gaudily coloured lanterns which they carried in their front; but the dreadful noise, clamour and roar of their voices when united, as they uttered threats and imprecations against the impious occupants of the pagoda, proved their numbers to be very great.

Like a human tide they rolled in a dark mass along the narrow pathway that led to the northern gate of the pagan temple, wherein all seemed dark as a tomb. But in an instant a Kentish bugle rang out amid the gloom; from a thousand points, the red musketry flashed forth—the cannon flamed and boomed hoarsely on the night, and then the yelling masses reeled. Torn by mortal wounds with the dreadful grape-shot—each large as a plumb—the maddened Invulnerables fell by hundreds, while the remainder fled with frantic speed, to their hiding-places in the jungle, and those military lunatics, though the flower of the Burmese army, came near our posts no more.



VIEW ON THE IRRAWADDI RIVER.

"As all kinds of gilt umbrellas had been rolled in the dust; as fire-eating chiefs, ministers of state, and princes royal had all failed, the Golden Foot determined to call down from the mountains of Arracan, his prime favourite, the Maha Bandoola, who had promised to sack Calcutta and bring off the Governor-General in golden chains. Bandoola obeyed the call, and led his reinforced army from the mountains of Arracan to the Irawaddi River."

He marched with such speed, though the shortest route is 200 miles, that he halted at Donoopew before General Campbell knew that he had left Arracan. Though decimated by sickness, luckily

our troops were now recovering their health in the floating hospitals established on the river; and two British regiments, some more native cavalry, infantry, and artillery, together with a rocket-troop, had arrived with several draught cattle of the true Mysore breed.

By the end of October, 1824, the rains had entirely ceased at Rangoon, and on being reinforced, Sir Archibald Campbell had completed his preparations for ascending the Irawaddi and attacking Prome, when he heard of the Maha Bandoola halting at Donoopew, with 60,000 fighting men, a great train of artillery, and a body of Cassay horsemen, the best cavalry in that part of Asia. His musketeers alone were estimated at 35,000 men. Other numerous bodies were armed with jingalls, or wall-pieces that threw balls averaging eight ounces in weight; there were also guns on the backs of elephants. Swords and spears armed the rest of this great host, which was well provided with stockading and trenching tools.

In the ranks were more of the Invulnerables, all amply provided with amulets, spells, bhang, betel-nut, and opium. Our troops, to save themselves trouble, quietly awaited Bandoola at Rangoon. On the 30th of November the host was in motion, chiefly in rear of the dense forest that touches at one point the conical hill and great pagoda; their line, extending from the river above the fortified post of Kemmendine in a semicircular direction towards Puzendown, could be distinguished by a curved line of smoke that rose high above the trees. During the night that followed, the low murmur of a vast multitude of voices in their camp suddenly ceased, but was quickly succeeded by the gradually increasing sounds made by that multitude in sl and silent movement through the forest, till they came within musket-shot of the pagoda, on which a final rush would be made at dawn.

That of the 1st of December was inaugurated by a heavy fire of cannon and musketry at Kemmendine; as the capture of that place was a prelude to a general attack on Campbell's line. Long and animated was the fire, and though two miles distant, it could be distinctly heard by the troops in the pagoda, mingled with the yells of the infuriated assailants, and the hearty, yet half-derisive cheers of our seamen, as the cannon of H.M.S. *Sophia* and a strong division of gun-boats, launched shot and shell amidst them. At length the firing ceased; the thick canopy of smoke that concealed Kemmendine passed away on the wind, and the troops had the pleasure of seeing the masts of our vessels at their usual station off the village; a convincing proof that all had ended well on that side, and that the fire-rafts prepared for the destruction of our shipping has had proved useless, or not been used.

When noon came, the Burmese columns were seen in motion on the plains of Dalla, menacing Rangoon. They were formed in six divisions, "and moved with great regularity," says Major Snodgrass, "led by numerous chiefs on horseback—their gilt umbrellas glittering in the sun, with a sufficiently formidable and imposing effect—at a distance that prevented us from seeing anything motley or mobbish which might have been found in a closer inspection of these warlike legions."

Issuing from the forest, six great columns now began to intrench themselves along a ridge, and this they did so speedily and skilfully, that in an incredibly short time the whole line, their banners and flags excepted, seemed to have sunk into the earth, or behind a goodly rampart of freshly-turned soil, the gilt umbrellas appearing here and there, as the chiefs superintended the work. In the afternoon, Major Sale, with our 13th Regiment and one of Madras Infantry, made a dash at the busily-employed enemy, and drove the whole line from its earth cover with considerable loss. He then destroyed all the arms and tools he could find, and fell back to his former post.

During this day more attacks were made on Kemmendine, but were repulsed by the troops and seamen; and after nightfall, when our weary soldiers had piled their arms and lain down to rest, on a sudden the whole firmament and all the surrounding country became illuminated by a wondrous glow of flaming light. The Burmese had lighted and launched their fire-rafts into the r with the first of the ebb tide, in hope to estroy our vessels. These were formed of several rows of bamboos, between each of which were lines of earthen jars filled with petroleum, cotton, and gunpowder; and the Burmese expected that when they caught upon the cable or bow of a ship, the force of the current would carry the raft quite round, so as to envelop her in flames from the deck to her mastheads.

Down the river they came, sheeting water and sky with fire, a vast fleet of gilded war-boats, full of armed men, paddling astern of them, to take advantage of any emergency, for if these fire-rafts actually reached our fleet of transports at Rangoon, total destruction to the whole expedition must have ensued; and as they came down, the post at Kemmendine was once more assailed with every musket, jingall, and cannon-shot that could be brought to bear upon it.

After gazing for a time at the crimson, blue,

yellow, and green flames of the mighty fireworks as quietly as if it were some theatrical spectacle coming down the river, with a defiant cheer, our active tars sprang into their boats, shoved off to meet them, and with grappling-irons guided them past the shipping, or ran them ashore to burn the wharfs and jetties, or finish their lives of flame without injury among the reeds; and after this, the attack on Kemmendine totally failed.

The 6th of December saw Bandoola rallying his discomfited hordes for a grand attack upon the sacred pagoda; but they were repulsed by the bayonet on the following day, after severe skirmishing, during which the Burmese, with a prodigious loss of life, lost every cannon they had, and the entire *matériel* of their army. Many of their dead were found to be tall and athletic men, quite equal to our best grenadiers.

On halting at Kokan, he found his army reduced to 25,000 men, and ere he could stockade himself, he was attacked by 1,500 of our troops—without artillery—under Willoughby Cotton, and routed with incredible loss, on which the survivors fled to Donoopew; and as it soon became certain that Bandoola's forces there were the only antagonists we had, an attack on that place was projected. To reach it, the passage of the deep and rapid Irawaddi had to be achieved by an army, with cavalry, artillery, and commissariat equipment, unprovided with other means for doing so, beyond a few canoes.

Reinforcements had now come from India, including some squadrons of dragoons, and the 2nd battalion of the Royal Scots from Calcutta direct.

On the 13th of February the Madras Infantry were paddled over to occupy a position in advance; the following day saw the stores and guns taken over on rafts; but it was not until the 25th that the land column came in sight of Donoopew, which was found to be a position too extensive to be invested by a chain of posts from a force so small, consequently ground was occupied from which the stockades could be cannonaded.

While our forces were marching into position, a fire from many cannon opened on them, and the number of golden umbrellas that were seen to glitter in the morning sun denoted that a great number of men—at least 15,000—were in the works, which extended for nearly a mile along the sloping bank of the river. The stockading was made of solid teak beams, about seventeen feet high, driven firmly into the earth. Behind this wooden wall, the old brick ramparts of the place rose to a considerable height, affording a firm and elevated footing for the defenders. On the works were 150 cannon and swivel guns. A ditch surrounded them, and the passage of it was rendered difficult by spikes and great nails planted in the earth, by treacherous holes and other contrivances.

Beyond the ditch were several rows of strong railings; but in front of all was the most formidable defence, an abatis of felled trees, thirty yards in breadth, extending quite round the works.

On our camp being fairly assumed, the heavy fire of the Burmese ceased; but the sudden stillness, the disappearance of the enemy from their works, the occasional issue of a patrol of Cassay horsemen, and the long-continued observation of our lines by some chiefs from the summit of a tower, boded some tough work ere long.

About ten o'clock, just as the moon, looming vast and round through the haze, approached the verge of the horizon; the shrill, wild, Burmese war-cry, followed by a sharp discharge of musketry, roused the camp. In an instant every soldier was in the ranks, with his hand upon his musket-lock. The Burmese were making an attempt to turn Campbell's right, but two regiments changed their front, and after three attempts, the Burmese were beaten back to their works, carrying off their killed and wounded in the dark. Our total loss was only twenty-three.

On the 27th, our flotilla was seen standing up the river, at nine in the morning, with all sails set. On beholding these, the Burmese made a sortie again on Campbell's right; and the most remarkable feature in this movement was the appearance of seventeen war elephants in the van, each bearing a howdah full of matchlock men.

Covered by his horse artillery, Campbell charged the bulky animals with his cavalry; the men in the howdahs were speedily shot, and no sooner did the elephants feel themselves unrestrained by the hand of their drivers, "than they turned their stunted tails to our dragoons, and walked back to the fort with the greatest composure."

Passing the latter with trifling loss, the flotilla, with its steam-vessel—a source of amazement and terror to the superstitious Burmese—anchored close to the left of Campbell's column.

On the 1st of April our mortar batteries and rocket-troop began the final work of destruction; but the Burmese, remaining close under cover of their works, made little or no return, which excited surprise, till, on the following day, two of our gun-lascars, who had been prisoners in the fort, came running out with tidings that the great Maha Bandoola had been slain by a rocket; and that in the dark hours of the night, the whole army had fled, leaving all their guns and a depôt of grain behind.

Many war-boats were taken here, and found most convenient for the conveyance of our troops up the Irawaddi. With the fall of Bandoola, and flight of the Invulnerables, the last spark of vanity died out at the court of Ava. There the British troops were likened to the demons called Balu; their movements were likened to the whirlwind. The bayonet charges struck them with consternation; and that when one man fell, another should take his place, was so singular that they accounted for it by asserting, that the arms and legs of the wounded were carefully picked up by our surgeons, to be replaced at leisure.

After the capture of Donoopew, the troops resumed their hostile march, and Sarrawah was reinforced by fresh succours, including a supply of elephants, under Brigadier M'Creagh; and ere long, General Campbell found himself before Prome without firing another shot.

The town is enclosed by a brick wall and stockade, with a shallow ditch, so broad that it becomes a species of swamp. The rainy season was not far off, and before it set in there was time sufficient to clear the adjacent districts of the armed bands that infested it, and this was done effectually by a body of light troops, horse and foot, under Colonel Godwin.

When the rains began, the army remained inactive; but no opportunity was omitted of entering upon pacific negotiations with the presumptuous and barbarous government of Burmah.

Information being received of the approach of the enemy in force, a reconnaissance was made up the river by fifty of the Royal Scots, under Brigadier Cotton, who, on the 15th of August, discovered some 20,000 musketeers forty miles from Prome; the Burmese opened fire from a sixteen-gun battery on this small party; but the river being nearly a mile in width, the shot fell short of the steamer, which, on the following day, returned to Prome.

In the early part of the next month, pacific overtures were made by the enemy; an armistice was concluded, and the Royal Scots were ordered to preserve the line of demarcation between the two armies. The terms were, the cession of a piece of territory, and a large sum in rupees, to be paid as indemnification for the expenses of the war. These conditions roused the anger of the Golden Foot, who prepared again to renew the war, bringing into the field even the Shan tribes from the borders of China; and the armistice was just on the point of expiring, when the Kee Wongee sent the following brief note to General Campbell:

"If you wish peace, you can go away; but if you ask either money or territory, no friendship can exist between us. This is the Burmese custom."

This was followed by a general advance of the whole Burmese army upon Prome. It came on in three columns, the united strength of which was 60,000 men, besides a powerful reserve at Melloone. To oppose this vast force, Sir Archibald could only bring into the field 5,000 men (3,000 of whom were Europeans); and on the evening of the 15th of October, he sent Colonel MacDowall, with two brigades of Madras sepoys, to dislodge the left division of the enemy, which had begun to stockade itself at a place called Wattygoon. MacDowall was killed; four of his officers fell wounded; on this, the sepoys made sudden retreat, leaving all the disabled to the fury of the merciless Burmese, who hacked them to pieces.

On the following day, the enemy, with confidence greatly increased, began gradually to close round the British position. In their left wing, 8,000 of the men were Shans, who were expected to fight with more spirit than the men hitherto engaged in the war.

CHAPTER CXXXVII.

MELLOONE AND PAGAHM-MEW, 1826.

In addition to their Chobwahs, or petty princes, these Shans, a people of Laos, were accompanied by three young and beautiful women of rank, who were believed, not only to be endowed with the gift of prophecy, but to possess the power of turning aside the balls and bullets of those barbarian foreigners who had come out of the sea to insult the Lord of the White Elephant.

In strange but warlike costume, these three Amazons were seen constantly riding among the Shan troops while mustering and stockading, which they were permitted to do till the 1st of December; when the Burmese were simultaneously attacked by Sir Archibald Campbell, Sir Willoughby Cotton, and Commodore Sir James Brisbane, who had carried the flotilla up the river, and cannonaded the stockades in flank, while the troops attacked them in front. These were our 41st Welsh and 89th

Regiments, the flank companies of the Royal Scots, and the 18th Madras Infantry—the whole being commanded by Colonel Godwin.

At every point the Burmese and Shans were defeated; and, in ten minutes, ferreted out of their over-crowded works by the bayonet, as soon as our troops got among them. Of physical strength, they had plenty; of moral courage, nothing. The Wongee who commanded the left wing, a man in his 75th year, was slain; and a vast number of Shans, who failed to understand the signs which meant mercy, surrender, and quarter, had to be destroyed in the desperate and useless struggle within these stockades: 300 lay dead, and were left, with 100 Cassay horse, and a vast quantity of warlike material.

One of the Shan Amazons received a fatal bullet wound in the breast. The moment her sex was discovered, our soldiers bore her tenderly from the scene of carnage to a place of shelter in the rear, where she expired. In the retreat, another of these ladies was seen galloping her horse across a little river. A shrapnel shell exploded over her head, and she fell from her saddle into the water; but whether she was killed, or merely terrified, none could know, as she was immediately borne off by her followers.

During two days' fighting, our loss here was only 125 killed and wounded. Both banks of the Irawaddi were now completely cleared, and nothing remained to check General Campbell's immediate advance upon Melloone.

Accompanied by the head-quarter staff, the 1st division began its march across a dismal and deserted country, interspersed thickly with wild jungle, deep swamps, gigantic reeds, and elephant-grass, fifteen feet in height, amid which even the standard poles of the regiments disappeared. The Scots Royals went by water; the other regiments of the line, in two divisions, by land. On the 12th the cholera broke out among them, as they were frequently delayed by rain, and the miasma of the swamps was intolerable. By the wayside they frequently passed the mouldering remains of Burmese soldiers, who had been crucified on gibbets for wandering from their posts.

By the 26th of December the troops had marched 140 miles from Prome, and were within ten of Melloone, where the Burmese had taken post on the right bank of the Irawaddi, on a series of fortified heights, and in a formidable stockade which was deemed the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Burmese engineers. On the 27th, we encamped four miles below Melloone, where the flotilla joined the troops, and where it became evident, that though the Burmese had sent to arrange a peace, they were merely procrastinating to gain time to strengthen their works under Prince Memiaboo.

Campbell took post at Patanogah, opposite Melloone, from whence the Burmese sent a flag of truce, expressing a desire to put an end to the war; they also not only permitted the flotilla, with the Royals on board, to pass close to their works unmolested, but sent two gaudy war-boats to act as pilots, so our naval force anchored above the town, cutting off the enemy's retreat by the river.

The conditions of the treaty were discussed in a large boat in the mid stream. The Burmese objected to the payment of money; but stated that they might, by great economy, be able to pay a million baskets of rice within a year, as they "did not grow rupees." In the meantime, a cessation of hostilities was agreed upon, till the 18th of January, 1826, and the troops remained stationary from that meeting on the 3rd.

On the 6th of January a boat arrived at Patanogah from Ava, having letters from Lieutenant Bennett and Dr. Sandford, of the Royal Scots, who, when proceeding back to Rangoon in bad health, had fallen into the enemy's hands.

When taken at Padoun, arrangements were immediately made to crucify them; but after an hour of dreadful suspense they were forwarded in heavy chains to the capital, a distance of three hundred miles, and thrown into a loathsome vault crowded with criminals, where the doctor remained five, and Mr. Bennett, ten days on a little rice only. After that they were finally kept separate. From the sanguinary and vindictive nature of the Burmese, their lives were in constant jeopardy during the excitement produced by incessant defeat. They had also to dread, that through the influence of the queen and the priests, they should be immolated as propitiatory offerings to the Burmese gods.

On the nearer approach of our army, they were consulted on the European modes of conducting treaties of peace; and to raise their opinion of British faith, the doctor eventually engaged to convey a letter to the British camp, and to return of his own accord, and his reappearance astonished the whole population of Ava, to whom a parole of honour was incomprehensible. Both officers were subsequently released.

The treaty of peace not having been ratified within the stipulated time, and the Burmese authorities appearing to follow a system of perfidy and evasion, visiting our camp as friends by day, and working at their stockades all night, they were

warned that at twelve o'clock on the night of the 18th, we should recommence hostilities.

By midnight our whole camp was on the alert; twenty-eight guns were in position, and ready to open on Melloone. By two hours of heavy firing, which pealed with wonderful echoes over the broad bosom of the winding river, a way was opened for the storming column. It was composed of the 13th and 38th Regiments, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Frith (Colonel Sale having been again severely wounded), and conveyed across in boats by Captain Chads, R.N.

In a wonderfully brief space, the column entered the place by escalade, and by establishing itself in the interior, at the bayonet's point, almost finished the affair. By these two British regiments, weakened in numbers by war and pestilence to nearly half the proper strength, fifteen thousand well-armed men were hurled in one confused mass from the strongest works they had ever constructed. Cutting in upon their retreat, our other brigades more than ever completed their utter discomfiture. They fled like sheep, leaving behind all their beautiful artillery and military stores.

The 13th and 38th had only five men killed and twenty wounded.

In the house of Prince Memiaboo were found 40,000 rupees; "and what was considered of far more consequence, as affording undeniable proof of the perfidious conduct of the Burmese during the late negotiations, both the British and Burmese copies of the treaty were found in the same house, in the same state as when signed and sealed at the meeting on the 3rd of January, 1826."



SOLDIERS AND UNIFORMS, 1820-30.

Memiaboo, with his beaten rabble, was now retreating with all speed on Ava, whither Campbell prepared to follow him up.

By this time the "Lord of the White Elephant" was in despair; every lucky day foretold by his astrologers had proved one of defeat and misfortune. The greatest of his captains had opened their gilt umbrellas in vain. Terms similar to those offered before, were offered by him again; but Campbell refused to halt until they were finally accepted; however, as his soldiers were getting worn, as every man had to march with his knapsack, sixty rounds of ball-cartridge, a blanket, three days' provisions, with his arms and accoutrements, under the blaze of a scorching sun



DEFEAT OF THE "RETRIEVERS OF THE KING'S GLORY."

promised not to pass Pagahm-Mew, which was between him and the capital, in less than twelve days. It was a hundred miles above Melloone.

While pretending thus to treat, the perfidious king had ordered a new levy of 40,000 men, styled "the Retrievers of his glory;" and placed at their head a savage warrior styled Nee Woon Breen, which has been variously translated, as "Lord of the Setting Sun, Prince of Darkness, and King of Hell." And the 8th of February saw these hordes prepared to meet Campbell in battle, under the walls or stockades of the city of Pagahm-Mew.

Weakened by detachments, the force of Sir Archibald mustered only 2,000 bayonets when it marched on the 9th. His advanced guard was met in the dense green jungle by strong bodies of skirmishers. After maintaining a harassing running fight for several miles, the column debouched in the open country, and there found 20,000 of the "Retrievers" drawn up in an inverted crescent, the wings of which threatened the slender assailing force on both flanks.

Leading on his men, sword in hand, the gallant Campbell threw the whole weight of his little column upon the Burmese centre. Melting away before the levelled bayonets, it was broken and shattered in an instant, and left the unconnected wings to protect themselves.

"The Retrievers of the King's Glory," says Macfarlane, "did not fight so well as those who had been accused of forfeiting his majesty's glory. They all fled as fast as their legs could carry them to a second line of redoubts and stockades, close under the wall of Pagahm-Mew; but the British column followed them so closely, that they had little time for rallying in those works; and as soon as a few bayonets got within the stockades, the Burmese went off, screaming like a flock of wild geese. Hundreds jumped into the water and perished, and with the exception of two or three thousand men, the whole army dispersed on the spot. The unfortunate Prince of Darkness, or King of Hell, or of the Setting-Sun, fled to Ava, and he had no sooner reached the court, than he was put to a cruel death by order of the king."

By this time, in another quarter, Colonel Pepper had carried some strong stockades, where he scattered a force of 4,000 and slew 300.

No opposing army now remained between the British general and the capital of the Burman empire. The troops continued their route through a country which presented a wide extent of rich and well cultivated grounds, thickly interspersed with copsewood and villages; while snow-white temples and glittering pagodas added to the beauty of the green groves and the blue river.

At the Burmese court all was terror and consternation, and when the army was within four days' march of the capital, a treaty was concluded, which put an end to the war.

At Yandaboo, the troops were met by a Mr. Price, Mr. Henry Gouger, Mr. Judson, the American missionary and his wife, and by an adventurous Scottish sea captain, who had rashly ventured up country about a sale of timber, and by many other released prisoners. "A sadder spectacle has seldom been presented by living human beings, than that which was offered to the British camp by these liberated captives. They were covered with filthy rags; they were worn to skin and bone, and their haggard countenances, sunken and wandering eyes, told but too plainly the frightful story of their long suffering, their incessant alarms, and their apprehensions of a doom worse than death."

Our soldiers were so exasperated, that discipline alone prevented them from marching on Ava, and sacking the palace of the tyrant and his savage court.

By the treaty, which was concluded on the 24th of February, 1826, between the Honourable Company and the King of Ava, the latter had to cede to the former, in perpetuity, the conquered provinces of Arracan, including the four great divisions of Arracan, Ramree, Cheduba, and Sandoway; that the Arracan Mountains should be henceforth the boundary on that side; that his Majesty should also cede the conquered provinces of Yeh, Tavoy, Mergui, and Tenasserim with all its islands; that a British minister with a guard should henceforward reside at Ava; and that a sum equal to one million sterling should be paid as the expenses of the war, which cost eight times that sum.

Thus was another Indian empire subdued by the valour and hardihood of a literal "handful" of British troops, where never before had European drums been heard before.

The following is an extract from the order issued by Lord Amherst on this subject:—

"While the Governor-General in Council enumerates with sentiments of unbounded admiration the achievements of the 1st or Scots Royals, the 13th, 38th, 41st, 45th, 47th, 87th, and 89th Regiments, the Honorable Company's Madras European Regiment, and the Bengal and Madras European Artillery, as the European troops which have had the honour of establishing the renown of the British arms in a new and distant region; his Lordship in Council, feels that higher and more justly merited praise cannot be bestowed on those brave troops than that, amid the barbarous hosts which they

have fought and conquered, they have eminently displayed the virtues and sustained the character of the British soldier."

In this war pestilence slew more than the bullet; and many of our brave fellows found a coffinless grave, with no other shroud than his red coat, among the tall sedges by the banks of the Rangoon River.

CHAPTER CXXXVIII.

BHURTPORE, 1825–6.

THAT most ancient weapon, the sergeant's pike, was still retained in the British service, and continued to be so until 1830, when a fusil and bayonet replaced it; but a few years subsequent to Waterloo saw some changes in the uniform and equipment. The regimental coats followed the fashions of the time. The skirts were at first buttoned back to a button in the centre, a fashion preserved in the coatee adopted in 1820, when the necessity for doing so no longer existed. White breeches and gaiters in 1823, gave place in the line to dark grey trousers, and the three-cornered cocked hat, retained by the Life Guards so lately as the Peninsula, was succeeded by a helmet in 1812, with a horse tail flowing down the back. The breast plate also was resumed; but the chief change in the light cavalry was the adoption of the lance, called by the Count de Montecuculi of old, "la reine des armes, pour la cavalerie," and the equipment of the horse regiments so armed—the 9th, 12th, 16th, and 17th, in Polish uniform. Since then, the long vacant place of the 5th Dragoons has been filled up by a corps of Royal Irish Lancers, dressed in blue, with scarlet facings.

We now begin to approach that time, when the more recent wars of conquest in India began to to take that place of interest, which the strife waged so successfully with France had so long occupied.

In 1825, our arms found active employment at Bhurtpore, in the upper provinces of Bengal. Early in that year, the Rajah, an old ally of the East India Company, died, leaving an only son, Bulwunt Sing, a boy of tender age, as his successor. Knowing that the succession to his throne was sure to be disputed, the deceased Rajah had entreated the protection of General Sir David Ochterlony, a Scottish officer of great distinction in India, for his son, and Sir David pledged his word of honour to support him. Scarcely was the old Rajah cold, when Doorjun Sal, cousin of young Bulwunt Sing, having suborned a great body of the soldiery of Bhurtpore, murdered in true Indian fashion the uncle and guardian of the now helpless boy, and made the latter a prisoner. Instantly on this occurring, Sir David Ochterlony, who was commander of the forces at Delhi, advanced against Bhurtpore with a body of troops and a train of battering guns, at the same time summoning the Jauts, or people of the country, to rise in defence of their lawful prince, whom the British were now advancing to rescue.

Lord Amherst, then Governor-General of India, and the Supreme Council, disapproved of all the brave and generous Ochterlony had done, and sent peremptory orders to recall his troops then on their march for Bhurtpore, as they wished to avoid rushing into a new campaign, while a contest in which they were engaged with Burmah was still unsettled. Ochterlony, a veteran soldier, was too high-minded to undo what he had done, or to abandon the boy after the promises of protection elicited by the forebodings of his dying father, yet he was compelled to tender his resignation, which Lord Amherst accepted; and then he retired to Meerut, where he, the conqueror of the Ghoorkas, the restorer of our prestige in Nepaul, and who had served the Company for fifty years, died of a wounded and mortified spirit.

Ochterlony was scarcely dead, ere Lord Amherst found himself compelled to resort to the very same measures which the old general had recommended; and was compelled to undertake the reduction of Bhurtpore, before he had concluded the contest on the Irawaddi.

The brother of Doorjun Sal, who had hitherto acted in concert with him, became in turn inspired by covetousness and ambition; and in an attempt to make himself master of Bhurtpore, raised the standard of independence on the town and fortress of Deeg, twelve miles from that place, where he invited lawless military adventurers of every kind to share his fortunes. This rabble, however, was defeated among the mountains near Deeg; the British frontiers were thus a scene of commotion and contention, and anarchy seemed to threaten those regions from whence it had been

expelled during the successful wars of the Marquis of Hastings against the Mahrattas and the Pindarees.

Meanwhile, the usurper, Doorjun, was losing no time in adding to the already formidable defences of Bhurtpore; and the native princes, who were inimical to the presence and interference of the British, were adopting the flattering belief that the place could never be taken, and that the Jauts of the country—the only people who could boast that they had never been subdued by the Mogul Emperors, or by the British—might yet be the deliverers of India. A fine manly and martial race, they are described by Bishop Heber as being the most splendid men he had seen in Hindostan.

Two months and three days after the minute guns had pealed over Ochterlony's grave, saw the British *en route* for Bhurtpore, under the new commander-in-chief, General Lord Combermere, who, as Sir Stapleton Cotton, had won such high renown under Wellington in the Peninsula. He had with him 20,000 men—a mixed force of the King's and Company's troops, with a park of more than 100 pieces of cannon.

Erected by Budder Sing, descendant of a Jaut chief who had acquired vast power during the civil strife between Aurungzebe and his brothers, Bhurtpore had been repeatedly strengthened by his successors. The confidence of its present garrison was very high, as they were well protected by broad, deep ditches, and by one tough mud wall of such enormous thickness—fully sixty feet—that our artillery were powerless against it. So fully were they inspired by the hope of a successful defence, that just before the investment, Bishop Heber, in passing through Malwa, saw magic-lanterns or gallantee-shows exhibited at the fairs, wherein, among other popular and patriotic scenes, were shown the red-coated British and the bare-legged sepoys, flying from Bhurtpore before the sabres of the victorious Jauts.

The latter had cut the embankment of a lake, hoping to fill their deep ditch as they had done in 1805, when Bhurtpore was besieged by Lord Lake; but before much water had flowed into the fosse, our troops were upon them. Their workers were driven in, and the breach repaired. This was about the 9th of December. After daylight on the following morning, when the winter sun began to gild the domes and minarets that tower above the dark mud wall, the cavalry brigade of Brigadier Murray made a reconnaissance on the north-west side of the city and fortress. On approaching the Bund, an encampment of the enemy's cavalry was discovered, with their pickets, at a picturesque little Jaut village, and their patrols on the skirts of a large wood, which extended to the immediate vicinity of the walls.

The skirmishers of the 16th Lancers, under Captain Luard, and a party of Irregular Horse, under Major Fraser, made a combined flank movement, and charging the Bhurtpore horsemen as they attempted to escape to an outwork, slew, by lance and sword, about ninety of them. The two supporting squadrons, that of the 16th, under Lieutenant Cureton, and of the 6th Native Irregular Cavalry, carried the village, killing the defenders on all hands, with the loss of only two horses killed and five men wounded. Bhurtpore was now invested in a circle of about eighteen miles, and the patrols of horse were often pushed as far as the gates of Khambar, a fortress a few miles in rear of the besieging army.

On the 23rd of December, the besiegers, under a heavy fire from the garrison, completed their first parallel; and, on the following morning, two heavy batteries opened against the town. Others were raised, armed, and opened in quick succession, and during all the remainder of the month, a vast amount of shot and shell was expended. Almost every roof in Bhurtpore was blown off, but neither cannon shot, nor point-blank shell, could make the least impression on the enormous thickness of the mud-constructed ramparts; till on the evening of the 6th of January, 1826, our engineers commenced a mine in the scarp of the ditch, on the northern face of the defences. This was sprung amid the derisive yells of the garrison, before it was sufficiently advanced to affect the depth of the mud wall; and in the second attempt, our mines were countermined by the skill of the wary and warlike Jauts; one successful shot, fired by whom, caused an explosion of no less than 20,000 lbs. of powder in the heart of our camp, where imprudently a number of tumbrils had been collected together. On the 14th, another mine was sprung with no other effect than a vast amount of smoke and noise, for the density of the wall seemed fairly to defy all our efforts against it. Two more mines were sprung on the 16th, and a small breach was reported practicable.

On the 17th, a mighty mine was hollowed out and crammed with powder, at a different angle of the works, and the following day was fixed for carrying the place by storm. In the dusk of the 18th our stormers established themselves in the advanced trenches, in light marching order, with arms loaded, primed, and carefully flinted, a dead silence prevailing among them all.

The left breach, or that which had been reported

as practicable, was to be assailed by the brigade of General Nichols, headed by the King's 59th Regiment or Nottinghamshire. The breach on the right was assigned to the brigade of General Reynell, led by the King's 14th Regiment or Buckinghamshire. The explosion of the mine under the north-east bastion was to be the signal for the assault. Many officers and men of our 16th Lancers volunteered to serve on foot among the forlorn hope, but the arrival of an additional regiment of European infantry in camp, caused the services of these gallant fellows to be dispensed with.

"With the single exception, we believe," says Macfarlane, in his "Indian History," "of the tremendous explosion made, under the superintendence of General Pasley, for clearing the obstructions to the line of the Dover railway, and opening the road to the Shakespeare Cliff, no mine can bear comparison with this mine under the north-east angle of Bhurtpore. It is lamentable to add that the construction of it was far from being so perfect as the explosion it made was loud and sublime."

Exactly at eight a.m. the match was applied to the train, and terrific was the result. The whole of the salient angle and part of the massively built stone cavalier behind it, were lifted, as if by magic, into the air, till daylight could be seen below them for an instant, but an instant only; then for some minutes the whole atmosphere became dark, black and pitchy as the most sombre night, while all the garrison in that quarter "were blown to the winds, or buried under the descending ruins."

Before the stormers yawned that dreadful breach—a wilderness of dry mud, of stones, and whirling dust—for a moment they paused before it, musket in hand, and then, with loud cheers, rushed to the assault; but their cheers were mingled with cries of horror and dismay; for, owing to the defective construction of the mine, many of the ejected stones and masses of uplifted earth fell sheer downwards on the head of the column of attack, killing many men and wounding three officers. So thickly fell this terrible débris about Lord Combermere, that Brigadier MacCombie was knocked down by his side, and two sepoys were killed close by him.

Nevertheless, in splendid order and high spirits, our troops ascended the breaches, the rear men firing; those in front, with clubbed muskets and charged bayonets, clearing the deadly way in spite of the most resolute opposition. In the breach on the left, the grenadiers of the 59th ascended slowly and deliberately, "without stopping to draw a trigger in return for the volleys of round shot, grape, and musketry, which were fired down upon them."

Within two hours, all the ramparts and the gates of the citadel were in possession of the besiegers, and in the evening that stronghold surrendered. Brigadier-General Sleigh, who commanded the cavalry, stationed that force round the city, to prevent the escape of the fugitives; and crowds of the usurper's troops, in rushing out, were intercepted, cut down, or taken prisoners. The 16th Lancers (according to the Records of that corps), and other regiments of this brigade, "slew, or captured, 3,000 Bhurtpore cavalry and infantry."

Doorjun Sal, at the head of 160 chosen horsemen, attempted to cut a passage through; but was made prisoner by the 8th Native Light Cavalry. One of his wives and two of his sons were taken with him, and all were sent to Allahabad, to become prisoners of the Company. Our entire loss in killed and wounded was 565 of all ranks. Of these, the greatest number were Europeans; but the loss of the garrison was estimated at no less than 4,000 men; most of these were killed by the awful explosion of the great mine.

After the removal of the arms, ammunition, and stores, the bastions, curtains, and towers of Bhurtpore were leisurely undermined, and blown into the air; and it was left to the winter rains to complete the utter ruin of the place. Thanks were voted to the troops by Parliament and the Company. The young Rajah, Bulwunt Sing, was reinstated on his throne; and Lord Combermere was made a Viscount of the United Kingdom. In the distribution of prize-money which followed, the officers of the besieging forces gave the sum of £1,000 to each of the widows of four European officers who fell in the attack; and £1,000 to be divided among the widows and orphans of the European soldiers who died on that occasion.

A singular relic of the capture of Bhurtpore is preserved at Edinburgh by the Society of Antiquaries. It is an antique Scottish cannon of brass, which was found on the ramparts by Captain L. Carmichael, to whom it was presented by the Governor-General and Council of India. It bears the inscription in raised letters:—"JACOBUS MONTEITH ME FECIT EDINBURGH, ANNO DOM. 1642."

How it came into possession of the Jauts, so far up country, is a matter for ample conjecture.

It is not improbable that it belonged to one of those Scottish armed ships, sent by the Darien Company from Edinburgh to the East Indies, where they strove to trade after the ruin of the colony by the artifices and baseness of William III.

They fought many petty engagements in the Indian seas, with the English shipping, whose captains invariably treated them as pirates.

The Burmese and Bhurtpore Wars added more than thirteen millions sterling to the registered debt of India; and during the progress of the latter strife the Ameers of Scinde were very troublesome to us, as they invaded Cutch, throwing everything into confusion there, and menacing the territories of the Guicowar, and even of the Bombay Presidency.

The attention of all India was fixed on the great siege of Bhurtpore, on the issue of which—far more than anything that might happen in Burmah—the renown of our arms, and the permanence of the British Empire in Asia, were felt to depend.

Our officers rejoiced at the opportunity afforded them for obliterating the injurious impression caused by Lord Lake's failure before that great fortress in 1805; yet they admitted that should our arms fail again, few events would go so near to fulfil the shout of an Indian mob in the streets of Delhi but a few months before—

"The rule of the Company is at an end!"

All the adjacent principalities had been in a ferment, and most of them would have been up in arms against us had Lord Combermere failed or been less rapid in action.

"Should he fail," wrote Bishop Heber, "it is unhappily but too true that all Northern and Western India, from the Sutlej to the Nerbudda, will be up against us, less from disliking us than in the hope of booty. And still more unfortunately, it is not easy to say where another army can be found to meet them, now that Bombay is fully occupied on the side of Scinde, and the strength of British India is in Ava."

But Lord Combermere's rapid triumph completely destroyed the prestige of the Jauts, overawed all the native chiefs, and confirmed the supremacy of Britain over the whole of India, where during the Presidency of Lord Amherst, who resigned in 1827, we had to maintain an enormous army that mustered 274,000 men!

We have referred to the manner in which Lord Lake was baffled before Bhurtpore in the former Mahratta war; and we cannot close the story of Lord Combermere's conquest better than by a brief notice of that event by way of contrast.

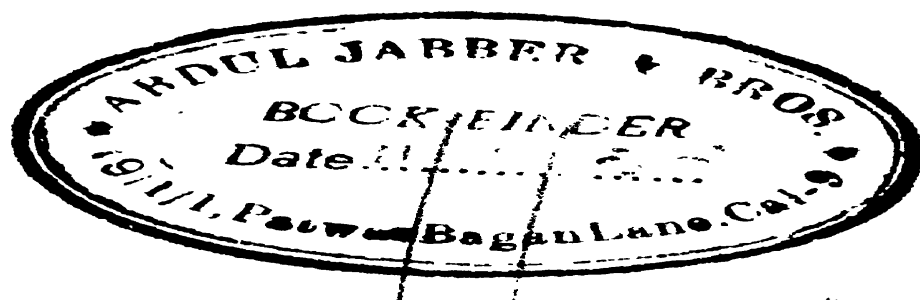
Runjeet Sing, the Rajah, promised to join us against the Mahrattas, but formed his alliance with Holkar, which led to an invasion of his territories by our troops, under Lord Lake, who captured Deeg and other strong places, till he sat down before Bhurtpore on the 1st of January, 1805, with a force whose camp-followers mustered 60,000, with 100,000 bullocks, 200 elephants, and 2,000 camels.

When the breaches were made, several assaults were most successfully repulsed by the garrison. In one of these affairs alone, we lost 300 Europeans and 200 sepoys. The enemy butchered in cold blood all who fell into the ditch or beyond the outer wall; thus were many of Lake's best and bravest officers slain. With great alacrity, strong stockades were formed behind the breaches made by our guns. On the 18th, General Smith came in with three sepoy battalions and 100 European convalescents from Agra; better advances were then made, and our batteries were worked with greater vigour; but Meer Khan, an Afghan adventurer, marched to Bhurtpore to assist the Rajah.

On the 21st of January, Lord Lake made another attempt to storm the place, but was bravely met by the enemy; and Colonel Macrae, who led the attacking column, was repulsed with the loss of no less than 18 officers, and 600 men, killed or wounded, just as Meer Khan appeared in our rear with clouds of Indian cavalry. These, however, our dragoons and artillery kept in check; and ultimately the Khan was routed, with the loss of 600 of his people, forty standards, all his artillery, tumbrils, arms, and armour.

Another division, consisting of two king's battalions, four of sepoys, with cavalry and field-pieces, under General Jones, having come in, another assault was made, which cost Lake 1,000 men. On the following day a third attempt was made to storm the place by the whole European force. Prodigies of valour were performed. Lieutenant Templeton was killed, just as he planted our colours on the outer wall, and then Major Menzies was slain by the enemy, who had a body of French artillery in the place, under M. Perron.

Again our stormers were repulsed, with the loss of seventeen officers and another thousand men. In all, 3,100 were put *hors de combat* before Bhurtpore; so the siege was then converted into a blockade, for our army was destitute of proper artillery, skill, and of engineering science. The place could not be taken, so the rajah sued for peace on honourable terms, promising to pay us 20 lacs of Ferruckabad rupees. Having received the first instalment of the money, and the requisite hostages for the rest, our army broke up from Bhurtpore, where it had lain for three months and twenty days. It began its march on the 21st of April, and went at once in search of Scindia, who had hoped for our utter ruin by the long and disastrous siege, which had a termination so different from that which we have detailed, by Lord Combermere.


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